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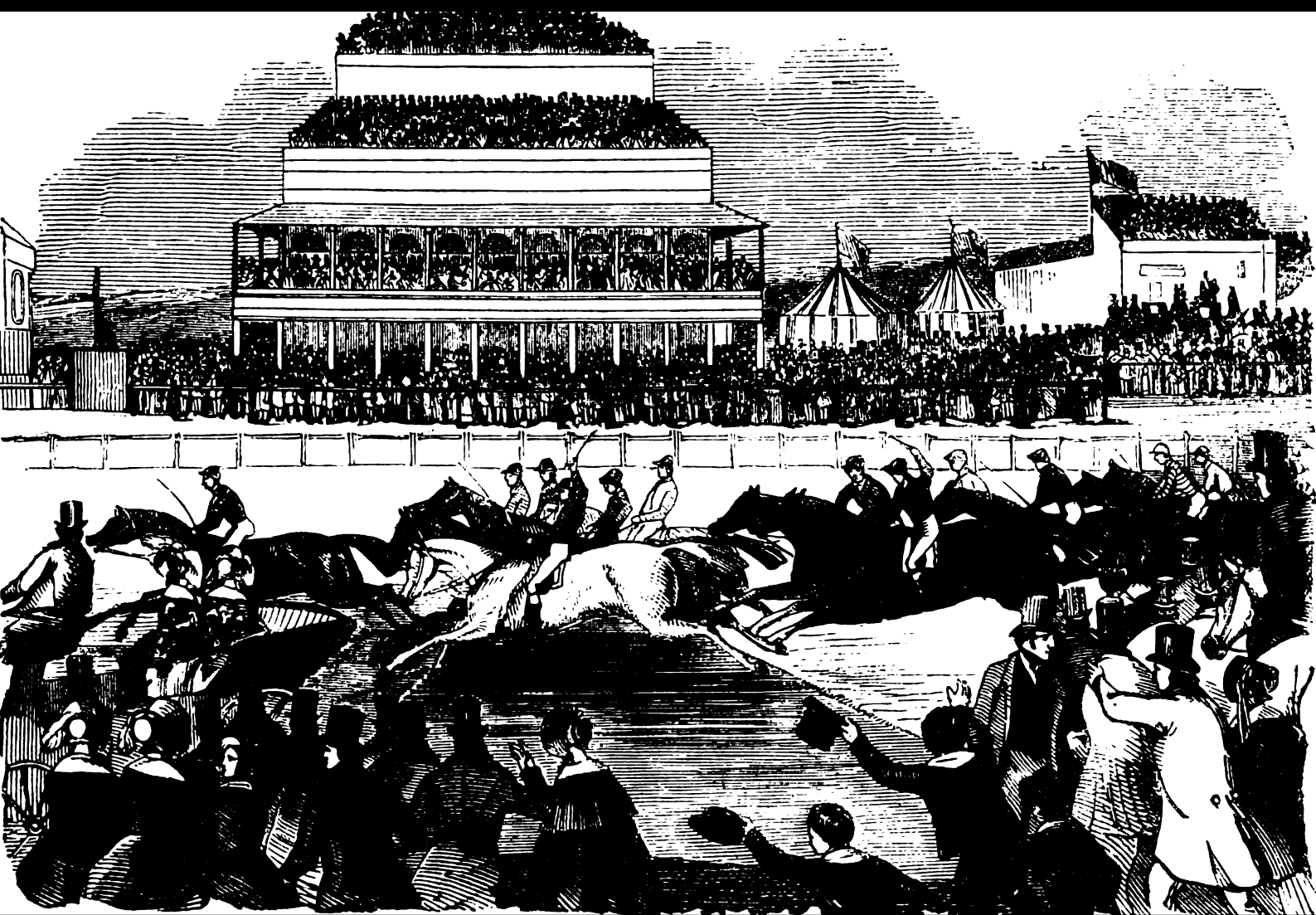
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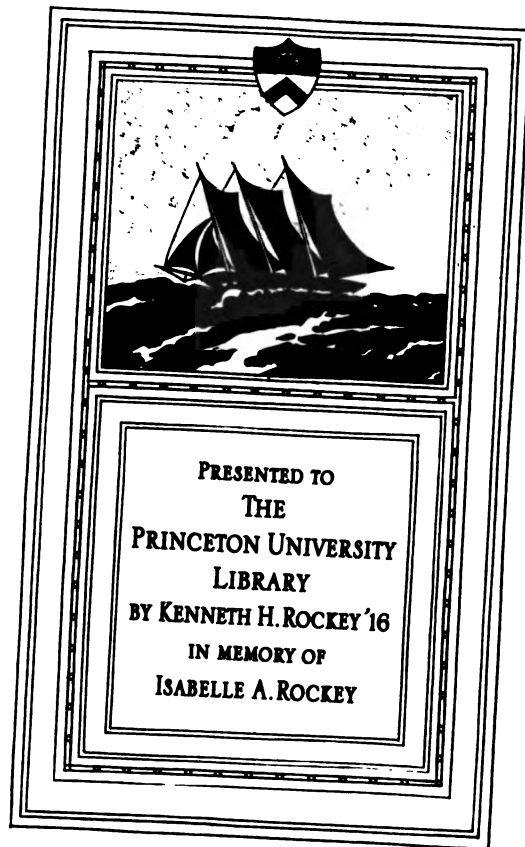
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**L I F E I N L O N D O N A N D T H E C O U N T R Y ;**

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# The Sporting World

OR  
LIFE IN LONDON,  
& THE  
COUNTRY.

No. 1.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1845.

[THREE  
HALFPENCE.]



## THE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

A REVERIE.

**S**TRANGE are the freaks of fancy, yet not more strange than the diurnal occurrences of our every-day life on this most common-place of muddy planets. Else how comes it that this little fancy-sketch now lies before us, and, multiplied by thousands, shall meet the eyes of myriads when these scribbled sentences shall be transformed into impressed types!

'Twas but a few evenings since that a friend called in at our snuggerly, and fired the train of ideas that has exploded this little publication, and to-morrow will number it among the periodicals of the day:—

But words are things; and a small drop of ink  
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces  
That which makes hundreds, perhaps thousands, think:  
'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses  
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link.  
Alas! to what sad straits Old Time reduces  
Frail man, when paper—even a rag like this—

"Perhaps you will be so kind, Mr. Editor," some reader exclaims, "to just tell us what region of the clouds you've got into? We understood that you were about to tell us something about a reverie—which we take to be a dream, either sleeping or waking, as the case may be—and here you've mounted some metaphysical hippogriff, and started off above all common comprehension. Upon my soul, like the philosophers of Laputa, it strikes me forcibly you need to be kept awake by 'flappers.'"

Editor. "Thanks for the interruption. We will to our story, though, like Wordsworth's 'Knifegrinder,' the most appropriate answer would be—'Story! Lord bless you, I have none to tell.' Well, the other evening a friend looked in, and brought with him a well-stuffed poke of literary novelties—such as the untiring steam-press of this go-a-head time daily and weekly throws forth to awaken or stimulate the appetite for reading and information which, like the Moor's jealousy,

'Doth make the meat it feeds on.'

There they lay, scattered and tumbled, glanced over, criticised, approved, or condemned. Every taste seemed catered for, till you came to the inevitable conclusion that 'of making of books there is no end.' There were cuts, horribly cutting, of the Hampstead tragedy, with most unlikely likenesses of the suspected murderers,—there you had the murdered man too; and the morbid, brutal craving for the (ludicrously) horrible, gratified to the full by a libel on common sense and decency, purporting to be an accurate representation of the 'horrid act!' Faugh! such candidates for popular favour we threw aside, and turned to 'metal more attractive.' Here, too, there was no lack. From the wonder of 'quantity' presenting its thirty-two pages of closely printed quarto, of tales, essays, and topography, neatly printed for ONE PENNY, (*The Family Herald*), we passed to another publication, presenting a like amount, with the addition of numerous embellishments, of a style and character which twenty years ago our expensive book-printing scarcely paralleled (*The London Journal*); with these appeared four other weekly papers of the respective prices of one penny and twopence, each with its own peculiar claims to patronage and purchase. 'Truly,' said we to our friend, 'the market is overstocked.' 'There are, perhaps,' replied he, 'too many of one description (and we take him to be a fellow who knows a thing or two on these points), and that is, the *Miscellaneous*; when I say miscellaneous, I mean the literary, the topographical, the poetical, the 'amusing and instructive' class, as they delight to term themselves; sheets that can be made up at every corner from a cento of cuttings from 'All these at sixpence!' in the box at the door of a second-hand bookshop; but have you not observed that they are all 'of the city—smoky,' that they rush into rurality with a forced hilarity, and seem, even when poetically struck, to savour of the sempstress, and return the echo of the engine-room? See you not that they betake themselves to dry 'science,'

maudlin sentimentality, or rabid romance? Illustrated or unillustrated, there is a *hiatus maximè defendendus*, which, perchance, old boy, you yourself might fill up. For years your pen has been engaged in recording or describing, discussing or vindicating the sports—yes, the sports of *THE PEOPLE*: and where shall the *character* of a nation be so truly seen as in its sports and its RECREATIONS?"

"Then it is a sporting publication, handsome in its form and suited to the masses—a weekly visitor which shall carry its—"

"Hold, my good friend, I have a secret to communicate. For four years there has been one—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, which freely translated means, say as little as possible about the dead. Start your new one—effect an amicable arrangement if you can—and serve all those who desire to see sporting literature on a par with literature in its other branches, by making your cheap seventh-day novelty, a sample of a weekly sporting magazine."

"It shall be considered," replied we. Our friend departed, and forthwith we fell into a brown study, and had "a dream," which we would fain believe, "was not all a dream!"

#### THE REVERB.

Our third tumbler of "Kinahan's LL" had left its lemon stranded on the glassy bottom of the exhausted tumbler, and the "Palmer's patent" had thrust up its last instalment of "metallic wick" by the *vis continua* of its spiral spring, when we closed our eyes to cogitate upon—we know not what. Straightway arose the small seed of idea planted in our mind by the friend, with whom the reader is already half-acquainted, and grew greenly, freshly, vigorously, and toweringly, like the beanstalk by which he of the nursery tale scaled the *ground-floor* of the clouds. "And why?" said we, apostrophizing; "and why should not the—" and here, as Horace has told us Homer occasionally does, we took a *nod*.

"And why?" asked a sprite, who, advancing towards our chair, gave us that free, generous, and urbane salute which bespoken the man of the world and the gentleman, untinged with the vulgar alloy of *ambition*, or the yet more offensive effeminacy of dandyism—"And why, Mr. Editor, since these things are *in petto*, should we not have our publication, Believe me, *taste* is rapidly extending, and, despite of croakers and canters, every sport which strengthens the *body* is becoming daily more regarded by men of *mind*: who awoken to the truth—for as a little philosophy, my good fellow, leads us from truth, so does its pursuit round the circle bring us back again—that the *mens sana* is only to be found in the *corpore sano*. You see I have not yet quite forgot my *Esau*, however little I may say for my *alma* and her higher studies." We surveyed the sprite with that "eye and a half" with which we would scan a dealer's "thoroughbred warranted sound;"—he was unexceptionable. We saw that he was a gentleman—and of that irreproachable pattern—the English gentleman. "My name is Urbanicus,"\* continued he; "a sportsman by birth and education: 'time, and the change it brings to man,' have altered my fate, yet do I love to 'babble of green-fields,' 'to follow the hounds over brake and lea,' to salute the morn with 'Yoicks! hark away!'—but I weary you: there are others of humbler means, and it is for them I most speak, who are debarred by the high price of Sporting Works from the gratification of their natural tastes. For these, I ask you an organ of their pleasures, their hopes, their wishes—a fount whence they may draw information—a bank wherein they may deposit their various gleanings in the sporting field. You turn your eye, I perceive, towards the stamped sporting papers—all honour be to their labours; but they are not the *only* periodicals we want. Their columns are necessarily occupied with innumerable occurrences, of important magnitude at the *moment*, but evanescent in their individual interest. They record the passing events, we want a *cheap*, an oft-recurring, a recreative, and a *readable* miscellany. Allow me, to save waste of time, to introduce you to—"

Suddenly the misty haze which had enveloped two-thirds of our apartment moved off in departing clouds, like the rolling mist from a hill's southern side as the morning sun rises in its beauty and its brightness: and there stood, each with his appropriate emblems, the representatives of the numerous classes to which our labours were to be devoted:—"My friends," quoth the well dressed sprite, URBANICUS, presenting the rosy and athletic urchins in succession; "allow me to make you known:—"

"PUGIL (Boxer) the Editor of —, does the idea strike you?—ARRIAN (Coursier)—You must couple with him:—EQUIVO (Jockey), he will run before your wishes:—VENATOR (Huntsman), pray keep him in *view*:—ORNITHOR (Fowler)—Treat him not with *chaff*:—PISCATOR (Fisherman) Remember that he is a 'Brother Bob':—COLUMBARIUS (Pigeon-fancier) you must join his *flight*:—PILARIUS (Cricketer) prithee give him a good *inings*:—CANICEPS (Dog-fancier), you'll find him *carmin-bred*—and lastly, CELOX, my worthy Yachtsman, with pen and pencil—"

"Excuse me, my worthy suggestive *sprite*, it shall be done. I see before me "THE SPORTING WORLD," and if that *World* will support me, I will go-a-head, with the motto "*Vires acquirit Eundo*!"

"If you please, sir, it's half-past one—the fire's out—and the printer's boy says he shall call for copy the first thing in the morning."

FINIS.

\* Of, or belonging to, a city.

#### PENCILLINGS IN THE PROVINCES.

##### THE ROAD-SIDE PUBLIC.

WHERE four roads meet on the village-green stands "The White Horse." It may well be called the "Old White Horse," for it hath withstood the ravages of time, and hath been an heir-loom for many generations: it is the watering-house for coaches, fish vans, and carrier's carts; a night-house for road waggons carrying their burdens to the terminus; a resting-place for poachers, smugglers, and vagrants: the stalwart owner has been a waggoner in days long past, is up to every road move, and looks after his money with the eye of a great grizly cat. The last train-coach has just moved off towards Ipswich, and the glowing sun of evening has sunk in the wide horizon, flashing over wood and dale with its long misty thread of gold: the still air rests on the landscape, scarcely waved by the lazy breeze that creeps slowly through it: the young moon steals on the autumnal sky in its silvery robe; all above is beauty and peace—nature seems quenched for the day. It is a night of feasting and revelry: the little snug parlour beams with a blazing fire. It is the rendezvous of the farmers and butchers of the place. Old foxhunting stories are thrice told with renewed vigour, and an otter hunt in the Stour loses nothing of its wonted heroism.

"We was out a shooting on Stour Mere last March with only a couple of spaniels and an old sheep-dog, when we tracked an otter under an old withern pollard: so I looks into the old tree, and there sure enough was two otters asleep, curled up in each other for all the world like a pair of gloves: so I says to Jem that was with me, 'run home for a bag, and we shall have them before night.' So Jem brings the bag, and we puts it at the hole, and draws the water off at the mill. I holloas at the top of the tree: dash me but they jumps out of the pollard right into the water; I jumps in arter them in my fright, and was nearly drowned: one went up stream, and t'other down, under goes the sheep dog with one of them, ducking and diving along, until they came to a bed of rushes. I levelled at him with my gun, but was afraid of shooting the dog. Away they went again up stream, being hard bit, he tried every move to get away, reached the bank, and swam up an old ditch. The fight lasted I should say ten minutes, when the old dog caught him under the shoulder, and worried him to death. We got five shillings a-piece from the gentlemen round, and we did not make a very bad day of snipe-shooting, did us?"

Other sporting stories followed in quick succession, given in the undisguised patois of the country: ploughing matches, agricultural meetings, and treasurers' accounts, were all discussed with the hot roast or the cold boiled. Distance vanished before their pot-valiant eyes as they stepped into their taxed-carts to return home.

Village labourers assemble in the tap-room, having collected their largess from the neighbouring farmers, and proclaim the harvest home. The old house resounds with jocund song and merriment, and wives and daughters mingle for tea in the rent-room; and as we gazed on the motley group, we asked whether the scene was not imaginative? We remembered the days of our boyhood, and joined in the throng: dancing commenced, interspersed with cake and ale, pipes, and profusion: the old blind fiddler and the village fool were in acquisition until the crowd began to separate, and a profound silence soon took the place of uproarious and heartfelt merriment.

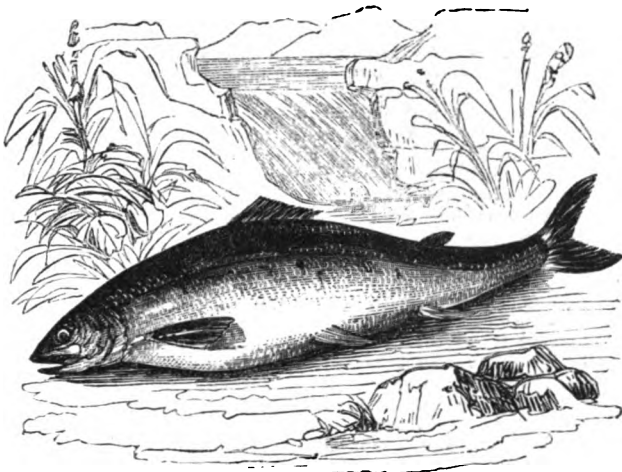
"Where is Joe Catchit?" said one, as he drew his pipe from his mouth and spat on the dusty ground.—"Perhaps he is at his old trade," said another: "can't let Squire Diggle's pheasants alone this fine night, or he is after turnips for his Sunday dinner."

Joe had a little pony-cart: under the cart ran a white lurcher, and in the cart were a brace of bull-terriers. Nobody knew how he lived: he had no credit, and far less honesty; still he managed to exist in his neat little cottage on the Common—most likely on other people's commodities—a pig in his sty, and six small children: he wore an old velvet shooting-coat, torn with thorns and brambles: his legs were encased with rough-ribbed cords—slouched hat, a red neckcloth hanging in strings, always in debt and danger. Before the lights glimmered in the cottage windows, and day broke over the yellow glades, a brace of long tails were in his capacious pockets, and wending his way through the long vista of woods, dropping along the last hedge-row, the cry of a squeezed hare hurried him to the meuse. "I want you, madam," quoth Joe, as he gathered her up wreaking from the wire. "And I want you," said a thick-set model of mankind, a match for Hercules in the field. It was Squire Diggle's head-man, who prided himself in the capture of a hundred poachers. "Blood for blood was your old story, Joe! but you know better now, my lad," said the keeper tauntingly. "Blood is no use," said the poacher sulkily; and he walked quietly down the ride. The information was laid with the nicety of a snare, and Joe stepped up to the Hall. "How many times have you been convicted, Joe?" said the Squire, eyeing him distrustfully.—"Why, Sir, it is hard to say," bowing respectfully: "I believe I have dined ten Christmas days in Colchester Gaol, and must do so again, I s'pose, as work is werry short hereabouts." The fiscal finances ran low enough.—"You have a pig, I hear," said the Squire.—"Yes, Sir, but I wants that when I comes out."—Joe jumped into the pony-cart with the head constable, and drank deep from the Stone Jug without a murmur.

WHIZ.



## THE FISHER'S CREEL.



THE SALMON.

**I**N future numbers I shall have scope and verge enough to enter on many moot points in the natural history and habits of this "prince of the scaly tribes," with the aid of "leal men and true," who, out of love for the "Contemplative Man's recreation," will help to cram our FISHER'S CREEL, I forbear, in this place, from more than a brief notice of the beautiful fish before us. Detail, in this, our initiatory number, would trench too seriously on the allotted space.

Towards the latter end of the year, and in November, salmon begin to press up the rivers as far as they can reach, in order to spawn; when they have accommodated themselves with a fit place, nature supplies the male with a bony excrescence, growing out of the end of the lower jaw, to the length of half an inch or more: this, it is said, aids him in the removal of the gravel, but both male and female assist in forming a proper receptacle for the spawn, in the sand or gravel, about eighteen inches deep. In this the ova and milt are deposited, and carefully covered by the parent fish, who afterwards hasten to cleanse and recover themselves (the male loses the gristle at the jaw); for, after spawning, they become very poor and lean, and then are called kipper. At their first entrance into the fresh water, salmon are observed to have abundance of insects adhering to them, especially above the gills: these animals denote the fish to be in high season, and die and drop off soon after the salmon's leaving the sea.

The spawn lies buried until spring, and without any other care, is nourished and brought to perfection, if not disturbed by violent floods, or by depredations from other fish, of which the eel, roach, dace, and graylings, are dangerous neighbours. About the latter end of March, the spawn begins to exclude the young, which gradually increase to four or five inches in length, and are then termed smelts, or smouts; about the beginning of May the river seems to be alive, and there is no framing an idea of the numbers without seeing them. A seasonable flood, however, hurries them to the sea, very few being left in the river. About the middle of June the earliest fry commence their return from the sea into the river (at that period from twelve to sixteen inches long), and progressively augment in number and size, until about the end of July, which is, at Berwick, the height of the grilse time (the name there given to the fish at that age). Early in August they lessen in number, but advance in bigness, some being from six to as high as nine pound's weight. This increase appears surprisingly quick; yet a gentleman of Warrington has given an instance of still more rapid growth: a kipper salmon, weighing seven pounds three quarters, taken on the 7th of February, was marked with scissors on the back fin and tail, and turned into the river; he was again taken on the 17th of the following March, and then weighed seventeen pounds and a half. In this case the remark of Walton seems to have been more than verified, "that the samlet becomes a salmon in as short a time as a gosling becomes a goose."

The salmon in Lough Erne increases in size wonderfully, and young ones which were caught and marked when going into the lake, have been caught on their return, and found so large, that they must have increased at the rate of one pound per week.

The migratory habits of the salmon, and the instinct with which it periodically revisits its native river, are curious circumstances in the natural history of this fish. As the swallow returns annually to its nest, as certainly the salmon repairs to the same spot in which to deposit its ova. Many interesting experiments have established this fact. M. De Lande fastened a copper ring round a salmon's tail, and found that for three successive seasons it returned to the same place. Dr. Bloch states,

that gold and silver rings have been attached by eastern princes to salmon, to prove that a communication existed between the Persian Gulf and the Caspian and Northern Seas, and that the experiment succeeded. Shaw, in his Zoology, mentions that a salmon of seven pounds and three quarters was marked with scissors on the back fin and tail, and turned out on the 7th of February, and that it was retaken in March of the succeeding year, and found to have increased to the amazing size of seventeen pounds and a half. This statement, by-the-by, is at variance with the theory of Dr. Bloch, who estimates the weight of a five or six year old salmon at but ten or twelve pounds.

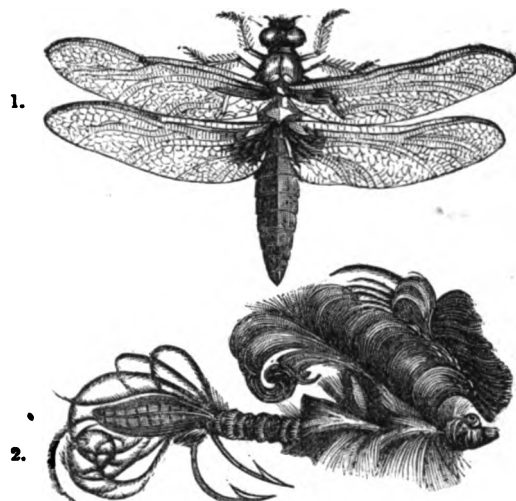
That the salmon should lose condition rapidly on quitting the sea for the fresh water, may be inferred from a fact agreed upon by naturalists, that during the period of spawning the fish neglects feeding. In this peculiar habit the salmon is not, however, singular; animals of the Phocæ tribe, in breeding time, exercise a similar abstinence. On opening a salmon, at any season, no food will be discovered, and the contents of the stomach will be confined to a small quantity of yellowish fluid and tape-worms, which are generated there. Sir Humphrey Davy believes that occasionally food may be found. I have seen thousands opened preparatory to being salted, and I never observed anything but this fluid and tape-worms. Another circumstance may be stated as a curious proof of health, as well as of the period of time the salmon has been a resident in a river. When the fish leaves the sea, and of course is in its best condition, insects (the *Lernæ* *Salmonæ* of Linnæus) will be perceived firmly adhering to the skin. Immediately on entering the fresh water, these insects begin to detach themselves from the salmon, and after a short time they gradually drop off and disappear.

The following comparison is made by Sir Humphrey Davy, between trout and salmon:—The salmon is broader, has a tail rather more forked, and teeth in proportion are rather smaller. The trout, likewise, has larger, and rather more black-brown spots on the body; and the head of the trout is a little larger in proportion. The salmon has fourteen spines in the pectoral fins, ten in each of the ventral, thirteen in the anal, twenty-one in the caudal, and fifteen in the dorsal. The salmon measures thirty-eight inches and a half in length, and twenty-one inches in girth; and his weight, as you see, is twenty-two pounds and a quarter. The trout has one spine less in the pectoral, and two less in the anal fin, and measures thirty inches and a quarter in length, and sixteen inches in girth, and his weight is eleven pounds. When opened, the stomach of the salmon contains nothing but a little yellow fluid, and, though the salmon is twice as large, it does not exceed much in size that of the trout. The stomach of the trout, unlike that of the salmon, will be found full of food.

Thus far of the natural history of the salmon, and now of

## SALMON FISHING.

**The Rod.**—The Salmon Rod should consist of four parts or pieces: first, the butt of *solid* ash; the second and third (called "joints"), of hickory; and the fourth, or "top," of spliced cane with a whalebone tip. On this point I may hereafter give an opinion or two. Each part should be at least four feet six inches, forming in its whole length eighteen feet or upwards. Some persons use rods two or three feet longer, which enables them to command a greater breadth of water, though, for general fishing, I consider eighteen feet quite sufficient, especially as the greater



1. Natural Dragon Fly.—2. Artificial Fly.

length increases the labour materially. As the separate parts of a rod are those which mostly break, you cannot err if you have in addition three or four spare tops, and one extra joint next to the top; for a salmon rod by all means have the top and the joint next it made so as to splice or "scare" together. The rings of a salmon-rod should be large, very

well soldered, and firmly secured to it, rather decreasing in size upwards. That at the point should be of double stout wire, rather larger in circumference than the rest. I do not recommend the use of a spear at the butt of a salmon-rod, because, being weighty and double-handed, the butt often resting against the body, the spear may not only be in the way, but even dangerous; while, at the same time, it is useless, as the upper part is too heavy to be supported by a short spear stuck into the ground, more especially when the weather is gusty. Of the *balance* of a fly-rod I will speak when I come to the subject in another series of papers of rods in general, for in a first number, like the present, the writer can only hint at what he hopes hereafter to perform, and thus perpetrate a Chapter of Beginnings. Of the hook I shall speak hereafter, when treating of the trout and other fish. Besides, as I intend shortly, *fortuna juvante*, to pen at some length on the various *material* of the angler's craft (whereon I shall be happy to receive the "wrinkles," "notions," "suggestions," and "experiences" of all "honest anglers,") I here pass over both them, and the *line* and *gut*.

*Flies*.—And now a word about Salmon Flies:—We have been dunned, *usque ad nauseam*, with assurances of the "taking" character of this fly and of that, yet from all we have yet discovered to base an opinion upon, it would seem that salmon do not, and cannot, snap the most "taking" flies from any resemblance they bear, either in colour or shape, to any living or natural prey. This must at once prove the futility of elaborate directions for the employment of any particular feathers or materials in a fly, on account of their peculiar colours or quality. In fact, it appears that a salmon looking upward from his depths below, can distinguish nothing more than an opaque object passing over or near him, and provided he is disposed to stir, he will do so, whether the bait be clad in livery of red, blue, green, or yellow. With trout, however, and this is an anomaly we shall hereafter note, some attention must be paid to colour. In fact, as will appear from the engraving below, there is anything but resemblance between the natural and artificial object, and this position leads me to think that in making salmon-flies, everything depends on the *appearance of life* given by the mode of putting on the wings, and the *play of the rod* in the hands of the skilful flyfisher. We here give, from a clever article on Angling in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, an extract in confirmation of this position, having presented (*see preceding page*) the uninitiated reader with a picture to inform his eye:—

"It may be asked," says the writer above alluded to, "upon what principle of imitative art the different varieties of salmon-fly can be supposed to bear the most distant resemblance to any species of dragon-fly, to imitate which we are frequently told that they are intended? Certainly no perceptible similarity in form or aspect exists between them, all the species of dragon-fly, with the exception of one or two, being characterised by very clear, lacelike, pellucid wings, entirely unadorned by those fantastic and gaudy colours, borrowed from the peacock and other 'birds of gayest plume,' which are made to distinguish the supposed resemblance. Besides, the finest salmon-fishing is in mild weather during the colder seasons of the year, and in early spring, several months before any dragon-fly has become visible on the face of the waters, as it is a summer insect, and rarely makes its appearance in the perfect state till the month of June. If they bear no resemblance to each other in form or colour, how much more unlike must they be, when, instead of being swept down the current, as a real one would be, the artificial fly is seen crossing and re-crossing every stream and torrent, with the agility of an otter, and the strength of an alligator? Now, as it is demonstrable that the artificial fly generally used for salmon bears no resemblance, except in size, to any living one; that the only tribe which it may be supposed to represent does not exist in the winged state during the period when the imitation is most generally and most successfully practised; and if they did, that their *habits* and *natural powers* totally disenable them from being at any time seen under such circumstances as would give a colour to the supposition of the one being ever mistaken for the other; may we not fairly conclude that, in this instance at least, the fish proceed upon other grounds, and are deceived by an appearance of life and motion, rather than by a specific resemblance to any thing which they had previously been in the habit of capturing? What natural insect do the large flies, at which sea-trout rise so readily, resemble? These, as well as grilse and salmon, frequently take the lure far within the bounds of the salt-water mark; and yet naturalists know that no such thing as a saltwater fly exists, or at least has ever been discovered by their researches. Indeed, no true insect inhabits the sea. What species are imitated by the palmer, or by three-fourths of the dressed flies in common use? An artificial fly can, at the best, be considered only as the representation of a natural one that has been drowned, as it is impossible to imitate the dancing or hovering flight of the real insect over the surface of the stream; and, even with that restricted idea of its resemblance to nature, the likeness must be scarcely perceptible, owing to the difference of motion, and the great variety of directions in which the angler drags his flies, according to the nature and localities of the current, and the prevailing direction of the wind.

"The same observations apply, with almost equally few exceptions, to bait-fishing. The minnow is fastened upon swivels, which cause it to revolve upon its axis with such rapidity, that it loses every vestige

of its original appearance: and in angling with the par-tail, one of the most killing lures for large trout, the bait consists of the nether half of a small fish, mangled and mis-shapen, and in every point of view divested of its natural form. The accomplished angler does not condescend to imitate specifically, and in a servile manner, the detail of things; he attends, or ought to attend, only to the great and invariable ideas which are inherent in universal nature. He throws his fly lightly and with elegance on the surface of the glittering waters, because he knows that an insect, with outspread gauzy wings, would so fall; but he does not imitate (or if he does so, his practice proceeds upon an erroneous principle), either in the air or in his favourite element, the flight or the motion of a particular species, because he also knows that trout are not very conversant in the peculiarities of species, and that their omnivorous propensities induce them, when inclined for food, to rise with equal eagerness at every minute thing which creepeth upon the earth or swimmeth in the waters. On this fact he generalises—and this is the philosophy of fishing."

It would be easy to prove these sound scientific remarks by the actual practice of the best routine anglers, who will, no doubt, treat them as arrant heresy; for all their success must depend upon these very principles, even when they imagine they cannot angle without a great variety of flies—without flies adapted to each particular river, as well as to each season of the year, and to the morning, noon, and night of the same day. But our strictures and quotations have led us to an unconscionable length, and here we quit the subject for the present; leaving to a future number our manifold *pondering by pond* and stream.

#### THE DOCTOR.—A TRUE TALE.

[The following *jeu d'esprit*, too good to be left without a reprint, will be familiar to many Essex readers.—ED.]

IN Essex there lived—ah, wo worth the day  
That called him from all his companions away!—  
A Doctor well known, and of knowledge profound  
Of physic, of music, of horse, and of hound.  
As physician or sportsman, or sober or mellow,  
The Doctor was hailed as a right honest fellow.  
'Twas a southerly wind, and morning was fair,  
So the Doctor soon mounted his three-legged mare.\*  
Three legs I have said, but this is not true,  
She had gone to my knowledge four seasons on two:  
Though the others no doubt were by Nature intended  
To serve as two more: so they might, were they mended.  
No matter: the Doctor this cripple bestrode,  
Who came in her turn for the field and the road,  
And, resolved with the hounds to come in for a treat,  
He started for Musking, the name of the "meet:"  
But bethought him two birds with one stone he might slay,  
If he called on a medical friend on his way;  
For he knew a rich patient they both had been plucking  
Was breathing his last twixt B——y and Musking:  
And, could he contrive to alight at his door  
Before he was dead, there was "one guinea more."

So the Doctor continued his journey to urge on,  
Till he came in due time to the door of the surgeon.  
There loudly he halloo'd, which shews the condition  
Of surgeon is held as below the physician.  
The surgeon threw down both his potion and pill,  
To wait on the man "who had license to kill."  
"Dear sir, to what chance do I owe all the honour  
Of seeing your mare, and your ——— upon her?"  
He thus would have said, but he feared this position  
Of words, though a joke, might offend a physician.  
So bowing and smiling in his usual way,  
Thrice he hemmed, rubbed his hands, and at last thus did say:—  
"Dear sir, hem! hem! hem! Dear sir, I'm delighted  
To see you at O—t; but pray be alighted."  
The Doctor dismounted—for once, as a treat,  
The old mare was allowed a few minutes to eat;†  
Though he said this was useless, for such was her nature  
She could go night and day and do well on potato.  
The mare was put up her rare treat to enjoy,  
Which led to this pithy remark from the boy—  
"Though the Doctor maintains on potatoes she doats,  
She seems mightily pleased with a *quartern of oats*."

As soon as the doctors had canvassed together  
The nature of patients, of hounds, and the weather,  
The physician arose, first directed a potion,

\* Five sound legs among three horses was the maximum average in the Doctor's stud.

† The Doctor's horses had a more accurate idea of perpetual motion than most of our philosophers.

Then said it was time to be once more in motion:  
When the Surgeon requested, polite as before,  
He would wait till the horses were brought to the door.  
The horses were brought; mutual compliments past  
On the merits and beauty of both, till at last  
Our son of diploma thought fit to bestride  
A thing that he called (God forgive him!) a saddle.\*

Away then they trotted to visit this person,  
Less fit to be physicked than carried a hearse on.  
But they knew, as life's taper was burnt to the socket,  
'Twas the very last fee the physician would pocket.  
So they hurried along, most devoutly relying  
On reaching the patient while yet he was dying.  
But it happened he popped off an hour before;  
So his brother accosted them thus at the door:—  
"Why, hell and the devil! you cannot suppose  
A man will for ever be led by the nose!  
Why that doctor declared here, at five in the morning,  
He knew 'twould be useless again his returning:  
'Twould be picking my pocket he very well knew  
To bring in more medicine, but now he brings you!  
He might just as well, to have carried this farce on,  
Have long since brought in the grave-digger and parson!  
They were just as much wanted, themselves and their trade,  
For the living, ye scoundrels, as you for the dead!  
So be off at once while you can with whole coats,  
Or I'll ram your d—d vials down both of your throats!"

The doctors both stared at this sort of address—  
In sooth a physician could not well do less.  
They found of the fee that the brother would nick them,  
For he swore, if they did not be off, he would kick them:  
So they quickly departed, but vowed—if this brother,  
His uncle, aunt, cousin, wife, sister, or mother,  
Should ever by illness come under their thumbs—  
To avenge the indignity offered their—ms!

Here they parted, the one to continue his rounds,  
The other to make a short cut to the hounds.

*Sporting Magazine.*

H. H.

#### STATISTICS OF CARELESSNESS.

WE beg to offer the following analysis of the announcement just published by the Somerset-house authorities of the various articles left in cabs and hackney-coaches for the last twelvemonth. It is a most gratifying document, and occupies a closely-printed column of the morning papers:—

It appears that, while eleven persons have left their opera-glasses in cabs during the above term, one only has lost his Bible and Prayer-book. This strikingly displays the worldly advantage of attending to unworldly matters. Then we find that whereas eighty-seven umbrellas have been lost, only nineteen parasols have shared that fate. The ladies of London may proudly point to this proof of their superior carefulness. Six gentlemen, we observe, have left their watches, and we should think that the time of such persons can be of little value, so that the loss could hardly have been felt. Against another gentleman's skates we will set off another lady's music; and several macintoshes balance the account with several muffs. Of the sex of some rings found in cabs we are ignorant, but that of a variety of latch-keys leaves nothing to conjecture. We should like to know what the lady was thinking about when she left her shoes, and what excuse she made for their absence when she was asked to dance. The piece of money found on the 29th of August belongs to ourselves, but we do not intend to claim it, because it is a bad sixpence given us in change by a strangely civil previous cabman. And having had a most serious quarrel with one of our first and only idols, touching a certain bracelet alleged by her to have been lost on the 30th of May last, we hereby publicly apologize to her for suspecting that she had given the same to Lieutenant Ernest Theodore Higgs Wiggins, and do further retract the black looks we presented to the said Wiggins at Mrs. Mackintosh's polka party.

**WARNING TO TRAVELLERS.**—Lovers of single blessedness, beware! Bachelors who love your liberty, remain at home! The last census of France has just disclosed the awful fact that, in Paris alone, there are no less than 54,000 widows!!!

**TOO BAD TO BE CARRIED AWAY.**—Sir Robert Peel indignantly denies the charge brought against him by Ben-Levi D'Israeli, of having run away with the clothes of the Whig Ministers, while they were in the water. Sir Robert says the Whig habits had latterly become so bad that nobody would have anything to do with them, except, perhaps, a Jew dealer in "old clo'." D'Israeli now confesses that his simile was rather unlucky.

\* The Doctor's saddles, made after a plan of his own, and furnished by a village collar-maker, were perfectly unique.

#### GENERAL REGISTRY OF RACE HORSES.

BY RIGDUM FERNIDOS.

MR. EDITOR.—Amongst projects for the reformation of the turf, may be justly placed in the most prominent point of view that of "A General Registry of Race Horses." Its utility cannot be questioned. I, therefore, earnestly hope that all who are interested in the breed of horses and the prosperity of the turf will combine to bring it into immediate operation. I would suggest that, at the time of registering, every horse must and should be NAMED; for every year brings out its *Delightful* colts, *Monimia* colts, and *Emmas* out of number. I would further suggest that no two horses should be allowed to be registered by the same title. If the example of that excellent sportsman, Lord Exeter, in having an early christening of stock, were generally followed, what confusion and perplexity would be prevented.

Whilst looking over the nominations for the Derby, I was myself induced to affix a cognomen to each of the nameless animals, and in tendering the list to the perusal of your readers, I must express a hope that before the racing season commences the hint will be fully acted upon.

Pall Mall, 18th February.

OWNERS.	SIRE, DAM, &c.	PROPOSED NAME.
Mr. Cassidy's .....	b c by Liverpool, dam by Voltaire —Doubtful, by Emilius or Comus .....	Uncertainty Sir Mopus
Mr. W. Etwall's ...	ch c by Elis—Mopsa .....	
Lord Glasgow's .....	br f by Bay Middleton—Impertinence .....	Load of Mischief
Lord Glasgow's .....	b c by Bay Middleton—Miss Whip .....	Forlorn Hope
Mr. Gratwicke's ...	ch c by Elis—Cestus .....	Cactus
Mr. Gratwicke's ...	b c by Slane—Margravine .....	Imperial
Mr. Gratwicke's ...	br c by Mus—Carlotta .....	Singing Mouse
Mr. Graydon's .....	ch c by Ishmael, dam by Vestris—Lath .....	The Nobby Jew
Sir G. Heathcote's ..	br c by Mulatto—Bertha .....	Ganges
Mr. Herbert's .....	ch c by Elis—Delightful .....	Paradise
Col. Peel's .....	b c by Slane—Cobweb .....	Spider
Mr. A. Johnstone's ..	br c by Slane—Frill, by Partisan ..	Advocate
Mr. King's .....	ch c by Glaucus—Dick's dam .....	Highwayman
Mr. King's .....	br c by Slane—Adela .....	Chaos
Mr. Mack's .....	c by Camel—Chance .....	Roland Graeme
Lord Orford's .....	b c by Economist, dam by Ishmael—Eliza Leeds .....	Israelite
Lord Orford's .....	c by Grand Duke—Miss Julia ...	Aristocrat
Col. Peel's .....	b f by Slane—Seakale .....	Mermaid
Mr. Forth's .....	gr c by Sheet Anchor—The Lady Berners, by Lamplighter .....	Jacob Faithful
Duke of Richmond's	br c by Mus—Belvidera .....	The Palmer
Mr. J. Rogers' .....	c by Slane—Bupta, Zany's dam ..	Baptiste
Duke of Rutland's ..	br c by Royal Oak—Virago .....	Charles the 2nd
Mr. Stanley's .....	b c by Glaucus—Minikin .....	Ambassador
Lord Chesterfield's ..	b c by Sheet Anchor—Fair Helen ..	Admiral
Mr. Turnbull's .....	br c by Rockingham—The Maid of Kent .....	Canterbury
Mr. J. Verrall's .....	br c by Rockingham, dam by Whalebone—Aunt Anne .....	Accommodation
Lord Verulam's ...	b c by Liverpool—Corumba .....	John of Anjou
Lord Verulam's ...	ch c by Sir Hercules—Christina ..	Espartero
Lord Warwick's ...	br c by Venison—Katherine, by Camel—Jenny Vertpre .....	Deer Stalker
Mr. Wilkins's .....	b c by St. Martin—Wee Willie's dam .....	Little Saint
Mr. Wreford's .....	b c by Liverpool—Wapiti .....	Manchester
Mr. Wreford's .....	b c by Camel—Monimia .....	Pandarus
Mr. Wreford's .....	b c by Camel—Mouche .....	Richelieu
Mr. Wreford's .....	b f by Sultan Jan—Victoria .....	Extension
Mr. Wyatt's .....	b c by Wintonian—sister to Laundress .....	Mangler

**SEEING WITH THE FINGERS.**—The credulity of the public has sometimes been imposed upon by persons who pretended to see by means of their fingers; thus, at Liverpool, the notorious Miss M'Avoy contrived for a long time to persuade a great number of persons that she really possessed this miraculous power. Equally unworthy of credit are all the stories of persons, under the influence of animal magnetism, hearing sounds addressed to the pit of the stomach, and reading the pages of a book applied to the skin over that organ. These errors have, doubtless, gained credence from a belief that the functions of the nerves are interchangeable, as is the case with many other functions in the animal system. On the contrary, the function of each nerve of sense is determinate, and can be executed by no other part of the nervous system. No nerve but the optic nerve, and no part of that nerve except the retina, is capable, however impressed, of giving rise to the sensation of light, that is *seeing*. No part of the nervous system but the auditory nerve can convey that of sound, or *hearing*; and so of the rest.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

SUNDAY, MARCH 16, 1845.—PALM SUNDAY.—Battle of Culloden, 1746.

*The Garden*.—As February was the awakening month, so this is the time to be up and doing: "a spirit is abroad, felt through all nature's veins," and the gardener has now to take advantage of each hour, that every seed and plant may be in a fitting state to be borne forward by that spirit's influence. This is the month of main sowings, both in the kitchen and flower gardens, and not one of them should be left out of the ground a single day longer than is absolutely compulsory, although the late and still continuing frosts and snow have impeded, nay, almost suspended garden operations.

MONDAY 17.—ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—The "broth of a boy" died at Ulster, A.D. 493.

"Och Nora, my darlint, take pity upon me—  
Ochhono! but t'is luv is a smart!"

By the powers, swate Nora! 'tis Mither O'Cupid  
Wid his little shilaly is breakin' my heart!"

'Twas Lent when Pat said so—but Nora said, "No, sir,"

She knew 'twas no use at that time to consent;  
But by "Mothering Sunday" Pat found her much softer,  
And before Lent was over, he saw her relent.

The day was soon fixed—Easter Monday, be sure,

The time seem'd to Pat a snail's gallop to go;

"By the hokey!" says he, "is it fast days they call 'em?"

For fast days I think they move murderous slow."

TUESDAY 18.—Cambridge Lent Term ends:—will all the "flat-caps" pay their bor' rowings?

*Botany for Ladies*.—This delightful science is generally devoted to the planting of flowers in blonde whiskers, cut into roses. Last year's wreaths of impossible flowers are freely transplanted to cleaned bonnets. Pretty little Dunstable cottages are covered with buds of muslin, and velvet evergreens are trained by ladies to creep over their straw thatch.

WEDNESDAY 19.—Day and night equal.—Oxford Lent Term ends.

*Natural Philosophy*.—*Boiling*.—The Boiling Point varies in different localities.—In Belgrave and Grosvenor Squares, May Fair, and Spring Gardens, the pot can hardly be boiled under £3000 a-year. Whereas up at Camden Town the pot will boil at £150 or £200; and about St. Giles's or Spitalfields, at 7s. or 8s. per week.—Louis XVIII. boiled from Paris, 1815. The French nation changed a *Louis*, and got a *Napoleon* by the swap.

THURSDAY 20.—MAUNDY THURSDAY. Spring commences—and the birds hold "harmonic meetings:" those of "Mine Host of the Castle," which take place of an evening in Holborn, forestall them quite; his "Spring meetings" being kept up all through the *Winter* quarters.

*Rural*.  
All nature seems at work: slugs leave their lair—

The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing;

And Winter, slumbering in the open air,  
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!

Trout begin to rise in the rivers, the smelt spawns, and blood worms appear in the water. Moles in quest of food, throw up hillocks. Bees, black-ants, and the meise or oil-beetle, are seen in mild sunny days.

The vegetable world now puts forth fresh beauties every day; pile-wort, colts-foot, the daisy, and the primrose, are some of the principal wild plants in bloom; while in the gardens are to be seen in flower the daffodil, the sweet violet, crown imperial, polyanthus.

FRIDAY 21.—GOOD FRIDAY.

*The Opening of the Season*.—At the latter end of March, the earth puts on her livery. Nature has generally two suits of this livery in the year, with a great-coat of snow for the severe weather, which, up to the present moment of writing, (March 14th) she has declined to leave off.

*Duke of Enghien* shot by order of Napoleon, 1804: a barbarous assassination. *Cornedbeef* *Debat*.—The Cornedbeef makes its first appearance before a British public early in spring, and trusts to that indulgence which an English audience is never known to withhold from strange birds, who come in the character of foreign vocalists.

SATURDAY 22.—Strike of the Cigar Makers in the Minorities, 1844. Enough to tear the heart out of a summer cabbage.

*Monomania*.—There is a March hare in Windsor Park who is so mad that he fancies himself a Welsh rabbit.

## The Sporting World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1845.

ALL right behind?—Ste-e-a-dy, there! Now, Shiny Will-i-yam, give them their heads! K-l-c-k! k-l-c-k! Such were the sounds which, "in the days of our hot youth, when the Fourth George was king," were wont to greet the ear, as the "light" four, with its spanking team, and bright embossed harness, swept gracefully and artistically out of the narrow gateway of the "Bull," the "Angel," the "Savage," or the "Cross" of gold or silver: and as "Shiny William" dropped the leader's head, in compliance with the command of the rotund Wellerian on the box's throne, the gaping passengers gazed with gratified admiration at the spicy turn-out. But we have changed all that—and now, save when some gentleman of spirit handles the ribbons, or tools the prads, we behold no more the fleet passing vision of the "fast coach." May we liken this little venture to the well-appointed team? At first starting, doubtless, they may not run so well together as we could wish, but when they warm to their work, settle down to the pace, and feel the collar, we flatter ourselves we shall give the go-by to any thing on the road. But though *fast*, we shall be *cheap*, and at the low price of threepence, promise to carry our patrons pleasantly through the whole extent of the domains of Sport. We ask, then, encouragement for our venture.

We will not here "burn daylight" and keep either passengers or "cattle" on the fret: but refer them to our prospectus and the article on our first page; merely observing, that as it is to the public favour and the support of the Sporting World that we must look for success and suc-

cess will stimulate us to improvement—we confidently "take the road," and trust to keep it. The "right side" shall be our maxim, and though

'Tis not in mortals to command success,  
We will do more,—still study to deserve it.

## A STRIKING REMEDY;

OR, MERCIFUL MAXIMS, A LA GRANTLEY BERKELEY.

OFF! guardian, commissioner, clerk,  
Your assistance no farther we need;  
Too long have you been in the dark,  
Or too nice have you been in your creed!  
Talk of poor laws, and acts of "the board,"  
As strong in dominion and dread!  
What service do these things afford  
When compared with—a punch on the head?

Do you think that the "vulgar, brute mind,"

Whose moodings to madness may press,

Can comfort or cheerfulness find

In hearts which can feel its distress?

Can words stay the hungry's desire,

Or crush down his clamour for bread?

O, no! Something more you require—

To be had in—a punch on the head.

Off! away with your warnings and cries,

Your powers of prison so chill;

All such bugbears the needy defies—

Small choice 'twixt "the union" or "mill."

Hand to hand let the injured him meet,

(The justice no sentence has said),

And the pampered the perishing greet,

With an "aply-plied"—punch on the head.

If the outcast your boundary should cross,

And, his misery making his claim,

Croak of hardship, and illness, and loss,

As a poor plea for seeking your game,

At once put to silence the wretch,

With a mandate that mercy hath sped:—

"Here, John, go directly and fetch

That poor fellow—a punch on the head."

When bumpers are crowning the board,

And chairmen are a "happy and proud,"

When Ciceros hit the right chord,

And soapings are lavish and loud,

Still firm to the labourer's cause,

Call in one to honour "the spread,"

And present him, "midst roars of applause,"

With an elegant—punch on the head.

So remember, henceforth, as a rule,

When paupers are publishing woe,

That to talk is to tamper and fool;

To act right—a word and a blow;

Striking measures alone are the plan

With rascals who want to be fed;

—Put 'em down, "like a practical man,"

With an Old English—punch on the head.

## THE GAME LAWS.

AS PROPOSED TO BE AMENDED BY MR. BRIGHT.

Clause I. That every man shall be allowed, if he can, to shoot any description of game out of the range of gunshot; but that the putting of salt upon a bird's tail, by which to catch it, be not lawful.

Clause II. That every justice of the peace before whom a complaint of poaching is lodged do take a "bird's eye" view of the case, and not "beat about the bush" in his capacity of judge, which is too often done.

Clause III. That the poaching of eggs be not considered an offence punishable under the game laws.

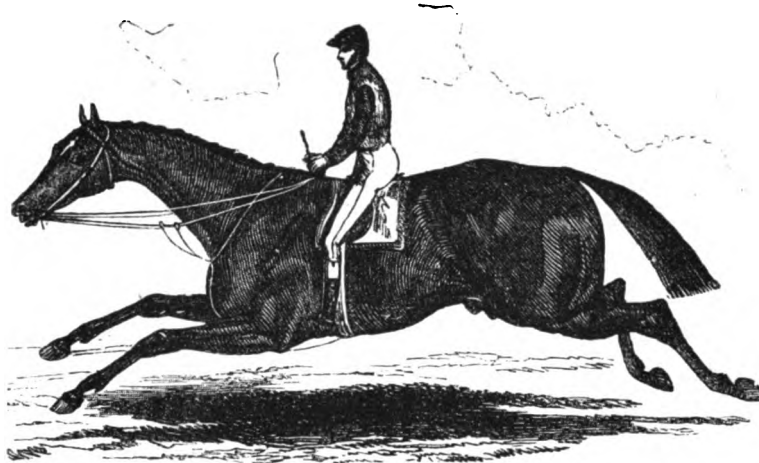
Clause IV. That no sportsman, if he see a hare, shall outrun it, but give the animal a fair chance of escape.

Clause V. That the description of game commonly called sky-larks be never indulged in by any member of the House of Commons.

[N.B. Barn-door cocks and hens not to be included in the bill, as it would be difficult to place these domestic birds on a footing with game-cocks.]

"I'll take the shine out of you," as the cat said when she licked her master's boot!

ANOTHER OF THE ANOMALIES OF LAW.—Several men, within a very brief time, have been fined for sending sweeps up chimneys, while other parties coolly advertise in the newspapers, and that with the greatest impunity, that certain "sweeps" will be actually "drawn," and others will be positively "divided," at the next Epsom races!



*Cure-all, winner of the "Grand National" Steeple-chase at Liverpool, 1845, crossing the Training Ground.*

CURE-ALL is an aged horse, unknown to fame, and was recently purchased by Mr. Loft, a Lincolnshire gentleman, who "crossed the pigskin" on this victorious occasion, for 50 sovereigns! He is a strong, short-legged, compact, rather coarse-looking animal; and from his peculiar roundness of barrel has an appearance of carrying "fat."

### THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

AWAY! away! though no horn is sounding!  
Ride on! ride on! though no prey is bounding!  
There's life in the field, there's sport in the wind,  
Though no hound doth speak, and no Courser find:—  
Away! away! ere the noon see the sun,  
A chase shall be tried and a race must be run!

Away! away! see yon fiery gray,  
Impatient to bear his load;  
Away! away! there's a mettlesome bay  
That is hot—without a goad:  
Gallant riders are on them, exceeded by none  
That a chase has e'er tried or a race has e'er run.

Away! away! o'er rut, furze, brake, and lawn,  
Horses and riders together are gone,  
They traverse the plain, and they mount the hill:  
O'er each there is rattle and rivalry still;  
They top the rough leap, they clear the broad dyke,  
And where danger lies they dare it alike:  
No slack'ning of rein, no halting of pace  
Are now, 'midst the heat of that Steeple-Chase.

Still on! still on! like rushing wind,  
They dash, and leave pursuit behind;  
Swifter than vessel on the seas,  
When she sails gaily with the breeze,  
And cleaves with prow the liquid way,  
As hawk the air, to pounce her prey:  
'Twas a stirring sight, that bright dawn to see  
Those gallant steeds stride o'er fence and lea.

See, see, they've conquer'd plough-land and wood,  
And now—what! will they tempt the flood  
That, at the base of yonder hill,  
Shows dull, and deep, and dark, and still?  
They will—they will—what fear have they  
Of weed or water, depth or spray?  
If Caesar cross'd the Rubicon,  
Ere fields were dar'd, and fights were won;  
If fond Leander swam the stream,  
When the moon lent not her gen'rous beam;  
Shall not the Hunter dangers court,  
To revel in his darling sport,  
And, in his pastimes, conquer more,  
Than king or lover did before?  
That flood is rode at, but not past,  
That bold dark steed to earth is cast;  
The false bank crumbled 'neath his tread,  
Or bonnier had the rider sped:  
Yet now, and though on damp earth lain,  
His wrist still wears the buckled rein;  
But never again on saddle-tree,  
Shall his rider mount for victory,  
For see the horse drags his weary length,  
And his pain-heaved loins are void of strength;

He has ta'en his last leap, his task is done,  
And Kelly slips off, for his course is run:  
Poor CLANSMAN sinks before myriad eyes,  
His spine is broken—no more he'll rise!  
Yet on and onward the leaders flew,  
Again they turn and the goal's in view!

See Exquisite leading the panting throng,  
As into the straight-run they steam it along;  
I'll bet you a poney—no, I'd rather not—  
For depend on't there's one that will *physic* the lot:  
See CURE-ALL, th' unknown, he shows a-head;  
Hurrah for "the Fielders," the favourite's sped—  
'Tis the "dark-un's" chance and the "knowing coves"  
Are out this time—and, as I'm alive!—  
The "outsider" 's the hero of forty-five!

Dismount, dismount, the gallop is ended,  
And cheers, blithe cheers, have the welkin rended;  
For "Cure-all" has carried the laurel away,  
May he Cure-all our woes at a future day,  
And a-Loft flies the banner, and well have all done  
Who joined that stiff chase, and that fast course run;  
And again with spirits and pluck "like bricks,"  
May they run the "Grand Steeple" of "Forty-six!"



THE SKYLARK.—(See article next page.)



## BRITISH SONG BIRDS.—No. I.

But what can unassisted vision do?  
 What, but recoil where most it would pursue?  
 His earnest gaze but closes with a sigh,  
 When *Musie waking* speaks the SKYLARK nigh!  
 Just starting from the sod, he cheerily sings,  
 And beats with conscious pride his downy wings;  
 Then louder trills, and in the face of day  
 Mounts up, and bids the rustic mark his way.  
 Close to his eyes, his hat he instant bends,  
 And forms a friendly telescope, that lends  
 Just aid enough to dull the glaring light,  
 And place the lessening bird before his sight,  
 That oft beneath a light cloud sweeps along  
 Lost for a while, yet pours his varied song.  
 The eye still follows, and the closed moves by,  
 Again the warbler stretches up the sky,  
 His form, his motion, undistinguished quite,  
 Save when he wheels direct from shade to light;  
 E'en then the songster a mere speck becomes,  
 Gliding like fancy's bubbles in a dream,  
 Yet still the gazer hears. BLOOMFIELD'S Farmer's Boy.

**B**LOOMFIELD the race of WARBLERS (in which division ornithologists rank the melodious minstrel whose faithful portrait heads this column), none has attracted more attention than the SKYLARK; nor is there one which has been more celebrated by poets and sentimental writers. It would be a pleasant task to cull from our choicest authors the flowers of poesy which derive their beauty from the gladdening influence of this "sweet songster of the middle air;" but in this series of articles it is my intention to be particularly *practical*, and, resisting all temptations to digression and discursiveness, confine myself to the communication of such information as a pretty lengthened experience as a Field Naturalist and a keeper of Cage-birds has furnished me.

In the beginning of March, or earlier, if the spring be fine, (which, in this present year of grace, 1845, it has by no means shown itself,) the skylarks separate and pair. That is, these pretty birds, which, since the end of autumn have been congregated in large straggling flocks, frequenting stubbles, and ploughed fields, break up their round parties, and, like members of St. Stephen's Chapel—*pair off*. It is a fact worthy of note, that during the winter season the flight of the lark resembles that of the fieldfare, being performed by slight undulations, and several successive flaps of the wings, with short pauses between them. How this differs from the action of the birds, when the genial season which awakes its song arrives, I need not tell the reader.

During this month (March) the males may often be seen engaged in spirited contests, generally carried on in the air; and it is now their song commences, which is continued until the middle of Autumn. I have however heard the lark in full song early in February in forward springs.

The song of the skylark is familiar to most persons, even to those in "populous city pent;" were it not, it would be as difficult to describe as for a musician to write it down. Sometimes the lark sings on the ground, perched on a clod, or even crouched down among the grass, but more generally at the moment of beginning its cheerful song it starts off rising perpendicularly or obliquely in the air, with a fluttering motion, and continues to pour forth the stream of melody until it has attained its highest elevation, which is so great as often to render the bird imperceptible. Even then, as described in the simple poetry of Bloomfield, which heads this article, if the weather be calm, you hear its warble coming faintly on the ear at intervals. Shakspeare has not left this unobserved:—

"Some say the lark makes sweet division,\*  
 Oh, say not so, since she divideth us!"

It has been often said that the lark ascends in a spiral manner; this is erroneous. Its rising is often directly upward, the body being kept in a horizontal position, it then moves in gentle curves, then rises again, then curves, and so on alternately, but never in a spiral direction. When the lark descends he does not interrupt his song, but continues it till it pears the ground, when it generally darts down headlong, and alights abruptly; yet I have often seen a lark hover a long time over a field at a small height, and keeping up its full song; which, however, ceases on reaching the ground.

The song of the lark, though not so musical, or so finely modulated as some of the birds, which we shall hereafter introduce, both by pen and pencil, to the readers of this *Miscellany*, is cheering and cheerful in the highest degree, and protected with a perseverance and seeming hilarity beyond comparison. In a sunny day in April or May, when the grass fields have begun to resume their verdure, it is pleasant to listen to the merry songster that makes the welkin ring with its sprightly notes; in the sultry month of July, still more pleasant is it to hear its matin hymn while the dew is yet on the corn; and in winter should you chance to hear the well-known voice on high, it reminds you of the bright days that have gone, and fills you with anticipation of those that are to come.

No doubt much of the pleasure derived from the lark's song depends upon association, and to him who finds delight in wandering over the

\* The term "division," in the time of Immortal Will, was applied to the pauses and changes in music. The quibble upon the word *divide* in the second line is too manifest to call for comment.

green fields, along the daisied margin of the clear stream that winds in the bottom of the pastoral glen, or upon the fenny brae, where the "lang yellow broom," and "blossomed furze unprofitably gay" shoot up amidst the wild thyme, yarrow, and blue bell; it is pleasant to listen even to the "skirl" of the corn-bunting, the see-saw song of the tit, the creaking cry of the partridge, or the singular creak of the land-rail; but, independently of circumstances and associations, the song of the lark imparts an elasticity to the mind, ~~excites the spirits~~, and suspends, for a time, the gnawing of corroding care. The mellow song of the merle, or mavis, is apt to inspire melancholy, especially if heard in a sequestered valley, towards the close of day, and the feelings which it excites have, perhaps, as much of a depressing, as of a soothing tendency; but the carol of the lark, like the lively ~~note~~, excites pure cheerfulness, and might, with propriety be prescribed as an antidote to dulness. It is not merely music that we look for in the song of birds; but variety, and the expression of passions, feelings, and wants. Were all our warblers to tune their throats according to rule, we should become sickly and sentimental, fill the valleys with sighs, and groan from the mountain tops, but the loud war-whoop of the eagle, the harsh scream of the heron, and the croak of the raven, are antidotes to the bewitching melody of the black-cap and nightingale. I have endeavoured to trace a repetition, at regular intervals, in the strains of the lark; but its modulations seem to have no rule. In confinement, this bird sings every whit as well as when at large; and when rapidly perambulating the square bit of faded turf in its cage, it enacts its part with apparently as much delight as when mounting "towards heaven's gate."

As I propose to append to each of these articles a minute and faithful series of directions for the TREATMENT, FEEDING, and BREEDING of the various feathered songsters included in these articles, I shall here pass over the nest, the pairing, the eggs, and breeding of these birds while free denizens of the fields, and reserve what I have to say for the sequel. I shall merely observe that, when sitting on its eggs, the lark will allow a person to walk quite close by its ground-built nest without rising, and that they have often been taken by the hand in corn-fields when thus occupied. When disturbed and forced to rise, the female flies off low, with a cowering, tremulous flight, and either alights a little distance off, or ascends and flutters round, uttering a faint twitter, which usually brings up the male-bird. Boys often discover larks' nests by watching their fluttering descent into them.

The lark always reposes on the ground at night, and often in the barest places, and its enemies, besides man, are weasels, polecats, and the various species of hawks and kestrels.

From the middle of spring to the end of June, larks may frequently be seen on the roads, and in warm dry weather, they will flutter in the dust, like the sparrows, appearing to derive great pleasure from the performance. In autumn they have no song, and fly about in a very quiet manner, a few together, apparently recruiting their energies by the abundant food obtainable in the stubble and grass fields.

Thus much of the lark in his state of nature; we now proceed to THE LARK AS A CAGE-BIRD.

## Mode of taking Larks.

It would take too long a time to describe all the modes of catching larks which are in use. It is enough to say that with day and night nets, known by the name of lark nets, so large a number of these birds are taken alive in the open country, that it is easy to have a choice of both males and females. This lark-snaring is accomplished by placing a considerable number of nets perpendicularly, like walls, which are called day-nets, towards which, in the dusk, the birds are forced by means of a long rope, which is drawn along the ground, and drives them forward; in the night, a square net called a night net is carried to a spot where it is known that many larks are collected in the stubble, and there they are covered just when they begin to flutter.

If, in the spring, it is wished to procure a good singing male, for some are better than others, a lark whose wings are tied, and with a little forked lime-twig fixed to its back, must be carried to the place where such a bird is to be found. As soon as it is let loose, and the desired male has perceived it from high in the air, he will fall upon it like an arrow and attack it; but soon, the dupe of his jealousy, he will find himself caught by the lime.

## THE CAGE.

Whatever form may be given to cages, they must be at least eighteen inches long, nine wide, and fifteen high; the bottom should have a drawer in which enough of river sand should be kept for this scratching bird to be able to roll and dust itself conveniently. It is also a good plan to have in a corner a little square of fresh turf, which is as beneficial as it is agreeable. The top of the cage must be of linen, since, from its tendency to rise for flight, it would run the risk of wounding its head against a covering of wood or iron wire, especially before it is well tamed. The vessels for food and drink must be outside, or, which I prefer, a drawer for the food may be introduced in the side of the cage: sticks are not necessary, as the lark does not perch. When it is allowed to hop free in a room, the latter must be very clean and neat, otherwise a thread or hair may entangle the feet, and if not removed it easily cuts the skin, maims the bird, and the entangled toes shrink and fall off.



## FOOD.

When wild, the food consists of insects, especially ants' eggs; also of all kinds of seeds, and in autumn of oats; which these birds skin by striking them against the ground, their beak being too weak to shell them alone. In the spring, the sprouting seeds and young buds, also the blades of young grass, are eaten, and grains of sand help their digestion.

In the house, if the lark is hopping about, nothing is better than the first universal paste (hereafter to be given), but if caged the second will suit it better. Poppy-seed, bruised hemp, crumb of bread, and plenty of greens, as lettuce, endive, cabbage, or water-cress, according to the season, must be added. A little lean meat and ants' eggs are favourite delicacies, which make it gay and more inclined to sing. When old larks are first made prisoners, they must be fed only with oats and poppy-seed to reconcile them to captivity.

## DISEASES AND DURATION OF LIFE.

These birds are very subject to a kind of scurf or yellow crust round the base of the beak. The best remedy is to take care that they have good food; the second universal paste agrees with them particularly well; but greens, ants' eggs, meal-worms, or other insects, must be added. With this food they may be preserved healthy for many years in the house. Instances have been known of larks which have lived in this way for thirty years.

## BREEDING.

The lark lays but once a year in cold countries, twice in the temperate, and three times in the warmer climates. Its nest, formed on the ground in a little hollow, is made, without much art, of straw, and the wool and hair of animals, and by preference in hollow ground or among the summer crops of grain. The eggs, in number from three to five, are of a whitish grey, spotted and dotted with dark grey; incubation lasts fourteen days. By the end of April the young are often hatched, and are at first only fed with insects, and leave the nest before they can fly; but they nevertheless continue to be fed by the mother till they can follow her in her excursions. Before the first moulting, all the upper part of the body is dotted with white; if it is wished to take nestlings, they must be removed from the nest when the tail is about three-quarters of an inch long. They are fed with crumb of white bread, and poppy-seed steeped in milk; some ants' eggs or a little minced lean meat will be a wholesome addition. The males are soon distinguished by their yellow colour. If it is intended to teach them to perform a tune, their instructor must commence before they are ready to fly, for by that time they already begin to record their natural song. They must also be completely separated from other singing birds, otherwise the great flexibility of their organs, joined to their memory, will infallibly cause them to adopt the song of such birds as they are near, and even old larks, brought into my bird-room, have learnt to imitate perfectly the nightingale and chaffinch. They vary, however, very much in this respect. Some females in confinement lay without the presence of a male, and others pair, but I have never yet succeeded in making them sit. One of my neighbours, notwithstanding the greatest care, has succeeded no better, though he had a female which laid from twenty to twenty-five eggs annually. There would undoubtedly be a better chance of success in a large garden aviary. Though, however, it is difficult to induce larks to sit, it seems very easy to get them to take care of a young brood.

The SONG THRUSH shall form my next article, and be followed by the WOODLARK, the LINNET, and the MERLE THRUSH, or BLACKBIRD.

## THE HORSE AND THE HOUND.

BY TRAMBY.

THERE'S a bliss, beyond all that the cockney can boast  
When two, that are linked in one sportsman-like tie,  
With wind never failing and scent never lost,  
Do their work, spite of brooks, walls, and hedges so high.  
One hour with this beautiful couple is worth  
Whole seasons of pleasure elsewhere to be found;  
And, oh! if there be an enjoyment on earth,  
'Tis afforded, I'm sure, in the horse and the hound.

A CLASSICAL CONSOLATION.—Poor Tom Stubbins hunted with the Pytchley hounds. He had a favourite mare called "Mary." He now and then called her Polly for shortness or out of an excess of affection. One day, as he rode her, it so chanced that poor Mary and her master had a purl in leaping over a gaping brook, and "the horse and its rider" came into the water together. They might both have been smothered for anything that anybody in the hunt cared about them, but they had powerful objections to doing *jelo de se*, so they struggled out together. As Tom lay on the ground trying to get rid of the water he had swallowed, a friend, a Cambridge man, pulled up to inquire the cause of his muddy and wretched appearance. Stubbins told him a doleful tale.

"Ah, ah! I see, as we say in the classics,

*'medio de fontis leap o'er' em*

*Surgit e mari a liquid;*"

and away the unfeeling wretch rode. Stubbins was disgusted, as well he might be.

## CONTINENTAL SPORTING.

HUNTING IN FRANCE.—The Princes' Stag-hounds meet every Monday, either at St. Germain's or at Marley. At Rambouillet, however, there are two meets twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays, the hounds belonging to a society of noblemen. This season the sport has been better than ever. The most conspicuous and enterprising sportsmen are the Marquis Mac Mahon and Count Frederic de la Grange; there is a fine pack of fifty-five thorough-bred hounds, with eight whippers-in. The chase continues on an average about three hours; of eight days' hunting this year a stag was killed each day. On the 21st ult., a fine hind was captured after a chase of not less than twenty-seven miles; there was only one huntsman in at the take. In addition to the above-named two noblemen, there were in the hunt, Count St. Aldegonde, Marquis de la Ferté, Duc d'Uzès, Marshal Grouchy, Marquis Fracontal, Marquis de Perthuis, Count de la Briffe, Count de Bernis, Count de Plaisance, and Count Merinville.

LADY SEYMOUR, (whose title of the "Queen of Beauty" at the Eglinton tournament has followed her to Paris) goes out regularly with the Duc de Nemours' stag-hounds, and excites very great notice amongst the French from the boldness of her ladyship's riding. A lady on horseback, which they somewhat appropriately denominate an *amazone*, is a rarity in France, but for one to join like a true Diana in the chase is an event of very rare occurrence indeed. On the 20th ult. there was an excellent day's sport. Lady Seymour rode a horse lent her by the Russian Prince de Labanoff; her ladyship during the day rode up to the hounds, and was in at the death. Besides the three Princes de Nemours, Joinville, and d'Aumale, there were at the meet—Count d'Aquila, Prince Labanoff, Counts de Plaisance, Greffuhl, de Nicaulay, d'Hautpoul, and a numerous field of other persons of distinction.

THE NEW GAME LAWS.—The French journals are daily filled with cases of great severity arising from the new laws relating to game, and much excitement prevails in most parts of the country. At the Court Royale at Nancy two convictions have just taken place, where greyhounds being found loose on the highway have been pronounced as "sporting," and that their owners were responsible for it. In one instance it was remarkable that the owner was driving in his cabriolet along the highway, and the dog running by its side. Notwithstanding, the master was convicted the same as if he had coursed at a prohibited season.

## CURIOSITIES OF MURDER.

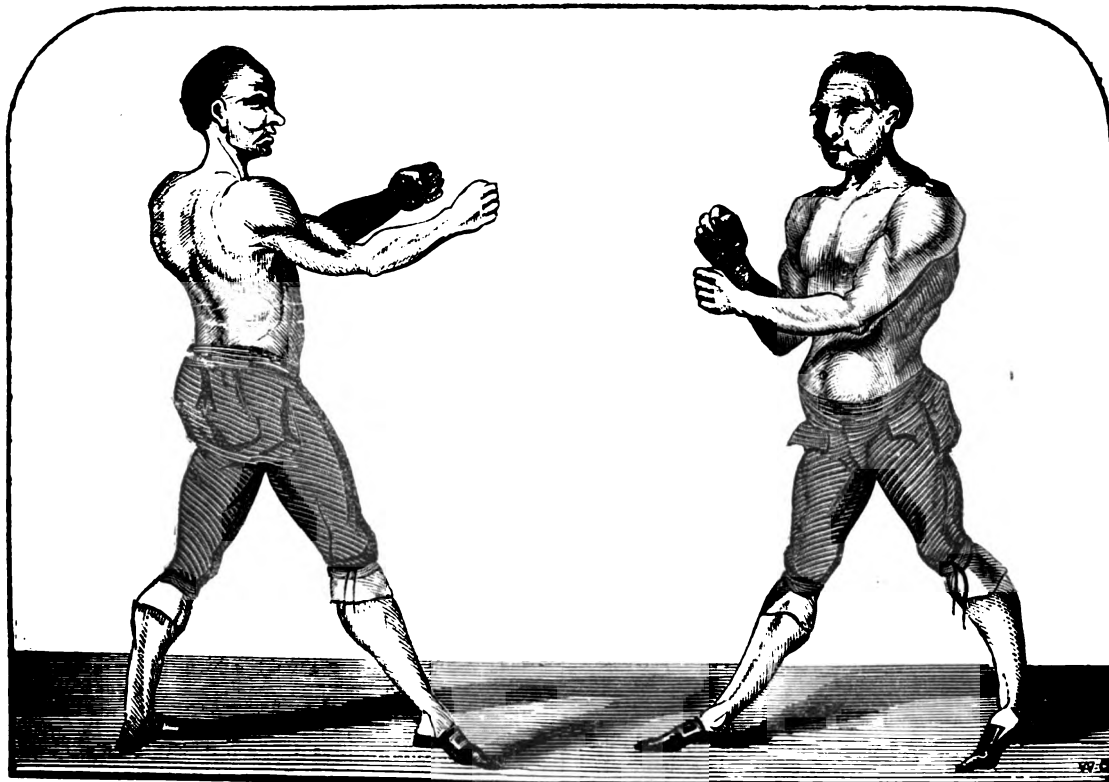
For a time the field near Haverstock-terrace, Hampstead—the scene of the late terrific murder—promises to empty the parks and Kensington Gardens of the beauty and fashion generally to be found there. We learn from the *Post*, that two days after the discovery of the murder—

"Several carriages containing ladies drove up to the field, and gentlemen on horseback, attended by their grooms, rode across to view the place. Not content with seeing, many brought away boughs and twigs from the surrounding trees, and chips from the fence against which the unfortunate man fell after he was struck, and whereon the marks of the bloody fingers of the murderers were imprinted."

Of course these boughs and twigs will be carefully planted, and so may grow up and flourish a continual memento of agony and blood. Thus, instead of camellias and other exotics, forming opera bouquets for "beauty and fashion," we may for a time have twigs of hawthorn and privet, from the field of murder, as the only wear. We humbly suggest, too, that the "chips from the fence" should be curiously preserved—set in gold, as shawl-brooches and other trinkets for those "ladies" of susceptible hearts who flock to a scene of frightful homicide as to a flower-show—and who inspect and pry into the bloody finger-marks of murderers, as though they were exhausting their admiration on some new geranium or wonderful fuchsia. One of the supposed murderer's buttons was found in the field: what a gem that would be, shining in the bosom of lovely and fashionable woman! Should the assassins happen to want money for their defence, we doubt not that they could obtain a very handsome sum by selling locks of their hair to fashion and beauty—the genuineness of the article duly warranted by the turnkeys and hangman. As certain ladies and gentlemen cast such an air of fashion about murder, we earnestly advise M. JULIEN immediately to put forth his *Haverstock Polka*. The music-sheet might be further recommended by a very striking lithograph, commemorating the atrocity.

CARRYING A MESSAGE.—"John," said a man to his Dutch servant, "go to Mr. Robin's house and tell him if there is any law in the land, I will prosecute him. Tell him not to bring his dog here, for the animal is rabid; and that if he comes here in my absence to scold, and bawl, and pick quarrels, I will send for Mr. Jarvis and have him taken care of." John went and delivered his message—"My master says that you shan't bring your dog to his house, for he is a rabbit, and if you go there in a bow to pick squirrels, he will send you to the barber's and take your hair off."

PERL'S PERIODICAL.—When the Act for prolonging the Income Tax is printed, we hope in fairness it will have at the end the same notice as is attached to serial articles in magazines, viz:—(To be Continued).



BROUGHTON AND SLACK, April 10, 1750; from a curious print, published the same year.

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

### INTRODUCTION.

**H**ANKS to British spirit, the *ars pugnandi*—the dread of foes, the succour of friends, and the “cheap defence of the individual,”—still flourishes among us, although the occasional misdeeds of some of its professional upholders may cast a slur on its deserved fame.

Before entering upon our History, however, it behoves us to say a word or two on those who have “the merit of having been born before us,” and to point out wherein the present task,—to us a “labour of love,”—differs from those which have preceded it.

In the early part of this series of papers, due acknowledgment must be made to the “Sketches” of the eminent pugilists of his own time, contained in the spirited quarto of Captain Godfrey; albeit, therein more pages are devoted to back-sword and cudgel-play than to fistic science. From his time (1724-47) though numerous proofs are daily and weekly afforded by the journals of the love of the denizens of this “tight little island” for a “bellyfull,”—as more congenial to their manly tastes and spirit of fair play than the small-sword of the Frenchman, the knife of the phlegmatic Dutchman, the rapier or dagger of the sombre Spaniard, and the stiletto of the cowardly Portuguese and Italian—we find no writer (except the “Chronology” of Jon Bee,) who has endeavoured to put into a permanent form the deeds of the British boxers, until we arrive at the publication so well known as *BOXIANA*.

Of this, as the text-book of the Ring—though ceasing about 1826—we are bound to speak with some respect; nevertheless it is, perhaps, for a work of such extent, the most extraordinary specimen of confusion, bad-arrangement, and no-arrangement, that ever issued from the press. Its anachronisms, solecisms in grammar, oversights in compilation, and delightful self-sufficiency, place this cento of scraps (with the exception of its *duplicate* fourth volume) in the van of all undigested galimatias. The first volume of this work, originally published by Smeaton, was supposed to be that publisher’s own compilation; Pierce Egan, who yet flourishes in green old age, performing the like labour for the remaining three. There are two fourth volumes; one bearing the marks of literary capability, talent, and care, from the pen of Jon Bee (Badcock) the author of the “*Lexicon Balatronicum*.” The plan of this work, as a whole, is beyond the unriddling of an *Œdipus*; we will, therefore, briefly state the plan we propose to pursue.

We shall, at the beginning of each *epoch* or *period* in the History of the Ring, present the reader with a brief notice of the principal fistic

heroes who flourished therein, following this by a **DETAILED MEMOIR** of the pugilistic career of the most celebrated individuals. By this method, we trust, in the pages of this little Miscellany, to present the reader with a complete **HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING**.

Ere we lay down our pen at the close of this preface, we should, indeed, deserve censure were we to omit all notice of the most talented, the ablest, the most powerful, and the most persevering writer that has hitherto lent his pen to the support of pugilism. We need scarcely say we speak of the Editor of *Bell’s Life in London*, Mr. V. G. Dowling; a gentleman by birth and education, and an admirer and champion of every manly sport from principle and conviction. Although he has not figured in bulky tomes as “the Historian” of the Ring, few can doubt that, without his energetic endeavours, the craven and the canter would have dealt yet heavier blows at the manliest of arts—the very antithesis of *treachery* and *foul play*—British Boxing. This gentleman,

On whose Atlantean shoulders borne

The “fistic” world once held its equipoise,

Which else had sloping plunged in endless night,

still survives, and long may he do so, for his name and abilities are indeed

A tower of strength,

Which those upon the adverse faction want.

To his admirable *résumé* of the History of Boxing, in the *Cyclopædia of Rural Sports*, and prefixed to his own “*FISTIANA*,” we confess the strongest obligations; and had they been (which was, of course, impossible from the space to which they were necessarily limited, as mere chapters of larger works) sufficiently extensive to have embraced the details of the more remarkable pugilistic encounters, this series of articles would never have seen the light.

### PERIOD, 1719—1734.

FIG, SUTTON, WHITAKER, PIPES, AND GRETING.

It would be foreign to our purpose here to indite a defence or eulogium of Pugilism, to cover the poverty of recorded facts. Indeed, this first period will present little more than a *CHRONOLOGY*, into which form we shall accordingly throw these few paragraphs.

1719.—FIG opened his theatre in the Oxford-road (now called Oxford-street), where the sword and single-stick were royally patronised, and occasionally fistic; yet, though eminent as a boxer, FIG appears principally, from the testimony of Captain Godfrey, to have shone as a cudgeller and swordsman. He says, “I have purchased my knowledge of backsword

with many a broken head and bruise in every part of me. I chose to go mostly to Fig, and exercise with him; partly, because I knew him to be the ablest master; and partly, for that he was of a rugged temper, and would spare no man, high or low, who took up a stick against him."—*Preface to Treatise on Science of Defence*, p. 4.

"In Fig," says Captain Godfrey, (in his "Characters of the Masters," p. 40, Ed. 1747), "strength, resolution, and unparalleled judgment, conspired to form a matchless master. There was a majesty shone in his countenance, and blazed in all his actions, beyond all I ever saw. His right leg bold and firm, and his left, which could hardly ever be disturbed, gave him the surprising advantage already proved, and struck his adversary with despair and panic." Our "early champion" soon found a customer, for in

1729:—Sutton (the Pipemaker of Gravesend) challenged Fig to fight him "English fashion." This contest, however, although recorded in "Chronologies" of the Ring, was neither more nor less than a cudgelling-match, as may be found by contemporary records. They fought twice (with cudgels) with alternate advantage; and at the third trial victory hung long doubtful, as we learn from the contemporary verses of Dr. John Byrom: the reader will there find that the "colours" were even then in vogue, though a century since they were tied to the arms of the combatants. The poem is reprinted in "Doddsley's Collection," vol. vi., p. 312, under the title of "Extempore verses upon a trial of skill between those two great masters of defence, Messieurs Fig and Sutton."

In 1723—"The Ring" in Hyde-park was formed by order of his Majesty, and encircled with a fence, about 500 yards from Grosvenor-gate. The area is still visible—a plantation of younger trees around a very old one. It was destroyed in 1820. The "New Theatre," as it was called, and Fig's Exhibitions, seem to have been at this period in high vogue; it was here that the celebrated Captain Godfrey (the *Barclay* of that time) displayed his uncommon skill and elegance in those manly sports, with the most hardy and determined competitors, contending for the palm of victory: and often was the captain witnessed by royal and noble personages, who, it should seem, were liberal supporters of a science tending to instil into the people fortitude and forbearance.

We shall not pause to notice the minor doings in the intervening eight years, as announced in the "Flying Post," and "Daily Newsletter," but hasten on to

1733,—when a gigantic Venetian, known as "the Gondolier," came to this country, in the suite of a nobleman. This immense fellow was famed for his feats of strength; but we will give the sequel in the words of Captain Godfrey:—"BOB WHITAKER was the man pitched upon to fight the big Venetian. I was at Slaughter's Coffee-house when the match was made by a gentleman of advanced station: he sent for Fig to procure a proper man for him. He told him to take care of his man, because it was for a large sum; and the Venetian was of wonderful strength, and famous for breaking the jawbone in boxing. Fig replied, in his rough manner, 'I do not know, Master, but he may break one of his countrymen's jawbones with his fist; but I'll bring him a man, and he shall not be able to break his jawbone with a sledge-hammer.'

"The battle was fought at Fig's amphitheatre, before a splendid company, the politest house of that kind I ever saw. While the Gondolier was stripping, my heart yearned for my countryman. His arm took up all observation; it was surprisingly large, long, and muscular. He pitched himself forward with his right leg, and his arm full extended; and, as Whitaker approached, caught him a blow at the side of the head that knocked him quite off the stage, which was remarkable for its height. Whitaker's misfortune in his fall was the grandeur of the company, on which account they suffered no common people in, that usually sat on the ground, and lined the stage all round. It was thus all clear, and Whitaker had nothing to stop him but the bottom. There was a general foreign huzzza on the side of the Venetian, as proclaiming our countryman's downfall; but Whitaker took no more time than was required to get up again, when, finding his fault in standing out to the length of the other's arm, he, with a little stoop, dashed boldly in beyond the heavy mallet, and with one English peg in the stomach," by which the Captain in another place explains he means what is called "the mark,"—"quite a new thing to foreigners, brought him on his breech. The blow carried too much of the English rudeness with it for him to bear, and finding himself so unmannerly used, he scorned to have any more doings with such a slovenly fist." We could not resist transcribing this graphic, terse, and natural account of a prize-fight for our "Chronology." The rarity of Captain Godfrey's book, and the bald, diluted, silly, amplification of it in "Boxiana," pp. 22—25, vol. i., being the moving reasons thereto.

"So fine a house," says Captain Godfrey, alluding to the company which assembled to see Whitaker fight the Gondolier, "was too engaging to Fig not to court another. He therefore stepped up, and told the gentlemen that they might think he had picked out the best man in London on this occasion: but to convince them to the contrary, he said, that if they would come that day se'nnight, he would bring a man should beat this Whitaker in ten minutes by fair hitting. This brought near as great and fine a company as the week before. The 'man' was Nathaniel PEARTREE, who, knowing the other's bottom, and

his deadly way of flinging, took a most judicious manner to beat him. Let his character come in here.—He was an admirable boxer, and I do not know one he was not a match for, before he lost his finger. He was famous, like Pipes, for fighting at the face, but was stronger in his blows. He knew Whitaker's hardness, and, being doubtful of beating him, cunningly determined to fight at his eyes. His judgment carried his arm so well, that, in about six minutes, both Whitaker's eyes were shut; when, groping about a while for his man, and finding him not, he wisely gave out (*mordernicé*, gave in,) with these odd words—'Damme, I'm not beat; but what signifies my fighting when I can't see my man?'

Two other pugilists only of the school of Fig claim our notice, and these are PIPES and GRETING.—"PIPES was the neatest boxer I remember. He put in his blows about the face (which he fought at most) with surprising time and judgment. He maintained his battles for many years with extraordinary skill, against men of far superior strength. PIPES was but weakly made: his appearance bespoke activity, but his hand, arm, and body, were small; though by that acquired spring of his arm he hit prodigious blows: and at last, when he was beat out of his championship, it was more owing to his debauchery than the merit of those who beat him."

"GRETING was a strong antagonist to PIPES. They contended together for some time, and were almost alternate victors. GRETING had the nearest way of going to the stomach (which is what they call the 'mark') of any man I knew. He was a most artful boxer, much stronger made than PIPES, and dealt the straightest blows. But what made PIPES a match for him, was his rare bottom spirit, which would bear a great deal of beating; and this, in my mind, GRETING was not sufficiently furnished with; for after he was beaten twice by PIPES, a mere sloven of a boxer, and everybody that fought him afterwards beat him. I must notwithstanding do that justice to GRETING's memory to own that his debauchery contributed to spoil a great boxer; yet, I think he had not the bottom of the other."—*Godfrey*, p. 75, 58.

With these brief extracts we close the First Period; for in the year 1734, "the valiant Fig" after fig-uring for some twenty years as master of the revels at the various fairs in Moorfields, St. George's fields, and at Southwark, and usually erecting a booth for the exhibition of single-stick, boxing, &c., at these gatherings, received his last "knock-down." We learn from Hogarth's print and contemporary records, he was wont to parade the tumultuous scene as champion, inviting all comers to contest "for money, love, or a belly-ful!" and issuing bills containing a sort of programme of the entertainments. Fig was a native of Thame, in Oxfordshire, and died December 8th, 1734, as appears from a notice in the obituary of the "Gentleman's Magazine," for that month. "Boxiana," vol. i., p. 23, erroneously says, 1740.

It was the opinion throughout Europe at this period, that the English nation were more expert than any other, not only in boxing, but in the use of the back-sword; and sorry should we be were it not so at this day. The amphitheatre, boxing, foil-play, and cudgelling-schools, were openly advertised, and the amusements made known, like any of the regular theatres; the audiences were equally fashionable, and they were patronised by the noble and great, and not disturbed by the magistrates. Although it was admitted, that these amphitheatrical practices were productive of some ill, as offering a kind of encouragement to idleness and extravagance among the vulgar; yet there is hardly any useful thing that does not present some opening for mischief, or is not liable to abuse. The practices of cudgel-playing and boxing have been thought commendable by the legislator in fostering British spirit. Courage is allowed to be chiefly natural, and surely it may be not only acquired but strengthened by use and familiarity with danger. But we are digressing, and in our next chapter shall come to metal more attractive than mere disquisition.

VELOCIPEDE'S STOCK.—From a statement published in the new book *Calendar* it appears that the stock of this celebrated horse have won the following sums:—In 1833, 500*l.*; 1834, 3,510*l.*; 1835, 13,364*l.*; 1836, 7,747*l.*; 1837, 3,363*l.*; 1838, 9,196*l.*; 1839, 2,844*l.*; 1840, 3,120*l.*; 1841, 1,632*l.*; 1842, 5,801*l.*; 1843, 7,674*l.*; 1844, 7,911*l.*

THE MOST WONDERFUL FEAT ON RECORD.—On Thursday last, the Honourable Sydney Fitzroy de Lushington, a chief *employé* in one of her Majesty's offices at Somerset-house, undertook for a wager to read two of Mr. G. P. R. James's novels, sing a comic song, poke the fire once every quarter of an hour, play a game at cribbage every second half-hour, read all the morning papers, answer ten invitations, eat a pound of sponge-cake, peel three oranges, curl his hair, and dress himself for dinner, between the office hours of 10 and 4. A number of bets were dependent on this arduous undertaking in all the Government Offices. The wager, however, was gloriously won within the time prescribed, and forty-five minutes to spare. The honourable gentleman, far from being punished, did not look in the least fatigued. There was a very large attendance of gentlemen in the office, waiting with breathless impatience for the issue of the wager, but we regret to say they did not express themselves very well pleased when directed to "call again to-morrow." A number of I O U's changed hands on the occasion.—*Punch*.

## SONGS OF THE NEW TARIFF.

Come pile up the logwood and let us be gay,  
Quaff Sarsaparilla while cheaply we may;  
Let's send round the cup, and let's banish our ills,  
By drowning our care in "the syrup of squills."

Now vainly does sorrow the spirits assail,  
While our table shall groan with the fins of  
the whale;  
For the good we are all of us likely to feel,  
Here's a health and nine cheers for the tariff  
of Peel.

Now THEN!—Why ought a bishop be a good  
geographer? Because he is the most likely  
person to know how many a-iles there are in  
each sea (see).

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transferable for twelve months, £5; 16 Baths, £1 1s., or  
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week for twelve months, and Cold or Shower Baths at plea-  
sure, not transferable, £3. One Warm Bath per week for  
six months, £1 10s.; One Warm Bath per week for twelve  
months, £2 2s.; One Warm Bath or Warm Shower, each,  
1s. 6d.; Salt-water Bath, 2s.; Sulphur, 3s.

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An entrance to the Baths through Christopher-court, op-  
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I have yet seen; and I know of it earlier, it would have  
saved me a great deal of mispent time in learning the art it  
so ably teaches. To make it a complete guide, I shall feel  
obliged if you will send me modelled flies of those described  
at pages 19 to 34, and at page 68 for the River Ribble and  
hopper fishing; if you will send me your charge I will remit  
the amount by a Post Office order.—I am your obedient  
servant, Leo. Wilkinson, jun., solicitor, Blackburn, 3rd  
March, 1845."—"Try Blacker's Hallie for the rivers." I find,  
Blacker," says the R. H. Lord Henry Bentinck, "that you  
know how to work; I killed seven salmon in Scotland, with  
one of your flies this season."—44."

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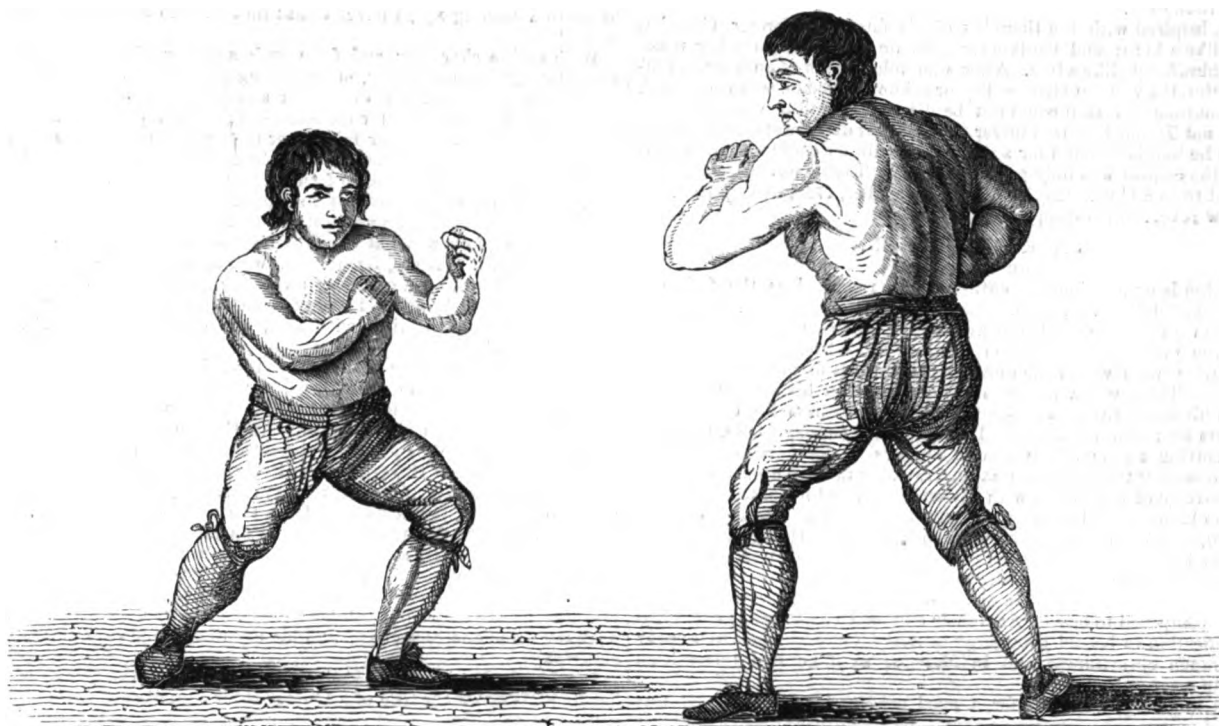


# The Sporting World, OR LIFE IN LONDON, & THE COUNTRY.

No. 2.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1845.

[THREE HALFPENCE.]



The Great Fight between JOHNSON, the CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, and ISAAC PERRINS, of Birmingham, at Banbury, Oct. 22, 1789, from an original print.

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD II., 1735—1786.

FROM THE TIME OF BROUGHTON TO THE APPEARANCE OF DANIEL MENDOZA.

### CHAPTER I.

GEORGE TAYLOR—BROUGHTON—SLACK—SMALLWOOD—BUCKHORSE—WILL WILLIS.

**AS** the decease of Fig, GEORGE TAYLOR, assuming the title of CHAMPION, erected his "Great Booth," as it is termed in the advertisements of the day, in Tottenham-court-road. It may not be improper to observe in this place, that the word "champion" at this period, and for nearly half a century subsequent, was assumed by and applied to almost every public boxer; it is, however, to those only whose exploits justify that title, that we shall here apply it.

#### GEORGE TAYLOR.

George Taylor came rapidly and deservedly into notice about the period of Fig's decline, by beating in succession most of the best men of the day. He, however, fell beneath the conquering arm of Broughton, as will be noticed in another place. Some curious blundering appears as to the date of this celebrated fight. All the Chronologies (Jon Bee's, the detail of Boxiana and Fistianaa,) give 1740 as its date, yet Taylor had been then five years a CHAMPION and proprietor of the "Great Booth," and we have Captain Godfrey's authority for saying he was not, when he fought Broughton, more than twenty years old! and he comments on the imprudence of this first attempt! Taylor was a strong, able pugilist,

according to the fashion of those times, but deficient in bottom. His most remarkable recorded conquests were June 16, 1741, PRINCE BOSWELL, the Gipsy, at his own booth; and Jan. 31, 1750, the celebrated Jack Slack (subsequently the conqueror of Broughton), at the Champion's booth in Oxford-street, with whom he had coalesced, as will be noticed subsequently.

Of PRINCE BOSWELL, Godfrey says:—"Praise be to his power of fighting, his excellent choice of *time* and *measure*, his superior judgment, despatching forth his executing arm! But fie upon his dastard heart, that mars it all! As I knew that fellow's abilities, and his worm-dread soul, I never saw him beat, but I wished him to be beaten. Though I am charmed with the idea of his power and manner of fighting, I am sick at the thoughts of his nurse-wanting courage. Farewell to him, with this fair acknowledgment, that, if he had a true *English* bottom (the best fighting epithet for a man of spirit), he would carry all before him, and be a match for even BROUGHTON himself!" BOSWELL proved no difficult conquest to TAYLOR, as the fight was only of short duration.

Of his battle with Slack little record is preserved; it appears, however, to have been a fight displaying the superiority of coolness and science over courage and impetuosity. Slack proved an awkward customer; but after twenty-five minutes punishment the butcher had got enough and to spare, and George received the purse.

Taylor now retired from public pugilism and became Boniface of an

inn at Deptford; but as the old war-horse is said to prick his ears at the trumpet, so, although declining in years, he was ill-advised enough to reply to the challenge of one Faulkner, who proposed to fight him for 200 guineas and the door-money. The affair came off at St. Alban's, Hertfordshire, since a classic sport in pugilistic annals, on August 5, 1758. It would appear from the style of the paragraph, that they had had an encounter before, and therefore there was no "love lost."

It was a complete hammering set-to. For the first twelve or thirteen rounds, Faulkner was dreadfully punished and flogged several times. The fourteenth round proved a proper trial of skill and strength; at length, Faulkner levelled Taylor, when the odds began to drop a little, and Faulkner was getting into favour. George, finding that his man gained upon him, began to shift, and fell now and then without a blow, which occasioned considerable murmuring, and the friends of Faulkner insisted that he had won the battle; but Faulkner was above taking any advantage and wished to fight it out. The combatants set-to more furiously than ever.

Taylor, inspired with the thoughts of his fame and former victories, stood up like a hero; and Faulkner, recollecting that it must either make or break him, fought like a lion. After a terrible conflict of an hour and fifteen minutes, the veteran George Taylor acknowledged he was conquered. Greater courage and skill could not be displayed; and it was supposed, that had not Taylor laboured under the manifest disadvantage of an eye, of which he had been blind for some time, Faulkner could not have beat him; as the contest was only put an end to by Taylor having the other eye closed from a blow. Taylor died in December, 1758, at Deptford.

We now revert to his conqueror.

#### JACK BROUGHTON,

THE WATERMAN.

Broughton is unquestionably entitled to be regarded as the father of the art of self-defence. The successor of Fig in popularity, he far exceeded him in science, and the application of those principles which stripped the practice of boxing of many of those features of ruffianism and barbarity with which the unregulated contests of mere bruisers had invested it. There was a neatness and quickness in his style which far distanced his competitors, and drew crowds to witness his exhibitions. He appears first to have introduced *stepping and barring* blows, then *hitting* and getting away; before him it appears to have been toe-to-toe work, or downright hammering; at any rate, his method appears to have had the novelty of a discovery with his audiences and his antagonists: he stopped the blows aimed at any part of him by his antagonist with so much skill, and hit his man away with so much ease, that he astonished and terrified his opponents beyond measure; and those persons who had the temerity to enter the lists with Broughton, were soon convinced of his superior knowledge and athletic prowess: and most of his competitors, who were compelled to give in, from their exhausted and beaten state, had the mortification to behold Broughton scarcely touched, and to appear with as much cheerfulness and indifference as if he had never been engaged in a set-to.

He was indebted to nature for a good person; his countenance was manly and open; and possessing a sharp and penetrating eye, that almost looked through the object before him, gave a fine animation to his face. His form was athletic and commanding; there was an importance about it which denoted uncommon strength, and which every spectator felt impressed with that beheld him. Six feet, wanting an inch, in height; and fourteen stone, or thereabouts, in weight.

Broughton became as a *fixed star* in the pugilistic hemisphere; his talents as a Boxer gained him many admirers and patrons; but his good temper, generosity of disposition, and gentleness of manners, ensured him numerous friends. He was intelligent, communicative, and not destitute of wit. The system he laid down was plain, and easy to be understood; and, under his instruction, several of his pupils arrived at a pugilistic eminence, and gave distinguished proofs of the acquirements they had gained under so great a master.

But the best monument to the memory of Broughton is the character and description of his pupil and admirer, the gallant Captain, which eulogy, like that of Byron's of the eminent Mr. John Jackson, remains permanent answers to the canting and hypocritical slanderers of pugilists and pugilism. Godfrey's words are:—

"Advance, brave Broughton!" exclaims Captain Godfrey; "Thee I pronounce captain of the boxers. As far as I can look back, I think I ought to open the 'Characters,' with him: I know none so fit, so able, to lead up the van. This is giving him the living preference to the rest; but I hope I have not given any cause to say, that there has appeared, in any of my characters, a partial tincture. I have thoroughly consulted nothing but my unbiased mind, and my heart has known no call but merit. Wherever I have praised, I have no desire of pleasing; wherever I have decried, no fear of offending.—Broughton, by his manly merit, has bid the highest, therefore has my heart. I really think all will poll with me, who poll with the same principle. Sure there is some standing reason for this preference: what can be stronger than to say, that, for seventeen or eighteen years, he has fought every able boxer that appeared against him, and has never yet been beat? This being the case, we may venture to conclude from it: but not to build alone on this, let us examine, farther into his merits. What is it that

he wants? Has he not all that others want, and all the best can have? Strength equal to what is human, skill and judgment equal to what can be acquired, undebauched wind, and a bottom spirit never to pronounce the word *enough*. He fights the stick as well as most men, and understands a good deal of the small-sword. This practice has given him the distinction of *time* and *measures* beyond the rest. He stops as regularly as the swordsman, and carries his blows truly in the line; he steps not back, distrusting of himself, to stop a blow, and piddle in the return, with an arm unaided by his body, producing but fly-flap blows, such as pastrycooks use to beat those insects from their tarts and cheesecakes. No; Broughton steps bold and firmly in, bids a welcome to the coming blow; receives it with his guardian arm; then, with a general summons of his swelling muscles, and his firm body seconding his arm, and supplying it with all its weight, pours the pile-driving force upon his man.

"That I may not be thought particular in dwelling long upon Broughton, I leave him with this assertion, that as he, I believe, will scarce trust a battle to a waning age, I never shall think he is to be beat till I see him beat."

With such a character, and from such a patron of pugilism, who had viewed its effects nationally, in promoting heroism in the field, where he had fought and bled for his country; and who, in his leisure moments, had practised the science for pleasure and profit, it would be a matter of surprise if he lacked either friends or money to put him forward in the world. Accordingly he was promised liberal support if he would open a booth for the accommodation of the admirers of Boxing. But as he was still, up to 1742, an exhibitor at the great Booth of George Taylor, we will here, before giving an account of his adventures on his "own hook," turn to his exploits while at the Tottenham-court-road establishment.

Like all great masters, Broughton, we learn, always exhibited something new in his several contests; and those pugilists who had seen him fight, and supposed they had observed his method, were awfully deceived when they entered the lists with him, and expected to "nail" him on "the old suit."

Contrary to most other boxers, he did not depend upon any particular blow, although he was distinguished for giving some remarkable hits, which were not easily forgotten. Broughton, when necessary in the conflict, by putting in his "stomach-blow," often decided the battle; and his lunge under the ear generally produced terrible consequences to his opponent—the eye of Broughton was lively, piercing, and acute, soon perceiving the weakness of any adversary; his arm, keeping pace with that valuable assistant, protected him from the most destructive blows: and his quick penetration made him always aware of any direct intent pursued by his adversary, as immediately to render it futile and unavailing. His guard was so complete, that his frame appeared secured as if in a fence—uncommon strength and bottom often fell before him; and his expertness in the cross-buttock was great. His various attitudes in the fight were fine and impressive, and his countenance always animated and cheerful.

*Pipes and Greeting*, both distinguished pugilists—the former of whom hardly maintained the title of a Champion for a number of years, appeared nothing in the hands of Broughton, who gave them several chances to recover their lost laurels—these proved severe beatings to them, and only tended to increase his growing fame.

George Taylor, of whom honourable mention has been made, was an easy conquest to Broughton.

"George Stevenson, the coachman," says our perpetual resource, Capt. Godfrey, whose thin quarto we must almost plead guilty to reprinting piecemeal, "stood up for the length of forty minutes in a most heroic style to Broughton. It was a hasty match, and although Broughton was extremely unwell, sooner than make any excuse, he agreed to fight Stevenson without having that regard for his preparation, which he afterwards found he ought to have had. But here his true bottom was proved, and his conduct shone and admired. The battle was fought in one of the fair booths at Tottenham-court-road, railed at the end towards the Pit. After a most desperate conflict of thirty-five minutes, being both against the rails, and the coachman endeavouring to get the whip-hand of Broughton; the latter, by his superior genius, got such a lock upon Stevenson, as no mathematician could have devised a better. There he held him by this artificial lock, depriving him of all power of rising or falling, till resting his head for about three or four minutes upon his back, he found himself recovering, then loosed his hold; by this manœuvre Broughton became as a new man—and, on setting-to again, he gave the Coachman a most tremendous blow, as hard as any he had given him in the whole battle, that he could no longer stand, and his brave contending heart, though with reluctance, was forced to yield. Stevenson was a beautiful hitter; he put in his blows faster than Broughton, but then one of the latter's told for three of the former's. Stevenson had a most daring spirit, but his strength could not keep pace with it." Broughton expressed a very high opinion of Stevenson as a pugilist.

Jack James, a dashing boxer, who ranked high in the annals of pugilism, as a thorough-bred man, was compelled to acknowledge that he had

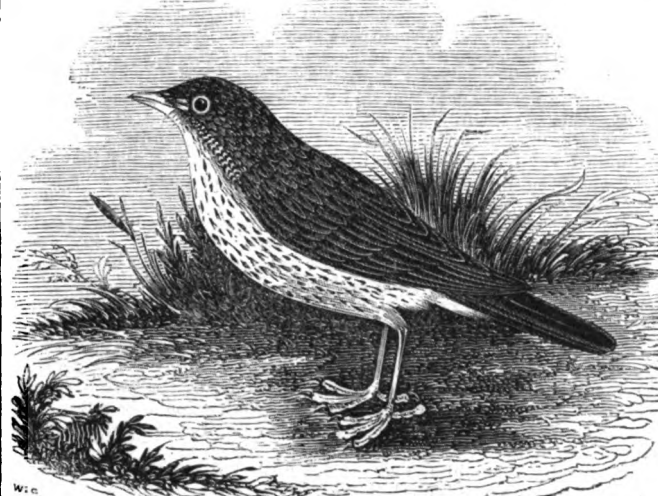
\* This was written in 1747, it had been well had the friendly captain's admonition been remembered.

found his master in Broughton. James's wrist, which in other contests had been considered so remarkably "handsome," lost all its attraction when in contact with the athletic arm of Broughton.

We will not proceed further with this enumeration of his minor contests, but come at once to his appearance at his own theatre in the character of CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

(To be continued in our next.)

## BRITISH SONG BIRDS.—No. II.



THE WOODLARK.

**W**E follow the skylark immediately by its nearly allied congener, the woodlark, influenced by the motive of pointing out the distinctive difference of two birds very apt to be popularly confounded. The colouring of the two species is very similar, but the bill of the woodlark is much slenderer, its hinder claw less elongated, and its wing of a different form. The woodlark, moreover, is not met with in Scotland, although sufficiently common in England. The feathers on its head are much longer, the upper parts of a redder tint, the white of the under parts tinged with yellow, instead of brown, and the spots on the foreneck smaller and lighter. The dark markings on the female are larger than the male, and its lower parts less tinged with yellow. The woodlark is met with chiefly in the southern, western, and midland districts of England. It is not a bird of passage, but a permanent resident, and in the winter, generally appears in small parties, which search the fields for larvae, insects, and seeds of various kinds. Its ordinary flight, and mode of progression when on the ground, resemble those of the skylark: it reposes at night in fields, but by day, it perches on trees or bushes. When snow is on the ground, it joins the sparrows, buntings, and other small birds, in its approach to stack-yards, or betakes itself to marshy meadows in search of worms.

Early in spring (if the weather be mild), the small flocks disperse, and by the middle of March (in ordinary seasons), the different pairs of woodlarks have begun their nests. At this time, the woodlark is in full song, and may be seen springing from the field, very much in the same manner as the common species, ascending in a slanting direction, and sweeping in sidelong curves, all the while warbling a tuneful song, which, if not quite so diversified as that of the skylark, is certainly more melodious. As a songster, this bird is little beneath the nightingale, or garden warbler. It sings when perched on a tree, as well as on the ground; and continues its song through most part of the year, being silent only from the middle of autumn to the middle of winter, for in the latter season, on fine sunny days, and in very early spring, the note of the woodlark may be often heard.

The nest is on the ground, generally in a corn-field or pasture land, and near a wood or thicket: it is composed externally of dry grass, and lined with finer blades intermixed with hair. The eggs are four or five in number, of a pale yellowish brown, speckled with amber or greyish-brown, and often have a few dusky yellowish lines at the bigger end. We now turn to the Woodlark in his state of captivity.

### METHOD OF TAKING WOODLARKE.

The woodlark may be caught in the nest by limed twigs, but as it is cruel to separate a pair, and thus destroy a whole family, it is better to wait till autumn, and use the night-net. They may be taken early in the spring, when there is snow on the ground, by placing limed twigs or nets in cleared places, which is the best mode. It is true that this plan will not succeed in all years; but another may be substituted. Place a decoy woodlark under a folding-net, in a field frequented by a flight of this species, and they will not fail to join it. The same means also may be used as with the chaffinch, namely, by tying the wings of a woodlark

with a limed twig on his back, and letting him run to the place where there is a male of the same species. By this means the bird-fancier may obtain whatever kind of singer he prefers.

Of all the species of larks the woodlark has the finest song, and is, of all our indigenous birds (always excepting the nightingale), the one whose natural notes are the most delightful. Its clear flute-like voice executes a sonorous, tender, and somewhat melancholy air.

In the house, it is from a retired corner, tranquil and motionless, that it utters the different modulations of its beautiful voice. The singing time in its wild state is from March to July; in the house, from February to August. The female, like other larks, sings also, but her strains are shorter and less sustained. These birds appear to be subject to whims; I have seen some which would never sing in a room or in the presence of an auditor. These perverse birds must be placed in a long cage outside the window. In general these obstinate birds are the best singers. Their abrupt step and various frolics, in which they raise the feathers of the head and neck, are also very amusing.

In the house, if safe, it is better to let them run about, because experience shows that they sing better in this way than when caged. They must be well supplied with river sand, as well to roll and dust themselves as to pick out grains necessary for their digestion.

### FOOD.

When wild, in summer, the food consists of insects; in autumn, of rape, millet, seed, and oats; in spring, before they can find insects and worms, they are satisfied with the young buds of herbs, water-cresses, and, on an emergency, with the buds of the filbert.

In the house, as this species is more delicate than the Skylark, it is well to vary the food, and to give it occasionally, independent of the universal paste, poppy-seed, oats, hemp, sprouting wheat, fresh curds, fresh and dried ants' eggs, minced ox heart, meal worms, and the like. When one of these birds is caught by the net or otherwise, the best things to induce it to eat when it reaches the bird-room are poppy-seeds and ants' eggs.

I have seen two woodlarks which had been kept in a cage for eight years, very healthy and gay, with their feet quite free from disease, and singing perfectly. Their food consisted of crumbs of white bread and pounded hemp-seed mixed together; a piece of white bread, enough for the day, soaked in milk, which was poured boiling over it every morning, was also furnished; and finally, some ants' eggs, given two or three times a day as a treat. The bottom of the cage was also covered with sand, which was changed regularly every day, as well as the water. They were always kept in summer outside the window, exposed to the free air, screening them from the sun by covering the top of the cage with a sheet of paper or piece of linen by way of parasol. The success of this mode of treatment sufficiently proves its advantage. The cage was furnished with two bars, because the woodlark perches.

### DISEASES.

To the list of diseases already spoken of under the SKYLARK in our last number, one must be added peculiar to the woodlark. This attacks the feet, and renders them extremely brittle. They must therefore be cleaned carefully from everything which might entangle them; a single hair may cut them, so that the toes shrivel, or ulcerate and fall off. They become so brittle with age, that they are very seldom kept beyond four years; the least thing breaks them. Most of the woodlarks which I have had perished from broken legs; and this peculiarity I have remarked in no other species of bird.

We see from these instances, that if birds allowed to hop about a room enjoy more space and free exercise, they are also subject to more inconveniences and disadvantages than caged birds. Their food is neither so appropriate or regular; they cannot be kept so clean; their feet are almost inevitably injured; and lice devour them, without the power of prevention.—*Bechstein*.

In our last Number we spoke of an UNIVERSAL PASTE, and a second Paste; the recipes for these are copied from the celebrated Germain work of Dr. J. M. BECHSTEIN, which has been translated and published in both French and English.

### THE UNIVERSAL PASTE.

Though an universal remedy savours of quackishness, and the food of birds varies materially, yet the following will be found so valuable for most birds as to deserve the title of UNIVERSAL.

Take a loaf of wheaten bread well baked and stale, put it into fresh water, and leave it there until quite soaked, then squeeze out the water and pour boiled milk over the loaf, adding about two-thirds of barley meal well cleared of bran, or wheaten meal.

This will be found from its happy union of the qualities of vegetable and animal food, and thus agrees with most kinds of grain-eating as well as insectivorous birds.

### THE SECOND PASTE

Is made by grating a carrot very carefully (you may keep this root good in sand all the year), and soaking a small white loaf in fresh water, press the water out, and put it and the grated carrot into an earthen pan, add two handfuls of barley or wheaten meal, and mix the whole well together with a rolling-pin or a pestle.

N.B. These pastes should be made in small quantities fresh every morning, or they become sour.

## A FEW WRINKLES IN HORSE BUYING, AND THE TRICKS OF DEALERS.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

**S**ARTICULAR shoeing—beaning, or other ways of producing the same effect—hot water, stimulants, sedatives, physic, copious general or local bleedings, rest or constant exercise, tonics, sickening medicine, fatigue, keeping a horse awake for three or four nights and days, will all produce wonderful effects on horses in palliating lameness, bad eyes, bad wind, internal or external weakness, vice, or violence. People will suppose a horse's throat an open sepulchre when I tell them I have seen once as many as six-and-thirty balls popped down a broken-winded one's throat one after the other: it is nevertheless fact; he seemed to take it as a matter of course. I saw the same horse sold more than ten times over in Dublin in about six weeks; so, as he doubtless got his dose each time he was sold, reckoning by length, he got in that time about thirty yards of ball down his throat. Pretty well for the time! If he has gone on ever since, I conclude his inside has by this time become tolerably well lubricated.

I have mentioned sickening medicines, and it might appear to some persons strange that a dealer should wish to sicken his own horse. Well, then, suppose a dealer has bought a thoroughly-known vicious restive run-away brute—to be sold he must be tried; and to be tried, he must be rode. Now it is not so extraordinary he should wish to sicken him a bit. If my reader has ever enjoyed the pleasant sensation of a thorough sea-sickness, I will answer for him, that, hasty or belligerent as he might be on ordinary occasions, he was tame enough then: so I have seen horses so violent that it was next to impossible to mount them, and as difficult to keep on their backs when mounted, rendered so sick and tame that you might have lifted them into a waggon for all they cared at the time; and thus have they been prepared when "the gentleman was coming to ride them." In a few hours the effect goes off, and then, when the gentleman attempts to ride, the horse goes off too. "Very astonishing! nothing could carry him quieter than the horse did yesterday." If the gentleman is only astonished, he is very lucky; but he is farther astonished, when, on calling on the dealer, he probably has also gone: so altogether he finds it a very pretty go!—The first go was wrong in going to such fellows.

But suppose "Mr. Rascal" does not mean to go, but intends to stand his ground and show fight: he then brings this violent customer of a horse to his senses in another way, and for a more permanent (but still temporary) period. He ties my gentleman's head up to the rack, which he gives him full permission to look at; if he can derive any nourishment from that, he is at liberty to do so: a man is placed behind him with a whip night and day; this keeps the horse from getting a wink of sleep—the man of course relieved by a substitute. The horse does not find himself particularly relieved by this process, nor is the substitute behind him and two or three pounds of hay and a little water a very pleasant substitute for good feeding; nor is the addition of his forty-eight hours' vigil any pleasing addition to his comfort. Mr. Horse begins to find this anything but a joke, and keeps looking round as far as he can to see if any one is coming. Right glad would he be to welcome the very man whose brains he would have tried to have knocked out two days before if he went up to him; but no, there is the man on the stool of reform, and Mr. Horse finds himself on the stool of repentance. He is now well prepared by abstinence for a dose of physic; very sick; no sleep allowed; warm water *ad libitum*; must not be made to look too lanky. By the time the physic has done, and four days and nights of constant wakefulness, with nothing but a little bran and warm water, have passed, what with weakness, drowsiness, and fatigue, there is little doubt of the horse carrying quietly enough. He is accordingly ridden: if any remains of restiveness or vice appear, he gets first a sound thrashing, which he is too dispirited to resist, and then he gets another night of it till he is thoroughly tamed and brow beaten: he is then sold; and probably, though then put on proper feeding and allowed proper rest, it takes some days before he so far recovers himself as to resume his former habits. Perhaps, from having been thoroughly cowed, he never does become quite as violent as he was before; but restive he will be no doubt. Now what is the Gentleman to do? he cannot most probably prove the horse had been restive, while Mr. Dealer will not only swear, but bring plenty of witnesses to swear, he never was; and indeed the Gentleman and his groom cannot help allowing that for a week the horse was quiet. If he goes to law and gains his cause, it will cost him a good deal of money and a great deal of trouble; and the chances are that so many witnesses will outswear him. The only wise thing for him to do is to give the scoundrel a sum to take him back, which he will do, as such a horse is an income to him: he is a good screw, though not a lame one, and will be sold over and over again by the same party and his coadjutors.

Having mentioned Dublin, and a horse there, I will mention another that I saw sold there, at the different Repositories and fairs in the neighbourhood, I should say twenty times. The fact was, if he was sold on the Tuesday at one Repository, he was certain to be on Friday for sale at another, as the buyer was sure to find him out in an hour after he had got him. He was what is termed "a chinked-backed one," that is, he had been injured in the spine. Many of these horses will do well enough

with no weight on them when going straight along: stop them short, or turn them round quickly, the secret is out at once; but this is of course avoided when shown for sale. The horse I alluded to was a very good-looking harness-like horse, five-years-old, and worth fifty if he had been sound: he was in the hands, or at least was most of his time in the hands of one of these "Mr. Rascals:" he was not only a good, but a superfine screw to him. On one of the various occasions of this horse being sold, I was much amused at the fellow's consummate impudence and ingenuity. Some of my readers may have to learn that a horse thus injured in the spine is, in dealers' slang, termed a "German," why, I know not: and from this, I suppose, is by some also called "a foreigner." On the occasion to which I allude, a gentleman was very properly abusing the fellow—he was an Englishman, much to the credit of my country!—for selling him this horse. The fellow's reply was, first, "Did I warrant him sound?"—"No, you did not: you said you could not, as he had a corn."—"Well, so he has a corn."—"Yes, you scoundrel, but you did not tell me he was broken-backed."—"No, nor he ain't broken-backed: he is only chinked a bit. Did not I tell you he was a furriner, and that was why I sold him so cheap?" "Yes you did; but what has his being a foreigner to do with his back?"—"Why, everything; if I told you a horse was a buck, I suppose you'd know his eyes warn't right, wouldn't you?"—"No indeed I should not."—"Why, then, more's the pity! I say, Jem (continued the fellow to some friend going by), I sold the furriner to this gemman; told him he was one; and now he wants to know what thathas to do with his back?"—"Does he?" said the fellow; "let him get on him an' he'll know."—"Now," says Mr. Rascal, "you see everybody vot knows anything knows what a furriner means. I didn't warrant him! You harn't got no law ner justice on your side; I wish you luck with him!" The gentleman looked as if he doubted very much the arrival of the luck bespoke for him, and I doubt not would have sold his expectation a bargain. In short, he did not seem to know quite what to do; but he was likely to be relieved from his dilemma by a man (of course one of Mr. Rascal's friends) coming up to him, and saying, "Why, I hear, sir, you have bought the broken-backed-'un:" (he was broken-backed now!)—"he's of no use to nobody; he can't carry a pound on his back, and he can't draw more nor an empty cart: he's been sold here for three pound many a time. The fellow you bought him off oughtn't to be allowed to come into no sale-yard."—"Well," says the gentleman, "I am taken in I know; I paid eighteen pounds for the horse, and am willing to lose by him; but he is not so bad as you represent him."—"Ain't he, though?" says the fellow: "just let's see him out." The horse was brought out. "Here," says he to some scamp in the secret, "just run this horse, will you?" The horse was put to the best of his trot, turned as suddenly round as possible, and, as it must be with such horses, he nearly fell on his side as he turned, and appeared for a minute or two hardly able to stand. I need not go on further with the thing than to say, that, as is always done in such cases, a crowd of vagabonds got collected round the gentleman, and to avoid their sneers, coarse jokes, and being laughed at, he was glad to get out of it by selling the horse for three pounds! But, as a finale to his wounded pride and purse, in a few minutes afterwards he saw the fellow riding the horse, who came up to him, saying, "Why, he ain't half as bad as I thought he was: he ain't *all* the money too dear now!"

I saw nothing more of my friend the *furriner* till about a month afterwards, when "a horse, cart, and harness," the property of a tradesman, was advertised for sale at one of the repositories at a particular hour; at which particular hour, a horse was driven into the yard at a fair trot straight up to the auction-box, but, owing to the crowd and carriages for sale being in the way, this "horse, cart, and harness" could not be conveniently turned round—(Mm. we know the horse could not.)—This was, of course, foreseen; so he was sold standing there, and for cart purposes his action was no great matter, and it was seen he drew quietly. I think he fetched twenty pounds. I need scarcely say the cart and harness were bought in, having only been borrowed for the occasion. So soon as he was knocked down, he was slipped out of the cart, led straight up the yard, and put into the stable, no doubt the purchaser congratulating himself on having got a good horse, the genuine property of a tradesman! Now, although this was all preconcerted—the cart and horse only coming at the time specified—the trot straight up the yard, as if done from being late—the cart not being able to be turned round—and the horse being taken straight out to enable the man to run the cart out of the way—all was done so naturally that nothing like deception or anything particular appeared. This was the last appearance of *furriner* while I was there: probably, if he did not take a benefit there, he has given many a one to others since.

(To be continued in our next.)

**SALMON FISHING.**—The season on the Tay has hitherto been attended with good success in the upper waters, but indifferent below. At Linn of Campsie twelve fine fishes were taken. A Blairgowrie gentleman killed two with the rod, on the Ballathie station, still farther up the Tay, on the same day. They were fine clean fish, and weighed 15 pounds each. This is rather an uncommon occurrence on the first day of the fishing, and in such severe weather, and may be taken as an indication of an early and productive season.



## CITY SKETCHES.

BY ARBUS LYNX.

THE City, with its streets and alleys, lanes and corners, all occupied as the busy haunts of men—each nook appropriating to itself with some degree of assumption a particular knot of the human kind, who, moving in their own sphere and almost solely among themselves, regard all general intercourse as irksome, and a bar to the enjoyment of social life and polity—appears one vast labyrinth, only to be known and understood by close inquiry and acute observation.

To find the underwriter and insurance-broker you must not travel to the London Commercial Sale Rooms, Mincing-lane, where the "prodance people" exhibit their showy exteriors, but must, with steady bearing from the docks, keep your way, clear of scavenger carts if possible, to Threadneedle-street, and, in the heart of the monument of the famous South Sea bubble, you will discover him in all the activity of shipwreck and loss of life, which the books of Lloyd's exhibit in "double lines" during the rude and boisterous weather of March or October. Lloyd's, however, is not now what it once was. The subscribers' room, the great mart of freightage and insurance, has been reduced in numbers and in wealth; and the very waiters themselves, in all their spruceness and humility, seem to feel the density of the atmosphere in the close and narrow windings of their present establishment. It is said that Lloyd's has suffered from the never-expected competition of the associative or joint-stock principle which has affected the profits of its subscribers, and that therefore the bright days of its era have passed. This I do not believe; a temporary check may have been given to the usual run of business by the low rates which many of the offices accept, but the losses lately incurred, both by the proprietors and their supporters, are considered a sufficient proof that before long the "old room" will shine in its glory, and that the subscribers will maintain the high and privileged character which their names have long merited.

## THE PUNCTUAL MAN.

*(After the original at Lloyd's.)*

Who is that tall, gaunt-looking individual, with the age of sixty marked in his hardly-lined countenance, whose straggling grey hair, slightly protruding from the brim of his closely-brushed beaver hat, gives him a truly venerable appearance?

That gentleman, kind reader, is John Stedfast, an underwriter of some note and standing, whose punctuality in business is proverbial, whose habits are as methodical and systematic as the wheels of an eight-day clock, and whose mind was fitted for his occupation by a master hand. The very tie of the black handkerchief swaddled round his neck, the ancient cut of his modest and sober black suit, with his bluchers so decently polished, proclaim him one of the steady-going school, with a serene mind fitted for all events and all times. It is five minutes to ten, a.m., and you see him slowly and carefully vending his way from Wragg's Walthamstow coach, which, dropping him at the — inn, in Bishopsgate-street, allows him just sufficient time to pass the iron-gated edifice in Threadneedle-street, for the subscription-room. Ah! does thy heart sink within thee as thou passest the portico of the dreary building—does it tell thee of loss or good fortune? I can feel with thee—the barometer of thy frame knows the effect of weather as well as a Barraud or a Fagioli; hence the reasonableness of thy quaint remark, that "we may know good fortune too late, and cannot know our losses too soon."

He has passed the reading-room, and, in moody thought, with a casual "Good morning" to the few stragglers who are, like himself, punctual to the hour, joins the small bevy who are waiting entrance. The clock is on the stroke, the first sonorous peal of ten is heard, the clerk rushes through the folding-doors from the "book," answering the general inquiry of "good" or "bad," and, ere the remaining nine peals die away, the punctual man, with his followers, have scattered themselves for their various points of observation. John Stedfast seeks his box, and, having first deposited his hat on its accustomed peg, slowly mounts his silver spectacles, a process necessary before he can, with any satisfaction, read the particulars of arrivals and departures, losses or salvage, or other chances and mischances which it is his daily lot to contemplate. His spectacles are now on his broad expansive forehead. What a smile of serenity is there! Before another five minutes passes he may be the loser or the gainer of thousands "in his risks." But this does not disturb his equanimity. He is prepared for the one, he can encounter the other.

Two officials approach him: one, the prototype of good humour and fellowship, who, with bland smiles, offers the *Times*; the other has the air of quiet reserve and respect for superiors—he offers the *Chronicle*. John Stedfast does not accept either of the papers. His road is to the "book of fate," and here he reads the "lines" which most affect him. It may be loss or profit. The news is received with all the calmness and serenity possible. The congratulation of his friends upon the "lucky go," or their sympathy for the "swamper," are received with the same air of affability that characterizes his general bearing, and his day's business proceeds in the same regular and precise

manner till the near approach of four, when John Stedfast, carefully arranging his books in his drawer, leaves the room for his toilet, as custom doth require, in the washing-apartment below. Reader, this is the faint outline of one who is still a visitor at Lloyd's; of one who is desirous of keeping their ancient rights and privileges inviolate, and to give an idea of his insensibility to the flattery of the world, a single authentic anecdote may suffice:—A vessel was named after him, and it was of course imagined that he would be ready to do business on her; but the favourites of the room found themselves mistaken:—

*The Beau:* "What! not do a 1000*L.*, a single 1000*L.*, on the John Stedfast, your own namesake?"

*John Stedfast:* "No; not on that bottom. I have told you over and over again I don't like her, though they say she is of my build."

It was about the year 18— that the book exhibited the total loss of the John Stedfast. The punctual man was there reading the page; I was by his side. "Ah, ah! she has gone at last," was the solemn ejaculation that escaped him.

## HUNTING THE ANTELOPE.

SINCE the occupation of Algeria by the French, from their frequent incursions into the interior of that part of Africa, so little known to Europeans, a vast insight has been afforded as to the "wild sports of the East" of the native Arab tribes. In a foreign sporting publication which has just appeared we find an interesting description of the extraordinary mode of hunting the gazelle, or antelope of the Desert, one of the swiftest of quadrupeds.

The gazelle, or antelope, lives in herds of immense numbers in the Desert, like the fabulous animals of old; they occupy that immense tract of the continent lying between the Cape de Verd and the Indus, embracing in its compass Africa, Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, Persia. The Desert, which is not so destitute of inhabitants and vegetation as is generally imagined, is, at the same time, the location of the lion and panther, and nearly all of the larger and more powerful description of beasts of prey; a country which, from the time of Virgil, has been famous on this account. The flesh of the gazelle, which is extremely delicate, serves in a great degree as the habitual food of the numerous voracious tribes of wild beasts. The delicately formed and inoffensive gazelle has no other means of saving itself than by flight, and its excessive fleetness surpasses all other animals. It escapes from the pursuit of the greyhound by ascending pointed rocks and bounding from one point to another; like the stag and the deer, it sheds tears when its strength fails and it perceives the approach of death. With the advantages of escape which the gazelle possesses over less fleet animals, it is naturally to be supposed that the capture of them by man became a work of difficulty, in which stratagem must make up for physical inability. Hence the chase of the gazelle became one of *recherche* taste. After training the guepard (a species of tiger-cat, susceptible of being tamed), the Persian, Arabian, and Egyptian gazelle hunters took the animal on the crupper of the saddle, keeping it thus fresh and unfatigued, until a suitable opportunity offered of letting it loose on the exhausted gazelle; this mode was long practised in the olden times, until a novel and extraordinary species of hunting proved more successful, and that was by means of a bird—the falcon.

The chase of the gazelle with the falcon has long been and continues to the present day to be the favourite sport of the Persians, the Arabs, and all the principal natives bordering on the Desert. The white falcon is the species selected for the purpose; it is very common in the Sahel of Algiers, and in the Mitidja. In size it is somewhat less than the wild pigeon, and is remarkable above all for the brilliancy of its eyes of gold; the pinions of the wings are tinted lead colour, all the rest of its plumage is of the purest white. The natives train this bird for the chase of the gazelle in the following manner, for which its courage, docility, and sagacity well qualify it. The bird is compelled by hunger to seek for its food in the eyes of a stuffed gazelle, care being taken that it is placed in front of several other similarly stuffed animals, whose eyes are without food, so that the bird is habituated to attack the leader of the flock of gazelles, which always goes in advance, and is invariably the strongest and finest. The training of the falcon does not require more than a month; at the end of that time it is in a state to take its first trial. It is then led out to the chase, hungry and *chaperonne* (hooded). The mounted hunter having discovered a flock of gazelles, the bird is unhooded and shown its prey. The half-famished falcon flies with all its power of wing, and soon rivets its steel claws on the slender horns of its victim; and seeks to peck out its eyes. The poor animal is soon blinded, and separated from the herd, whirls round and round, staggers, and falls; and the huntsman, who sees from afar the contest, rides up to secure his prey. The Arabs, who deal in ostriches and gazelles, assert that it very often happens that the falcon fails in its attack, and it then never after returns to its master, from fear of punishment.

The gazelle forms an immense theme of admiration to the Persian poets. Hafiz, the greatest of Persian love poets, continually refers to his brilliant eyes, comparing them with those of his *inamorata*. This occurs so frequently that a love sonnet in the Persian is called, "A Gazelle."

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**AN AMATEUR.**—The early chapters of the "History of Boxing" will be succinct and short as we can possibly make them, consistently with a detail of the few recorded battles preceding 1800. JEM BELCHER, Cribb, Randall, Turner, &c., will be given in the fullest manner, in due order. We shall bring the history down to the present day.

**ROBERTUS.**—Cricket, with numerous illustrations of "batting" and "bowling," will be given in due time.

**SIMON SLACKREIN.**—Frank Butler rode the winners of the Oaks in 1843 and 1844. Buckle rode nine winners of the Oaks; John Day, five; Sam Chifney, five; Tommy Lye, three. Robinson won six Derbys, two Oaks, and two Legers; Bill Scott, four Derbys, three Oaks, and eight Legers. Mangle won the St. Leger six times; Jackson, seven times; Robert Johnson, four times; John Day, twice; and Lye, twice.

**QUEERIST, Mitcham.**—Of course not. Ours is a weekly sporting miscellany. We do not give turf news.

**ORNITHUR, Clapham.**—We were not aware of the fact. Correspondents letters must reach us early in the week, as this paper is printed early on Thursday, to ensure a supply in the remote districts by rail or other conveyance. We shall feel happy to receive any gleanings in Natural History: such correspondence will be duly acknowledged, and, if approved, inserted.

**WILLIAM SWEET, Hoxton.**—A raffle takes place for two birds, the highest to have the choice of birds, and the lowest the other. The highest is settled by the highest number; a tie takes place for the lowest; both parties agree to have one throw. Which wins, the highest or the lowest?—Why, the lowest, of course, according to the agreement, *Sweet William*.

**CHESS.**—A correspondent asks us.—Can I after making a move, if I discover that my king is in check, recal the move and check my opponent's king?—The question is too absurd to answer; you have made your move and must take the consequences; your adversary makes his, and at the same time announces "check." We would recommend the following from *Punch* on Chess: "to our correspondent, who surely must be joking, us when he talks of 'A chess club to which I belong.' *Punch* inquires:—'If you have a check, what ought you to do with your pawn?' Though it is somewhat out of our way, we will give the best answer we can to this question. If you have a check, and the amount is sufficient, release your pawn at once. Our correspondent, however, had better apply to some respectable pawnbroker."

**A SERVANT.**—Soldiers can send and receive letters to and from the East Indies, under the weight of half an ounce when employed on her Majesty's service, or in the East India Company's service, for one penny. Newspapers are sent free of postage to any of the British colonies, with some slight exceptions.

**THE RING.**—The champion's belt is not transferable. There has several times been much "gaggery" on the subject of the Championship, and for "benefit" purposes investitures of this kind have taken place, which were neither justified by the prowess of the receivers of them, nor the position of ring affairs at the time; we shall notice several such events in our HISTORY OF THE RING, and shall, of course, treat the *soi disant* champions impartially, not by quoting the scribblings of interested or corrupted newspaper reporters of the day.

**R. SEWELL.**—George Sinclair (the Liverpool Slasher) has fought seven times in the P.R. He was beaten in his first battle with Ned Adams.

**JOHN WELLS.**—The first match of the Royal Thames Yacht Club will take place in May.

**AN EAST-ENDER.**—When Johnny Broome and Joe Bostock fought, the latter was nearly three stone heavier than the former. The fight took place Oct. 6, 1840, at Earby, in Warwickshire, and lasted 46m., during which 29r. were contested. It is the same Bostock who was lately matched against young Caunt, the Champion's brother, after his defeat by Nobby Clarke.

**HELL-ITE** must take us to be green as a pickled ghirkin, though as yet one week old, we have opened our eyes, not being of the puppy breed, and are wide awake. *Sporting* is not synonymous with *blackguardism*, and therefore we conclude Hell-ite is no sportsman. His letter, moreover, is libellous, and we do not belong to the school of the defunct "PAUL PRY," and such like *ulcers* of the press.

\* \* All Communications to be addressed to THE EDITOR of the Sporting World, care of the Publishers, Holwell-street, Strand.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JUST AND EARNEST.

**SUNDAY, MARCH 23.**—Easter Sunday. —Astronomically, the Spring Quarter commenced on Thursday, the 20th, at 44 minutes past five in the afternoon; meteorologically, the Winter Quarter was in full "feather" of snow flakes on that auspicious day.

**Amusements for the Young.**—A kitten should always be kept where there are children; when they are tired of pulling its tail, they can put it into their fathers' boots. A box of colours is also a source of great amusement, affording them an opportunity of daubing their faces, and of appearing in illuminated pinafores. It is well to let them know where the preserves and pickles are kept, so that going after the jam, they may get a bite at a capicum. On wet days they should be allowed to put peas into the piano, and thump the keys with their drumsticks. Train them to pull gentlemen's whiskers, and wipe their lollipopped hands on ladies' dresses.

**MONDAY 24.**—Easter Monday. —Short fairs and long trains to Greenwich. —Rolls may be had all this day and the two following, for nothing—apply to anybody at the top of the slope of Observatory Hill. —Queen Elizabeth died, 1603.

**TUESDAY 25.**—LADY DAY.

And lo! distressing more his tattered breeks,  
An awful rent appears!  
Thames Tunnel opened at both ends, 1843; this enormous bore is very properly named, for the Thames first opened it in the middle.

**WEDNESDAY 26.**—A Fox escaped from a kennel in St. George's in the Fields, after a long chase Fox was sheltered by a Pit.—Prince George of Cambridge born, 1819.

**THURSDAY 27.**—Mr. O'Connell being an admirer of the *voluntary* system, goes to Coventry, without being sent there, 1844.—The Police supplied with new ventilating hats. No doubt from their well-known love of the *dirty* (area).

**Directions for Finding a Policeman.**—Look down every area in the street; if you do not by accident see one, ring the bell and inquire if the policeman is in the kitchen. Repeat this at every door, and you cannot fail eventually to find one.

—OUR "TRIP TO GREENWICH" will be published, with cuts, and come again. **FRIDAY 28.**—Mr. Wood moves in the House of Commons, for a return of the Malt and Hops used by Brewers! Malt and hops used in Beer! "Oh, the merry green Wood! Sing, Oh, the merry green Wood."—Gunpowder first used in Europe, 1380.—General Sir Ralph Abercrombie killed, 1801.

**SATURDAY 29.**—The crown-lawyers in the House of Commons contradict the assertion that the Attorney-General in the island of St. Lucia, is a man of colour: why shouldn't they; everybody knows that a good lawyer can prove that black is white?

**Important to Borrowers.**—The present quotations in the money market for a £50 bill, are £10 in money and the rest in good cholera Caps. The advantages of this system are, you can have your bill discounted by the father, be sued by the son, arrested by the uncle, sold up by the nephew, and locked up in the sponging-house by the first cousin.

## The Sporting World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1845.

## THE MONTH OF MARCH.



**ARCH** has forfeited his character this year; and, by some mistake of the "Clerk of the Weather," has changed sides with January, though his place in the calendar is after February. We had threatened to indite an article of Field Sports for March, but amid postponed Steeple Chases, frozen-out Anglers, and inquiries on every hand as to whether the season, to use a Hibernian phrase, is not *advancing backwards*, we have not the heart to do it.

"March comes blustering in his chariot of clouds," says Leigh Hunt, "but bright blue skies peep out, and gorgeous sun-risings attend him as he scatters the mists and damps of February. He is a prophet; for he telleth of leafy spring, and who does not feel the difference between a March and an October wind—the one," &c. Alas! the poet of Cockaigne in his "Characters of the Month," has this year given "a false written character" to March, which we take to be a misdemeanour at law, and in our vexation would have him prosecuted accordingly.

If March be a prophet it propheth us little, and his prophesying is as yet of sleet, snow, frost, and the sinking of the thermometer and barometer. But "patience, and shuffle the cards," the *longest March* must have an end, and we must endure what can't be cured, looking forward confidently for our postponed say, until that ominous day, the First of April.

## THE BUSS-DRIVER'S LAMENT OVER BYGONE DAYS.

I've known the time, alas! 'tis past!  
When I might drive my buss  
Through thick and thin, go slow or fast,  
And no one make a fuss.

When we,—that is, myself and cad,—  
Could o'er our pewters slumber;  
But, stop an instant now, and, 'gad!  
The p'liceman's got your number.

I've known the time when I might race  
With CLOUD or SHILLIBREER,  
Down Cheapside, at a furious pace,  
Without a moment's fear;

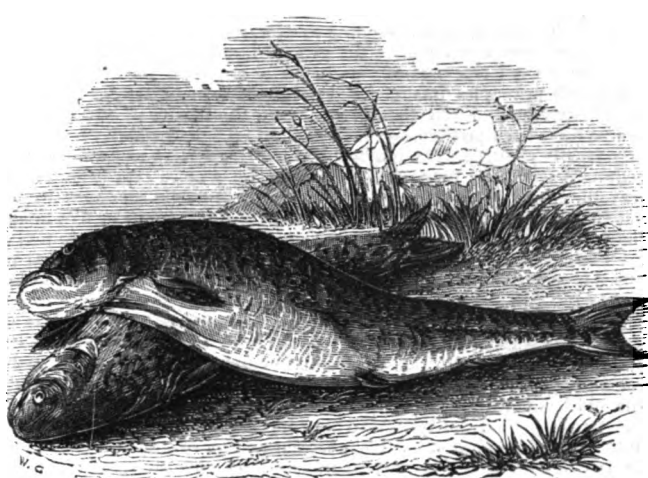
When if I spilt an apple-stall,  
Or overran a few,  
I only got a fine, that's all,  
And went to work anew.

But times and beaks are sadly changed!  
I can't abide that BROUGHTON;  
Lord Mayors among my foes are ranged,  
With MALTBY and with NORTON.

But, O, there's one! he likes his task,  
(And we're the class he's foe to,)  
Whose persecutions make me ask,  
"Where HARDWICK thinks he'll go to?"

"HOME-KEEPING YOUTHS HAVE EVER HOMELY WITS."—Pat Hogan was an emigrant, who left the shores of the Liffey for those of the Susquehannah. It was the evening of a summer's day, and, as he sat by the shining river, with his eyes fixed upon a creek, he espied a small turtle emerging from the stream. "Och, murder!" he exclaimed in botheration and perturbation, "och, murder! that ever I should come to Ameriky to see a *snuff-box* walk!"

## THE FISHER'S CREEL.



THE TROUT.

**I**N March, or if mild open weather (which every fisherman knows to his sorrow has not yet arrived), or even in February, trouts begin to leave their winter quarters, and approach the shallows and tails of streams, where they cleanse and restore themselves to health; as they acquire strength they advance still higher up the rivers, until they fix upon their summer residence, for which they generally choose an eddy, behind a stone, a log, or bank that projects forward into the water, and against which the current drives; whirlpools and holes into which sharps and shallows fall, under roots of trees, and in places shaded by boughs and bushes; in small rivers they frequently lie under sedges and weeds, especially in the beginning of the year, before their perfect strength is recovered; but when in their prime, they feed in the swiftest streams, and are often found at the upper end of mill-pools, at locks, flood-gates, and weirs, also under bridges, or between two streams running from under their arches, and likewise in the returns of streams, where the water seems to boil; in the decline of summer, they lie at mill tails, or the end of other streams, and in the deep water.

Trout spawn, or deposit their ova and seminal fluid in the end of the autumn or beginning of winter, from the middle of November till the beginning of January; their maturity depending upon the temperature of the season, their quantity of food, &c. From some time (a month or six weeks) before they are prepared for their sexual function, or that of reproduction, they become less fat, particularly the females; the large quantity of eggs and their size, probably affecting the health of the animal, and compressing generally the vital organs in the abdomen. They are at least six weeks or two months after they have spawned before they recover their flesh; and the time when these fish are at the worst is likewise the worst time for fly-fishing, both on account of the cold weather, and because there are fewer flies on the water than at any other season.

It has been remarked by many other people, as well as myself, that, of all fish in existence, there is not one that you can partake of so many days in succession, without ceasing to enjoy it, as a trout, provided it be fresh caught, and well in season. Almost every sportsman, and every fishmonger, has his own way of fancying that he can tell when a trout is in season. As to the red spots on the skin having anything to do with it, the very idea is absurd and fallacious. But the more general criterions are a small head and high crest, a full tail, and the roof of the mouth, or, what is still better, the flesh under the tongue being rather of a pink colour. Another excellent criterion, is the smallness and tightness of the vent; for the better the trout is in season, the smaller will be that vent-hole, which is formed just before the under or belly-fin. And, after all, I prefer this, and one other way of deciding; which is by the bright and silver-like appearance of the scales. Take twenty trout, and, I think, if you dress them all, and previously mark that one on which the scales shone the brightest, it will prove to be the best fish. This may be frequently ascertained, even before you land a trout, as a bright one, on being first hooked, generally gives two or three leaps out of the water.

Before you send trout on a journey, always have them cleaned and gutted, and let them be laid on their backs, and closely packed in willow (not flag) baskets, and with either flags or dry wheat-straw. Packing in damp grass or rushes is apt to ferment, and therefore liable to spoil your fish.

The burn or river trout, with plenty of food and good water, grows rapidly. Several experiments were made in ponds fed by river water, and some by clear springs, into which the young fry were put at five or

six months old (that is, in September or October, reckoning from April, when they first come from the spawning-beds) at which time they were six or seven inches long; in eighteen months the change was surprising. A pond was drained ten months after being thus stocked, in July, when the fish were fifteen months old; some were fifteen or sixteen inches, others not more than eleven or twelve; the fish were returned into the pond, and it was again drained the March following, when some were twenty-two inches, and weighed three pounds; others were sixteen inches, and some not more than twelve.

This elegant species is a fish of prey, has a short roundish head, a moderately blunt nose, mouth wide and filled with teeth, not only in the jaws but on the palate and tongue; the scales are small, the back of an ash colour, the sides yellow, and when in season it is sprinkled all over the body and gill-covers with small beautiful black and red spots; the tail is broad. The shape of the body is beautiful, but in several of the Scottish and Irish rivers and lakes, they grow so much thicker than in England, that a fish from eighteen to twenty-two inches, will often weigh from three to five pounds. Thus much of the fish. We hope soon to clear our columns a little and treat more at length of taking him: contenting ourselves for the present with a few of the best flies for March (if this month as yet have not mistaken its mission.)

## FLIES FOR MARCH.

We do not know that we can from time to time render a more acceptable service than by giving, occasionally, representations of the flies in season, or rather in use, for the various months; appending to them where practicable, a representation of the natural fly they are supposed to counterfeit. We think this will prove not only useful, but a sort of everpresent commentary on the principles we have laid down in our first number, when speaking of the angler's imitative devices.



1, 2. Cow-dung fly, natural and artificial. 4, 3. Blue-dun fly, natural and artificial.

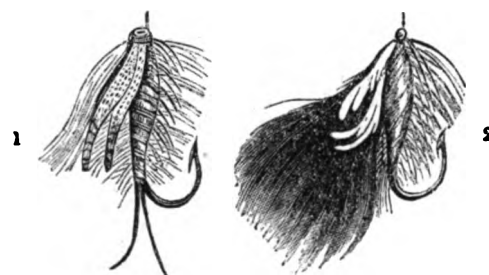
*The Cow-dung Fly.*

The body is best made of a dubbing of lemon-yellow mohair and a yellow feather whipped with yellow silk, in a hook No 7. The best material for the wings is the greyish blue feather of a land-rail, a hen, or of a mallard.

*The Blue-dun, or Violet-fly.*

This favourite fly is found on almost every river. Its body is to be dubbed with light violet worsted, mixed with down (combed from the neck of a black greyhound, or the roots of a fox cub's tail! says a venerable authority); the wings from the pale part of a starling's wing, whipped with pale yellow silk, on a hook No. 9 or No. 10. We will now add four favourite flies for salmon, which press of matter compelled the omission in Number 1.

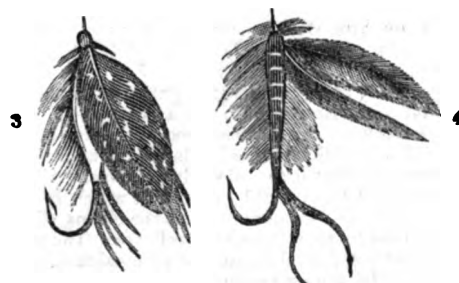
## Salmon Flies.



1. A Spring-fly.

2. Quaker-fly.

We need hardly say that the flies used for salmon are much larger and more gaudy than those for trout. Indeed, the trout, in the matter



No. 3.

No. 4.

of flies, seems much more discriminating and fastidious. Many salmon flies approximate a small bird in size; and the following four are from most approved specimens in the fly-book of a friend:—

#### 1. *Spring-fly.*

Make the wings of the dark mottled brown or blackish feathers of a turkey; body orange camlet, mixed with a little mohair; and a dusky red or bright brown cock's hackle, plucked from the back, where the fibres are longest, for the legs. The hook No. 2. All large salmon-flies should be dressed upon two or three lengths of gut twisted together, and the silk in dressing brought beyond the shank of the hook, and wrapped four or five times round the gut, or it may be cut by the sharpness of the steel. This same fly, dressed with the wings of a somewhat lighter shade, and with the addition of a little gold wire or thread, wrapped round the body at equal distances, will also serve for a more advanced season of the year.

#### 2. *The Quaker-fly.*

The Quaker-fly is of smaller size, and may sometimes be dressed upon very strong single gut. Any feathers of a coppery or dingy yellow colour, if not too coarse in the fibres, will be suitable for the wings; the body is of lemon-coloured mohair, mixed with a small portion of light brown fur, or camlet, with a pale dusky ginger hackle, over the whole. The chief object to be attended to in dressing this fly, is to produce that uniform hue, devoid of gaudy colouring, from which it has received its name.

Number 3 is a favourite of ours: the wings are formed of the mottled feathers of a peacock's wing, intermixed with any fine plain dusky red; the best mixture of the body is the light brown inner hair from a bear's skin, sable fur, and gold-coloured mohair; gold twist, a large black cock's hackle, and a red one a little larger, with a bit of deep red mohair for the head.

Number 4 is the next variety. Its wings are formed of the extreme end of a Guinea fowl's feather, not stripped, but having the fibres remaining on both sides of the middle stem. A blood-red hackle is fastened on with the wings, and so arranged as to extend beyond them: the dyed feathers used by military men will suit, if another showy bird, the scarlet macaw, is not accessible. The green feather which forms the eye of the peacock's tail should be fastened at the head, and left hanging downwards, so as to cover the body for the space of half an inch; and a few filaments of the same part of the same feather may be fastened at the tail. Another fly has the wings formed from the darkish brown speckled portion of a bittern's wing, stripped off from the stem: the head ought to be of the same colours as the body, which is formed of the reddish brown part of a hare's fur, and deep copper-coloured mohair; a bittern's hackle is put over the body for legs; and a forked tail is added, made of a pair of single filaments of the same feather as the wings.

In addition to these, we may enumerate the brown fly, the blue fly, the kingfisher, the golden pheasant, the great palmer, the prime dun, *cum multis aliis*, but for the present these must suffice. We shall soon have a say upon the humbler branches of the piscatorial art, according to the request of several correspondents.

#### REVIEW.

RUFF'S GUIDE TO THE TURF FOR 1845. ACKERMAN.

Simultaneously with the commencement of the racing season we welcome this arrival of this most useful little book, without which the sportsman would be continually "at fault." As a pocket companion it is truly invaluable, containing, as it does, such an immense stock of information in a neat and small compass. Amongst the "contents" will be found the nominations for 1845 and 1846, alphabetically arranged and indexed; performances of the two-yr-olds in England, Scotland, and Ireland; list of winning horses in 1844, showing the amount and number of each horse's winnings—lengths of courses—colours of the riders in England and Ireland—laws of racing—winners of the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger since the commencement—list of the English and Irish trainers and jockeys, with their masters, addresses, and the lowest riding weights of the latter—list of races to come—and last, but not least—a list of the principal Derby, Oaks, and Leger "lots." The compiler, Mr. W. Ruff, is well known as the turf-reporter to the daily press and *Bell's Life in London*—a sufficient warranty that its accuracy may be depended upon.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BREEDS OF THE DOMESTIC ANIMALS OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS. BY DAVID LOW, ESQ., F.R.S.E. LONDON: LONGMAN AND CO.

This publication fully bears out the anticipation we formed on the appearance of the first part, namely, that, when completed, it would form the most admirable work on the domestic zoology of this country heretofore attempted. This conviction enhances the regret we feel at our inability to do the justice to it that it so eminently deserves. Allowing Professor Low every praise for the careful talent with which he has handled his various subjects, it must be admitted that the claims of his volumes are by no means limited to their literary excellence. The pictorial illustrations, with which they abound, constitute an invaluable gallery of British Natural History. In the quotation now made we give a sample of the author's method of treating an important question to all interested in the domestic economy of these islands.

"Within the last sixty or seventy years, a surprising revolution has taken place in the means of communication throughout the British islands, by the extension and improved construction of roads. The increase of highways, now extending to upwards of 170,000 miles of carriage road, has accompanied the general improvement of the country; and during the latter part of the period in question, the application of a few simple principles has rendered the roads better fitted for all kinds of wheel-carriages. From these two causes, the means of internal intercourse have been prodigiously increased, and the modes and rate of travelling greatly changed. The method of conveying letters by public coaches, begun in 1784, was immediately followed by a more expeditious rate of travelling, and by an increase in the number of public carriages throughout the country. The rate of travelling, from being four or five miles in the hour, increased to six, seven, and eight, and now, at length, to ten, and even twelve.\* The effect of this change in the rate of travelling has produced a corresponding one in the kinds of horses employed. The coarse and heavy horses of former times were little fitted for this increased exertion, and hence the substitution became necessary of a lighter class with superior breeding. The demand, too, for horses thus employed is large and constant, not only from the numbers employed, but from the waste of the animals. Although a class of horses better suited for the service than the old has been employed, and the stages have been greatly shortened, the burdens could not be reduced in proportion to the increase of speed; and hence the exaction on the muscular powers of the animals has been greatly augmented. We may please ourselves with the speed and facility with which our journeys are performed, but assuredly our convenience is served at the expense of an unheard-of degree of animal suffering. In no country does so great waste of the lives of horses take place as in England; and in no country, it is humiliating to own, is there so much cruelty exercised towards these faithful servants. The mortality of horses in the British isles is at least three to one, as compared with that which exists in any other country in Europe. Not only does the general demand for horses of all kinds cause them to be employed at an earlier period of life than in other countries, but the cruel service of these public carriages being one in which our finest saddle-horses are often doomed to end their lives, a great increase in the general mortality is produced. When the powers of our saddle-horses begin to fail from age, or when they have met with accidents, or have suffered from the effects of diseases, they are transferred in the course of trade, to this their new and last employment. How many fine hunters and saddle-horses of all kinds, after having rendered their best services to successive masters, are forced into this terrible service, from which they are never released until they have sunk under their tasks! How many beautiful creatures do we see, spavined, greased, foundered, and otherwise lame, whipped along in our heavily loaded vehicles, and forced to fulfil tasks under which they must shortly perish! Such are the spectacles that meet our eyes on every highway; such is the price paid for our convenience in the sufferings of our helpless servants! But in the marvellous progress of invention, an agent has been called into action which is probably destined to lighten this mass of suffering. This is the power of steam applied to land carriages, and producing the substitution of mechanical for animal power in the performance of the longest journeys. Up to the present time seventy-one railways, unequalled as monuments of public industry and opulence, have been formed, or are in progress, in Great Britain and Ireland. Of these vast roads, fifty-three are opened, and continually employed in the conveyance of innumerable travellers; eighteen are partially so, and ten are incomplete. They are computed to extend to more than 2000 miles, and, passing through the great lines of communication in the country, they must tend, in an extraordinary degree, to diminish all other methods of travelling.

"The old English coach-horse may be said to have disappeared, or, rather, to be used only for the heavier labours of draught. He was a large animal of the cart-horse form, usually black, denoting his affinity with the horses of Flanders, which long supplied England and other countries with this kind of horse. He was round-shouldered and heavy in his paces; but, being generally trained in the manner of the manège, he had a high and prancing action. His pace was the slow trot, and rarely exceeded four or five miles in the hour. Some of these horses are still to be seen in the carriages of the nobility and older gentry of England; but for the most part they have given place to animals of far superior breeding and action. The modern coach-horse is a very different animal from the old. He is a large horse, having the degree of breeding conducive to spirit and action, with the strength and bone required for draught. He is greatly used in private carriages, as chariots, gigs, and the innumerable other light and elegant vehicles which are everywhere to be seen. But not only is the modern coach-horse largely used, but likewise others taken from the various kind of saddle-horses with which the country abounds, from the high-bred hunter down through every degree of strength suited to the weight of the equipage; and universally the tendency is to

\* "From twenty to thirty miles a-day, at the rate of four miles an hour, was the usual work of the few public coaches in England so late as the accession of George III. At that period, there was but one public coach from London to Edinburgh, which started once a-month, and occupied nearly three weeks in the journey. The other heavy coaches which set off from London performed in like manner slow journeys, in the manner of waggons, to distant parts of the kingdom."



use horses of lighter form than were thought suited to the heavier carriages and less improved roads of former times.

"The term hackney, in common use, is employed to denote a kind of horse fitted for general services; and is, therefore, understood to exclude the horses of the highest breeding, as the thorough-bred horse and hunter; and there is further associated with the idea of a hackney, an animal of moderate size, not exceeding fifteen hands, and possessing action, strength, and temper. The hackneys of the present day are of lighter form than those formerly sought for, and there is greater difficulty in obtaining them to suit the services required, from our present mixed varieties of half-bred horses, than when horsemen were contented with the older class of hackneys of stouter form but inferior breeding.

"Although the change so widely produced in the horses of this country, by aiming at a lighter standard, has doubtless given us animals more spirited, active, and graceful, it has, at the same time, had the effect of causing great numbers to be reared defective in form, deficient in strength and bone, and which have lost the hardy qualities of the older racers, without having arrived at the properties which superior breeding should communicate. The deterioration is generally admitted, and the causes are deserving of consideration, as indicating the remedies.

"A full account has been already given of the system of the modern course, and the effects have been pointed out of the prevalent practice of running short races with colts not yet arrived at sufficient maturity of bone and muscle to fit them for the full exercise of their powers. The consequence of the system is, that exclusive attention has been directed to the properties of speed, and that the important requisites of strength and power of endurance have come to be regarded as secondary in the cultivation of the animals. Their form, suiting itself, by insensible degrees, to the conditions required, a race of surpassing swiftness, but inferior in strength and bone to the older horses of the turf, has been called into existence. Now, as this is the race employed to communicate its peculiar properties to the others, it is manifest that a deterioration of its properties, from whatever cause, is calculated to exercise an injurious influence on all the individuals with which it is mingled in blood. But yet more injurious than the rearing of a race of swift but feeble horses, is the constitutional injury inflicted upon the individuals of the race by that system of early forcing, with respect to food and discipline, to which they must be subjected at the earliest possible period of life. Hence the mortality amongst these animals, the strains, the founders, the hernia, and other accidents consequent on over-tension of the parts, and all the functional maladies in the respiratory and other organs which a premature and unnatural exertion generates in the system, and which, not confined to the individuals, descend to the offspring. The evil resulting from these causes to the other breeds of the country, is in proportion to the just estimation in which this noble race of horses has been hitherto held, and the increasing desire to communicate its properties to the inferior races. The remedy might be found in a determination, rigidly carried into effect, by the influential supporters of the turf, to root out the more flagrant corruptions which fashion and cupidity have introduced, especially with respect to the age at which horses shall be permitted to run; or should the influence of individuals be insufficient to effect the necessary reformation, then legislative measures should be called for to correct abuses which are no way essential to the legitimate purposes of the turf, and which deprive the country of the benefit which it is entitled to derive from a race of horses brought to a high degree of perfection, not by the modern gamblers of the turf, but by the care of many generations.

"Another cause of the deterioration of the horses of the country is to be ascribed to errors in breeding, arising chiefly from injudicious and extreme mixtures of blood, and inattention to the soundness and qualities of the female parents. It is shown, by experience, that the nearer the characters of the parents approach, the more likely are we to succeed in communicating their common properties to the progeny. By extreme crosses good animals may, without doubt, be produced, but this will be by a kind of chance, and the greater probability is, that the offspring will be defective in some point or other. Nothing may seem so easy to the inexperienced breeder as to produce a splendid coach-horse, or charger, or hunter, by crossing a large cart-mare with a thorough-bred horse; yet how rare are the cases in which the offspring of such extreme mixtures is good! Either the body is too large for the limbs, the head too large for the neck, or some other want of harmony of parts presents itself, which renders the animal comparatively worthless. This effect is constantly observed in the numerous attempts which are made to procure horses of breeding from coarse ungainly mares through the means of extreme crosses. Repeated failures are too often required to convince the breeder that this is not the mode by which well-proportioned animals are to be obtained. We may readily produce a fine ox from animals the most dissimilar; but where everything depends, as in the horse, upon a nice adjustment of parts, it is rare that the dissimilar characters of the parents will be so harmonized in the offspring as to produce a well-formed individual. The other error, still more common, is to disregard the soundness and other properties of the mare in breeding. A mare, which is good for nothing else, is by too many thought sufficiently good for bearing a foal, and hence numbers of worthless animals are destined to a purpose for which they are in a peculiar degree unsuited. Even in such a case, chance may do something for the ignorant and careless breeder; but the

far greater presumption is, that the offspring will inherit the defects of the dam, and prove of little value.

"The remedy for such mistakes is increased intelligence on the part both of those who rear horses, and those who acquire them. The breeder, by possessing adequate knowledge of the principles and practice of breeding, will avoid the error of injudicious mixtures of blood, and of employing females for breeding which are unsuited for the purpose; and the consumer will refuse to purchase animals which are wanting in that harmony of conformation and constitutional soundness, without which no horse can be depended upon for performing the services required of him. The more palpable defects of a large proportion of our mixed class of half-bred horses are the want of depth of the chest, the flatness of the sides, and the too great apparent length of the limbs. Such horses are technically termed weedy, and they form, perhaps, the worst class of saddle-horses in any country in Europe. They have, for the most part, spirit enough, but they are deficient in strength and bottom; and although they may be easy in their paces, they are usually feeble in their limbs, and unsafe. Great numbers of these very worthless creatures are every year reared and brought to market, which the result shows not to be worth half the food they have consumed.

"The number of horses reared and maintained in the British islands is large, and their value forms no inconsiderable amount of national capital; and it is for the public interest that they should be cultivated with care. By the returns made under the Acts for assessed taxes, it appears that the total number of horses in England, Wales, and Scotland, exclusive of foals, of cavalry-horses, and of the many which it cannot be doubted evade the returns, is 844,505; in Ireland, which pays no assessed taxes, the number may be fairly estimated at 400,000. The prices of the superior horses are very high; but, rating the mass of all ages at from £5 to £25 each, the average is £20, and the total value £24,890,100."

#### ABOLITION OF THE INCOME-TAX.

AFTER the most mature deliberation, we have discovered the period of this important event. It is an epoch which has been long regarded as most illustrious, and is generally distinguished by the title of "The Greek Kalends." Among the occurrences which will be contemporary with the abolition of the income-tax are the following:—

1. Death of Mr. Widdicombe.
2. The labourers of England declared to be happy and well treated.
3. Recovery of the intellects of Lord Brougham.
4. Continuation of Farringdon-street completed.
5. Final establishment of peace in Mexico.
6. A policeman found when wanted.
7. Last jokes uttered on the Walbrook account, the fountains in Trafalgar-square, and Waterloo and Hungerford Bridges.
8. O'Connell makes a speech in the Conciliation-hall without either alluding to a "Parliament in College-green," or saying,

"Hereditary bondmen! know ye not  
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?"

9. Fourpence taken in one day by the toll-collector of the Thames Tunnel.
10. Middle sheet of the Times obtained in an eating-house within two hours after asking for it.
11. A Sunday steamer goes from London-bridge to Woolwich, without anybody smoking a bad cigar on board.
12. Use of the encaustic painting in the new Royal Exchange discovered.
13. Mr. James Grant receives knighthood for his literary acquirements.
14. A man in livery is allowed to carry a couple of chairs off the stage without receiving a shout of laughter.
15. Shooting prisoners in Spain is discontinued.
16. Mr. Hume makes an eloquent speech.

#### IMPROMPTU.

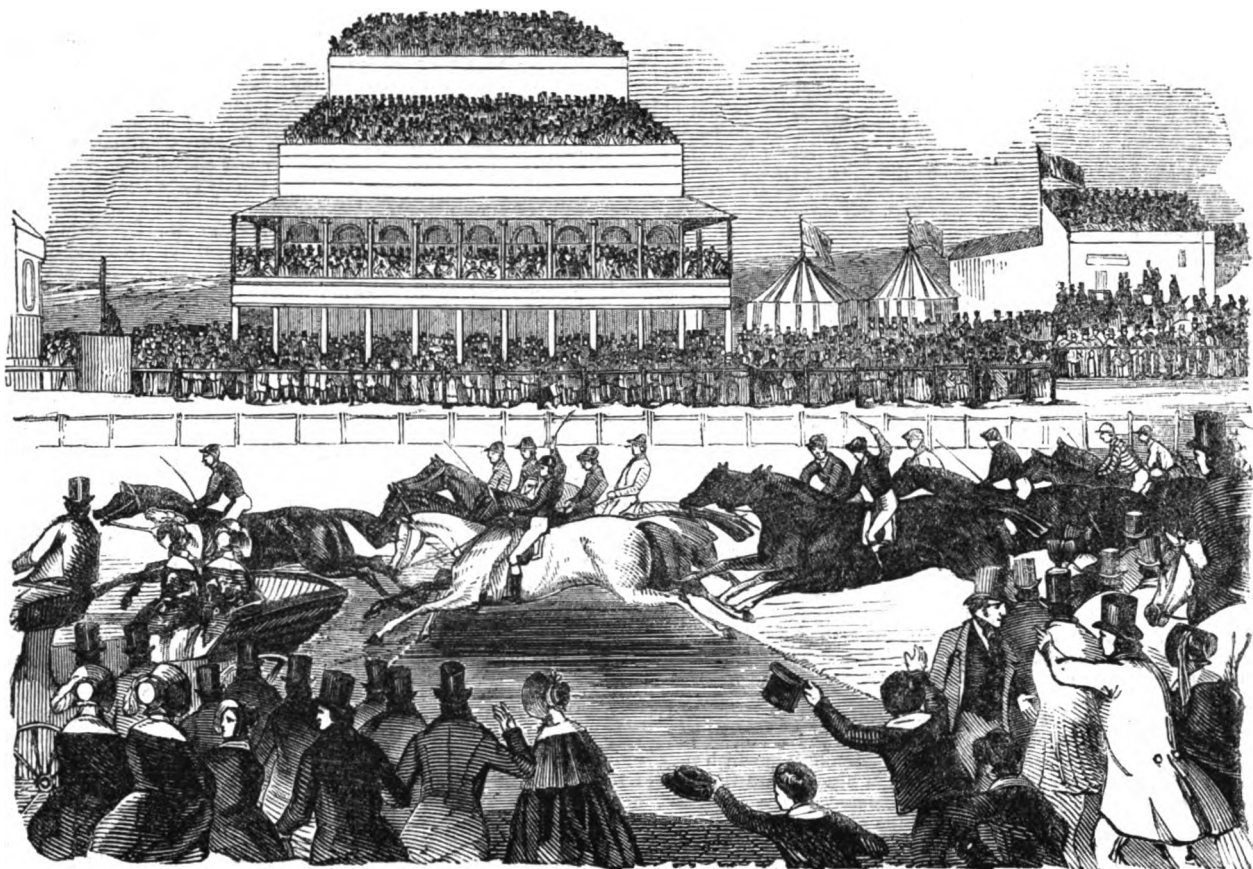
"He caught the Whigs bathing, and he has walked away with their clothes."—(Speech of B. D'Israeli, Esq., M.P., in reference to Sir R. Peel.)

When London prigs get up a fight,  
As everybody knows;  
There's always by some honest knave  
To walk away the clothes.  
Some folks, aware of this same dodge,  
A body's traps to steal,  
When they turn out to have a shy,  
Set to, without a Peel.

Shrewsbury, March 7, 1845.

ALEXANDER MUDFOG.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A gentleman while out shooting in Tennessee, put the wadding in his clothes, and rammed himself down his rifle instead. Having, however, fortunately left his cap on, he was instantly shot to the top of a pine-tree into the society of a racoon, who explained to him his mistake.



### THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLE-CHASE—CROSSING THE BROOK.

"Then the leap!  
To see the saucy barrier, and know  
The mettle that can clear it."—SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

**OPONENTS** are to be found to the majority of our field sports—a canting, sectarian humbug, for instance, may dwell week after week on the horrible crimes and cruelties appertaining to the turf, without giving one moment's consideration to the benefit's which might and do arise from the practice of it; a petty, tenacious landowner, who lacks either health or inclination to join them, cries out against the fox-hounds "for passing o'er his grounds," and forthwith begins to bully and bluster about the law of trespass; or a would-be popular Justice Shallow exercises the authority unfortunately invested in him, in suppressing what he terms "the brutalities" of the ring. Few of these fellows, I am happy to say, lay claim to the title of sportsmen of any description; indeed, the natural character of what the list-sellers hail as "gentlemen sportsmen" of itself disclaims interfering with, or offering the least obstruction to another, however their pursuits may vary. Nay, "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and in general we find the aim of every true sportsman is to give all the encouragement in his power to promote amusement of all sorts. The gallant fox-hunter, though he want either the taste or head for embarking on the turf, will never refuse his assistance or subscription in supporting the county races; the eager shot and strict pheasant preserver, though he seldom mounts anything higher than his well-broke cob, still feels proud to hear the bound challenge in the heart of his manor; and some of the wealthiest, highest, and best have not disdained to patronize, readily and steadily, the manly and honourable aspirant for the laurels to be gained by true valour and fair play.

Perhaps, were we to analyze the feelings of some of these, we might scarcely find them to agree so well, as when only superficially surveyed: the dashing stag-hunter, who thinks nothing of coming his thirty or forty miles for one hour's gallop straight away, can too rarely suppress a sneer at the sight or mention of a "dull" coursing party, or a "pottering" pack of barriers; the heart of the grouse-shooter or hale deer-stalker may sicken at the idea of a barn-door battue, or a trap pigeon match; and a winner of the Derby may experience but little gratification in witnessing half-a-dozen heats for a fifty pound plate. One branch, I repeat may not exactly admire the leading features of another; but who, calling himself a sportsman, would dare openly to abuse hunting, racing, shooting, coursing, fishing, or many other methods of "driving dull care away," from a

quiet, cosy game at chess, to a tiger-hunt in the jungle? Are they not each and all superlatively attractive and enchanting, and could not hundreds of their respective admirers sit down and write off at least a dozen pages in singing their praises, when it would puzzle them to compose half a column to their detriment or disadvantage? Still is there no *sport* against which the sportsman may preach, and even add to his own consequence by so doing? Is there, or is such a question necessary to enlighten the understanding of the most obtuse, while those three unfortunate, ill-used, terribly persecuted words stand out as the heading of this paper—the steeple-chase? If any old hand has ventured thus far (though, I fear, my title may have prevented his skimming through it), I fancy I see his bile rise, and an overflow of bitter but well-bred abuse poured on my devoted head, when I announce myself as the volunteer champion of this headlong, limb-cracking, horse-killing introduction of later days.

With the reader's permission we will now consider some of the graver charges, season after season, and at every available opportunity, raised against this now unquestionably established national sport, beginning with the most common and readiest of all—cruelty towards the horse, and danger to the man. This is the charge the fox-hunter re-echoes to his friend, using strong language to mark his disgust and abhorrence, while alluding to the fatal misfortunes of last season—"Two horses, ridden by perhaps the best of these steeple-chase riders, killed in *two* consecutive chases; why, it is downright murder." And perhaps before the conclusion of that same season, this very man will pen a description of a brilliant run, to something like the following tune:—"Five-and-twenty miles as the crow flies, best pace nearly all through, &c. &c.," congratulating himself, again and again, at having enjoyed the good fortune to go to the end of it, and concluding with this spirited N.B.—"All the nags were dreadfully distressed; two, indeed, died on the field; three more also gave up the ghost before the end of the week; and Tom, the huntsman, fears his favourite old brown horse is not worth another day's work. You may see from this that it was nothing but a clipper." Such is the system on which the steeple-chase is treated; a horse who breaks his neck or his back in going four miles over a fair hunting country, is certain to have a requiem, "long and strong," lamenting his untimely end, coupled with no very charitable observations on such as were the instruments in causing his destruction; while, on the other hand, a hunter who drops down and dies from sheer fatigue, in attempting to struggle through a run of four, fourteen, or forty miles, creates by no means an equal degree of sympathy. Even the distance—four miles—is often cited as an item in the

catalogue of cruelties; and, of course, to support this, the well-known fact that four-mile races are now obsolete, is brought forward; but I would ask, if the breed of race-horses is improved by this substitution of short for long, or speed for stoutness? The general opinion appears to be that it has not; and it should be moreover remembered, that the steeple-chaser is regarded quite as much or more for his capabilities as a hunter than as a racer. It is true he may go at nearly the top of his speed for the whole four miles; but I only appeal to the crack men who hunt with the Queen, whether their horses are not kept at high pressure for three, four, or five times that distance; and in the words of a gentleman, who very amusingly describes a good day with the Royal hounds—

"McDonogh and Mason, and bardolph-nosed Bean,  
Of steeple-chase riders at first we had plenty;  
'Tis one thing to go for ten minutes I ween,  
'Tis another to go for two hours and twenty."

"Rome was not built in a day," and certainly for the first few years, in consequence of impracticable fences being generally included or purposely erected in a steeple chase line, accidents were of frequent occurrence; time, however, and attention have materially improved upon this, and "over a fair hunting country" is no longer merely inserted in the articles, but strictly acted up to, so that fatal accidents have decreased in as great a proportion as the passion for the sport has increased. But there is a practice, until within the last year or so confined to the sister kingdom, now gradually gaining ground with the managers of steeple chases in England (who are apt to adopt it with the view of lengthening a day's play) which threatens to throw more opprobrium on it than anything else connected with the sport: I allude to running heats for steeple chases—a system which never has, and never can be justified. It is true, the heat is rarely more than half the usual distance; but heats on the flat never exceed two miles, and it cannot for a moment be questioned but that the heat across a country takes much more out of a horse than one of equal distance over the course—independently of the greater liability of the steeple chaser to mishaps, trifling or otherwise, which may (in some cases, *fortunately*) prevent him starting for a second or third chase for the same prize. "Shamrock," who wrote more and better on the steeple chase than any other subject, declared, on a bed of sickness—his death-bed, in fact—that, having suffered his horses to start for chases which were decided by the best of heats, grieved him more than any other fault or cruelty he was ever conscious of having been a party to; and he feelingly and at some length describes the scenes he had witnessed arising from this practice. "Horses, so lame from over-reaches, spavins, or some accident in the first, spurred and whipped by their riders absolutely to get them up to the starting-post for the second heat, or so stiff from what they had been through an hour previous, as to fall powerless over the first fence on being called on to repeat the performance;" with many similar heart-rending sketches; but which, not having the article by me, I am unable to quote. This, the reader must remember, took and does take place in Ireland: and to it I beg leave to call the attention of all such authorities on this side of the water as may have felt inclined to follow it, trusting they will ever avoid so cruel a regulation, and one so certain to bring the steeple chase into disrepute. As to the danger of men riding steeple chases, I consider it not a whit greater than when *really* riding to hounds; indeed, there has in this country, within the last few years, been more serious accidents in the hunting-field or on the race-course than over a steeple chase line. The only case I remember of a professional steeple-chase rider dying from an injury sustained while labouring in his vocation, was that of Mr. Solloway, which occurred eight or nine years back in riding Wild-geese at Abergavenny; and, as he was up and about for some days after the chase, it can be little more than a matter of supposition to say he fell a victim to it. Barker's severe accident at Cheltenham last season cannot be considered as a fair example, it having befallen him at the finish of a six-mile chase; whereas the line was never intended to exceed the usual distance, and his horse consequently far more distressed than he otherwise would have been. In concluding our dissection of this charge, we may admit that there is some hazard in steeple chasing; but let us at the same time ask if there be a field-sport in the world, which requires courage, skill, and exertion, not liable to the same accusation? Nay, does not this very feeling rather increase our pleasure and excitement?

"For, if a path be dangerous known,  
The danger's self is here alone."

Sportsmen have and will meet with accidents—perhaps with death itself—in pursuing their favourite recreations: either in angling on the bosom of Father Thames, or rousing the monarch of the forest from his lair, we cannot boast ourselves invulnerable; and a blow from a cricket-ball may inflict as severe and lasting injury as though it came from a rifle instead of the hand of a Myna. *Apocryphal*, too, "now you speak of a gun," how many dreadful accidents we hear of in shooting parties! and I regret to say we have but too lately had cause to consider how terrible may be the consequences of one day's hunting. Again, race-horses have fallen dead in their stride, and jockeys have lost their lives from some unavoidable and unforeseen occurrence, or through unpardonable neglect on the part of those to whom their safety was principally entrusted. In

a word, I maintain that the steeple chase is little more liable to the charge of cruelty or danger than the majority of other sports.

The next point to which we may call attention is, "that the steeple chase seldom meets with the approbation of old and true sportsmen," another common cry with the opposition; let us admit that in some instances this may be the case with the *old* sportsman—and for his opinion I think we may find some tolerably good reasons. In the first place we do not expect the old sportsman to go with the front rank, and are therefore not disappointed at his refusing to take an active part in this kind of sport; then, we all know that old men, whether sportsmen or not, are apt to think there are no days like

"The days that they went gipsying,  
A long time ago."

Still they do not abuse the sports which were in force in their youth, because they can fight their battles o'er again, and dilate upon their own individual prowess in one or all. But the steeple-chase—paha! a new-fangled, modern innovation, fitted only for wild youngsters or downright madmen; it must be bad, because they never practised it; or, like many other things, it cannot be worthy of their support, because—they know nothing about it. So much for the old sportsman, whose dicta on a subject of which he himself boasts he has little or no experience, can, when properly considered, carry weight in about the same proportion. Some "whole hog" men, however, go still further, and declare that the steeple-chase is entirely supported by horse-dealers and legs, when they might with equal propriety and veracity say the same of the turf. It is true that Mr. Kimore, amongst others, was singularly successful, and for one of the best reasons (though not invariably a *sequitur*)—he has gone to the greatest expense, bought the best horses, employed the best jockeys, and brought his horses out in the best possible condition. He, I repeat, has carried off some of the most valuable stakes; but do we not see parallel cases on the turf? But do not the professionals in many other callings, as well as racing or steeple-chasing, generally get the best of it? Just, however, to prove that many of our leading sportsmen do not disdain to have their names coupled with the steeple-chase, let us take the names of some of the stewards of last season's chases. The Marquis of Clarendon; the Earls of Chesterfield, Eglington, Cassilis, Sefton; Lords Ranelagh, Ward, A. St. Maur, Akford, Maidstone, A. Russell, Gifford; Hon. G. F. Berkeley, Hon. General Lygon, Hon. W. Coventry; Sir T. Wintington, Sir W. Watkins Wynn; George Payne, Esq.; H. De Burgh, Esq.; with many members of parliament, masters of foxhounds, and, in fact, the very highest, both as sportsmen and country gentlemen, a list of whom it is not necessary to give here, the above being quite sufficient to dispose of the assertion, that none but the *cannaille* affect this diversion.

It may be argued that these gentlemen undertook the office merely because they were leading men, and on the same terms they would have headed any other meeting to which they could offer no decided objection. This might tell, did we regard them only as leading men; but it is as sportsmen we mention their names; and masters of hounds, for example, would never give their aid in this indifferent manner, as by their presence or absence they definitely mark the opinion they entertain of the amusement; and most steeple-chases, I am prepared to prove, are favoured with their support. Again, the stewards at the principal chases, as is the case with race-meetings, are chosen more for their influence in the sporting world than for what interest they may have in the vicinity of the course. But perhaps the most weighty argument which could be given in favour of our subject would be the names of the noblemen and gentlemen who have been, and are at present, in the habit of riding steeple chases, and who, in a word, comprise nearly all the gentlemen jockeys (class the first) now in practice. Let the reader who doubts this, run his eye over the list of the members of the Croxton Park Club, and then I think he will not be much inclined to dispute it. There he will see Waterford and Howth for Ireland, Eglington and Drumlanrig for Scotland, and Maidstone and Villiers for old England—each party with a tail as long as Dan's, of brilliant performers across country. "The Squire," Sir Harry Goodricke, Lord Kennedy, and the crack riders of their day, put the merits of themselves and their horses to the test of a steeple-chase over Leicestershire; and Lord Waterford, Lord Dysart, Mr. Villiers, and many stars "now brightly shining" have followed their example over the same country. The fact of steeple-chasing being practised in this renowned quarter for fox-hunting seems to indicate that these two sports pull better together than some people would have us imagine. Opponents of this class raise their objections on the plea that one steeple-chase gives the farmers more annoyance than a whole season's hunting. There are, no doubt, some tenants like their landlords, to whom I have already alluded as over-tenacious and inimical to any sport, or anything should it at all interfere with their prerogative; but the fact of farmers generally running horses for steeple-chases—which have, indeed, in many instances superseded hunters' stakes and yeomanry plates—proves this charge to somewhat fallacious. The new fashion, I think far preferable, by way of deciding the right to a farmers' prize, to running over the flat for it; in which case we too often see it carried off by some weed from a racing stable, of no service to a farmer but to win this race, for which purpose he was either bought or borrowed; while for a steeple-chase a horse must have some pretensions as a weight-carrier and a hunter, and, what is yet of greater importance, the contest far more likely to be an open one.

**THE CURE AS BAD AS THE COMPLAINT.**—The universal inquiry is, where can all the base coin that is about London have come from? Surely it is not in consequence of a dividend having been paid on the Pennsylvania bonds last week?

**A NEW CURE FOR DEAFNESS.**—Look out for a house on fire; make your way rapidly into the most fiery room in it; turn your deaf side to the window, and let the firemen in the street direct a vigorous stream of water from their engine-pipe slap into your ear! The concussion will knock you down, perhaps; but never mind that; your deafness will be cured; the cure is sharp but certain. The Yorkshire papers say it was tried last week with perfect success by a very respectable hairdresser in Halifax, who had been deaf as a post for nearly half a century. —N.B. Should the fire be very fierce, you would do well when you are down to get up again as quickly as possible, or perhaps your coat-tail may take fire.

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abandoned by Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College, and Charing-cross Hospitals. This fact was sworn to this 8th day of March, 1842; before the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion-house. Summary of affidavit.—Wm. Brooke, messenger, of 2, Union-street, Southwark, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (the deponent) was afflicted with Fifteen Running Ulcers on his left arm, and ulcerated sores and wounds on both legs, for which deponent was admitted an out-door patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April, 1841, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure there, the deponent sought relief at the three following hospitals:—King's College Hospital in May, for five weeks; at Guy's Hospital in July, for six weeks; and at Charing-cross Hospital at the end of August, for some weeks more; which deponent left, being in a far worse condition than when he had quitted Guy's, where Sir Bransby Cooper, and other medical officers of the establishment, had told deponent that the only chance of saving his life was to lose his arm! The deponent thereupon called upon Dr. Bright, chief physician of Guy's, who, on viewing the deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, "I am utterly at a loss what to do for you; but here is half-a-sovereign: go to Mr. Holloway, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases. You can let me see you again." This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and a perfect cure effected in three weeks, by the use alone of Holloway's Pills and Ointment, after four hospitals had failed!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent the result of his advice and charity, he said, "I am both astounded and delighted, for I thought that if I ever saw you again alive, it would be without your arm. I can only compare this cure to a charm!!!" Sworn at the Mansion-house of the City of London, this 8th day of March, 1842.

Before me, JOHN PRICE, Mayor. Wm. BROOKE.  
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# The Sporting World

OR  
LIFE IN LONDON,  
& THE  
COUNTRY.

No. 3.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 29 & APRIL 5, 1845.

[THREE  
HALF-PENCE.]



GREENWICH HOSPITAL FROM THE RIVER.

## MILES'S BOY'S MAUNDERINGS ON AN EXCURSION TO GREENWICH.

### THE WEATHER.

**E**LORIOUSLY shone the dawn of Monday, the 24th of March, in bright contrast with all its "precursors" of the month; which, like the "pray-curse-hers" of the Irish agitation, had shown themselves rife for elemental strife. Easter Sunday, that calendrical holiday, had been passed by "Miles's Boy" in singing an "anthem through the nose" in dispraise of the clerk of the weather, the burden of which, after the fashion of Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt," was rather lugubrious, for 'twas something like:—

Sleet, and slop, and sludge,  
Sludge, and slop, and sleet,  
I wonder if one who could help the trudge  
Would venture to wade in the street?  
"And it's oh for a yard of blue sky!  
Just enough to make a cravat,  
That the wind would change, and the clouds would fly,  
That I might know what to be at!"

And thus his meerschaum he whiffed,  
While grumbling he sipped his drink,  
As anon and ever he peered at the "lift"  
Where the clouds looked black as ink.  
Drizzle, and slop, and slush,  
Slush, and drizzle, and slop,  
While the muggy Sou' West in teetotal "lush"  
Trundled his watery mop.

But should Monday the vapours clear off,  
And promise a fair weather "spirt,"  
My "Paris" I'll sport, and my "upper" I'll doff,  
And cut singing "The Song of the Dirt!"

And as with Harry the Fourth's "Boy," so was it with Miles's; the "wish was father to the thought," and the wished-for change came. Right gloriously did "Bright Phoebus salute the gay morn," and leaving Murphy unconsulted he hastened to where fair-goers "most do congregate," namely, the wharf of Adelaide, of which the "counterfeit presentment" figureth at the figure-head of this diary. "Now be it known unto all men by these presents"—as our loving and beloved Victoria says, when she is going to give you a good place, or take your *corpus* into custody for some social offence of neglecting, or being unable to pay some debt over twenty pounds—that gladly doth "Miles's Boy" greet these seasons of mirth and misrule; and that he holdeth that man's wisdom not worth a "motherly" turnip, who never plays the fool—in the right place. For as King Solomon says, "There is a time for all things," and therefore there is a time for Greenwich Fair.

Splendidly did burnished Sol, who for the first time this season sported a polished face, shine down on the holiday folk as they elbowed their way on board the various steamers, which lay puffing and blowing off the "surplus strength of their inactivity" at pier and landing. And innumerable happy parties crossed London's pont to where the Railway Company exhibited by day the attraction of a painted board—by night, in brilliant illuminations, "To Greenwich in twelve minutes." But it was my aim to see what was to be seen: and a *flying rabbit-hutch* not falling

[Continued on page 30.]

## THE FISHER'S CREEL.



HE talented and amusing correspondent of *Bell's Life*, "the Old Fly," having this week delectated himself by an excursion into the kitchen (no bad place in such a backward season), we are tempted, by the savouriness of his recipes, to give our readers a "taste" of his quality in the *ars coquandi*.  
—ED. S. W.]

## HOW TO DRESS FISH AND GAME.

Some sceptics entertain the romantic idea that the pike, even though he should have afforded the angler plenty of sport, is not worth dressing. Now, with due deference be it written, this is an erroneous opinion. The pike, when in full season, is a good fish; but it is, in the first place, a difficult fish to carve, for few people know where to hit upon the most appetising *marceaux*; and, in the second, not one cook in a thousand, male or female, knows how this fish should be dressed. The only reasonable ground of objection to the pike, as a delicacy for the table, is its superabundance of forked choking bones; but if the masters and mistresses of all well-regulated establishments are not above taking a hint from an humble individual like myself, I will give them a "wrinkle," and a "notion" into the bargain, as to the manner of carving a goodly sized pike of eight or ten pounds. Before I give directions as to the dissecting process, a word about dressing the dainty, for it is a secret worth knowing; and as we should not think of cutting him up raw, let us see how he can be brought to table in his most captivating form. I see no just reason why a sportsman should not possess a smattering at least of culinary lore. There will be many occasions during his rambles when he will find a little practical knowledge in the savoury art especially useful. Your true sportsman is not above learning anything; hence it is that he is a superior and a better informed member of society than the common run of his fellow men.

The pike is by no means a despicable fish, and should any of my readers feel induced to try the experiment in London or any provincial town where the concomitant ingredients can be readily procured, here is the secret: Having well cleaned and scaled the fish, which must be a large one, of from seven to ten pounds, lay it in cold pump water, with half a pound of salt thrown into it, for about an hour. Prepare a goodly sized pudding of veal stuffing, with the addition of a couple of dozen or so of oysters chopped fine; cram the pike's interior with this, sew him up, strew him with raspings, and dab him all over with butter. Send your *plat* to the bakehouse, and while it is undergoing the ordeal of the oven, prepare at home the following gravy, which will be found a very pleasing accompaniment to the piscine delicacy:—Take some *coulis* or strong *consommé*, which must be thickened with the flesh and trail of a cold roasted woodcock, pounded in a mortar, add one anchovy, pounded, or two tea-spoonfuls of essence of anchovy, and some cayenne to taste. With this addition, which is extremely savoury, the gravy will be of a proper thickness, and if the fish be artistically baked, they will be found to harmonize very palatably together. A word, however, as to the carving of the fish, for the comfort of the *convives* will materially depend upon the manner in which the host distributes the luscious morsels. Pike feeders in general, and the pike fisher in particular, will have observed a rectilinear brown mark which runs horizontally about midway along the side of the fish from the snout to the tail, below this the fish slice should never be insinuated, for there nothing will be found, save the thinner portions of uneatable substance filled with forked bones, and fit only for the curious in picking; above this said line, however, the epicure will discover much to delight him; the flesh will be found firm and flaky, and free from those interruptions so distracting to the enjoyment of the piscivorous gourmet, known by the name of bones. Joking apart, the pike thus dressed is excessively palatable, and, with the gravy concocted as I have described, is worthy a place at an aldermanic feast. Now, be it known, this receipt is not copied from any work on cookery, but was given to me by an old and valued friend, who prizes the good things of this life, and with whom I have many a time and oft partaken of a pike dressed under his own supervision; I can, therefore, take upon myself to pronounce upon the super-excellence of the invention, as well as to recommend it to every troller in her Majesty's dominions. Return we now to the pent up sportsman—a prisoner in a pot-house, and without any provisions, excepting the produce of his rod and gun. Here, I think, I can be of use to him. We will suppose, for instance, he has shot an old jack hare, a couple of antiquated buck rabbits, and a brace or more of old birds. Such an occurrence is by no means improbable, but that which would be still more certain is, that hare, rabbits, and birds, would be *unchevable* if dressed immediately after being killed, to say nothing of the chance—by no means an unlikely one—of their being spoilt by the female butcher, the presiding priestess of the kitchen. That very erudite and eccentric member of the prize ring, the late lamented Jack Scroggins, from whom I received lessons in the art of self-defence some years ago, was wont to observe, when expounding the mystery of some flatish dodge, that "We none on us can know too much." Acting, therefore, upon this broad principle during my sojourn on the Continent and rambles through France, I cultivated the acquaintance of every *chef* of note at the principal hotels I inhabited. A French dog cook—and I use the term in contradistinction to the feminine *artistes* of England—with the character-

istic urbanity and politeness of his nation, will express himself as flattered and obliged by your visiting him in his temple of epicurism, praising his talent, and soliciting information as to the particular manner of preparing any particular dish. The intruder need not stand in awe—as he would of the she-devils in the basement story of a kitchen in this country—of a dish-clout being pinned to his tail; on the contrary, he will be kindly and courteously received, and the art and mystery of *civets*, *salmis*, *bechamels*, and *fricandeaux*, explained to him by the obliging *chef*. In this way did I acquire a smattering of cookery, and I have treasured some valuable receipts, which, on more than one occasion, have been turned to good account for the benefit of my friends.

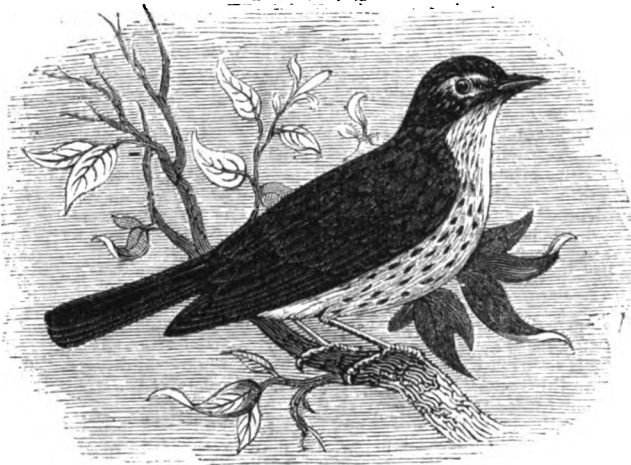
The following receipts for dressing game too old and tough to be served up *à la broche*, were given me by the two best cooks I ever met with in France: old Père Pacquet of the Canon d'Or at St. Omer, and young Mallet of the Hotel de l'Europe at Abbeville, whose equally talented mother keeps the Hotel d'Angleterre at Montreuil, from which celebrated establishment Mr. Morel, of Piccadilly, receives his *pates de beccasses*, and other game pies, for which he is so renowned:—

Butter, bacon, and onions, can always be found in every road side public house; with these and a lemon (a dozen or so no sportsman should ever travel without) a very appetizing dish can be tossed up if the shooter should have provided himself with a hare, rabbits, or birds. We will take it for granted that he has, and proceed at once to impart a valuable secret to him. The foundation of all French cookery is what is termed a *roux*, and it is thus made:—

Into a small saucepan or stewpan, the tin lining of which has been worn or melted away, put three or four spoonfuls of flour, according to the quantity of gravy required, and about two ounces of butter. Place the saucepan over a slow fire, and as the butter melts stir it well, that the flour may mix with it thoroughly. Keep stirring until the flour and butter are of a fine red brown colour—hence the name of *roux* which is now made—add, by very slow degrees, stirring with a wooden spoon the whole time, a little cold water or thin gravy, or broth if you have it, but it is not necessary, until the mixture is of the consistency of cream. Having prepared this, take a large stew or saucepan, cut some thin slices of bacon and lay them on the bottom of it, limb your rabbit or hare in helpable joints or pieces, and place them on the bacon in alternate layers, with four or five onions cut in slices, add pepper and salt, and a couple of slices of lemon and one bay leaf; pour your *roux* mixture over all, which will about cover the hare or rabbit. Let the whole simmer gently for two hours and a half or three hours, and one of the most relishing stews it is possible to partake of will reward the skill of the amateur. This is termed a *civet*, is easily made, and by far the best, as well as the most economical method of dressing an old jack or an old buck. Old birds are excellent done this way, but the bacon must then be omitted. This is a *salmi*. All kinds of wild fowl are delicious when so dressed; a glass of port wine or claret is an improvement; but wine is seldom to be had in pot-houses remotely situated from market towns. A *matelotti* of eels is composed of the same simple materials—merely the *roux*, onions, lemon, and bay leaf—and, if properly concocted, will be far superior to the bedevilments we are poisoned with, under the denomination of stewed eels at Greenwich and Blackwall, which taste of nothing but unwholesome spices and sour wine, the flavour of the fish being overpowered by the ignorance of the cook. In a veritable French *matelotti* one can taste the eel, carp, or tench, which is much to be preferred. That emperor of sportsmen, and *beau ideal* of an English gentleman and old soldier, Colonel Hawker, with whom I have the honour of being acquainted, has, in his finishing instructions to young sportsmen, given several useful hints as to the expediency of carrying a few creature comforts to retired nooks and corners, where luxuries are not within the reach of fisher or shooter. His receipts are all excellent, and I have taken the liberty of adding mine, which are all original, and so simple that, without infringing upon his palatable precepts, I trust I have given a trifling wrinkle to those who may not know what to do with their game after it has been shot, and which, without any fish, flesh, or fowl, within their reach, would scarcely be eatable upon the day upon which it was killed, save in the manner I have pointed out. The reader may, with some show of reason, exclaim, "What has this lecture on cookery to do with angling?" I answer, that my reason for having so digressed is a wish to contribute to the comfort of my brother sportsmen; and, regardless of being termed a disciple of Ude, rather than old Walton, I opine that the fisherman may add materially to his enjoyment by being able to superintend the dressing of the contents of his creel. For instance, a broiled trout I think superior to a boiled one; the most appetizing sauce for the former is thus made:—Boil three or four ounces of butter by itself, until it has done hissing—this is termed burning it; when it is of a gold colour, add two table spoonfuls of the best vinegar, some eschalotte shredded fine, and some pepper and salt; this is the best *sauce-piquante* extant. For boiled trout:—To some good melted butter add the same quantity of vinegar and some chives finely chopped, and a little parsley; these herbs can always be procured in the country, and supersede the necessity for fish sauces; indeed, some of my friends prefer this last receipt to all the Harvey, soy, and anchovy I could offer them.

THE OLD FLY.

## BRITISH SONG BIRDS.—No. III.



THRUSH.

**T**HE song-thrush, garden-thrush, throistle, or mavis, is a resident bird, pretty generally distributed over all parts of Scotland and England. Its delightful, inimitable, and indescribable song is heard at all seasons in fine weather, but especially in spring and summer, at early morn and about sunset. But it is not in sunshine only that this attractive warbler tunes its wild notes; for after, in heavy rain, it takes its stand in some sheltered spot, under cover of some projecting crag or stone, and for hours amuses itself with repeating its never-tiring modulations.

In summer it prefers the woods and hillsides, the bushy banks of streams and sheltered places, at some distance from human habitations, although in cultivated districts it often nestles in orchards, hedges, and gardens, from which last it derives one of its popular names. In winter, the individuals which had made the woods and vales their summer residence, draw nigh to the abodes of man, and feed in the gardens and fields, or betake themselves to the rocky shores, where they find subsistence by breaking the shells of whelks and other shellfish.

Although in cultivated districts it is seldom seen except in the bushes and hedges, it is capable of flying to a great distance, which it does in gentle curves, with quick flaps, intermitted at intervals, sometimes at a considerable height, but more frequently only so high as to clear the trees. Its flight is always rapid, and it selects its place with quickness, settling instantaneously. When on the ground in the attitude of observation, it droops its wings a little, keeps its tail nearly horizontal, and raises its head obliquely. On catching sight of a worm or other object, it hops briskly towards it and picks it up; or, if it has withdrawn, pecks at the earth until it has seized it. Its general mode of progression on the ground, is by a series of jumps. When in a listless mood it droops the tail and wings, draws in its necks, and ruffles its feathers: in this attitude it is often seen perched on a tree, bush, or stone.

Its food is chiefly on the ground, consisting of snails, earthworm, larvae, beetles, and in autumn and winter, hips, haws, and berries, and seeds of many kinds. In winter, also, the garden snail supplies much of its food, which it procures by breaking their shells: this it effects by lifting them in its bill and knocking them repeatedly against a stone. Heaps of shells thus broken may be seen by garden walls, and in fields near the edges of thickets. Mr. McGillivray, in his elaborate and scientific treatise on British Land Birds, among other anecdotes of the Thrush, states, that in his rambles in the Island of Harris, he heard frequently a sharp sound like that of one small stone struck upon another, and long endeavoured to discover its cause in vain, until one day the tide being out, he heard the wellknown chink, and standing still, espied in a recess formed by two flat stones, a bird moving its head alternately upwards and downwards, each downward motion being followed by the hitherto mysterious noise. On going up to the place, he found a thrush, which, flying off, left behind him a whelk newly broken, but with the fish in it, lying amid a heap of fragments around a smooth stone. We shall here trespass on the same accurate and observant writer for some other particulars of this delightful bird.

The full song of the thrush is heard in April, May, and June, although it may be occasionally heard at any season. In March it pairs, and by the end of that month or in the beginning of the next, begins to construct its nest, which is placed in a thick bush of any kind, or in a hedge, at a small height, or on a rough bank among shrubs or moss. In the unwooded parts of the country it is found under shelter of a projecting stone or crag, in the crevice of a rock, or at the root of a tuft of heath, or among the stunted willows on the rocky bank of a stream. It is com-

posed externally of slender twigs, roots, grass, and moss, and is lined with a thin layer of mud, cow-dung, or rotten wood, neatly laid on, and between which and the eggs no other substance is interposed. The diameter of the cavity is usually about four inches, its depth from two and a half to four. As a good deal of wrangling has taken place on the subject of Thrushes' nests, I may be allowed to be somewhat particular in this matter.

Although the structure of the nest does not vary much, the materials are very diversified. In a nest before me, which is very bulky, the exterior is formed of the long tough roots of various plants, a twig of broad or of curled leaf sorrel, another of the rasp, a clipping of boxwood, a piece of packthread, numerous tufts of *Poa annua* and *Stellaria media*, two or three mosses, and some other substances. Within this is a more elaborate structure of fibrous roots, tufts of grasses, straws, and some beech leaves, interwoven, and compacted with some tenacious substance. This inner cup is lined or plastered with a very thin but firm coating of what seems to be horse-dung, on the surface of which are spread numerous chips of straw and slender grasses, but certainly no decayed wood, as some allege to be usually the case. This nest is in diameter three inches and a half, in depth two and a half, its greatest diameter seven inches, and its greatest depth four and a half. This is the nest of a civilized Thrush, it having been found in a hedge in the immediate vicinity of Edinburgh.

The eggs are generally five, but vary from four to six, of a regular or broad oval form, bright bluish-green, with scattered spots of brownish-black, of a roundish form, and more numerous at the larger end. They vary considerably in size, the largest in my collection measuring thirteen-twelfths by nine and a half, the smallest eleven and a half by eight and a half twelfths. They are deposited in the end of April, sometimes so early as the beginning of that month, and sometimes not until May. The young I have found abroad from the twentieth of April to the middle of June. Another brood is generally reared in the season.

After the first autumnal moult the plumage is complete. As the bird advances in age, the buffy tints of its fore-neck and sides fade, but the other changes are not worth notice. In some aged individuals, the yellow of the under and lower parts entirely disappears. We now proceed, according to the plan we have laid down, to the Thrush in its state of captivity to man.

## MODE OF CAPTURING THE SONG-THRUSH.

The best plan for catching a fine-toned male, is by means of a perch and a limed twig. In a future article, which we purpose to devote to BIRD-CATCHING, we shall have something to say on the preparation of bird-lime, on nets, and on that pleasant and simple method, the water-trap. In September and October this last-named contrivance is most effectual, and they may be taken about sunrise and sunset, sometimes at so late an hour that they can only be heard, but not seen, so that the ear is our only guide. When they enter the water you must not be in a hurry, because they like to bathe in company, and will congregate to the number of a dozen or so, at a particular call. "The first," says Bechstein, "that discovers a convenient stream, and wishes to go in, cries in a tone of joyful surprise, 'sik, sik, sik, sik, teak, teak, teak,' and in a moment, all the neighbouring thrushes reply, and hasten to the spot. They, however, enter the bath with some caution, and seldom venture till they have seen a redbreast bathe without accident; but as soon as one ventures, he is followed by others, which begin to quarrel if the place is not sufficiently capacious for their amusements." In order to attract them, you will find it a good plan to have a tame bird running and fluttering about the banks of the brook.

## FOOD, &amp;c.

In confinement, this bird should always have a large cage. The song-thrush, which differs only from the missel-thrush, in being smaller and much more pleasing in its song, is a delightful cage-bird; and will be found to thrive upon oatmeal, moistened with milk. It requires a good deal of fresh water for bathing, as well as drinking. When the bird taken is an old one, it will often refuse to eat, and the greater number of such die in consequence.

## BREEDING.

As this bird usually builds on the lower branches of trees, and its nest is rather large, it is often taken. Earth and cow-dung, mixed with moss, are its ordinary materials. The hen lays twice a year, from four to six green eggs, speckled with irregular dark brown spots. In the young brood, the upper part of the body is spotted with white, and the first hatch is ready to fly shortly after the period at which we are writing—namely, the beginning of April. When taken from the nest about half-grown, they are easily reared on white bread, soaked in milk, and readily learn to whistle tunes. As the thrush in the southern parts builds by preference in the neighbourhood of water, the nest is easily found by seeking it in the woods beside a stream, and the male bird will usually be heard singing pretty near it. With proper care, and varying its food occasionally, the thrush may be kept in cage for five or six years.

**NEW TENNIS COURT.**—We hear from good authority that Prince Albert was so much delighted with the game of tennis, whilst at Brighton, that it is his royal highness's intention to build a tennis court, we believe, at Buckingham Palace.

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD II, 1735—1786.

FROM THE TIME OF BROUGHTON TO THE APPEARANCE OF DANIEL MENDOZA.

## CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

GEORGE TAYLOR—BROUGHTON—SLACK—SMALLWOOD—BUCKHORSE—WILLIS.

## BROUGHTON.—(Continued.)

**B**N an after part of this chapter we will note some of the minor stars of George Taylor's booth, who appear to have left their orbits, attracted by the superior effulgence of Broughton's "NEW AMPHITHEATRE," as we find it termed in its first announcement; for the present we pursue the career of Broughton, for the sake of method and clearness in this, our history.

Under the patronage we have already spoken of, Broughton seceded from the Tottenham-court-road establishment, rapidly completing a new building adjoining the Oxford-road, near the spot where Hanway-street, Oxford-street, now stands, opened it on March the 10th, 1743, with the subjoined advertisement in the *Daily Advertiser*; from prints yet existing in the British Museum, it appears that this edifice was somewhat similar to Astley's original circus and riding-school, in the Westminster-road, or rather the large temporary and removable theatres, which have of late travelled with equestrian exhibitions round our principal provincial towns. There were boxes, pit, and a gallery; a stage for the combatants in the centre of the ring, and the *tout ensemble* bore some resemblance to the pictures of the Old Fives Court, in Windmill-street. The following is a copy of the announcement:—

## AT BROUGHTON'S NEW AMPHITHEATRE,

OXFORD-STREET,

The back of the late Mr. FIG's,

On TUESDAY next, the 13th instant,

Will be exhibited

## THE TRUE ART OF BOXING,

By the eight famed following men, viz.,

ABRAHAM EVANS,  
SWEEP,  
BELAS,  
GLOVER,

ROGER,  
ALLEN,  
ROBERT SPIKE, and  
HARRY GRAY, the clog-maker.

The above eight men are to be brought on the stage, and to be matched according to the approbation of the gentlemen who shall be pleased to honour them with their company.

N.B. There will be a BATTLE ROYAL between the NOTED BUCKHORSE, and SEVEN or EIGHT more; after which there will be several BYE-BATTLES by others.

Gentlemen are therefore desired to come by times. The doors will be open at nine; the champions mount at eleven: and no person is to pay more than a SHILLING.

The appearance of this rival was a cruel blow to George Taylor, who saw the ruinous results which must ensue to his "booth" from Broughton's popularity: he, therefore, as a counter-hit, instantly let fly in the following terms:—

## TO THE PATRONS AND ENCOURAGERS OF THE MANLY ART OF BOXING.

Whereas, Mr. Broughton, well knowing that I was to fight Mr. Field on Tuesday next, the 13th of March, 1743, in order to injure me, has maliciously advertised to open his Amphitheatre on that day, and where several battles are then to be fought. To prevent the public from being deceived, I feel it my duty to inform them, that the principal part of the persons mentioned were never made acquainted with such circumstance, and have no intention of so doing. Mr. Broughton wishes to make it appear that he never imposed upon any of the pugilists who had been concerned with him in any transaction whatever; but his impositions shall soon be made manifest to the world. And to show Mr. Broughton that I have no animosity against him as a pugilist, or any jealousy concerning his amphitheatre, I am willing to fight him, as soon as he may think proper, wherever it may please him, not regarding, as he loudly sets forth, the strength of his arm.

GEORGE TAYLOR.

We are inclined to suspect that there was a little of the "gag" in the names of the pugilists set forth by Broughton, from subsequent occurrences; be that as it may, Taylor had already fallen beneath his conquering arm, and his challenge was viewed as nothing more than mere bounce, to detract from the triumph of the rival manager.

The charges of Taylor, made from time to time, led to a sort of paper war: Taylor charged Broughton with appropriating to himself the "Lion's Share" of the door-money to the injury of the other pugilists; and this accusation Broughton replied to by showing to the satisfaction of his patrons that he had not received one hundred pounds; that his amphitheatre had cost him upwards of £400, that he had appropriated, but a third part of the door-money for his own individual emolument, and that the rest had been shared among the pugilists. This account proving perfectly satisfactory, firmly established Broughton; and Taylor, perceiving that it would be useless to oppose so powerful an oppo-

nent, relinquished his booth, and was engaged at the amphitheatre, where the most noted of his "merry men" followed him.

We now come to one of the most important epochs in the history of boxing, namely, the promulgation of a "Code" for the guidance of the combatants, and the satisfaction of the judges, were "produced by Mr. Broughton, for the better regulation of the *amphitheatre*, and approved of by the gentlemen, and agreed to by the pugilists, August 18th, 1743." These rules promulgated by this FISTIC NAPOLEON, whose law making and fall were alike, had a much longer duration than the "Code Napoleon": for they lasted in perfect integrity from the period of their date until 1838, when after the fight between Owen Swift and Brighton Bill, the "NEW RULES OF THE RING" superseded Broughton's. We here give the original:—

## BROUGHTON'S RULES.

1. THAT a square of a yard be chalked in the middle of the stage; and every fresh set-to after a fall, or being parted from the rails, each second is to bring his man to the side of the square, and place him opposite to the other; and till they are fairly set-to at the lines, it shall not be lawful for the one to strike the other.

2. That, in order to prevent any disputes, the time a man lies after a fall, if the second does not bring his man to the side of the square, within the space of half a minute, he shall be deemed a beaten man.

3. That, in every main battle, no person whatever shall be upon the stage, except the principals and their seconds; the same rule to be observed in bye-battles, except that in the latter, Mr. Broughton is allowed to be upon the stage to keep decorum, and to assist gentlemen in getting to their places; provided always, he does not interfere in the battle; and whoever presumes to infringe these rules, to be turned immediately out of the house. Everybody is to quit the stage as soon as the champions are stripped, before they set-to.

4. That no champion be deemed beaten, unless he fails coming up to the line in the limited time; or that his own second declares him beaten. No second is to be allowed to ask his man's adversary any questions, or advise him to give out.

5. That, in bye-battles, the winning man to have two-thirds of the money given, which shall be publicly divided upon the stage, notwithstanding any private agreements to the contrary.

6. That, to prevent disputes, in every main battle, the principals shall, on the coming on the stage, choose from among the gentlemen present two umpires, who shall absolutely decide all disputes that may arise about the battle; and if the two umpires cannot agree, the said umpires to choose a third, who is to determine it.

7. That no person is to hit his adversary when he is down, or seize him by the ham, the breeches, or any part below the waist: a man on his knees to be reckoned down.

These rules may be called the groundwork of fair play and manly boxing, and no man, from his experience, was better able to frame such a code than Broughton. And it is to be observed, says the talented author of *FISTIANA*, that to them we greatly owe that spirit of fair play which offers so wide a contrast to the practices of barbarous ages, when every advantage was admissible where brute strength or accidental casualties placed a combatant in the power of his antagonist. It is to be lamented that, even in modern times, the inhuman practices of uncivilised periods have subsisted to a disgraceful extent, and hence we have heard of gouging, that is to say, forcing out the eye of an antagonist with the thumb or finger; purring, kicking a man with nailed shoes as he lies on the ground, striking him in vital parts below the waistband, seizing him when on his knees, and administering punishment till life be extinct, and a variety of other savage expedients by which revenge or passion has been gratified; and it is remarkable that in those countries in which pugilism or prize fights have been least encouraged, these horrors have been most frequent: we refer to Lancashire in particular, where even to this day that species of contest, called up and down fighting, that is, when a man is got down he is kept down and punished till incapable of motion, is permitted with impunity, unless indeed the death of the victim leads to the apprehension and trial of the survivor.

The adoption of Broughton's rules in the metropolis soon led to their extensive dissemination in the provinces, and public boxing was thereby stripped of half its terrors; while in the adjustment of private quarrels, the settlement of the simple issue of "which was the better man" after "a fair stand-up fight," put an end to all bad feeling; and the conqueror or the conquered submitted with a good grace to "the fate of war," the strongest proof of the effects of cultivation, and the best test of a manly and honourable feeling.

(To be continued.)

WANTED—AN EXPLANATION.—In the window of a shoemaker's shop in Holborn the following mysterious inscription in large letters was lately appended to a pair of those ambiguous articles which are more than a shoe and less than a boot:—"Miss Fits Clarence—only 6s. 6d." Can anybody tell us what it means?



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**SELLER, Taunton.**—The forehead implies that part of a horse extending from the ears to the withers. A horse low before, with a short forehead and a depressed crest, can never be handsome, or (we should say) very good.

**TYRO.**—This is not a question for a "Tyro" to ask. Let him seek legitimate sport, if he is a true angler. The recipe he seeks is unworthy; poisoning fish is detestable and felonious, and he seeks in vain, under cover of a flimsy pretence, to acquire the information he wishes, from this quarter.

**CANIA.**—This is not the season for a series of articles on "SPORTING DOGS,"—bide your time. To your question, we reply: if your dog has ticks, you cannot do better than rub him over with oil. The oil operates by closing their spiracles or breathing pores (remember the dog does not perspire through the skin), and this will kill them; a drop of oil poured on a wasp so as to cover it, will kill it in a few seconds.

**QUEST.**—To your first question: Really we are not M. R. C. S., but in reply to No. 2, tell you that "Opodeldoo" is soap and camphor dissolved in spirit of rosemary. It is either liquid or solid. The former is made with soft, the latter with hard soap. We will put on our "considering cap" and give you a recipe for compounding it next week.

**J. WILSON.**—An "inch" is the twelfth part of a foot in England. We are not "far north" enough to give you a better definition of the Scottish word than that of "a smooth verdant island or meadow in a river or estuary." The "Inch of Perth" is spoken of by Sir Walter Scott in his "Fair Maid" of "that ilk."

**R. S., Rotherhithe-wall.**—Through some irregularity your former epistles have not come to hand. The first battle between Tom Oliver and Ned Painter (both of whom are living, one in London, the other at Norwich) took place May 17th, 1814, at Shepperton, when "ould Tom" was victorious in eight rounds, occupying twenty-six minutes. The stakes were £50 aside. Upwards of four years after (having beaten Tom Spring in the intermediate period), Painter beat Oliver, at North Walsham, in Norfolk, in twelve rounds, occupying fifty-one minutes; the prize £100, and the door-money £130: the last battle took place July 17th, 1820. Of course Ned Painter's exploits will be detailed in our HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING.

**L. JONES.**—You can obtain lessons in boxing from Alec Reid, whom you may hear of at Owen Swift's, Titchbourne-street; Jack Cullen, Jerry Donovan, Jemmy Shaw (who may be heard of at the Lamb, in Houghton-street, Clare-market), and many others, are teachers of more or less ability. We cannot insert terms for teaching without prejudice to some teachers; and also subjecting ourselves to the payment of advertisement duty for every such announcement.

**F. S., Pentonville,** has mistaken the scope and purpose of "THE SPORTING WORLD;" it is not to calendar and catalogue every unimportant as well as important occurrence of the day; but to present weekly a readable and instructive "sporting miscellany." Several correspondents have forwarded us ephemeral sporting paragraphs: we thank them for their misdirected zeal, but decline their favours.

**B. W., Gravesend.**—You have lost your wager. How could you dream that Harry Holt fought in 1840? Joe Pariah, Holt's first antagonist in the ring, is still living, and keeps the Spotted Dog, in Strand-lane: they fought August 16, 1816, for ninety minutes, and seventy rounds. The Tom Holt who beat Linsey, in 1840, near Manchester (which fight led you into this egregious mistake), we know nothing of; for these sort of questions, we would recommend the purchase of FISTIANA, you cannot have a better guide; indeed there is no other Chronology worthy of the name, except one that ends so far back as 1822.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

**SUNDAY, March 30.**—LOW SUNDAY: which is anything but a *gentle* calling for the day. The Brazils discovered, 1498; and in consequence the African slaves are made to know the *vanities* of labour—and get the *come* for their share of the sugar. To Epicures—"What to eat—what to drink—what to avoid."—Turtle—Champagne—and "Ham Sandwiches a penny each."

**MONDAY, 31.**—Hares recover their senses, which are supposed to be lost during this month. England is again invaded by William the Conqueror, who breaks ground at Astley's (now Batty's) Amphitheatre, 1844—the Queen's English dreadfully mangled by the barbarous "Conqueroo."—Sir R. Peel subscribes £10 to the Rowland Hill testimonial. Only £10! we thought it had been ten and a kick (vide "Pelham") for he had just before bundled him out of Place.

**TUESDAY, April 1.**—ALL FOOL'S DAY.—Expedition to the North Pole sailed 1818; rather ominous that they wouldn't find it.—Forty tradesmen at Putney hoaxed by false summonses to serve on the grand jury, 1844. They gave up the *Leider* and started for the *Hoax*.—Dowager Lady Lyttleton appointed Governess to the Princess Royal, 1842; who teaches her to get (like her cousin Augusta) a good pen'orth of Parliament.

*State of the Provinces.*—A man arrives at Herne Bay and takes a first floor—an event "unparalleled in the memory of the oldest inhabitant."—Report of the failure of the potato crop in Scotland proves to be unfounded; so that there was no "speculation in their eyes."

*Hints to Recruits.*—The Lumber Troop is to be met with any evening at the Falcon public-house, in Fetter-lane. They charge their glasses precisely at seven, and go through their evolutions of *walsh-rabbits*, chops, and kidneys, till three in the morning. The sergeant is to be met at the bar. The bounty for entering this fine corps varies from a bowl of punch to "goes all round."

*Experiment in Chemistry.*—Potato is nothing but starch; but a piece of potato dropped into a glass of grog would not have the effect of stiffening it.

**WEDNESDAY 2.**—Oxford and Cambridge Term begins.

*Things to be remembered in April* [which we wouldn't tell you yesterday, lest you should think us in fun]: That County Sessions are on the 5th, and most of the Borough Sessions the same week. Persons reducing the number of their windows, or giving up anything subject to Assessed Taxes, must do so before the 4th.

*Hours of Rest.*—Archbishop Williams used to sleep only three hours out of the four-and-twenty—or more probably his biographer was given to *lying* more

than he was. Modern instances, however, of extreme endurance are not wanting: for instance, we have heard of a young man at Sewell and Cross's, who has several times gone half-price to the play and wined up at the Cider Cellars, returning to take down the shutters at eight in the morning, and never slept at all; so that on such occasions as these he beat the Archbishop hollow.

**THURSDAY 3.**—Tom Thumb exhibited in the evening at Buckingham Palace as Napoleon, 1844; her Majesty liking a little nap after dinner.

*Five minutes' advice on Lamps.*—The best lamp for a drawing-room is the Camphine, as it gives the light of twelve candles and the soot of three kitchen chimneys; it also emits a perfume equal to Patchouli. It is worthy of the attention of the philanthropists of Exeter Hall, who take such an interest in the blacks; for after a night with the Camphine Lamp, a Negro, upon entering the room, would take every gentleman present to be "a man and a brother."

**FRIDAY 4.**—Queen Isabella receives a basket of sweetmeats from her soldiers, as a hint to her Majesty to attend to their comfort. (Shade of Jee!)—The *Aylesbury News* says—"A prophet has appeared in Bucks"—and top-boots, we suppose.

**SATURDAY 5.**—Remember, GAME CERTIFICATES EXPIRE.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer brings out his Annual Budget—or John Bull's "Forget me Not," 1843. Mr. Home suggests that the work would be relieved by a few good cuts. Married officers out of barracks ordered 2s. 6d. for candles and coals per week. The officers *bring* anything but *herry charges*.

## The Sporting World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 29 &amp; APRIL 5, 1845.



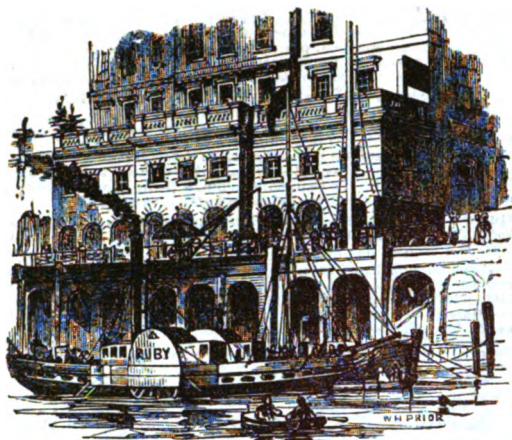
**OLIDAY-TIME** and the communication of MILES'S BOY having somewhat deranged the symmetry of this third number, we trust the reader will excuse the postponement of several of the ordinary features of this miscellany.

Again we solicit the communications, experiences, and support of the lovers of sport in all its branches. Feeling satisfied that we shall go on, giving and receiving good, and widening the circle of our utility, in proportion as we acquire aid and patronage.

The articles on the various fish will be resumed next week (with an engraving of the BREEM), to be followed by the CARP and the BARBEL; and we have in *petto* a series of articles on "Vermis" destructive to the fish-pond, the warren, or the preserve: with this view the engraver is already transferring to the wood the Badger, the Otter, the Weasel, &c., &c. A brief history of DOGS, with faithful engravings of the various breeds, and explanatory articles on feeding, breaking, rearing, physicking, &c., is in "training."

**IMPROVEMENTS IN BOAT BUILDING.**—The novelty of outriggers or projecting rowlocks for river boats, of which a successful specimen was presented at the last Thames Regatta in the four-oared boat in which the Claspers of Newcastle carried off the prize, is now being adopted in an *Eight-Oared Cutter* of a very novel and peculiar construction, at Messrs. Searle's. She is of the extraordinary length of 60 feet, the principle being to ascertain whether an increased speed cannot be gained by the advantages afforded not only by her length, in one respect, but by the opportunity it affords of making a much finer bow, greater distance between the thwarts, and other *desiderata*. She is a fir boat, of clinker build, and will be an outrigger, but her form and shape will be peculiar, the object being to ascertain whether the present style is susceptible of improvement. Although at the first blush 60 feet appears enormous for an eight, it must be remembered that the four-oared boats average 40 feet, and the ordinary lengths of eights, 53 feet, does not seem consistent for the increase.

**REMARKABLE PRESERVATION OF TWO HOUNDS.**—A short time since one of the gamekeepers of the Duc de Nemours' establishment at Fontainebleau was returning home through a distant part of the forest, in the dusk of the evening, accompanied by two favourite hounds, when a hare suddenly crossing the path, the two dogs immediately gave chase. In spite of all the endeavours and exertions of the gamekeeper to call them off. It being nearly dark, the dogs were soon lost sight of, and the man was obliged to return home, to his great regret, without them. On the following day, and on several succeeding ones, he made every search for the dogs, which were valuable favourites of his royal highness, without learning any tidings of them, although he had sought after them for miles round. They were given over for lost, when, on the seventeenth day after their unexpected exit, the same gamekeeper was going his rounds in a remote part of the forest, when he heard a low moaning noise, the cry of some animal in distress. Upon proceeding to a declivity close at hand, and looking down, he perceived at the bottom of the pit or cavern naturally formed by rocks, something resembling the lost dogs, but they were so reduced by privation as scarcely to be recognisable. They, however, knew the voice of their master, who lost no time in rescuing them. It is concluded that the dogs, in the heat of their pursuit of the hare, and from the darkness at the time, precipitated themselves over the precipice which suddenly presented itself into the hollow beneath, from which they were unable to extricate themselves. They must have been full sixteen entire days without tasting food, and exposed to the late inclemency of the weather. They were, in appearance, mere shadows when found, but now, with care, are doing well.—*French Paper.*



ADELAIDE WHARF, LONDON BRIDGE.

within the category of "Miles's Boy's" desirables, he jostled his way on board the *Flora*, whereon, surrounded by Brides, Bridegrooms, Myrtles, Roses, and Lilies—and a little below bridge, by Rubies, Diamonds, Stars, Planets, and Meteors—he made one in the grand *ploughing match* that day performed on the "bosom," as the Poets call it, of "Father Thames;" who, if he had been at all tender-hearted, would have found himself pretty considerably ex-coriated by his loving children's engineering contrivances.

## THE VOYAGE.

But hark! the warning bell! and see how yon peripatetic newsvender scrambles from on board. "Here, boy! *Punch!*" "Yes, sir!" "And a 'Sporting World!'" "Here, sir; threehalfpence." "There's twopence!" "Thank'ee, sir!" And the river-bank *litterateur* slips from the gangway. "Sh-sh-sh, plish-plash, shosh-shosh-shosh-shosh," and the rapid paddles churn the yeasty tide. The white slender pipe ceases to pour out its tiny wreath, and the huge throat of its monster brother belches forth its volumes of black vapour. We are off! The channel of the "silent highway"—silent no longer—expands as we approach the Pool.

The Custom House and "the Towers of Julius" flit by; and now the steam is on—cranks, pistons, and wheels revolve swiftly and fearfully around us, the engines stretch their long shoulder-joints vigorously up and down, and a tingling, hissing noise, gives promise of confusion to uninitiated ears; yet the engineer perambulates his iron kingdom at his ease, and the brawny, naked arms of the machinists below betray no symptoms of trembling vibration, at the dangers by which they are surrounded.

The Tunnel—Brunel's vast monument—is overpassed, and—

"O'er the brown waters of the muddy Thames,"

we go proudly.

But there is an object as we near Greenwich, which I must not skip in my anxiety to arrive at the terminus of the *watercourse* I have resolved on, as a sort of *water-cure* for the blue devils of myself and readers. It is the DREADNOUGHT; its huge bulk frowning into comparative insignificance the hulls of the vessels near it. Formerly a ship of war, it has changed destroying for healing, and in its old age benevolently ministers to the sick seamen of all nations. She formerly carried 98 guns, she now accommodates 400 suffering destitute seamen. Her history is interesting, and among former services those at Trafalgar must not be forgotten. In that action she took a most active part, under the command of Captain John Conn. She captured the Spanish three-decker, the *San Juan*. The Dreadnought had her masts cut with shot, but none carried away. The *San Juan* was much shattered in her hull, and is said to have sustained a loss, in killed and wounded, of nearly three hundred; among the former

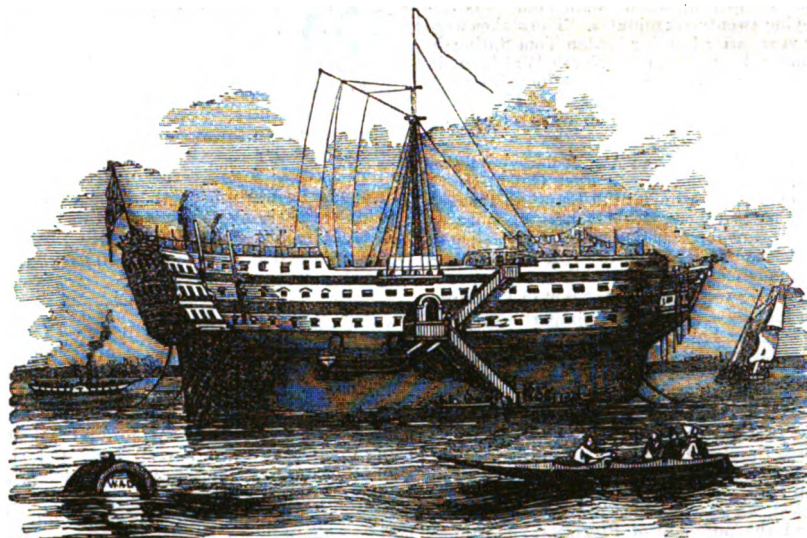
was her commander. As a hospital, the Dreadnought is supported by voluntary contributions. There are four decks or wards: each ward contains 100 beds. The medical staff is numerous. Patients are admitted at all times—the wards are heated with hot air.

And yonder, see, in the river's curve, smiling in the sunlight, rises the noble building depicted in our first page; the towers of the Palace-Hospital, which caused a French ambassador, after going in state to a levee, beneath the gloomy portal of St. James's unintentionally to compliment us—and these are the proudest compliments—by saying, that we were "a strange people: our hospitals were palaces, and our palaces hospitals;" long may we deserve the Frenchman's sneer.

"But, Miles's Boy, have you forgot you are going to the Fair?" "No, indeed, I have not; but he is wise who mingles the *utile et dulce*; and having done with these things—which he must have no heart who feels not—we deliver up our slip of blue, green, or yellow paper, and rush from the crowded deck; glad to escape the infliction of an asthmatic clarinet, an afflicted cornet-a-piston, and a trombone, we much fear, disordered in its bowels from excessive flatulency, which have been persecuting us for half an hour with 273 variations (by mistake) of the oldest of the 999 sets of Jullien's original Polkas.

And here we are ashore! Shall I tell you, gentle reader, on the authority of Old Miles, who remembers as far back as the Wandering Jew himself, all about Greenwich, when "bluff Harry," or "pious Edward," or "sanguinary Mary," or "glorious Bess," or—

"Visions of dulness spare my aching sight!"



THE DREADNOUGHT.

knave; if sincere, a bigot and a fool. The suppressionist has his choice under which category he will fall.

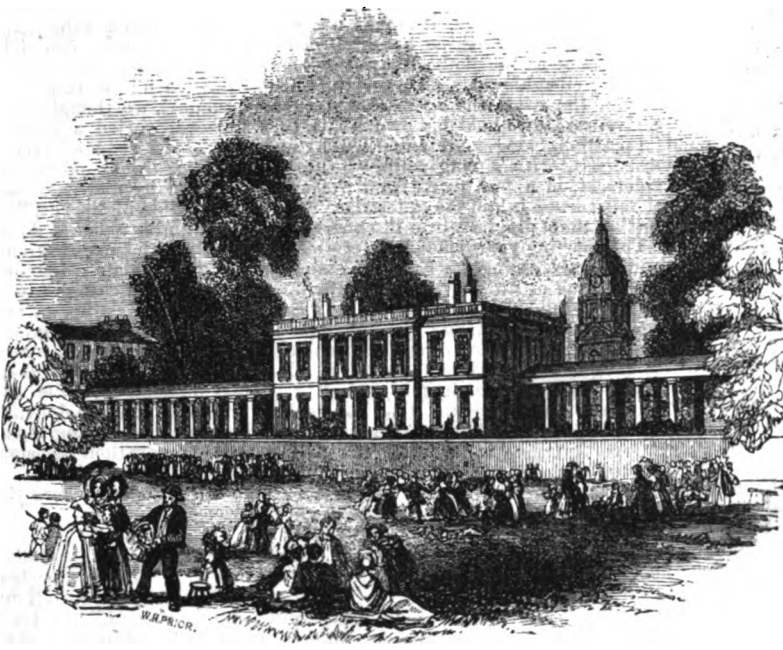
And now for the Fair! Nay, not so fast! There is yet a scene, not far distant, upon the slope of the Hill, whereon towers yon Observatory, that you must not miss. And now we toil its steep ascent. "Ha! ha! ha!" sounds of mirthful laughter break around, and the busy hum and

"Miles's Boy," came not to Greenwich to inflict upon his readers any such pilferings from the county history. First, therefore, he will walk into the park, where in front of the Naval School, some such picture as this presents itself to the eyes of those who delight in seeing their fellow-creatures happy. The sons of "carking care" in this working-day world can snatch but brief and far-between intervals from the grand struggle for subsistence in this money-grubbing land, and they who would seek to abridge the few relaxations of the pale artisan, his hardworked wife, and pent-up children, is, if insincere in motive, a narrow cynic, a pharisee, a tyrant, a hypocrite, and



HOSPITAL GATE-WAY.





THE NAVAL SCHOOL.

pleasing murmur of voices fills the balmy air of spring. See, we have reached its top. "Here you aire—the reele right sort! twelve a penny! an' all warranted to roll down hill—if they're chucked!" cries a facetious vender of specked apples and mysteriously compounded cakes of so bright yellow, that if owing to an admixture of eggs, the fowls which laid them must have died of disease akin to yellow jaundice. Eggs! psha! I wonder if they taste of mustard? suggests a friend; no their colour is owing to the same dye as that bilious old East Indian yonder—saffron or turmeric. But we are getting cake-ish ourselves, so we buy a pennorth and send 'em skiving like round shot, into the head of that disorderly column of "the fourth guards," which stands midway down the slope in expectation of these waifs and strays. Another and another penn'orth follow. What is so cheap as bestowing happiness? And you turn towards the southern gate along the magnificent avenue of beeches and chestnuts on to

## BLACKHEATH.

Emerging from the doorway in the park wall, and entering the wild waste so celebrated for its indigenous breed of long-eared lions, MILES's Boy chuckled inwardly at the scene before him. Many a revolving Easter-tide (for he is an old boy) hath he rolled his inquisitive optics over that animated plain, under which old women and cockneys devoutly believe lie vast treasures of coal, "vich they (rather a mysterious personage that Mister They) don't allow no vun to dig for, cos it 'ud injer the shippin';" though, if we may judge from the excavations, sand and gravel are not within the prohibition.

But, "Halloo there! you sir!—you with the lily ti-i-le and the malaccer!" "God bless us, why that's ourself!" (Hop-skip-jump.) "Ah! would yer?" and with marvellous agility Miles's Boy performed several steps, untaught by Baron Nathan, avoiding by each *tour-de-force* a missile in the shape of a hedge stake, about a yard long, and as thick as a child's leg.

"Now, then, sir, three a penny! as long as there's any." "Thank'ee, but we'd rayther be excused;" and to avoid our *snuff-box* being knocked off its *pedestals*, we caper nimbly from the line of shot unscathed. "Now, then, sir, have a shy—three goes for a penny!" 'Tis cheap, thought we, but immoral; and through a crossroad, flanked by gingerbread, slices of pudding with the measles, "ham sandwiches, a penny each," several locomotive gingerbeer fountains of great pretensions, each asserting its own title to being the "original;" and last but not least sundry stacks of save-loys and polonies (which we suspected to be nearly related in blood to the native cattle which cropped the scant herbage of the surrounding heath) we came on to

## THE COURSE.

Shade of Agrippa! Spirit of Vates! Genius of Judex, Pegasus, and Billy Ruff; ye sprites of "the Corner;" booted and breeched urchins of Newmarket

Flat!—hard-mouthed "tykes" of "the North," and heroes of the pigskin at Ascot or Epsom, say how shall Miles's Boy describe that which is indescribable? We take this apostrophe to be a specimen of Iberian bathos; and if the reader should feel at a loss to know what it means, we have only to plead the Sporting Reporters' privilege and practice, which we take to be, that whenever he wishes to write very finely he is entitled to become proportionably unintelligible. But a truce to reflection; here we are upon THE COURSE, and as the ground and company at BLACKHEATH RACES have hitherto been left undescribed (perhaps for want of a describer) we will attempt to supply the deficiency.

The Course is, perhaps, the most level in the kingdom, consisting entirely of "straight running," extending a clear mile from the cross-roads to Lee, "long, lazy, lousy, Lewisham," &c. on the north, to the "Sun in the Sands" on the south. The GRAND STAND, which is the largest in the world, is a somewhat elevated bank on the Greenwich side of the Dover-road, and this was crowded with the elite of the spectators. Among the company we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Neatsfoot, the eminent bone boilers of Nacker's-lane, Bermondsey, with their five lovely children—two of them sucking lollypops, one licking the Dutch gold from a cock in don't whisper 'em, and the eldest boy munching a mysteriously-compounded polony. Mesdames Wiggins, Buggins, Stiggins, Stokes, Nokes, Styles, Tubbs, and Briggs, each escorted by their 'prentice loveyers; seven medical students from "Guy's" and "Thomas's," each provided with penny trumpets and twopenny back-scratchers, with which ever and anon they annoyed the demoiselles and swains aforesaid; five members of the "force," in blue uniform, and eight *en mufti* (i. e. not wearing parade dress, but costumed as private gentlemen); two hundred and eighty mechanics, three hundred and twenty servant girls (we had almost by a lapse of the pen written "maids"), twenty-five costermongers, two gentlemen, one lady, and eleven pickpockets. These were the principal occupants of the "Grand Stand," as estimated for us by a distinguished member of the Statistical Society. But the race,

## THE RACES.

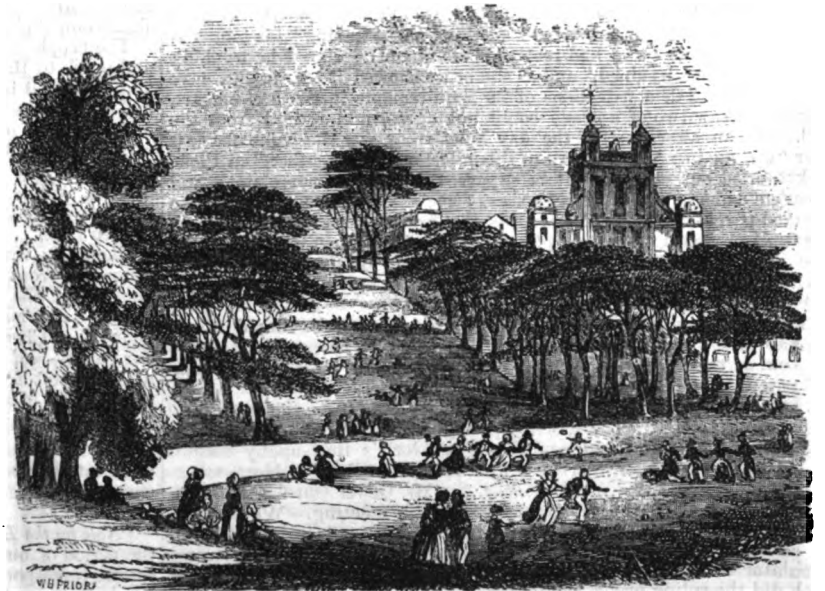
The stewards were the Right Honourable Chisel'em Tool'em, well-known as the driver of a Blackheath fly, and Hedgerow Prig, Esq., a swartly, olive-coloured gentleman, whose

"Eye of darkest hue,

Bespoke his Oriental origin;"

assisted by numerous clerks and course-keepers, who added materially, by their exertions and vigorous applications of their long whips and thick sticks (to the flanks and hocks of the cattle) to the general uproar and confusion. The races were all in "heats," and so far as we could observe (for we could not procure a card of "the names, weights, and colours of the riders") there seemed little attention paid to minor niceties.

\* We believe the phrase was the "Virgin Queen's."



THE OBSERVATORY HILL.

The bell (that of a muffin-dealer) having sounded, we were pleased to observe that the whole of the animals entered for the day's sports were already saddled and standing in front of the Grand Stand, with a punctuality not often attended to at race-courses of higher pretensions. All being ready, the competitors started for

**THE NURSERY-STAKES**, weight for age (i. e., the biggest riders on the youngest and smallest donkeys); once up the road and a distance; 18 subscribers; 16 started (two having paid half forfeit, agreed to run to the top, and there change riders).

Mr. Snooks's Jerusalem pony, Stockstill, by No-go, out of Jibber (a lad). Charley Bates's grey moke, Artful Doger, by Prig out of Green-yard

Leary Joe's brown donkey, Stunner, by Joe Banks, out of Rookery—St. Giles's dam.....(Mr. Robert Sawyer of Guy's). (An old lady).

Mr. Hucker's ns. Cheat'em, by Short-weight—Jerry—Poor-devil's dam.....(Nominator's son).

Mr. William Soames's Pickpocket, by Fakeaway, Policeman—Prig.....(A feather).

\* Job Thwack'em's Rawbones, by Wall-eye—Cripple, out of Half-starved.....(A lady of 17st.).

(\* Not allowed to start—'cos he wouldn't go—animal claimed by Inspector of Royal Society for Prevention, &c.)

#### THE RACE.

Our list is necessarily imperfect for the reasons before stated. A good start was effected, with the exception of Stockstill, who bolted. Artful Dodger, after three or four attempts at swerving, which were prevented by the bystanders, got well off his rider, an eminent sporting surgeon in posse, cutting him up most dreadfully. The Stunner now made strong play, his hide resounding from vigorous thumps of a blackthorn which his spirited owner applied to his flanks and hocks: whether resenting this treatment, or from the timidity of his rider, the Stunner started off across the heath at a slapping pace, in the direction of the inclined plane leading to a gravel-pit—some accident seemed inevitable, when providentially the proprietor of a target (which toxophilites shoot at and miss at seven arrows for tuppence), with great presence of mind came to the rescue, checking the high-couraged animal in mid-career by catching him across the nose with a target-pole. The old lady dismounted, and refusing again to "cross calico," the Stunner's chance was "out." Cheat'em now showed in front, but soon proved an impostor; he couldn't (or wouldn't) stand the pace; Pickpocket forced the running at the Gravelpits, and the Artful Dodger seemed certainly to have the race in hand, when—"Oh, world! thy slippery turns!"—Mr. Bill Allen, a brother sawbones from a rival hospital to that of the distinguished character, who seemed bent this day on "witching the world

With feats of noble ass-manship,"

rushed from the bank at the roadside, and with a large tin-horn, blew

"A blast so loud and dread,

That all the heath resounded!"

The Artful Dodger, doubtless with an instinctive horror of the "true king" of the forest, like

"Stubbs's staring steed

With terror at the lion starting,"

was petrified with affright. His first act was to throw up his muzzle, his second to elevate his crupper to an angle of ninety, and the next moment the leader in that gallant race "bit the dust"—and gravel. Cheat'em and Pickpocket now passed, but although Bob Sawyer's heart was good to remount—indeed he muttered something about having "his tanner's worth"—the owner (who had received beforehand) declared he wouldn't have his "hanimal ruined," and as the brute showed its teeth, and gave several practical demonstrations of its acquirements in the heel-ing art, Esculapius saw two of a trade could not agree, and retired from the field. (In an after part of the day Miles's boy saw the same fearless rider "up" again.) At the turn of the milestone, "the feather," on Pickpocket, cried out piteously (it is supposed from bowel complaint), and Cheat'em came in amid the applauses of the assembled multitude. The gratified parent of the rider lifted his boy from the saddle, and (we understand) promised him a new peg-top, "purvising them rascally ann'yance jewrers didn't git him fined ten bob agin for the penny-piece as would a'ays git under the big scale."

We now come to the sporting event of the day:—

**MARCH** with cobs, for four bottles of "Guinness," twelve "Royal Minors" Havannahs, the fare down per railroad for four, a fancy waistcoat of the "Lytton Bulwer" pattern, a "Napier" stock, and a pair patent leather Wellingtons, with green morocco tops.

Mr. Orlando Dimity ns. Billy Go-cart's Shave-the-ladies, ridden by.....(The sporting young man at "Civil and Cross's").

Mr. Gros-de nap Go-a-head, ns. Tom Thimberlig's Bust-up, by Ringbone, out of Spavin—own brother to Batcher-boy, ridden by.....(Mr. Oliver Out-for-the-day).

This was, indeed, the great "card" of the meeting. We several times heard the winner taken to the tune of "fifties" (in Barcelona), and once we thought we caught, but we might be mistaken, a strong speculator offering three to one (in gingerbread nuts) on Bust-up: so much did the ruling prices momentarily vary. On starting, Shave-the-ladies made play—indeed he seemed of a very playful disposition—

but "the sporting young man" gave him his head (if it had been his own, instead of the horse's, it would not have been of much value), and after going about three hundred yards at a *splitting* pace (for tight trowsers of rotten cloth), Shave-the-ladies took the conceit out of himself as well as his rider. Up to "the Shooter's-hill turn" (or rather the end of the road leading to that far-famed mount), we thought that Shave-the-ladies held his own. The turn, however, varied a little in its position, being merely marked by an official in a red stuff sleeve waistcoat, with a long whip, who, to repress the ardour of furious riders, stood a few yards from the cross road, and by means of the thong, turned round the equestrians and their "terrible highbreds," by hitting them playfully over the noses—or rather seeming about to do so. "The sporting young man," determined to comply with the conditions, and plainly seeing he had not done half of the stipulated distance agreed upon at setting off, resented the interference, and kicking the raw of Shave-the-ladies, dashed by the "Shifting-turn." Bust-up, on the contrary, drew rein, and coming back to the starting (and winning) post in a rocking-horse canter—which heightened the colour, and is said to have seriously injured the fork of his rider—was hailed the winner. Shave-the-ladies nominator entered a protest immediately after the race, and we understand that the subject, which is of some delicacy and difficulty, will be submitted to the "Jockeying Club," sitting at the "Coper's Arms," in Screw-street. We shall duly report their decision, for the edification of the SPORTING WORLD.

N.B.—There is a Derby Club meets at the above house, where the holder of Running Rein sticks to the first prize.—J. H.

But we turn ourselves away from the exciting "Turf," and wending our steps adown the hill, repair to Deptford Creek. "Tea sir; take tea, sir! eight-pence ee-e-ch, sir! eight-pence each!" (Mem. don't tell my wife, but I had met "permiscuously with a young woman," as a tract distributor of my acquaintance confessed to doing); and in we turned to the "Star," a bright luminary which "lured but to betray." Two cups of burnt raspings, mixed with fifty per cent of chicory, made with water thermometrically "temperate," some of Sir Robert Peel's New Tariff "grease," (as yet un-"tarred," according to the charitable prescription of the agricultural protectionists); a loaf of fancy bread of inappreciable ponderosity, two eggs warmed in the reflector of a gas-lamp, and a clumsily jagged "Vauxhall" slice of Hibernian ham—which would have been thick *nowhere*, if the operator had known him to have kept his knife steady—delectated our inwards. "Waiter! what's to pay?" "Three shillings and sixpence!" "Good!" we mean the charge is: but Miles's Boy is a *poco-curante*, and devoted to

#### THE FAIR.

Shall I go over the ninetines trodden ground? Miles's Boy elbowed his way, now the thruster now the thrustee, along the double line of stalls: alas! how are the glories of the fair (not the fair-sex) departed. There was, as the men who "do the markets" say, "the average supply" of dolls, garden-rollers, drums, rattles, carts, horses, battledores, shuttlecocks, whips, whistles, *et hoc genus omne*, but "where, oh! were was the mob of yore, and where were the folks who bought them!" It was not till night that Miles's Boy could muster a grin: he mused over days departed. Let "penny-a-liners" record their impossible thousands, conveyed by steamer, rail, or road, and make another figure to multiply their calculations by ten, while old women and simpletons recall their "numeration table" by reckoning up the "value" of the figures on their fingers—we scorn such stereotype humbug.

The people are wiser than their "best public instructors." They go, and much to their credit too, to Greenwich; because they have a holiday, and because it is a delightful place at all times: but they neglect the fair and its fooleries for the Park, the Hill, and the Heath: honour to the sons and daughters of toil! All praise to their tastes! may it improve; and may park, garden, and healthy out-of-door amusements multiply; but, above all, may public holidays be more frequent, and then, despite of canthers, ranters, domestic tyrants, and petty misanthropes, England shall be "merrie Englande," ay, as "merrie," and yet "wiser," than in the "olden time."

Excuse us, reader, we are subject to these fits. We saw the "Polka" jumped in front of the departed "Richardson's," by two libels on what Jenkins of *The Post* would call the "choreographic art;" we were invited to see "the most wonderfullest collection hever exhibited, oney one penny!"—"Cheap John"—but we have treated of him in another part of our paper—sold us (that is, we bought of him for a penny, a galvanic ring made of soft iron, with which we have already cured an old woman of rheumatism of seventeen years' standing); and lastly, attracted by a harlequin in variegated lamps, Miles's Boy has stepped into Alger's.

P.S. *Half-past ten Monday evening.* I enclose copy. I have just entered into partnership with a young lady (she is, I believe, a *folder* at an eminent bookbinder's in the city), for the next "Original Polka."

MILES'S BOY.

[Note by the Editor. It is with the utmost regret we state that up to the period of our going to press, we have had no further tidings of our erratic correspondent. The Report of the Blackheath Races is by another hand: if the writer (it is signed J. H.) will call at our office, he will be remunerated.—ED. SPORTING WORLD.]



## A FEW WRINKLES IN HORSE BUYING, AND THE TRICKS OF DEALERS.

(Continued from p. 16.)

**B**UT we will see how a knavish dealer can help a brother in iniquity without doing anything *very bad*; merely in fact giving a little quickener to a sale. These fellows, as I have said, always have their eyes open for a chance, and in a moment know what to do on any occasion. We will suppose he sees a Gentleman looking at any one horse in a dealer's lot: he may not have asked any questions about the horse, but our lynx-eyed friend plainly sees he is preparing to do so, or has just done it. Up bustles Rascal to the dealer: "Bob, I want that good horse of yours." Now, by his *good* he means to imply in a general sense superior, and of course this *good* would have been equally applied to any other horse among them that had attracted the Gentleman's notice. This gives the buyer in *prospectu* an idea that he has not made a very bad choice.—Quickener the first: "Well," says Bob, "what d'ye want wi' he?" The at once recognising the horse meant by the term *good* shows that Bob considers him his best horse.—Quickener the second: "Why, I wants to just take him to the gemman what bid you money for him just now; he wants a friend to see him."—"Oh! he's welcome to show *he* to who he likes; but mind I won't take no less."—Quickeners 4, 5, 6, and 7: out comes the horse, the lip-string properly tightened up: no need of ginger—that was right *before*: some need of the spurs; so in they go *now*, and off goes Rascal, making the best show possible.—Quickeners, God knows how many: for the Gentleman, not thinking the horse is being set off to any particular advantage, the intended purchaser not being present (*or anywhere else*), he congratulates himself on having seen the horse *au naturel*, as the Frenchman said of the first potato he ever saw, and consequently ate raw—the only difference being, Monsieur did not like the potato at all, whereas Mr. — likes the horse very much. While the other is gone, Bob shows the Gentleman two or three others; praises them more than he does the one he intends the Gentleman to buy: this shows he is not anxious to sell him. Back comes Rascal; times it to come up just when he has the horse nettled and settled to his best pace: "Now if you like to take a fair price, I have sold him: the Gentleman will give the guineas and no farther trouble."—The quickening is now going on very fast, indeed almost boiling: "I won't take the money, so put him in."—"Why, you'll make three pound clear by him, so let him have him."—"I tell you I won't; I won't stand none of his haggling: he shan't have him at no price now: so there, put him in."—Rascal jumps off in a passion, damns Bob and his horse, and swears "he'll never try to sell a horse for him again." Bob, equally polite, damns Rascal, and tells him "he don't want him to't." Now the Gentleman, having no reason to suspect that Rascal knew anything of his wishes for the horse, really considers he has heard a genuine conversation between the two; and the little gentlemanlike ebullition of temper between them, and Rascal's still sulky looks, confirm it: so he thinks he has got what we may term a little stable information—about as good and as much to be depended upon as some very cunning people sometimes get from racing establishments. The quickening now boils in right earnest: an offer is made; the dealer leads the Gentleman confidentially by the arm a little on one side that no one may hear how *cheap* he sells him the horse; taking care, however, to keep within ear-shot of Rascal, who may be useful if anything goes wrong. The horse is ordered to the Red Lion, or Scarlet Bear, or wherever the Gentleman likes: the dealer takes care never to leave the Gentleman till he has touched the cash; wishes him luck; gets the luck-penny; and then Rascal and Bob go to dinner: so will possibly the Gentleman, after he has seen his horse the next day.—*Mem.* "with what appetite he may." Not that I mean it is *certain* he has bought an unsound one. perhaps not: still I will answer for it, Rascal showed him better in a halter than Gentleman will with a bridle. I have, however, only shown how in *one* way a little quickening may be applied. Of course the game is played in various ways according to circumstances: sometimes a different and the long game has to be played; whereas short whist did in this case.

Now let me explain a little of the by-play that probably escaped Gentleman's notice. I have said the dealer took him by the arm (it's a way they have) a little out of the crowd: Gentleman thinks it very natural the dealer may not wish everybody to know all about his horse (*Mem.* dealers have a great many little *natural* ways with them). Gentleman will, however, find there is more of the *natural* in himself than in the dealer. Now, the Gentleman is quite right in supposing it was not wished that every one should hear the conversation; but the dealer's motive for this was somewhat different from what it was thought to be. It was this: he did not know who might be in the crowd—perhaps some persons well known to his customer; and then, if things went wrong, they might be brought forward as witnesses of what dealer had said about the horse. For this reason he is taken out of the way; and Rascal is kept in the way as a witness on dealer's side: so the Gentleman by these means can bring no witness if he wants one to swear the truth, while the dealer has one to swear any lies he may dictate for him. I will venture to assert, that in nineteen cases out of twenty, where a Gentleman is dealing for a horse in any public place, let him turn round, and he will see some Mr. Rascal-looking fellow on the listen; and he may depend upon it he is there for the purpose I have stated. This is only one of their little *natural* ways of

managing things. I have my little natural ways too; and one of them is, always to get out of the way of one of these gratuitous listeners; and, under such circumstances, my Reader will do well to get into the way of doing the same thing.

Having said something of these sort of gentry's mode of buying and selling, there is another part of their vocation to be spoken of: this is chopping, or swapping. Now, in good round terms, let me give my reader one bit of advice—NEVER SWAP WITH A DEALER. I do not mean to say but that once or twice during a long life (if a *very* long one) a man may get a fair or advantageous exchange, but depend on it, if you take my advice *au pie de la lettre*, you will do by far the best and wisest thing. I must mention an anecdote, where it should seem a man did himself a benefit by tumbling from the top of a high flight of stairs to the bottom; still it is an experiment, that, like swapping with a dealer, I strongly recommend my friends to avoid making.

My father and a friend, sitting in an hotel, were startled by hearing a tremendous fall on the staircase; they rushed out, fearing to find some one with broken bones; but no, it was a French Gentleman, who had come from the top of the house rather faster than he had intended, by tumbling headlong from it. "Monsieur, vous vous êtes fait du mal," said my father. "*Au contraire*, je vous remercie," cried the Frenchman. Another inmate now came and inquired what was the matter. "Oh! nothing," says my father, "but a d—d Frenchman has frightened us to death by tumbling down stairs and says he has done himself a great deal of good by it."

So you may by swapping with a dealer: but *don't try it!* Swapping, I believe, is exchanging one thing for another; and this the dealer perfectly understands. A fair swap should be, if two things are of equal value, the giving one for the other; or, if of unequal value, giving or receiving the fair difference in value: this the dealer does *not* understand; at least, he won't, which is the same thing to you. The first thing dealer does, and will do under almost any circumstances in swapping, is to draw money. In this particular, I care not be he of the highest or lowest grade, the fixed principle is the same. I do not mean to say he would refuse to take a horse worth sixty for one worth twenty without boot; but I will pound him he will try to get it. Let dealers deny it if they can, (and if they were to deny it to me, it would be of no use)—they in a general way expect to get the horse they swap (figuratively speaking) for *nothing*. In fact, you will hardly get one to swap with you at all, if you have known the price of his horse beforehand: he will be sure then to be "quite full"—"expecting a lot from some fair"—"shall have to hire stables for them."—*Mem.* he would have found room if you had *not* known the price of the horse you want. —Now, though I am quite sure you could have done yourself no good by the swap had you made it, you may, without suspecting how, have put yourself in the way of selling, I should say, sacrificing, your horse, by attempting the swap, and I will tell you how. Dealer has seen your horse, likes him, and would buy him at (in his phrase) a *price*. We will say he wants a hundred for his horse, and you a hundred for yours, and, as a supposed case, the one is as well worth it as the other. You would give ten or fifteen pounds for the accommodation of the exchange. Here dealer's faculties become again obtuse: this is one of the exchanges he don't understand. No, "this will never do for Galway," as the song goes. Now, if he could sell you his at a hundred, and get yours at fifty, it would do. He understands this, but you do not, and he would be afraid to try to make you; so, as he would say, "he could not work." But he will, though in another way. Now, if, as I suppose, he likes your horse, and can get him "at a price," and sell you his, too, at *his* price, he won't have made a bad day's work of it; but supposing he does not want your horse, and can only sell you his, depend upon it his time will not have been lost. He knows you will buy his; so the first thing is to get your horse in his way or out of his way as may best suit him.—(*Mem.* this is another little *natural* way he has!)—Now, to do this, our lately neglected Rascal is employed: he calls at your stables, "has heard from (any one but the person he did hear it from) that you have a horse to sell." Now the way he will *work* will depend upon the hints he has got of your habits, temper, and knowledge of horses: he either "does not care about price, will give anything for a *nice-uns*," and then points out fifty things that makes yours a very *nasty* one; or he comes the candid and civil: "does not mislike the horse; is but a poor man; if he can make two or three pounds by him he is satisfied;" and so forth: or, "he wants him for a Gemman what won't buy no horse without him seeing him: will bring the Gemman." He does so: "the Gemman don't like the horse *at all*," he persuades him strongly to buy him. We will say the Gemman does not buy the horse: "Well," says the owner to himself, "the poor man did all he could to sell the horse at any rate:" so Rascal gets something for his trouble. The horse has been tolerably abused by this time, at least, so far as Gemman dare abuse him, and the owner is left to digest this at his leisure. This is only paving the way for another Gemman that Rascal brings; and it rarely happens but the horse is got, and either goes to the dealer's stables who wanted him, or is sold somewhere else. Thus, in point of fact, the swap has been made, not indeed exactly as the Gentleman meant, but very nearly on the same and only terms on which dealer would have swapped in his own yard.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## HOW THEY TRAIN BULL-DOGS AT BILSTON.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE AT BILSTON.

[The following picture of "life" in the mining districts is sketched by a master-hand. Can we doubt the inherent spirit of sport, born within every bosom, growing with the growth, and strengthening with the strength of every denizen of our land, when we thus see it breaking forth, albeit rude, rough, and unrefined, in the most uncultivated part of our population.—Ed.]

## BILSTON AND THE BILSTONIANS.

It was the "wake" day, which falls upon the "feast of St. James," according to the Calendar. In the streets of the town we were hustled, jostled, and at odds with an increasing multitude. Flannel vested colliers, gaudy "Salls," mutilated veterans, Brummagem and Wolverhampton "dilettanti," and the united representatives of the places in the immediate vicinity, viz. Tipton, and Catchem and Wedgesfield, Bentley, Hays, Darlaston, Wedgebury, Moorcroft, Cosely, and the Deep Fields. My friend Sam Smart was no small conjuror of the sight-seeing denomination, and he drew me hastily through the uninteresting assemblage of open-mouthed admirers, who gazed unsatiated upon the animal and mechanical miracles of the "show fair," to more open space, addressing, at the same moment, an old spectacled mummy, whose parchment features were half shrouded by a voluminous kerchief, worn as a hood of defence to the sunbeams.—"Daddy! wheer bin th' bull?" "Who! day me! if oi knoo reetly! Boot he wa'n at



A BILSTON BULL-DOG.

Bull Holes jest noo, an oi reckon yo'-n foind him theer if yo'-n leuk for him, surrih?" "To the 'Bull Hole,' then," said Sam; "I'll take you the short cut." "The parsons of the district," said my companion, "have earnestly exerted themselves to suppress the pugnacious inclinations of their people; but so reckless are the fierce fellows, who receive the exhortation with silent obduracy, that they return the admonition in due season with such contempt, as to lead the fighting bull in triumph round the church or churchyard upon the Sunday evening preceding the Monday's sport. Do anything but preach against the bull or its antagonists!" With the neighbouring mining townships, &c., they are faucifully emulous in the breed of good, thorough-fighting dogs, whose pedigree is an affair of acute investigation, accompanying the favourite in every discussion relating to its prowess or capabilities. "Flannel jacket" considers your two "bright guineas!" small compensation for his small, fair built, subtle, "snub face," standing square upon his four fine-curved limbs, with spacious chest in front, and a brief allowance of slender tail behind. The head alone is "worth all the money!" See how the face projects abruptly, at right angles, from the small, round, knotty head, garnished with distant ears of curtailed projection, but of electrical susceptibility. Admire the two white projecting balls of eight (almost human), streaked upon the paler edge, with radiant, ruby ramifications of blood circulation! What do they speak, would you guess, as they are turned slowly and warily upwards to meet the acknowledgment of the swarthy rude creature who leads it to the encounter!—this only, "Love to one—blood to all beside!" What a preface you shall read to wars and lacerations in the "ivory" disclosed by the half-raised, dimpled upper lip, and in the prepared ferocity of the "under-shot lip," its fellow-workman! Such an one

would probably be "a Darlassun Jimmy's Zottler, a'out o' ode (old!) Cat's-baak, frum Ranter Bailly's bitch." (Show that pedigree to the Jockey Club!) The colliers are said to regard these same creatures, in their love of sport, "more dearly than their own children," and anecdotes are plentiful in illustration of such morbid affection. "I knew a fellow," said Sam Smart, "who unscrupulously administered his hungered and hard-working wife's mees of pottage to one of the invalidated bull-pups; and mothers have been desired, with something more potent than verbal stimulus, to remove the little slumbering, chubby darling from the rude cradle, to form a snug place for the infant bull-pups, shivering on the cold and quarried floor." Dr. Bagnall, a physician residing near to the town, attended gratuitously the daughter of one of his brother's miners who had erroneously been set down as "in a consumption," and he cured the girl. One morning as he returned from the chamber of the invalid, he heard the parents disputing down below upon the absolute necessity of making some gift to "the doctor" by way of recompense. Upon instituting a friendly inquiry, he learned, to his infinite amusement, that the wife had proposed, as the most valuable donation, "a pup!" but the husband inveighed against such illimitable generosity. However, his daughter was, in this instance, more dear to him, and he relented. "Here, doctor," said he, "he's a good'un, tek him!" the kind physician amiably declined the sumptuous sacrifice. One anecdote (authentic of course) runs in this way. Two colliers went to a meadow to train a whelp, which had evinced hereditary ferocity, and a sagacity infinitely staggering for his juvenile years. The one, Phineas (we shall say), it was arranged, should crouch upon "all fours" behind a scrubby hedge, and protect his ugly frontispiece, and "Boo! boo! boo!" as much "like a Darlaston bull" as possible; whilst the comrade, or "Butty," whom we shall designate as "Nobbler," was to set the fervent animal upon his "game." They took their ground. Phin. howled delightfully, and the dog was loosed upon the dubious animal; but very soon the howling abandoned the imitative and exalted itself into an actual shriek of excruciating torment, the whelp having introduced his incisors to each other cleverly through the septum of his (the bull "pro tem.'s") nose. With curses and violent hands he strove to rend and fray the pupil from its instructing diagram, yelling hideously and sincerely. In a less agitated mood it was thus the proprietor of the canine prodigy effused the odours of sympathy. "Doo-ant, Phin; oi see (say)! Dooant blost thee! Let the pup te-aste blud; let'un te-aste blud, oi see (say)! Thee't spile the bitch, gooin' on that 'uns loik a fe-oll! Doo-ant n-ow, Phin, lad." A slapping illustration for the finale by my friend "Samivel."

("Tummy," a regular Bilston chap, returning from the pit with the "pike" and "can" encounters "Nanny Roper," who agitates him by her mysterious behaviour).

Tummy (loquitor). What'n the matter at ao'ur ple-ace na'ow, ee, Nonny?



Nanny. O-a, O-a! Tummy! O-a-Lurd! O! (half weeping).

Tummy. Be ony o' the children smosh'd or burn'd ee?

Nanny. No-a, Tummy, no-a! Na-ow doo-ant bee frekened!

Tummy. Dom thee, speak wut! Is our Bessy bod? or "ould 'un?"

*Nanny.* O-a Tummy, Tummy! nothink a that 'uns.  
*Tummy.* Is Bill died then? or the Shrapshire mon? (the lodger).  
*Nanny.* O-a, Tummy, o-a! I conna tell thee! I never con!  
*Tummy.* Is fayther djed?  
*Nanny.* O-a, wuss thon thot! wuss thon that! O-a Lurd, Tummy!  
*Tummy.* Blost'n thee, wench! I shan drap lolk a stoo-an jist nows! (If thee dunna tell me, I sha'n.) Spe-ak a'out woot! I'll tell thee, if thee doo-ant!  
*Nanny.* O-a, Tummy, the bitch ha'n whelped just nows, and the poops bin every one on 'em djed uns!  
*Tummy* (heaving a big breath and turning his eyes up piously), Well! oi arm smoshed!

### THE LATE MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER.

By the death of this venerable and much-respected nobleman the turf has been bereft of one of its most sterling, upright, and influential patrons. His lordship was one of the few now left who merely run for honour, not for gain. He was devotedly attached to the sports of the turf, and, taking a great interest both in racing and breeding, his stud was not only one of the largest, but, from the excellence of its blood, attained the highest eminence, as the following enumeration of celebrated racers bred by the noble marquis will testify:—Banter (the dam of Touchstone, Launcelot, &c.), Sarcasm, Retort, Languish, Pantaloon, Maid of Honour, Honoria, Puff, Cardinal Puff, Satirist, Touchstone, Ghuznee, Lampon, Fanny Eden, Sleight of Hand, Launcelot, Maroon, Laura, Auckland, The Controller, Anne Page, Lancet, Ameer, Phryne, Thais, *cum multis aliis*, too numerous to repeat.

His lordship, who was particularly partial to the Camel blood, confined his crosses to that justly-celebrated horse, and of late years to Pantaloon and Touchstone, for both of which, the latter in particular, he entertained the greatest favouritism. Indeed, so partial was he to the latter, that on one occasion when some American gentlemen were at the Eaton Stud Farm, they expressed a wish to become the purchasers of Touchstone, and inquired the price. "The American dominions!" was his lordship's reply. Though comparatively "young" in the harem, Touchstone has already proved himself the most fashionable and best stallion of the day. Besides many others, he is the sire of the following:—Celia, Cotherstone, (whose winnings in 1843 amounted to £12,765), Orlando (winner of the Derby), Blue Bonnet (winner of the St. Leger), Auckland, Fanny Eden, Ithuriel, &c. Touchstone, during his career on the turf, won the Doncaster St. Leger, the Ascot Cup (twice), the Doncaster Cup (twice), and many other rich and valuable prizes. Pantaloon has also proved himself capable of getting first-rate stock, but having until lately had but very few mares, he is comparatively but little known. The following claim him as their sire:—Satirist (winner of the Ascot Vase and Doncaster St. Leger), Sleight of Hand (winner of the Liverpool Cup, &c.), Ghuznee (winner of the Oaks), Cardinal Puff (winner of the Chester Cup, and many other races), Maroon, &c.

The noble marquis, it will be seen, came in for his full share of the "good things" with which the turf is garnished. He won the Oaks, with Ghuznee, in 1841, and the St. Leger, with Touchstone, in 1834; with Launcelot, in 1840; and Satirist, in 1841. Though extremely anxious to win the Derby, he never got further than second, namely, with Launcelot, in 1840, Little Wonder being the winner; and with Van Amburgh, in 1841, when Coronation was the victor. In the following year he ran fourth with Auckland. The Ascot Vase and Cups, Chester, Liverpool, and Doncaster Cups, together with many other valuable prizes, decorate the side-board at Eaton-hall. His lordship, after removing his racing stud from Scott's, lost most of his previous success. For a twelvemonth his horses were trained at Abbott's-moss, Delamere Forest, under the superintendence of John Osborne. In 1842 they were placed under the care of Horsley (formerly trainer to Sir Thomas Stanley). Last year his lordship made a further change, sending his horses to John Day's, at Danebury, where they have been in training up to the present time. William Scott, Job Marson, Sam Darling, Sim. Templeman, Lye, and John Holmes, have, in their time, sported with success the "yellow jacket and black cap."

The following nominations are void by the death of the noble marquis:—

### THREE YEAR OLDS.

Falstaff (late Grotesque), br c by Touchstone, out of Decoy, 3 yrs.—In 1845: At Chester, in the St. Leger; at Epsom, in the Derby; at Ascot, in the Great Produce Stakes; at Liverpool (July), in the St. Leger; at Doncaster, in the St. Leger, Foal Stakes, and 200 Sovs Sweepstakes; and at Wrexham, in a 50 Sovs Sweepstakes.

Colt by Touchstone, out of Morea, 3 yrs.—In 1845: In the Liverpool and Doncaster St. Legers.

Filly by Touchstone, out of Laura, 3 yrs.—In 1845: At Epsom, in the Oaks; at Ascot, in the Great Ascot Produce Stakes; at Manchester, in a 50 Sovs Produce; at Doncaster, in the Park Hill; and at Newton, in the Lyme Park Produce.

Filly by Touchstone, out of Languish, 3 yrs.—In 1845: At Ascot, in the Great Ascot Produce; at Goodwood, in the Gratwicke Stakes; at Doncaster, in the Park Hill; and Produce Stakes, at Chester, Liverpool, and Warwick.

Filly by Pantaloon, out of Retort, 3 yrs.—In 1845: At Ascot, in the Great Ascot Produce; the Gratwicke Stakes, at Goodwood; and Produce Stakes, at Chester and York.

Filly by Camel, out of Sarcasm, 3 yrs.—In 1845: In the Great Ascot Produce, at Ascot; the Gratwicke, at Goodwood; the Park Hill, at Doncaster; and Produce Stakes, at Chester, Liverpool, and York.

### TWO YEAR OLDS.

Filly by Camel, out of Banter, 2 yrs.—In 1846: In a Produce Stake, at Wrexham.

Filly by Pantaloon, out of Languish, 2 yrs.—In 1846: In the Oaks, at Epsom; and Park Hill Stakes, at Doncaster.

Colt by Pantaloon, out of Pasquinade, 2 yrs.—In 1846: In the Chester, Liverpool, and Doncaster St. Legers.

Colt by Touchstone, out of Laura, 2 yrs.—In 1846: In the Derby, Epsom; Great Yorkshire Stakes, at York; Chester Produce; Liverpool Foal; and Chester, Liverpool, and Doncaster St. Legers.

Colt by Touchstone, out of Isabel, 2 yrs.—In 1846: In the Derby, at Epsom; Foal Stakes, at Liverpool; Great Yorkshire Stakes, at York; and Lyme Park Produce, at Newton.

Filly (sister to Auckland) by Touchstone, out of the Maid of Honour, 2 yrs.—In 1845: At Chester, in the T.Y.O. Stakes; The Mersey, at Liverpool. And 1846: The Produce, at Chester.

### YEARLINGS.

Colt by Touchstone, out of Languish.—In 1847: In the Great Yorkshire Stakes, at York.

Colt by Touchstone, out of Decoy.—In 1847: In the Great Yorkshire Stakes, at York.

### THE GAME-LAWS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, who signs himself "A country squire," makes the following observations on the Game-laws, the result he says of long experience:—"The loud complaints of the farmers against game, and the fearfully increasing evils of poaching, are owing mainly to the vicious taste of the present day for wholesale preserving and monster *battues*, which are as different from legitimate sporting as light from dark, and got up to gratify the morbid taste of a set of exquisites, who know as much of the real pleasures of sporting as I do of the man in the moon. True sportsmen have no share in such doings, which bring discredit on our fine old English rural sports, and set landlords and tenants by the ears, who might jog on happily enough together, if each would only act up to the best rule of life, 'to do as he would be done by,' and this, depend on it, would lead to mutual confidence, mutual good fellowship, and mutual protection. The respectable farmers of England are no enemies to fair sporting, far from it, they encourage it, they know its value as a strong link of attachment between themselves and their superiors in rank and wealth, and, if treated liberally, will never grudge gentlemen the proper enjoyment of their dogs and guns, and be a far better protection to their game than all the keepers and watchers such philosophers as Messrs. Berkeley and friends could bring to the muster. But these irrational *battue* doings, of which the farmers have a just right to complain as unsportsmanlike and most oppressive, must be put an end to. Every day proves the insufficiency of keepers and their tools to prevent poaching; it goes on in the teeth of an army of them—the greater the resistance the more determined the attacks, the harder the struggle the greater the glory of victory; and so it will be as long as starvation stalks about in our villages unheeded, and there is a ready market for the sale of plundered property put temptingly within its reach. What then is to be done? The remedy is obvious—let the baneful system of these monster preserves be broken up. Let noblemen and gentlemen be moderate and reasonable in their pleasures—prohibit the sale of game without a qualification—let it be no longer worth the poacher's while to poach—let landlords cultivate a cordial feeling of co-operation with their tenants—and then, *more than all*, let them both turn their earnest attention to the wants of the poor in their several districts, and, by affording work and good wages to the unemployed, see if there may not be better ways of dealing with the poacher than with blows and bloodshed, and consigning him to the county gaol. Instead of lugging the youngster before 'the justice' for setting wires, and sending him to prison, from whence he will return more hardened than ever, let them try what friendly exhortation and advice will do, with regular employment, and bringing him into contact with honest men. If this don't do, nothing will; at all events, we know, from fatal experience, that the poacher is not to be reclaimed by the fear of keepers, or magistrates either."

MR. JUSTICE BEST'S GREAT MIND.—The demise of Lord Wynford recalls to recollection an anecdote of the style in which his name appears in an index to certain Law Reports. Under the title of "Best," we find "Best, Mr. Justice,—his great mind." (See p. 27.) Turning to the report of the case, p. 27, we find "Mr. Justice Best said he had a great mind—to commit the prisoner." This has been a bright index-maker to discover anything great in his lordship's mind.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM THE EAST.—Everything continues perfectly quiet here. The money-taker at the Wapping side of the Thames Tunnel enjoyed three hours of uninterrupted sleep yesterday, and awoke much refreshed.

## EXTRAORDINARY BADGER HUNT.

In a provincial journal, entitled *L'Audamais*, we find the following strange narrative:—"A most curious, interesting, and extraordinary hunt—a hunt which, in fact, continued without intermission for three days and three nights—took place a few days ago in the neighbourhood of St. Omer. Two young sportsmen, M. Cauvet and Charles d'Hallewyn, were informed by a keeper of the forest that in the course of his rounds in the day he had seen several badgers in the vicinity of the place called the Ermitage. At length some young dogs (terriers) were put on the scent, and they soon traced out the burrows, which they entered with great spirit and ferreted underground until stopped at the hole by the fierce resistance of the badgers. The dogs continued barking underground (although unable to attack their enemy), nor would they leave their prey at the repeated calls of their masters. Thus they continued several hours, when the sportsmen, finding there was no probability of its coming to an end, either by the capture of the badgers or retreat of the dogs, called to their aid some labourers, and immediately set to work in digging away the earth. The entrances to the burrows were by three holes, which formed a species of triangle, joining into one at the bottom, forming a single subterranean passage; the entrance of the dogs had made this fact known. A species of shaft was dug, as for a tunnel, at the mouth of the nearest burrow. It was necessary to dig to the depth of 14 or 16 feet before they could reach the single passage; then they followed the direction taken by the dogs in trace of the badgers, and it was necessary to enlarge the passage to about 4½ feet in height, 3 in breadth. Whilst the men were thus making a mine the badgers were industriously employed filling up the hole, and digging a counter mine. In the course of the three days the intrepid animals had dug through fresh ground, advancing backwards to the extent of 45 feet in their principal burrow, without air or food. It was almost an endless task to trace them, but the dogs proved the most persevering, and showed what may be termed game, for, for the three nights and three entire days, these thoroughbred terriers never left the spot. At length, the men came in sight of three large badgers, which were immediately secured in a sack, though one wounded one of the men seriously in taking him. This affair has created a good deal of talk in the neighbourhood."

## MISTAKEN MARCH.

"March comes in like a lion," they say:  
A sad silly saying that ere;  
For now we all know he comes in  
Much liker a rough polar bear!  
Or rather as most of us think,  
Whate'er he resembled of yore,  
He is now neither greater nor less  
Than a most unendurable bore.  
'Tis said he'll "go out like a lamb,"  
And if so, sirs, to say it I'm bold,  
Unless he soon alters his plan,  
His lamb will indeed be quite cold.  
Now cold lamb without salad is flat,  
But he won't let a salad spring out;  
And so if we eat it at all,  
It must certainly be cold without.

**THE CHANTING HAWK.**—A short time since a gentleman shot, in the neighbourhood of Hasborough, a very curious bird, called the chanting hawk, or *falco musicus*. It is a native of Africa, and is very seldom seen in this country. Cuvier says it is the only bird of prey that sings agreeably. In size it equals the goshawk, its plumage is grey above white, barred with brown on the lower part of the back and on the under parts of the body. It is preserved by Mr. Spinks, hair-dresser, North Walsham, where it may be seen.

**INFALLIBLE TEST.**—As there is a quantity of bad money about, we cannot caution our readers too much against the risk of tendering any suspicious coin. The best way to try its value is to offer it to the LORD MAYOR, and if it is returned to you, you may be sure it is bad.

The testy lodger at Mrs. Tomkin's says that the baby down stairs is a crying nuisance.

**FRENCH POLICY.**—"I cannot imagine," said Lord Aberdeen, "why the war party in France are always putting out their tongues at us." "It is very easily explained," replied Lord Brougham. "It is because they want to lick us."

**WANTED, immediately, Several Clerks,** Town and Country Travellers, Warehousemen, Light and Heavy Porters, Shopmen, also Coachmen, Grooms, Postillions, Ostlers, Gamekeepers, Huntsmen, Whippers-in, likewise Stewards, Butlers, Valets, Couriers, Travelling Servants, Footmen, and Footboys, Bailiffs, Keepers, Gardeners, and Odd men. A few vacancies for Men and their Wives, as in-door and out-door Servants. Apply to-morrow and five following days at the Westminster Concentrating Mart, 17, Hemming's-row, Charing-cross. Registry fee, 3s. Country applications punctually attended to.

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**TERMS OF GOLD BATHING.**—Year, £1 3s. 6d.; Quarter, 10s.; Each time, 1s.; Shower, 1s.; Vapour, 3s.; Eight vapour, £1 1s.  
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Private Warm Baths always ready for Ladies or Gentlemen. An entrance to the Baths through Christopher-court, opposite the Clock of the General Post-office.  
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Out every Week; Sold by Everybody, Everywhere, Price, only Four Farthings.—6d. per dozen to the Trade.

Messrs. R. and L. PERRY and Co., Consulting Surgeons, 19, Berners-street, Oxford-street, London, have just published a New and Important Edition (the Fourth) of the "SILENT FRIEND," on Human Frailty, price 2s. 6d.; free by post, 3s. 6d.

**THE SILENT FRIEND, a Medical Work** on PHYSICAL DECAY, NERVOUS DEBILITY, CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS, &c. With Observations on Marriage, &c. By R. and L. PERRY and Co., Surgeons, London. Published by the Authors, and sold at their residence; also by Strange, 21, Paternoster-row; Noble, 109, Chancery-lane; Gordon, 149, Leadenhall-street; and Purkess, Compton-street, Soho, London.

**OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.**  
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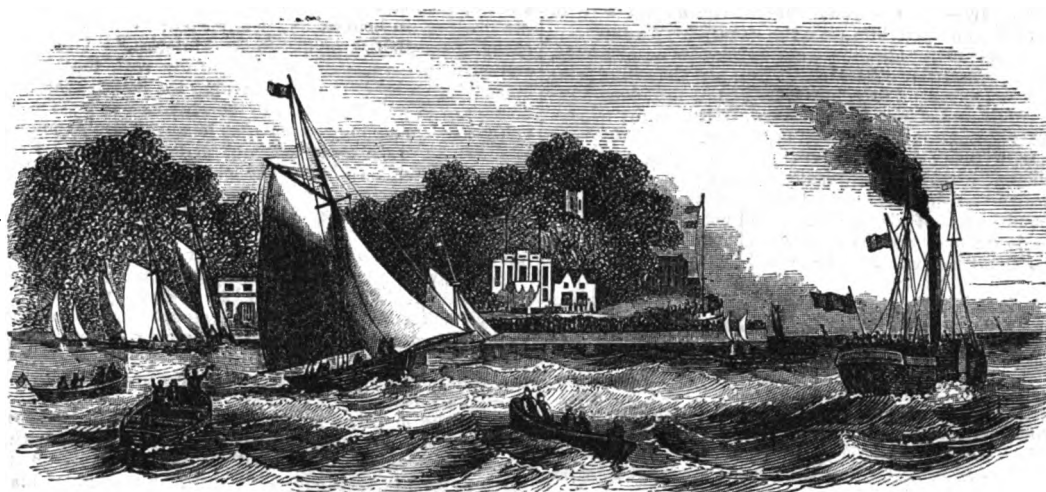
# The Sporting World

OR  
LIFE IN LONDON,  
& THE  
COUNTRY.

No. 4.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 12, 1845.

[THREE  
HALFPENCE.]



COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT. THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

## YACHTING.

**W**E propose to give, in an early number, for the edification of some of our non-nautical readers, a series of PORTRAITS of the crack vessels of the Royal Yacht Squadron, for the purpose of illustrating, through them, the various descriptions of rig and build exhibited by these beautiful craft. This, we trust, will stand excused by such of the purchasers of the *SPORTING WORLD*, who, more fortunate in their opportunities of "observing Nature by the wild sea-shore," or "going down to the great sea in ships," may be fully learned on these topics, on which we take it no well-informed Englishman should be ignorant.

The healthful and most delightful recreation of yachting, now so fashionable, is every year increasing in interest and importance. When we consider the construction of the beautiful vessels—which, by modern science, are so improved, as to become almost the perfection of naval architecture—the vast number of active and smart young seamen employed by the members of the yacht clubs, we cannot too highly appreciate the wise policy of fostering and encouraging such sports and amusements, no doubt, mainly the means of making our sailors what they now are—the admiration of the world.

As the season for this truly national recreation will shortly open, it is not intended here to do more than to point out the high claims of yachting, to the support of the affluent and the admiration of all.

During the war, when prime seamen were in great demand, and when a yacht, which might venture on a long trip, ran a considerable risk of being picked up by a privateer, the amusement of yacht sailing was by no means so prevalent as at present. But no sooner did peace spread her balcyon wings over land and sea, than vessels for pleasure began to be fitted out with as much rapidity as men-of-war were laid up in ordinary. Then the Meltonians built themselves yachts, wherein they might take their recreation on the sea, while their hunters were resting in their stalls. And although the scene of their operations was changed from the wide pasture-fields and rasping fences of Northamptonshire and Leicestershire, to the "deep Solent" and rolling Atlantic, Lord Wilton, Sir Bellingham Graham, and Mr. Moore, fully maintained their reputation. Cavalry officers also (among whom we beg to particularise the Marquis of Anglesea, Lords Belmore, Orkney, Clonbrock, Vivian, coupled with Messrs. Kean, Oglander, Sheddon, Harvey, &c.), who had witched the world with noble horsemanship, now entered on a noviciate in another department, and in as short a time became as ex-

pert in managing the ocean steed that is guided by the tail, as they had previously been famed for their management of the noble quadruped that paws the ground in his strength, and rushes forward at the sound of trumpets to the battle. Nor have senators and naval heroes lagged astern. The Hon. Grantley Berkeley, (the Teazer); Mr. Milner Gibson, (the Claude); Hon. Augustin Berkeley, (the Violet); Lord William Lennox, (Helena); Captain Claxton's, (Waterwitch, wherry); and innumerable other "small craft," sparkle like smaller gems among their larger compeers of the wave.

The Royal Yacht Squadron, whose chief rendezvous is at Cowes, was first established, under the title of the "Yacht Club," in 1815. The Prince Regent became a member of the club in 1817; a few months after his accession to the throne, it was honoured with the appellation of "Royal;" and in 1833, it was designated the "Royal Yacht Squadron."

The number of vessels belonging to the club is upwards of 200, of various rig—brigs, schooners, yawls, and cutters. Their size varies from 400 tons to 35, which is the prescribed limit. The ensign of the Royal Yacht Squadron is white with a red cross, and a crown in the centre.

The chief rendezvous of the R. Y. S. is Cowes, (represented in our engraving); the harbour is commodious and beautiful, and one of the safest in the kingdom: and here, during the summer, may be seen by all cruising cockneys, a sight to make their hearts swell with worthy and national pride: to such as have never seen "the Wight," cruised round by vessels of every shape, rig, and size, careering like white-winged gulls, or resting gracefully swanlike on fair Medina's waters, MILLS'S BOY would say betake yourself to the Nine Elms station of the Southampton Railway, get a seat in a first-class, if you can afford it, in a second if you can't; but sooner than not go at all, take your stand in a third, and feast your eyes on the most beautiful sight, which the beauties of nature, endued with "the poetry of motion" by the hand of Art can present—namely, the scenery of Southampton River, the Solent, and the evolutions of the "white-winged" yachts. Then, if his purse be well lined, let him take a trip round the island which lies off the estuary. Thus, by the cold water cure (taken to be sure with salt) may he obliterate all worldly heart-ache for a happy space—air and ocean will seem scarcely more free or expansive than himself. All that is base and trivial, all that is of "the earth, earthy," and that furrows the brow and the temper with distaste of the human dust of which we are made, and with whom we commingle,

(Continued on page 39.)



## A FEW WRINKLES IN HORSE BUYING, AND THE TRICKS OF DEALERS.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

(Concluded from page 33.)



OST probably, on the gentleman purchasing the horse he wanted to swap for, something is said about the other. Dealer now takes his cue, and says something to this effect: "Why, sir, your horse was certainly a very clever nag, but I tell you very honestly"—(oh! oh!)—"that if I had chopped, I should have wanted to draw fifteen pounds between them. I knew you would think that too much; so, not wishing to offend any customer, I declined altogether." The gentleman, smarting under "the trouble the poor man took to sell the horse," wishes he had known what Mr. — would have taken, which he thinks was very fair indeed, and resolves, if ever he wants to swap again, to come to Mr. —, and leave the deal entirely to him. He may if he likes; but he will then find Mr. —, has some other little *naturel* way of managing the thing that won't give him *quite* the worst of the swap!

I have endeavoured to give some idea how a certain class of dealers work, either in buying, selling, or assisting others in doing so; also the ruling principle of all dealers in swapping. I fear, however, I have not done anything like justice to the talents of our friend Rascal. His ubiquity of presence, universality of information, presence of mind, versatility of invention and manner, with many other virtues all ready at a moment's warning to suit different occasions, are really astonishing, and a good many he does astonish in no small degree. I am quite aware I have not exhibited one-thousandth part of his talents. I did not intend, nor do I intend to attempt to do so; and, what is more, I could not if I did, though I do know something about him. At all events I know enough to keep out of his hands.

But we will now look at him in another cast of character, and acting in one of those precious pieces of rascality that are carried on to a great extent in London. Reader, you have no doubt seen an advertisement something to this effect:—

## "THE PROPERTY OF A LADY,

"To be parted with in consequence of the ill-health of the owner, who is ordered to a warmer climate—

"A pair of splendid grey *bristles* geldings, with full manes and tails, six and seven years old, own brothers, and nearly thorough-bred, match well, with grand action.

"A beautiful brown lady's mare, seven years old, thorough-bred; has been regularly ridden by the owner these last two years.

"Also a particularly handsome dun cob, with flowing white mane and tail, so docile an invalid or child may drive him; has been constantly driven in a low Albert phaeton: invaluable to a timid person.

"The above are all sound; price will not be an object where they will be treated kindly.—N.B. No horse-dealer need apply.—The coachman will shew the horses at the rear of No. —, Street, — Square."

Now, as a prelude, let me advise my reader to first always look with a suspicious eye on a horse advertisement. As coming from a lady, eighteen times out of twenty *it's a do*: if ever it is said that the great object is to sell to a person who will use them kindly, nineteen times out of twenty *it's a do*. But if it is said no horse-dealer need apply the *do* is certain. It only requires a little reflection to convince us such an advertisement is not a genuine one: and to show its absurdity, though it takes in numbers daily, in the first place, a lady, keeping her carriage, saddle-horse, and pony phaeton, must of course also keep a servant's hack: this requires coachman, groom, and helper; the lady probably has two men in the house. Now, is it likely a lady keeping five men-servants would be driven to the necessity of advertising her ill-health and horses? If from that cause she wished to part with such horses as these described, among her numerous acquaintance and their acquaintance she would find plenty to take them off her hands. A beautiful mare, which has carried a lady two years, or a very handsome cob invaluable to a timid person, are not to be had every day, consequently want no advertising. As to finding her horses a comfortable berth, really nice horses seldom get uncomfortable ones. But would a lady suppose any one would bind themselves to her horses for life? If they do not, what would be the use of her sacrificing her money when they might be again sold in a month: and as to no dealer needing to apply—why not? A dealer would not be likely to use her horses ill for his own sake; and as she is not very likely to ask him into her drawing-room, what would it matter to her whether he saw her coachman or not? As to the ill-health, it is astonishing how many ladies are in ill-health and wanting to sell their horses, according to the papers' account. It is really cruel of these papers to wound our feelings by such statements; I don't say *mine*, because I don't believe them: and what is more, I know that, thank God, delicate as the fair creatures are, ladies, like some other things I could name, take a devilish deal of killing: so do their lovers, or else God help them! But should the lady not find a friend to purchase her horses, surely Mr. Tattersall would be a better medium through which they might be disposed of; for no one who knows him could doubt his exertions being used to their utmost extent where ladies are concerned.

But a lady advertising her horses really has something dealing-like in it! So in a future number I will take the reader by the arm, and conduct him to the stable, where these "lady's horses" stand, and show him the game going on there.

Sporting Magazine.

HARRY HIEOVER.

## THE ASTONISHER.

A SKETCH FROM THE STREET.

"This heave came somewhat suddenly into the world before he was sent for."—*Loos*.

PRAY who and what is the Astonisher? may be asked by many inquirers at once. It is a difficult thing to positively define him, owing to the diversity of his pursuits. He is a droll mixture of the *ci-devant* mountebank and the flying newsmen, with here and there an occasional touch of the oostermonger; but, perhaps, he is most legitimate when offering "*brun new* sovereigns for one penny each;" this he generally does with a solemn assurance that he has been engaged "by two noblemen (whose names he cannot divulge on any account whatsoever), who have made a bet of a thousand pounds that one hundred *su'verens* cannot be sold in the space of an hour at one penny each: such," he observes, "is the hapathy of the British public to its hinterest." This he repeats so often, and with an earnestness so delightfully real, that he appears to work himself into a belief that he is telling the honest truth, particularly when he adds, "It's o' no moment to me whether one gen'l'man buys 'em all, or you takes 'em among you; or if so be as you doubts me, stick to your hobstaincy and walk away without grinning at me. I've got my duty to perform, which is to hoffer the lot at one penny each." Thus will he go on in a continuous round, never coming to a full stop, nor even, whilst taking money or giving change, allowing time to his hearers for reflection, but eternally talking for them as well as to them. "The Astonisher" has imitators; no great man was ever without them. But the would-be "Astonishers" are easily detected; they have a sluggish, half-cowed manner of announcing their wondrous; whereas your regular "Astenisher" always makes his appearance in a style of smart assurance, similar to the stage-trap entrance of Wisland. Whenever an imitator may appear, suspicion is immediately excited as to the genuineness of his wares; but the "Astonisher" jumps *flip flop* into public confidence as suddenly as he shows himself.

He is the metropolitan "*cheap Jack*," and his articles of trade are almost as numerous. We see him in this character with a gaping knot who "*stand close and list to him*," whilst he strenuously recommends them to turn their copper into silver by the use of his magic washball, "which, with one application, will convert a halfpenny into a half-crown, or a common candlestick into a silver candelabra;" he is great, too, in his "Extraordinary Grease Extractor," which is a composition made up into little squares of a greyish-brown appearance, and which he "warrants to remove any spot, stain, or sile, whether of candle grease, pitch, tar, resin, or cart grease; red wine or port wine from all sorts of silks, satins, crapes, muslin, or jean, linen-cloths, table cloths, or woollen cloths, calico, cotton, velvet, or velveteen, of any colour or texture, quantity or quality whatsoever." During the full-mouthed recital of this voluminous category, he will manage to barnacle himself to some listening urchin, the dirty collar of whose jacket had caught his eye, as affording him an excellent opportunity for ex'mitting the *modus operandi* with his detestable cake, which he performs with the dexterity of a boots at an inn polishing an old blucher, never omitting the important tag, "whilst the small squares are a penny, the large ones tuppence, or two for threepence halfpenny, or four for sixpence,—which you please."

Thus is "The Astonisher," with inordinate industry, ever catering for the million; not labouring for himself, but for his fellow-man; affording riches to some, and, at least, amusement to others who obstinately refuse his gifts. Like a prime minister, he racks his brains for the public weal alone, gives his substance to fatten and aggrandize his universal brethren, taxes his own benevolence, and becomes a martyr to his unbounded philanthropy. And, though the finger of derision be continually pointed at him by the vulgar unbeliever in his virtues, still, like the Political "Astonisher," he comes smilingly forth to his daily acts of beneficence, and, boon in hand, pursues the course his conscience dictates with unabating firmness.

Of the two "Astonishers" it may be, probably, matter for speculation which should be considered the archetype, the Common or the Political "Astonisher"? Leaving precedence to be settled, each his own way, there can, however, be no difficulty in deciding as to the comparative good or evil issue of their separate existences; the mouse-like nibblings of the Common "Astonisher" on the weakness of his fellows (or that fractional portion of them to which he gains access) being as nothing to the wholesale gorges of the Political "Astonisher," whose peculiar characteristics we may enlarge upon in a future paper when describing some other curious specimens of the family of "The Astonishers."

THE MYSTERIOUS LADY IN PICCADILLY.—This deceptive exemplification of "second sight" is to be conducted by Sir James Graham, who will allow any lady or gentleman to write a letter, seal it, and place it in a box, "secured by Government." Sir James will then, to the great amusement of the writer, repeat the contents of his letter without any person having seen him read it.

fades into its real insignificance. The mind becomes its own again, and something better—

"For the same sound is in mine ears  
Which in 'young' days I heard."

We read in the tablets of the sky, in the unequal mirror of the ocean, that which reduces human life (that small part of our endless being) to its proper level; while the beauty and variety, the grandeur and the majesty, of the universe around us unstiffen the heart and re-awaken the comprehension to the eternal language of nature. The buoyant keel drives on, the full-bosomed sail is set, everything is alive above, beneath, around, and yet all is order, cleanliness, and decorum. There is not a line of that delicate tracery displaced, nor a spot on that polished plank. And ere long he will scent a grateful odour of mingled spices and carnal viands (after a few qualms of sickness for the first six hours); but let him persevere a little, and his appetite will return with threefold vigour, and in the midst of his most ethereal investigations, come when it may, he will find meal-time is not the worst time even afloat.

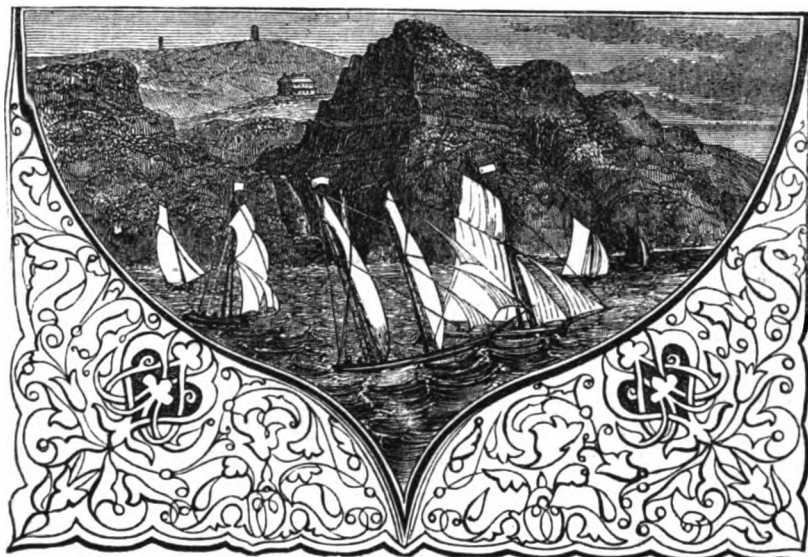
The members of the R. Y. S. enjoy many privileges denied to members of other clubs, such as being able to carry the St. George's ensign on board their vessels, and to enter foreign ports free from harbour dues, which are very heavy, and which always entailed such an expense on the owners, that very few gentlemen ever visited foreign ports till this obstruction was removed.

The operations of the Yacht Squadron are not confined to the shores of England; in almost every harbour of Europe its flag is to be met with; and affords an example to foreigners, how the wealthy Englishman, instead of nursing himself in the lap of luxury, employs his time. The R. Y. S. Regatta generally takes place about the 20th of August, at Cowes, when her Majesty's Cup, of one hundred guineas' value, is sailed for. If the weather be favourable nothing can surpass the beauty of the scene, when viewed from the heights in the immediate vicinity of Cowes: and an Englishman, we conceive, may well feel proud of his country when looking at the fleet of yachts which the R. Y. S. can now send forth,

spreading their white sails to the summer's breeze, and each taking the course the fancy of their different owners may lead them to. In 1841, an example was set by a gentleman of the Squadron, Benjamin Boyd, Esq., who with his schooner yacht, the *Wanderer*, started on a pleasure voyage round the world! But as we shall have more to say of yachts and yacht-builders, we will here merely observe the principal builders are Mr. Inman, of Lymington; Mr. White, of Cowes; Mr. Michael Ratsey, of West Cowes; and Mr. Camper, of Gosport. Mr. Inman is the fortunate builder of the *Arrow*, *Lulworth*, and *Alarm*, and indeed, of all Mr. Weld's vessels. From Mr. White's dock, the *Waterwitch* (recently returned from slave-capturing, on the coast of Africa, thoroughly repaired by Mr. White, and now off, with others of his build, on experimental cruises), *Medina*, *Ariel*, and many other first-class vessels, have proceeded. Mr. Camper built the *Anonyma*, a splendid brig, for Colonel Greville, and has now three or four vessels in his dock. In conclusion, any gentleman in want of a yacht has only to go down to Cowes, and present himself to the worthy secretary, with a long figured cheque, and in less than seventy-two hours he may find himself going along at the rate of ten knots an hour, to Hong-Kong, or Naples, or wheresoever he lists.

A glance at Cowes and other interesting places adjacent may not be considered out of place here. It is impossible to conceive places more delightfully situated than Cowes, East and West. West Cowes is the most imposing, and is seen to best advantage from the roadstead. As the vessel advances up the harbour, the favourable impression is confirmed, as the eye rests in succession on the Castle, the Marine Parade, and the elegant structure belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron, given in our engraving. The constant arrival and departure of vessels belonging to the squadron, give the town a most animated appearance. Southward from Cowes, on the extreme point of the island, Black Gang Chine is situated, which figures at the foot of this page. It is a gloomy fissure, penetrating far into the rock, with a stream of crystal water flowing over the upper part of the Chine. In the winter time, after long rains, and sudden thaws, it is no small cataract; but in summer, when the weather is dry, the stream is retained behind the ledge, or merely trickles over the brow. Without this adjunct, however, the Chine is wild, picturesque, and gloomily sublime.

The Needles, which form another principal attraction to visitors to the island, are situated in Alum Bay. They are five in number, though only three of them now stand boldly out of the water. From some points they appear as if united in one broad rugged mass; from others they are seen detached, and looking like old fortresses which had battered each other to pieces, or fallen into one common ruin under the weight of time and the violence of tempests. From the chalky nature of this remarkable group of rocks, and of the coast of the island from which they are detached, continual changes are taking place in their form and disposition. In some places the sea has eaten through them, and formed large and irregular archways; in others, it has so washed away their sides, that they look rather like walls than solid rocks; while deep caverns have been formed in the chalky cliffs of the island, which falling in occasionally, have tended gradually to diminish it in that direction. The beautiful range of cliffs from Freshwater to the Needles have suffered considerable diminution from the same cause; but it is in contemplation to erect a breakwater, which will hinder, at least for a time, the rapid progress to destruction of these delightful cliffs.



**QUITE UNNECESSARY.**—At the late meeting of the Royal Society at Lord Northampton's, a man was exhibited with an artificial steel hand, the invention of Sir George Cayley. We are informed that the worthy Baronet is now engaged in making an iron heart for the Poor Law Commissioners.

**DEAD WEIGHTS.**—There was an advertisement in the *Times*, the other day, for a couple of mill-stones. We understand that Sir R. Peel answered the announcement, offering Sir James Graham and Lord Stanley to the advertiser as a couple of mill-stones which he, Sir R. Peel, would have no objection to part with.

**IMPORTANT TO LADIES.**—We see by an advertisement in the *Times* that a certain *blanchisseuse* "has been in the habit of washing twelve ladies," and wishes to operate upon several more. In the name of the women of London, we would ask if she undertakes to starch her customers and get them up fine, and if, as she tells us, she has a good drying-ground, they are expected to go thither and be dried on the premises.

**DEATH FROM DESTITUTION.**—The last accounts from Hungerford Market convey the melancholy intelligence of the "hanging in chains" of the suspension bridge. A toll is talked of out of respect for its departed worth. We trust this information will relieve the public suspense.

**THEATRICAL.**—We understand that Mr. Snooks, hall-keeper of the Theatre Royal Bullock Smithy, is about to be married to Mrs. Gubbins, dresser in the same establishment. She is the widow of the late Mr. Gubbins, Mr. S.'s predecessor, and who joined with his duties in the hall those of an occasional super. He played the officer in the funeral scene of "Richard III." to Kean's *Gloucester*; and many playgoers have a lively recollection of the effect he produced in the speech, "Stand back, my lord, and let the coffin pass;" to which he invariably imparted such force as to bring down three rounds of applause.

**DISGUSTING VIOLATION OF THE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.**—The *Times* says—"On the night of Friday, the 27th December, a party of poachers were discovered by four watchers on land of Sir Robert Peel called *TURNABOUT FIELD*." The ruffians were secured, and, it is needless to say, transported. The human mind turns away with horror at the idea of villains trespassing on Sir Robert Peel's own sacred and particular field. What could the scoundrels purpose to do there? Was not the ground already occupied? Could it be in better hands? Their punishment will be a warning to other knaves; and our admirable minister will henceforth be left unmolested on his own especial domain. We hear that Sir Robert is going to build a castle on this property.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## ZANONI AND THE CHESTER CUP.

Mr. Editor,—Do you or any of your sporting friends want to make money on the forthcoming Chester Cup? If so, I have a process for doing so, which is the next thing to infallible, and which is very heartily at your service. I ought to promise to you that I am a great lover of my kind—that I do everything on *public principle*, and for the welfare of others more than for my own good. This will, I suppose, sufficiently account to you for my present conduct. Now, then, to my process:—You have heard of a horse called “Zanoni,” the once celebrated Running Rein. Lay all the money you can against him until your very fingers tingle, or rather get some convenient friend to do so for you, in order that your own name may not appear. At the eleventh hour, and just before the horses are about to start get another convenient friend (and if you know of one who has chanced not to lay against the horse, so much the better, as then you will stand quite exonerated and free from all suspicion of interest)—get such a friend, I say, to *object* to the horse's pedigree, and to call for proof of his age. Threaten, moreover, every jockey who shall presume to ride this obnoxious animal, and my word for it, you may consider the money you have laid as money found. If the horse loses, why pocket the money quietly; if he wins, refuse to pay on the plea of the objection, and he must be a clever fellow who can get the better of us in a court of justice. This is the plan that I and some of my friends intend to adopt, and I impart it to you that you may not be behindhand in picking up the crumbs which fall from our table. I annex a statement of the case, as we intend to get it up, but that must be a secret between us, as I have promised my friends to keep the matter snug.

Yours, &c. ONE OF THE INITIATED.

## HINTS ON HANDLING GUNS.

At this season of the year, when hosts of juvenile sportsmen will take the field for the first time, a few rules for safely handling a gun may, possibly, be the means of preventing some of those fatal accidents which yearly occur from carelessness or want of knowledge of the various precautions which should ever be adopted by those who use fire-arms, more especially when shooting in company with others.

Perhaps the most frequent source of mischief arises from the mistaken idea that a loaded gun is most safely carried with the hammer let down upon the nipple. Most people imagine that to explode a percussion-cap requires the full force of the hammer released from full-cock by pulling the trigger; and, consequently, prior to pushing their way through a hedge, or jumping a wide drain, let the hammer down upon the cap by way of being *perfectly safe*. No opinion, however, is more erroneous than this, and no position of the lock is fraught with greater danger to the sportsman and his companions. The copper-cap of the present day has been brought to great perfection, and will explode on receiving a very slight blow; hence, if a twig, branch, or any other substance, come in contact with the hammer, and draw it back for a quarter of an inch—or even less, if the lock be strong—the cap will probably be fired and the gun will be discharged. On the contrary, if the hammer be let down to half-cock, and anything should accidentally draw it back, without carrying it sufficiently far to place it at full-cock, it will on its recoil, return to half-cock, and not fall upon the nipple, as many people imagine. Hence, it should be a rule with every one in shooting—whether alone or in company—to carry his gun at half-cock, except when in expectation of obtaining a shot. Many serious accidents have occurred from want of attention to this rule, four of which have happened within my own knowledge, by which two gentlemen lost their hands, and two others their lives. I likewise know of another case where two friends of mine, young in the field, were shooting together, and one of them actually imagined that if he pulled the trigger very gently the hammer would only go as far as half-cock, and the consequence was that, his gun being directed towards his companion, he lodged the charge in his shoulder, and laid him up for more than two months.

The next precaution to be observed, is always to point the gun upwards when cocking, half-cocking, or uncocking it. There are few sportsmen who, in the course of the season, do not involuntarily discharge their piece at least once, and perhaps more frequently. Whatever care be taken in handling the lock, the hammer will, if strong, now and then slip from under the thumb—either from its rough surface having been worn down, or from the hand or glove being slippery from perspiration, butter from a sandwich, or some such cause; but, if the muzzle of the gun be pointed in the air, no danger to any one can possibly arise from the accidental discharge of the piece, and, consequently, every sportsman should early acquire the habit of holding his gun when adjusting the hammer, in such a position as to obviate the possibility of risk to himself or others.

When loading a gun, if the hammer fit closely to the nipple, as it should do, it should be let fully down, *without the cap*, prior to putting in the powder; otherwise, on ramming down the cartridge, if the powder be of fine grain, the whole of it will occasionally be forced out at the aperture in the nipple, if the gun have not been previously fired, and the lock rendered somewhat damp by the discharge.

In this case, the cap that has exploded should be left on the nipple until the gun be completely loaded, when the hammer should be drawn back to half-cock, the old cap removed, and a fresh one put on—provided the powder is to be seen within the nipple; if not, a little more may be dropped upon it from the flask, and what falls upon the sides be blown off after the fresh cap has been fixed on. During the whole of this operation the muzzle of the gun should be pointed upwards, to avoid any possible accident.

When shooting in company with another person, neither party should ever, on any occasion, point his gun in the direction of his companion. Accidents so frequently occur from this circumstance, when the gun is carried at full-cock, according to the practice of many an eager sportsman, that too great stress cannot be laid upon this important rule. To say the least of it, if no mischief ensue, such a habit renders the party covered by the piece somewhat nervous, and spoils his shooting. The very word *accident*, implies an occurrence that might have been avoided; and surely, where weapons so dangerous as fire-arms are concerned, too great care can never be taken to adopt every precaution which foresight, and even fear, can dictate to obviate the possibility of a mishap that may be attended with fatal consequences, or may render the sufferer a cripple, or an invalid for life. Every sportsman, therefore, should early give himself the habit of carrying his gun in such a position as, if accidentally discharged, will ensure its contents passing above the head of any person who may happen to be within its range.

In pushing your way through a fence, hold your gun at half-cock, in one hand, and above your head. Should you make a false step, or meet with any unexpected impediment, you will then have one hand free to assist yourself. If there should happen to be a wide ditch on the other side, keep the muzzle before you, if your companion be behind; or carry it upon your shoulder if he have preceded you. And if it be too wide to jump gun in hand, and you are obliged to entrust your piece to him, stand on one side of the muzzle when he presents it to you. On no account whatever suffer him to hand the butt end to you while he holds the barrel; such an act is extremely dangerous to him, and he is not the game you go out to shoot at.

When shooting in covert, in company with many others, keep your piece as upright as you can, by which method you will avoid coming in contact with branches and boughs to a certain extent, and will likewise run less risk of peppering your comrades.

If you are shooting with a friend, and birds rise on his side, do not allow yourself to be tempted to fire across him, but let him have his shot quietly to himself. This is a hard lesson for a young sportsman, who is as jealous of shots as an old maid of her swain; but as Scirey Gamp says to Betsey Frig—“Whatever you do, Betsey, drink fair!” so, whatever be the temptation—shoot fair! and if your companion kill a bird, do not claim it as yours because you fired at the same time as he did. Many a wrangle have I had with a friend on this account, and oft have I walked off with my dogs, because we could not agree upon our right to the defendant; on which account we usually carried different sized shot, and settled the dispute by dismounting down to the first shot, which being extracted, the bird became the property of the person who had fired it, though the other party never failed to swear he had hit it very hard. Years bring patience under suffering, and I can now bear to have a bird claimed with considerable equanimity.

Carry your powder-flask in your left-hand pocket; it will then be as far as possible from your gun when you fire.

Lastly, before you set out in the morning, always enumerate to yourself the things you shall require, and see that you have them.

Do not go without your walking, and be forced to use paper instead of it.

Do not leave your shot-bag or powder-flask behind, and sad that you have a mile or two to walk, before you can get supplied with ammunition.

Do not fire at your dog if he should be wild, nor whop him with the ramrod of your gun, unless you be exceedingly wrath, and have another to replace it.

Should your gun obstinately hang fire do not damn the nipple-screw for having been left behind: it is so much better to have it in your pocket! The same remark will apply to your caps, chargers, picker, and other matters connected with shooting, to say nothing of a horn of good sherry, and a tin case lined with roast-beef sandwiches, for your own especial comfort, either as enabling you to follow up good sport, or as consoling you for the want of it.

PEREGRINE POP.

“WHAT'S IN A NAME?”—On the occasion of the yachts of the Royal Thames Yacht Club entering the harbour of Dieppe some time back, the authorities of the harbour, as a matter of course, inquired the names of the several boats. This produced a ludicrous altercation, and raised the anger of the Frenchmen to something like fever heat. Monsieur asked Captain M——, the owner of one of the yachts—*Le nom de son vaisseau?* to which that gentleman replied, *c'est la Gnome*, which was strictly the truth. The Frenchman again put the question “*le nom*,” to which *Le Gnome* was again replied, and so on over and over again. The captain at length, as the only way of putting the matter right, wrote down the word “Gnome” on a slip of paper, and this solved the difficulty. Thus the two words, though similar in sound, were proved to represent distinct things, and yet at the same time to be *alter et idem*.

## THE TURF.

## THE CHESTER CUP.

It may seem a rather bold assertion to make, but it is one which I think will meet with little contradiction, that no Handicap has ever excited in the minds of the racing world so general a degree of interest as this year's Chester Cup. This may be attributed to several causes. In the first place, the number of acceptances (seventy-one) is larger by far than was ever before known, not only at Chester, but in any English Handicap, with the single exception of last year's Cambridgeshire stakes, where seventy-five accepted. Its being also the first leading event of the season tends greatly to increase the popularity it has acquired; and a race, some ten years ago scarcely heard of at Tattersall's, and the speculation on which was entirely confined to its own surrounding district, is now renowned far and wide, and the betting on it, not only in Manchester, but in the more distinguished *coterie* at Hyde Park Corner, as extensive and in many respects more animated than on either the Derby or St. Leger.

Immediately on the appearance of the weights, Winesour, with a strong and apparently determined party, at once became the leading favourite, but a few days after was deposed of his position by Semiseria, who for a long time reigned supreme at the head of the list. The Era and Obscurity in attendance upon her, but *longo intervallo*. About the beginning of March, however, Cataract, who had for some time held a menacing appearance, came out in earnest, and his friends, by heavy investments, succeeded in ousting the mare, and establishing their pet in the premiership.

William Scott's lot consists of Cataract, Agriculture, and Maramat, the last named being one of the five-stone three-year-olds. Cataract was a rattling favourite for the Derby 1843, but ran badly during the whole of that season. Last year he came out in a somewhat improved form, and won a plate in the Craven Meeting, beating, amongst others, his old opponent Bourra Tomacha. He afterwards ran fourth for the Suffolk Stakes, won by The Cure, and succumbed, after a fierce struggle, to The Devil-to-pay at Gorhambury, giving 34lbs. to the winner, and beating Robert de Gorham and a large field. He is a neat horse, a good goer, and, considering his blood and his performances, extraordinary well in. Agriculture has several engagements before the day, but, being a remarkably nice-looking animal, must not be lost sight of. Maramat is wholly dark.

Dawson accepts with four, viz., Trueboy, The Cure, T'Auld Squire, and Obscurity. The Cure cannot get the distance, and T'Auld Squire, is too slow for a race like this. Trueboy is a useful horse, with a turn of speed, and always runs best early in the season. I do not say that he will win the Cup, more especially as the stable seem to lean to the mare in preference, but mistakes have been made before now with this nag, and if he come to the post, he will throw dirt in the eyes of some of the "cracks," or I much mistake. Obscurity is own sister to Disclosure (*lucus a non lucendo*), by Muley Moloch out of The Mystery. She has only started twice, winning a heat-race at Richmond, and yielding to Crikey Billy at Northallerton. She is weighted at a feather, and stranger things have happened than her coming out at Chester, *a la* Alice Hawthorn.

The Era gave 5lbs. to Trueboy at Liverpool, and beat him a clever length: here he has only to give him 6lbs.; but it must be remembered that Trueboy had been running all over the country, and had been brought out for and won the Croxteth stakes only the day before, which could not fail to injure his chance for so severe a run race as last year's Liverpool Cup. On the whole, I cannot fancy The Era as a winner, though he may run a good horse.

John Scott pays forfeit with Parthian, Valerian, Bay Momus, and Botanist, and accepts with Semiseria and Ambition. The latter could not win if turned loose, but her companion will not be disposed of so easily. In addition to strong personal recommendations, Mr. Jaques's mare is possessed of great speed, and the only fear entertained by her friends is, that the distance may prove too far for her to manage. She has never yet proved victorious in a two-mile race, it is true; but with John Scott's training, a light weight, and Ned Flatman on her back, if well on the day, I do not expect to see her beaten.

It is a common saying in the Manchester district, that no man can train a Chester Cup nag better than R. Henseltine, and accordingly, accept with what he will, it is pretty sure to become a favourite. The "old mare" is once more under his charge, but so far at least as this event is concerned, she is quite out of the question. To carry off the prize with 10st. on her back is beyond the powers of even an Alice Hawthorn! The hopes of the friends of the stable appear to be bound up in Winesour, and as a good five-year-old is generally in the front rank, his pretensions must be considered formidable. Extremepore's running last season surely cannot have been correct: the space of a month or so was scarcely sufficient to convert one of the best mares at Newmarket into a moderate Plater, or she will prove but a sorry investment for the immense price (800gs.) given for her at the decease of her late owner.

Mr. Irwin's lot is both numerically and intrinsically strong, consisting of Foig-a-Ballagh, Mickey Free, Poliak, Pride of Kildare, Patriot, The Hermit, and Ould Ireland. I do not anticipate that Foig-a-Ballagh

will come to the post, more especially since he is now matched with Cataract on *seven pounds* better terms than the Chester Handicapper has assigned to him. Mickey Free is a good and game little fellow, and will assuredly "beat more than beat him." Poliak, Patriot, and The Hermit have, I fancy, no chance; and the Pride of Kildare cut up so badly at Goodwood that I shall not put my faith in her. Ould Ireland, at a stone more than Red Deer carried last year, with the old horses now better in than on that occasion, can scarcely be good enough to win, though from his running in Ireland he ought to beat all the other three-year-olds.

Neither Corranra, Aristides, nor Gorhambury can be considered well in, though the former, if he have recovered from his knocking about last season, may run in the front rank. There is some dispute again about Zanoni's (late Maccabeus) pedigree, and till it is settled I would recommend my friends not to meddle with him. St. Lawrence is now eight years old, and his day must be nearly gone by. Could he be brought out in his old form, there would be few to beat him, but I fear all John Day's training will not now bring him safely through such a race as the Chester Cup.

Sorella is an uncertain mare, and at 7st. 12lb. is, in comparison with others of her own age, badly in. The same may be said of Ratan, A-la-Mede, Emun-na-Knuck, while Dr. Husband has yet to prove himself worthy of the high price which his present owner, on the strength of his victory at Manchester, was induced to give for him. Seaport is well in, and must be fresh; but neither he nor Prince Royal will be able to manage the distance; while Portrait, who can run for ever, is too slow for hopes to be entertained of his winning this or any other great race.

Taking all things into consideration, Hemp's performance for the Cup at Epsom, over a very severe course for a three-year-old, was a highly creditable one, and ought to entitle him to be backed, if he be fit and well, which, as he has never been out since that occasion, there is naturally some reason to doubt. Of Strathspey and Little John I know little or nothing—the former has never run since she was a two-year-old, and the pedigree of both is good enough to entitle them to some notice at the next to feather-weights affixed to them.

I now come to an animal, whose running throughout her career on the turf has been so contradictory as to baffle all judgment with regard to her capabilities—I allude to Celeste, 4 yrs., 5st. 12lb. This mare, if we are to estimate her pretensions by her most promising performances, should carry off this prize in a common canter. At two years old she won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at York, beating Prince Royal, Infidel, Sorella, Lord Saltoun, and six others, but was unsuccessful in three other races that season. Last year she won the Trial race at Coventry by two lengths, beating Queen of the Gipsies, Ninety-one, Venus, and three others, and carried off a sweepstakes at Catterick, flooring Spinster in a canter. On seven other occasions she, however, sustained defeat, and often by very moderate animals. If brought fit to the post, and meant to win, Celeste must be one of the very first.

No fewer than fifteen three-year-olds have accepted for this race, stimulated, no doubt, by the success of the plucky little Red Deer, but I must candidly confess that I have no expectation of the re-enactment of such a scene as was last year exhibited. Ould Ireland, Mystery, and Pug are my favourites, but of the others seven are dark, never having appeared in public.

It would be premature at present to offer any decided opinion on the result, as the running at Northampton, Catterick, and Croxtton Park will doubtless cause many changes in the betting; so I shall defer till next month the arduous undertaking of making a selection—a task unusually aggravated in the present instance by the excellence of the handicap and the expected largeness of the field.

P. S.—By the last quotations from Tattersall's, I perceive that Semiseria is once more first favourite; the betting on the 17th inst. being 11 to 1 agst. her, 12 to 1 agst. The Era, and 13 to 1 agst. Cataract. *Sporting Magazine.*

Ducks versus Rooks.—It appears that the rooks of Kensington Gardens have been sacrificed to the ducks of that locality. The offence of the rooks, according to a *Times* correspondent, was, that they now and then destroyed the ducks' eggs—now and then too bolted a duckling. He says, "ducks may be replaced, but rooks and magpies are not so easily induced to return when once driven from their colonies." In other words—

"Ducklings and ducks may wither and may fade;  
For ducks may make them, as still ducks have made;  
But a bold rookery, the Gardens' pride,  
When once shot down, can never be supplied."

The habits of the bird, says the correspondent, induce contemplative thoughts in the mind of the wanderer: for "he could leave the din and smoke of London behind him, and reclining under the shade of a wide-spreading tree, see a bright group of parti-coloured magpies strutting before him, while overhead he heard the soothing voices of the rooks." Nevertheless, magpies and rooks are cheats and thieves: love them as we may, we cannot deny them their little peccadilloes. Still we sympathise with the correspondent; and sympathising, bid him take comfort. For though every roguish rook and magpie should be exterminated from Kensington Gardens, does not there still remain for him the consolation of Westminster Hall and the Stock Exchange?



## CORRESPONDENTS.

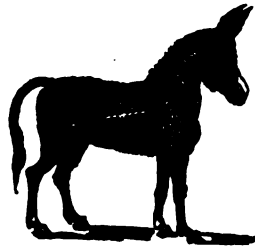
H. D. R.—We contemplate shortly being able to do something in the way you propose; but at present could not promise anything worth your acceptance. You will observe that we sell at mere "paper and print" price, and it is only by merging the *rédacteur* and the proprietor, that there is even a chance of making "both ends meet;" we cannot explain ourselves more definitely through this medium, but thank you for your kind wishes; and, fostered by success, would gladly avail ourselves of your offer.

J. B. Manchester.—If you send twenty-four postage-stamps, addressed to J. D., at the Office, No. 10, Red Lion-court, Fleet-street, you shall have the No. 1 sent by post; as a person has left a clean copy there for sale.

MILES'S BOY AND THE BLACKHEATH RACES.—Our correspondent is a wag: we do not know the WHITE (or *wight*) he speaks of. The RAILWAY BELL may be a fast bell, but is not a RACING BELL; see Orton's History of the Turf, about the *silver bell* given in olden times, whence our phrase "to bear away the bell." But "Quiz" must remember there are various applications of the *bell*—one of the most popular we take to be the "cap and bells," which, perchance, this *wight* of "the bell" may be most entitled to, from consanguinity to a certain "CLOWN." However that may be, we here present his charger, the winner of the plate (willow pattern) at Blackheath, done *braven* for the edification of the *sporting world*; for

Ah, sure a pair were never seen,  
More justly formed to meet by nature,

than the *wright* and Judean steed. Having the fear of libel before our eyes, however, we give the quadruped only. Had we presented both the ass and its victorious jockey, as the animal is considered a *lion* on its native heath, we might have stretched the metaphor, and written under the long-eared monster and his master, BEL AND THE DRAGON.



\* \* REMEMBER—As we go to press on Thursday, to insure a supply for our numerous country agents, all questions not received by Wednesday morning, will, as a rule, with but few exceptions, be left unanswered till the next week.

OFFICE, 35, HOLYWELL-STREET.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

## AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

SUNDAY, April 6.—SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.—Old Lady Day.—King Richard Cœur-de-Lion killed, 1139.—Stow died, 1605; Death being serious, and wishing to "Stow-it!" Take care of your pockets!

MONDAY 7.—(Adjourned) Warwick Races.—The summer birds of passage now appear, and with them that beautiful little bird the wryneck. The swallow, cuckoo, willow-wren, blackcap, white throat, &c., commence their vernal songs. The nightingale, in Kent and other southern counties, pours out his wild musical strains all the night long. Various insects, chiefly butterflies, are seen.

The Chief Commissioner of City Police, Daniel Whittle Harvey, in a Report, states that losses from common thieves in the City are under £30 a day. Then Daniel Whittle easily earns Daniel's *utilité*.

TUESDAY 8.—Cambridgeshire Steeplechases.—Sir Robert Peel's ministry resigned, 1835: Mr. d'Israeli calls them an "organized hypocrisy," 1845, and gets chaff for his pains.—Among the occurrences in April 1844, we may note: 1. *A Daring Feat*.—A well-known sporting character accepted an invitation from Robert Montgomery, "to tea, and to hear him read the second part of his poem, called 'LUTHER'—the reporter does not state what was his condition at the 'finish.'"—2. An India-rubber pavement placed in front of the Admiralty, that certain young officers may better jump over the heads of veterans.—3. Alderman Gibbs hissed on leaving the Walbrook Vestry. From the force of habit, he pockets the affront.

WEDNESDAY 9.—Nottingham Races.—Fire Insurances expire: the Pelican gives up the ghost; the Britannia melts like a Brummagen teapot; the Hand-in-hand relaxes its grip: the *Albion* turns all sorts of colour; the Sun grows dim; the *Globe* stands still: see, therefore, you lug out your golden ointment to keep 'em alive, or it'll be worse for you, if your crib takes fire.—Battle of Toulouse, 1814: The French under Soult beat Wellington, and then bolted, leaving the city to the defeated enemy!

THURSDAY 10.—Dimdale Spa Steeple chases.—Catholic Emancipation Bill passed 1829.

FRIDAY 11.—Barbel, Dace, and Gudgeon spawn; and about this time Woodcocks quit our shores.—George Canning born, 1770: worried to death, 1829.

SATURDAY 12.—Rodney's Victory, 1782: Count de Grasse moved down awfully, and his *lilies* "cut down in an hour."

# The Sporting World.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 12, 1845.



HEERFULLY blithe April, second-born of Spring, herald and forerunner of "Merrie Maye," do we hail thy face of smiles, albeit occasionally thou art in tearful mood. Enlivened by sunshine and refreshed by showers, the earth again gives visible signs of activity. All vegetation welcomes the genial time.

Now the golden morn aloft

Waves her dew-bespangled wing;

With vermeil cheek, and whisper soft,

She woos the tardy Spring;

Till April starts and calls around

The sleeping fragrance from the ground;

And lightly o'er the living scene

Scatters her freshest, tenderest green.

The clear, fresh, and fragrant mornings which occur in fine weather are as cheering as delightful. Now does the SPORTING WORLD awake; and o'er rail and hurdle, by sprouting hedgerow, on the moist carpet of the emerald turf, on the gliding river, or by silver-brook, urge the bounding hunter, and flying race-horse, capture the warbling songster, propel with sinewy arm the darting wherry, or inveigle with baited hook and gaudy fly the scaly tenants of the flood. Coursing and the chase of reynard are at an end, and so is what our Gallic neighbours call the *chasse au fusil*, but do not the race-course, the river, the sea, the stream supply the deficiency. To the true sportsmen, the change of seasons brings but change of amusements. Space, however, forbids us to generalise, and as these engravings of "flies for April" lie before us, which, if not embodied in this article, must inevitably "stand over," we will quit our discursive reflections and begin.

The backward season, by which March in its earlier days might have shamed white-headed December, has past, and we here present the young flyfisher with a few more of our promised representations. The first of the general April flies are the "blue dun and cowdung," figured in our second number, and next to these, as the weather improves, we place the various hackles or palmer flies. A good fly for this month is the hawthorn-fly, here figured.



1. The natural Hawthorn fly. 2. The artificial ditto.

The body is formed of black ostrich herl, or seal's fur dyed deep black, and mixed with light yellow or buff mohair; the wings may be made with horn shavings; but an excellent substitute will be found in the thin membrane where the pips lie in the core of an apple, or the palest feather in a snipe or mallard's wing. The hooks No. 9 and No. 10 are the preferable sizes.

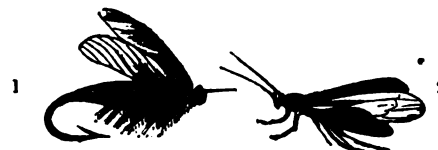
Another good fly for April is the stone-fly, the body dubbed with dark wool, yellow under the wings and tail; or with the dark brown hair of a bear or the darkest parts of a hare's ear, mixed with yellow worsted or mohair. Two or three hairs from the whiskers of a black cat, says an old authority, are also useful in dressing this fly; but if you don't want your face scratched, get black hairs somewhere else. The wings are formed by a strip from the mottled feathers of a pheasant or peahen, and the hackle from a grey cock. The hooks No. 2 and No. 3.



1 The artificial Stone-fly. 2 The natural fly.

Our last pair shall be the well-known granam or greentail fly, the body of which is easily dubbed with fur from a hare's ear, whipped with grey or green silk. The wings are from the penfeathers of a partridge, or a hen-pheasant, and the hackle from a grey cock or hen. The hooks No. 7 and 8 will be found most serviceable for dressing the granam.

The yellow dun, the horseflesh-fly, the little dark brown, the sand fly, gnat fly, and the red fly, may be named among those for April. The gnat fly is an useful one, and should be made with the body thick and short, with a strip from a starling's feather, or a black ostrich one. The hooks 9 and 10.



Granam or Greentail. 1 Artificial fly. 2 Natural fly.

RATHER QUESTIONABLE.—A benevolent lady, lately advertising in the *Times* for a situation for her nurse, states, that the latter "would be glad to obtain a situation where a nurse would be required to finish a child." We hope she does not finish children with Dalby's Carminative.

APPROPRIATE COMMANDER OF THE NEW ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The Polar expedition—since 'tis Captain Crozier braves

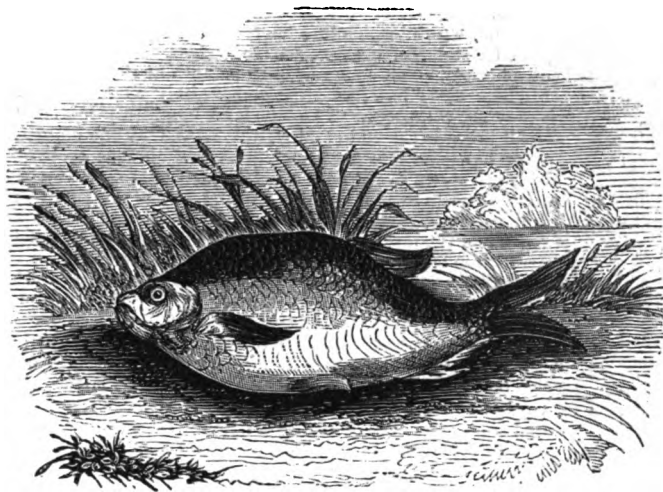
All its perils—gives some promise now to make the passage free;

For all Englishmen well know that "Britannia rules the waves;"

And they also are aware how well a Crozier rules a "see."



## THE FISHER'S CREEL.



THE BREAM.

AVING "said a something" on the higher and more elegant branch of the Art Piscatorial, we will now disport ourselves awhile in the calm, sedate, yet, withal, delicate and careful craft of pond or canal, and slow river angling. But before we come to pond angling we must say a few words on the fish whose figure heads this column. And as we must be brief—"brevity's the soul of wit"—we at once begin.

The bream is broad, with a small head, smooth at the top, large eyes, a diminutive mouth (of that sort known as *leather mouths*) and no teeth, in lieu of which it has a lozenge-formed bone to assist its mastication; the palate is soft and fleshy, much resembling that of the carp. It has a hog-back, of a colour between blue and black. The sides of the larger fish are yellowish, and the belly inclining to red, is extremely deep and thin in proportion to its length; the back and sides are covered with curious network scales, on which occasionally appear many whitish excrescences. The tail very large and scooped out rather than forked.

The flesh is soft and clammy; yet declared to be easy of digestion, and more nutritious than the carp—we don't think the flesh of either anything but what that domestic personage, who is usually said to receive a diploma to practise from his Satanic Majesty, may be able to make it, by the powers of good or bad dressing. "The choice parts," says the father of angling, "are the belly and head; but what rendereth him unsightly (and annoying too) for the table, is the multitude of his bones." The French, however, esteem this fish highly, and have a saying, that "he who hath breams in his pond can bid his friend welcome." But anglers are not "pot-hunters," more than other true sportsmen; and the bream as he is a subtle, strong, and shy fish, affords good diversion. The bream is chiefly found in deep slow, running rivers, and in sheltered ponds; where, although it grows slowly, it often attains the weight of three or four pounds, (we have seen them seven or eight) and if the habitation suits them they will get as fat as a hog or an alderman. They are terrible Antimalthusians too, for the male has two melts, and the female two bags of spawn, from which, according to naturalists, about 130,000 ova are deposited. But though Johnny Crapaud, according to the venerable authority quoted, thinks so highly of the bream, (another of the thousand and one proofs that your Frenchman as a sportsman is not "to the manner born") few persons are desirous of stocking waters with them, as they multiply so rapidly as to monopolise all the sweet feed, and to starve other and better fish: we therefore view them only as fit food (in their infancy) for pike, perch, &c.

We will take the BREAM as our example, to prevent repetition when we come to the CARP, &c., and say a few words on taking him under the head of Pond Angling.

The Bream, as well as that shy fish the Carp, are best tempted by a large red worm. Your rod should be long, your line silk, or silk and hair, and your float goose, swan, or porcupine quill. A piece of lead of the form of an upright brass weight, with a hole at the top, is to be fastened to the lower end of your lines; then attach the hook-link also to the lead, allowing a foot between the lead and the hook, which may be a No. 4: observe, your lead should be sufficiently heavy to sink the float to a level with the surface, so as not to lift the lead, which must lie constantly on the ground: hence the worm will crawl up and down so far as the lead will allow, which is a great temptation to the fish. The rest of our directions we shall take from the Rev. Mr. Daniel.

"The line for two yards at bottom should be of strong round gut, and

the link next the hook as small as you dare use, for fear of pike or perch (who will assuredly visit the hooks), and till they are taken, neither carp or bream will come near to bite: this fineness will admit the worm to draw the hook to and fro with less difficulty.

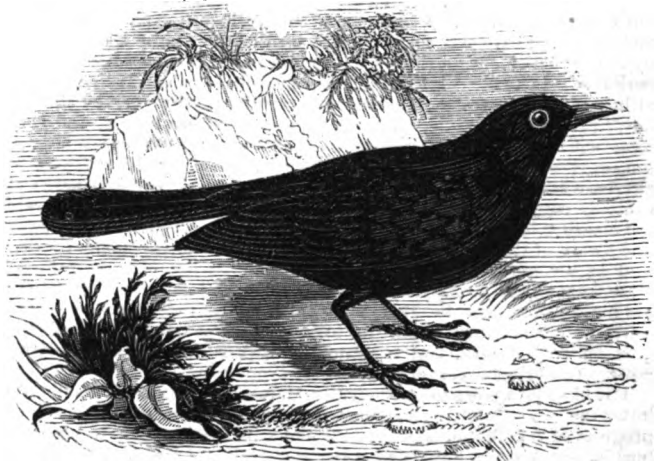
"For the ground-bait, get a peck, or peck and a half, according to the greatness of stream and depth of water, of sweet gross ground malt, or unground wheat, which is thought preferable; boil it very little, and strain it through a bag; when cold, at night, cast in two parts of it squeezed hard between the hands, so that it may rest in the precise spot where you mean to angle; and if this be repeated for two or three times, it will more certainly attract the fish. Recollect in a stream, to throw it at least a yard above the place where you mean your hook to be, or the stream will carry it too far down; some sew worms for the fish to feed on, upon a turf of short grass nearly to cover the turf which is then fastened to a round board, with a hole through that and the turf, where a cord runs, and is tied to a pole to let down to the bottom. Bream generally choose the broadest and deepest part of a river, and in hot weather are easily seen swimming in shoals; there, or thereabouts, with a clear bottom, take the exact depth, making some mark that shall explain if any rise or fall has taken place in consequence of water-mills, &c.

"The ground thus baited, the worms and tackling prepared, by three or four in the morning, with great caution approach the place, so as not to be seen by the fish; some of them are frequently at the top of the water, whilst the rest are feeding beneath. Having baited the hook that the worm can move at bottom, cast it, and by drawing it gently to you, let the lead rest about the middle of the ground bait; a second rod should be a yard or two above, and a third a yard or two below it; retire from the water so far as just to perceive the top of the floats; when there is a bite the top of the float will sink suddenly; remain quiet until the line goes clear away, then creep to the water-side, and give as much line as possible; if it be a good carp or bream it will go to the farther side of the river, strike gently, and hold the rod at the proper bend, that it may tire him; for if both pull together, either line, hook, or hold, will break, and the fish will be lost. The bream is strong, and runs hard when first struck; but after two or three turns, he will fall on his side, which enables you easily to land him: the carp is far stronger and more mettlesome than the bream; it is advisable to use a reel upon the rods for carp, barbel, or bream; the length of line kills the fish with ease, and increases the angler's amusement.

"This sport may be continued from four till eight in the morning, and from four until the same hour in the evening. The following morning, for the same hours, your diversion will be perhaps the best; if it is gloomy and windy, they will bite all day long, especially if the water is a little thick after rains; during the time of fishing, and at that of quitting the water, throw in more of the ground-bait. After two or three days the place should be baited and left quiet; the fish will otherwise get too cunning to touch the hook-bait.

"Another mode of catching the bream, is, after plumbing the depth, put one or more shot a foot below the float, to balance it, which is a way to take the shyest fish; the bait a large red-worm, which must be laid in, and let sink very gradually to the ground-bait. When the fish bites, strike gently that very instant.


"A third is the running line, with a bullet and hole through it, and a small shot to hinder the bullet falling on the hook; let this run on the bottom with the current into holes, and equally as for the bream, it will be found to answer for all other fish that bite at the bottom."



THE BLACKBIRD.—(For article see next page.)

## BRITISH SONG BIRDS.—No. IV.

## THE BLACKBIRD.

S we gave the allied Warblers, the Sky and Woodlark, so we follow the Song Thrush, with its congener, the Black Thrush, commonly known as the Blackbird.

Although the Fieldfare (an unmusical brother) and the mountain Ouzel, nearly approach in form to the subject of the engraving, yet the Blackbird is, to our eye, incomparably their superior in elegance of shape. The Blackbird is not migratory, but a permanent resident in almost all parts of England and Scotland; but, although it prefers the more cultivated districts, it is seldom found in the central or more elevated tracts: nor does it breed in parts destitute of sylvan vegetation, being, properly speaking, an inhabitant of bushy places and woods. In winter it haunts the neighbourhood of towns, gardens, and hedges, generally keeping under shelter of trees or bushes. And, at this period, like the other thrushes, it feeds on snails, which it breaks by dashing against stones with its bill. It also occasionally ingeniously circumvents the garden snail by pecking against the spire of its house, where, if you will take the trouble to examine it, the shell is very much thinner. But though this is its favourite dish, like many other birds it has a large range of food. Earthworms, beetles, seeds of cereal grains, insects, berries, &c., will be found in their stomachs at inclement seasons.

"It is amusing," says Mr. Macgillivray, "to observe a blackbird searching for food on the smooth green of a garden, which one may easily do from the window without being noticed. In December, 1832, I watched one in order to note its motions. After looking quietly at a particular spot for some time, it hopped up, began to peck the ground with great energy, and after some exertion, succeeded in dragging out a worm of moderate size, which it immediately threw on the ground. It then pecked at the worm for nearly a minute, and, beginning at one end, separated by a sudden stroke a small portion, which it swallowed. In this manner it proceeded until it had devoured the whole, not swallowing at any time more than a small fragment. It then hopped about, looking now and then attentively at a certain spot, and at length began to dig vehemently for another worm, which it soon procured. This was the first time that I had closely watched a blackbird while searching for worms; but I have since had repented opportunities of convincing myself that it always proceeds in the same manner, never swallowing an entire worm unless it happens to be extremely small, and cutting the very large ones into a great number of pieces."

The female sits thirteen days, the male singing till the young are hatched, after which he is seldom heard till nestmaking again begins. The female is much less clamorous than the male, who, on being alarmed or irritated, especially in the breeding season, emits a loud, clear, chuckling cry, somewhat similar to the chatter of the magpie, fluttering its wings and staggering forward at the same time. Few persons seek an opportunity of hearing the song of the Blackbird in early morn, ere the first rays of the sun shoot across the eastern sky; but many listen to it with delight in the still evenings of spring and in summer, when the other songsters, except the Thrush and Nightingale are mute, and when its mellow notes come swelling on the ear, shedding a benign influence on every heart, not entirely hardened by an habitual disregard of nature.

"It is not in the wild valley, flanked with birchen slopes, and stretching far away among the craggy hills, that the music of the blackbird floats upon the evening breeze. There you may listen delighted to the gentle song of the thrush; but here, in this plain, covered with corn-fields, and skirted with gardens, sit thee down on the green turf by the gliding brook, and mark the little black speck stuck as it were upon the top twig of that tall poplar. It is a blackbird, for now the sweet strain, loud, but mellowed by distance, comes upon the ear, inspiring pleasant thoughts, and banishing care and sorrow. The bird has evidently learned his part by long practice, for he sings sedately and in the full consciousness of superiority. Ceasing at intervals, he renews the strain, varying it so that although you can trace an occasional repetition of notes, the staves are never precisely the same. You may sit an hour or longer, and yet the song will be continued; and in the neighbouring gardens many rival songsters will sometimes raise their voices at once, or delight you with alternate strains. And now, what is the purpose of all this melody? We can only conjecture that it is the expression of the perfect happiness which the creature is enjoying, when, unalarmed by care, conscious of security, and aware of the presence of his mate, he instinctively pours forth his soul in joy and gratitude and love. He does not sing to amuse his mate, as many have supposed, for he often sings in winter, when he is not yet mated; nor does he sing to beguile his solitude, for now he is not solitary; but he sings because all his wants are satisfied, his whole frame glowing with health, and because his Maker has gifted him with the power of uttering sweet sounds."

The blackbird pairs in February or March, and about the middle of the latter month, or later in the season, according to the temperature or the progress of vegetation, begins to construct its nest, which it places in a bush of any kind, a hawthorn, a laurel, a holly, or a willow, for example, or among ivy, or honeysuckle, or even in a hole in a wall or rock. For the most part however it selects the lower part of a hedge, or a briar or

bramble thicket, or the concealment of a fresh young fir or pine. The nest, which is bulky, is composed externally of stalks of grasses, supported or strengthened by some twigs or stems of herbaceous plants, and interwoven with mosses. This framework, coarsely intertwined, is lined with a thin layer of mud, within which is a more neatly arranged layer of fibrous roots, slender stalks of grasses, decayed leaves, and hypha. The interior is hemispherical, about four inches in breadth at the mouth, and three in depth. The nests however vary considerably as to the materials of which they are composed. Two broods are commonly reared, the first being abroad towards the end of May, the second by the middle of July. It appears, however, that sometimes a greater number of broods is reared. Mr. Blyth states in the *Naturalist*, Vol. III., p. 152, that a pair built four successive nests in 1837 upon the island in St. James's Park, and succeeded in rearing seventeen young ones, the three first broods consisting of five each, the last of two only; and that another pair which he knew of raised three broods in a garden near his residence.

But we have dwelt at some length on this delightful songster in his native wildness, and turn to him as the thule of man.

## MODE OF TAKING THE BLACKBIRD.

Timid and distrustful he will seldom enter the area or the barnfloor trap; nevertheless, it is easily caught with a net or spring in winter, by using service berries as a bait. Occasionally, it is found in the large traps set for tits, when these berries are scattered over the bottom. If a place be cleared from snow, and linned twigs and berries placed about, many may be caught. It will also go into the water-trap, but generally only at nightfall.

## FOOD.

In confinement, the Blackbird will be satisfied with the first *Universal Paste*; but he also eats bread, meat, or bits of apple. More dainty than the Song Thrush, he will not digest mere bran and water. As he delights in bathing, water should be supplied him for so doing.

## BREEDING.

The female lays three times a year, from four to six eggs of a greenish grey, spotted and streaked with light brown; when the young are hatched, the males are always much darker than the females, therefore fanciers need never be mistaken when they take the darker and leave the lighter. White bread, soaked in boiled milk will readily rear them, with a little raw beef and worms dipped in water. It is better to take them from the nest when the quill-feathers are just about to shoot, because it will be found that, as they have as yet not tried their natural song, they will much more readily learn any air you may wish to teach them.

## DISEASES.

With care, and a proper variation of food, this bird will live in captivity ten or twelve years; and if you never neglect to furnish him the means of bathing, his diseases are but few: the most important, is an obstruction in the rump gland. This gland contains the oil necessary for softening and anointing the feathers, and it sometimes becomes hard and inflamed, forming an abscess. In this case, the bird often pierces itself, but it may be softened by applying fresh butter: the best ointment, however, is one of white lead, wax and olive oil, which you may get at any chemist's: or you may cut or lance the hardened gland, which will remove the obstruction.

The memory of the blackbird is so good, that it will retain, without mixing them, several airs at once, and it will even repeat little sentences. It is a great and deserved favourite with the dwellers in suburbs and cities, for its clear, plaintive, and musical song. The price of a well-taught blackbird and a piping bullfinch is about equal.

## THE PUFF POET'S LAMENT.

Alas! for the days that are vanished and gone,

When the troubadour's theme was of bright eyes and roses;

Now, fallen from his glory, his harp's proudest tone

Gives forth but the praises of "Hyams" and "Moses."

Oh, me! I remember that dreamy time well,

When, tired of the world and its hollowness loathing,

I fled to the Muse. 'There's a pull at the bell—

Huzza! for a song about "Cheap Winter Clothing."

Oh! pity my woes, you who've tasted the fount

O'er whose brink the green myrtle and laurel entwine;

When forced from my pegasus thus to dismount,

And rhyme to "stout trousers at 13 and 9."

Ah! when in my visions I rise from this earth,

Through regions of fancy my brilliant course tracking,

How hard 'tis to strangle bright thoughts in their birth,

And stoop to a lay upon "Warren's Jet Blacking."

Farewell, then, farewell! to the dreams of my youth,

When my young hopes were springy as Plunkett or Schefire;

No longer my theme is of virtue and truth—

All my genius is lost on a "D'Orsay" or "Zephyr."

But poets, alas! in these rank-fading days,

Cannot live upon grass, like old Nebuchadnezzar;

Rump steaks are much better for dinner than bays—

So here goes a lyric on "Rowland's Macassar."

## THE EXPERIENCES OF A COMMERCIAL GENT.

"Let us take to the road."—*Old Song.*

## REMINISCENCE I.

I who was named by godmothers and godfathers (I like to give place *sur Dames*) Nathan Orderly, am now an old "stager," I was going to say, which would have been wrong, seeing that I always drove my own trap after fashion compelled me to drop the saddle-bags. A bagman I was then called, and I never blushed at the name, and adhered to it, like the wax on an un-Grahamized letter, until I was threatened to be expelled from "The Travellers," unless I consented to raise the respectability of the society by mounting on wheels. I did consent, and the result was I was no longer a bagman, but a commercial gent. There is something attached to a name, and what I found attached to my new name was an increase in my weekly expenditure, in "pikes" particularly, and a tendency to get fat and catch cold, which I had never experienced whilst I was jotted about the country on pig-sticks.

Of course, as I was "a gent," I was obliged to drop my custom of taking a pint of ale and a pipe after my dinner in what is now called the commercial-room, and call for my pint of port or sherry. I am not allowed to "light up" until seven o'clock, except by special permission, and then I am called a vulgar snob if I do not pay threepence for a rhubarb-leaf cigar instead of a half-penny for a nice clean pipe and a screw of genuine returns. I am expected, too, to take a hand at half-crown points short whilst if we happen to be four "in for the night;" whereas, in the good old days, we made our time out over a rubber of cribbage, for a pint of ale, or a hit at backgammon, or even a game at put or dominoes.

However, respectability must be paid for; and sooner than be turned out of "The Travellers," after having paid in for many years, and being on the point of applying for a retiring pension from its funds, I adopted the new rignaroles one by one, all except one, and that is, I never will be "spicy" enough not to take change in coppers. They may be vulgar, but they are cursed convenient, and threepence in a shilling is five-and-twenty per cent.

My "clients," we were wont of yore to call them customers, may wonder now and then at goods being a little dearer than they had used to be; but how little forethought do they display if they do? Who is to buy and keep in repair a buggy and harness, and pay extra for "pikes and port, if he does not "stick it on a few?" Our "houses" for which we execute commissions won't increase our salaries (wages as used to be) merely because we are "gents." No; we must look after our own interests; and if we are to pluck any one, why not, like the lawyers, take it out of our clients? Eh? Let them take it out of the public, if they please; that is no concern of ours.

Having done business with country clients—I was on the point of writing "travelled for money and orders"—for nearly half a century, you must suppose that I have seen many funny, ay, and serious things too, and met with many adventures. It will amuse me in my olden days, and perhaps, your readers too, if you will admit into your popular pages (not those ridiculous pages you see dogging ladies' heels in a dress meant as a walking advertisement for button-makers) an account of such little "experiences" as recur to my fast-fading memory. Should any of my brother "gents," members of "The Travellers," fancy they see themselves portrayed in any of my characters, all I can say is, as my grandson says, who is at school in Gower-street, *qui cap it, ille face it*; which I take to be good London University Latin, for "if the cap fits, let him wear it."

Here goes to begin the "commencement of the end," as the French say.

One day as four of us, all old roadsters, were just going to sit down to a plain two o'clock dinner at the Lion in Billericay, a gent in a cruelty-van, as we call a huge four-wheel drawn by one horse, drove into the yard. We none of us knew him, so concluded he was not "one of us." Before, however, we had been helped round, a young man was ushered in by the landlord as a commercial "new on the road." We received him with our accustomed urbanity—and perhaps a little more—for we meant to "colt" him after dinner.

He took off two upper coats and a large red shawl, and stood before us in a green cutaway coat with metal buttons, a buff waistcoat, and white-corded trousers, strapped over French polished boots. He wore a black satin stock spangled with gold flowers, and a waterfall front, in which was stuck a huge blue-headed pin as big as a boy's marble. Altogether he was "a swell," without any mistake; and, when he pulled out a highly-scented bandana from his pocket, and flourished it so as to display a large diamond ring on the little finger of his right hand, we looked and winked at one another.

He gave himself great airs at dinner, cursed porter as being vulgar, called porter kitchen drink, and found fault with everything, especially with the forks, which were only plated. At the same time he talked very grandly about the immense weight of business imposed upon him, the number of commissions he had to execute, and the wonderful amounts he had to remit to his house every night.

We pumped him all we could to find out what line he was in, but all to no purpose. He would not let it out. After dinner I, as chairman, suggested to him the usual custom of calling upon a new gent to stand a bottle of wine. He immediately strutted up to the bell-pull and rang it, and, when the waiter appeared, ordered in half-a-dozen of the best claret.

We expostulated, but in vain. "He never drank the nasty hot wines of Portugal."

When he had taken his share, which he did, and told us marvellous tales of his immense and important transactions, he went out to visit his clients.

After we had puzzled ourselves in conjecturing who or what he could be, we sat down to write our letters. We had just concluded when our new member returned. He stuck himself before the fire, spread his coat tails, and took snuff out of a splendid gold box, then handed it to me with, "Do anything in the dust line?" I was about to decline as a single knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," said I; and in answer to my invitation in walked a little girl about six years of age, who, from shyness, put her finger between her lips, held down her head, and whispered, "Please, sir, is Mr. Harrison here?"

"Yes, my little dear, I am Mr. Harrison," said the swell. "What is it—oh? Don't be alarmed—speak out."

"Why then, if you please, sir, you are to bring mother half-a-dozen more of them 'ere little poliparrets as has got whistles in their tails."

The secret was out. The swell travelled in the toy line. He gave the girl a savage look, caught up his two top coats, shawl, and hat, and bolted.

I never met with him again until I saw him sweeping a crossing near Temple-bar.

(To be continued.)

## THE GALVANIC RING.

That lover of science, Lord Brougham, has, like a good judge, given a fair trial to the galvanic ring, and has (the guinea being paid) certified to the effect that the rapid twitching of his nasal organ has much abated since he wore one therein.

Lady Bulwer Lytton has pronounced it to be her opinion that the galvanic ring is powerless in comparison to the wedding ring, asserting that the shock of the latter is felt all one's life, and that, too, so strongly, that once upon the finger, the greatest force and expense are requisite to get rid of it.

Bill Sykes states, that his hand was so swollen from exposure to the weather, that he could not get it into a moderate-sized gentleman's pocket, but since he has worn the ring he has been enabled to insinuate it into a lady's reticule. He does not, however, attribute this to any virtue the ring may possess, or any sympathy between the ring and himself, but thinks the effect may be accounted for—although he cannot account for the possession of the ring—by attributing the abatement of the swelling to the fact of the ring not having been paid for; the priggish of a piece of beef, he assures us, gets rid of warts and hunger, and he does not see why a swelling may not be got rid of by the application of a stolen ring.

A celebrated stay maker at the West is about to take advantage of the principles evolved in the galvanic ring, and stays are forthwith to be lined with copper and zinc, with, for safety sake, a brass tag to the lace as a conductor.

Sheets of copper and zinc must be shortly introduced as bed-furniture, or this new scientific cure for all diseases will have been treated but as a half dose for poor suffering credulity. Why not likewise provide for the inner man! Ostriches have now their galvanized iron, why not man his galvanized sandwich?

THE INNOUENCE OF MAKING MONEY.—A night or two since, Peel quoted with admiration the axiom of Dr. Johnson, that "very few men are more innocently employed than in the accumulation of property." Struck by the profound beauty of this truth, we understand that several tradesmen are about to have it written in letters of gold above their doors. Among those about to adopt it we have heard of the names of Moses and Son; Morrison and Co.; and several distinguished keepers of marine stores.

GROSS CARELESSNESS.—The *Brighton Herald* says, "Incendiary fires are raging to a frightful extent in Beda."—Really servants ought to be more careful with warming-pans.

ANSWER TO AN ADVERTISEMENT.—"To Master Tailors."—(*Times*, March 15.)—"A respectable young man, of good address, would wish to enter a cutting-room." Let him go as a chimney-sweep to a fancy ball.

VERY CONSOLING!—Dr. Rash, in a *Treatise on Sugar*, maintains, that "in those countries where sugar is abundantly eaten, plagues are unknown." So that if sugar were abundantly eaten in England, we should get rid of the Polka.

CAPTURE OF A HAWK.—A little time ago two bird catchers were out in Dunham, catching birds, by placing a bird in the middle of a field in a cage, and using birdlime. While the men were at a distance watching, a hawk, perceiving the bird a prisoner in the cage, made a sudden dart at it. The men, being afraid of the cage being broken, ran and drove off the hawk; but they had no sooner got to their hiding place than the assailant returned to the charge with double energy, darting several times at the cage, in order to break it. The men again drove him off, and placed some larger sticks well lined: in a short time the hawk again appeared, and, while endeavouring to get through the wires of the cage, got his wings so much entangled with the bird-lime that, when the men ran towards him, he found himself caught, instead of his intended prey.



JOHN SMITH (alias Buckhorse), from an original engraving, copied in "The Eccentric Magazine."

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD II., 1735—1786.

FROM THE TIME OF BROUGHTON TO THE APPEARANCE OF DANIEL MENDOZA.

### CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

#### BROUGHTON—Concluded.

**B**O Broughton, then, continues Mr. D., "is to be ascribed the credit of two great reforms in the practice of pugilism, namely, the introduction of science and humanity; and by the moral effects these inculcated, more has been done to establish the high character of Englishmen for honour and fair play, than by all the eloquence of the pulpit or the senate. To Broughton also do we owe the introduction of *gloves, or muffers*, for conducting *mock combats or sparring matches*, as they are now called, by which men receive lessons without injury, or display the art of self-defence without those painful consequences to which Captain Godfrey so willingly submitted, and which he so feelingly describes, but which deterred young aspirants from entering those arenas in which, after harmless initiation, they often became distinguished adepts, or were prepared to take their own parts in unavoidable encounters. Broughton thus announces his new invention in the *Daily Advertiser* of February, 1747:—

"Mr. Broughton proposes, with proper assistance, to open an academy at his house in the Haymarket, for the instruction of those who are willing to be initiated in the mystery of boxing, where the whole theory and practice of that truly British art, with all the various stops, blows, cross-buttocks, &c., incident to combatants, will be fully taught and explained: and that persons of quality and distinction may not be debarred from entering into a course of those lectures, they will be given with the utmost tenderness and regard to the delicacy of the frame and constitution of the pupil; for which reason muffers are provided, that will effectually secure them from the inconveniency of black eyes, broken jaws, and bloody noses."

Thus far, Broughton appears to have sailed on the wave of triumph. His patrons were numerous and aristocratic; but the confidence which good fortune begets, was to prove to him a snare, as it has to many before him. *Slack*, a butcher, and a pugilist of some note, but who had already succumbed to *George Taylor* (as we have stated in our last number), had, it appears, a quarrel with Broughton on a race-course, which led to a threat on the part of the champion that he would horsewhip *Slack*. The result was a challenge: *Slack* obtained friends, a match was made for 200*l.* aside, and as the door-money was included in the sum contended for, it was estimated at 600*l.* clear. Although properly falling under the

biography of *Slack*, we here give the battle, for the purpose of rendering as complete as possible, the history of the Father of Scientific Pugilism.

Broughton's overweening confidence proved his ruin: for, as we learn from a contemporary authority, "he refused to take *training preparation*," although "he had not fought for a long time." Let others take warning by his fall.

On the evening previous to the battle (Tuesday, April 10, 1750), Broughton, who had invited his patrons and numerous friends to witness the battle, was rather apprehensive that *Slack* would not fight, and, for fear any disappointment should take place, made the latter a present of ten guineas not to break his engagement.

For the first five minutes, Broughton's superiority over *Slack* was so evident, that the odds were ten to one in his favour. When *Slack*, recovering a little from the effects of his antagonist's blows, made a sudden and unexpected jump, planting a desperate hit between the champion's eyes, which immediately closed them up. Broughton now appeared stupefied; and as it was two or three minutes before the effects of this fatal blow were manifest, the spectators were at a loss to account for the unusual movements of Broughton, who appeared to *feel* for, instead of boldly facing and attacking his man: at length, his patron, the Duke of Cumberland, exclaimed: "What are you about, Broughton?—you can't fight!—you're beat!" To which Broughton instantly replied: "I can't see my man, your highness—I'm blind, but not beat; only let me see my man, and he shall not gain the day yet." Broughton's situation was truly distressing, and *Slack*, following up this singular advantage, obtained a victory in *fourteen minutes*!

The Duke appears to have been most unworthily angered at his loss, which has been (we suspect extravagantly) stated to have amounted to £10,000. The door-money produced near £150, besides a great number of tickets at a guinea and a half each; and as the conqueror was to have the produce of the house, it is supposed that *Slack* got nearly £600.

Thus, in the short space of *fourteen minutes*, was the CHAMPION deprived of his laurels. The defeat proved his ruin. The Duke of Cumberland could never speak of this contest with any degree of temper, and turned his back on the beaten man. The legislature interfered, the Amphitheatre was closed, and Broughton never fought more. Previous to this battle, it is said he had grown plethoric; if so, it requires no great acumen to opine the cause of the sudden swelling which temporarily blinded him. Broughton was exceedingly dejected at the injurious suspicions of his royal patron. He retired into private life, and died January 8th,



1789, at his residence, in Walcot-place, Lambeth, at the mature age of eighty-five years. He lies buried in Lambeth churchyard.

## CHAPTER II.

SLACK—JEM STEVENS—BUCKHORSE.

SLACK by the fortunate triumph recorded at the close of the last chapter, was raised to the pinnacle of fistic fame, yet his victory proved the downfall of regular pugilism in the metropolis for a period of four years. Slack, who was a native of Bristol, was a man of considerable strength, much endurance, and determined courage, and was the grandfather of those stars of the ring (and belt) JEM BUCKHORN and his brother THOMAS.

We have already noted his defeat in 1750 by George Taylor, but in 1754, public prize-fighting being suppressed in the metropolis, Slack met one Pettit a Frenchman, at Harleston in Norfolk, for a subscription-purse. Pettit was a man of enormous strength, and the contest proved as singular a one as the annals of pugilism present. At first setting-to the Frenchman darted with amazing fury at Slack, and catching him by the throat, held him for half a minute tight against the rails of the stage, until he was well nigh strangled: with some difficulty, however, he released himself from this awkward situation. For the next ten minutes the Frenchman rushed in, hammering away at Slack, and driving him all over the stage with such fierce impetuosity, that all the spectators stood aghast: at length Slack closed in upon him with a one-two, and gave him three desperate falls. Nevertheless, during these rounds he twice canted Slack off the stage. Monsieur now seemed to get averse to trying for a throw, but running in on Slack, he seized him with both hands by the hams, by which he laid himself open to a "little-un or so," while Slack fell softly. After eighteen minutes fighting any odds were offered against Slack, who had been the favourite before the fight began. Slack now changed his tactics and followed the Frenchman up so close, that he had no opportunity of running in at him, but was compelled to stand up and fight: and by this he quickly turned the tide of battle, closed one of his eyes, and disfigured his face terribly. Pettit's wind now began to fail, while Slack was fast recovering his strength. Pettit once more got a little advantage, and threw Slack over the rails; but in going over, Slack put in a desperate blow under the ribs of the Frenchman, that made him cry *peccavi*. Slack was not long in repenting; but Monsieur was so panic-struck, that he bolted with all imaginable haste, never stopping to look behind him. It was the opinion of the spectators, that Pettit was full strong when he bolted. The battle lasted twenty-five minutes, perfectly ridiculous, and equally dreadful by turns. The Frenchman not returning to finish the contest, Slack was declared the conqueror, and drew the first ten guineas out of the box.

About a twelvemonth after this fight, one Cornelius Harris, a collier, from Bristol, challenged Slack for one hundred guineas. Harris proved himself a good bit of stuff, teased the champion a great deal, and disputed the ground manfully; but Slack's experience was too much for him, and, after a severe set-to for twenty minutes, Harris gave in.

Slack now laid by in peace for upwards of four years, till one Moreton had the temerity to call the champion out to the field of honour, for fifty pounds. Slack accepted the challenge with alacrity, and the fight came off at Acton Wells, on the 20th of October, 1759. Moreton showed himself a good man, and kept the game alive for thirty-five minutes, in a style of great excellence. Slack had his work to do; but ultimately was declared the victor.

Ten years had now elapsed since Slack had vanquished the renowned Broughton, and held the title of champion—but the honour was dazzling, and another hero put in his claim for the towering prize. Slack's fame was well established; and here royalty once more appeared on the pugilistic scene; for Broughton's old patron, the Duke of Cumberland, stepped forward and backed him for one hundred pounds against one Jem Stevens, whom the Duke of York took under his patronage. The Haymarket was the scene of action, and a stage was erected in the Tennis-court, James-street, and the day, the 17th of June, 1760, Slack entered the field with all the confidence of a veteran, and was acknowledged to have the advantage in the first part of the battle; but the nailer, with an arm like iron, received the ponderous blows of his antagonist on his left with ease, while with his right arm he so punished the champion's nob, that he knocked off the title—picked it up, and wore it. Thus fell the hitherto mighty Slack. This battle, in "Boxiana," is erroneously attributed to Bill Stevens, the Nailer, who beat Taplin and McGuire, in 1768 and 1769, and was subsequently defeated by Summers.

Slack now returned to his business as a butcher, and opened a shop near Covent-garden; and, being a public man, the curiosity of the people in going to see a great fighter, brought him considerable custom. Slack died in 1778.

## BUCKHORSE.

There was one pugilist of this period, whose name and portrait we rather introduce as a remarkable *lunus natura*, than for his merit or skill as an opponent of the "noble art" in its best sense. This individual was John Smith, more commonly known as Buckhorse, an exhibitor in numerous "battles royal" at the booths of Taylor and Broughton, as well as elsewhere.

"Buckhorse, whose real name is said to have been John Smith, first saw the light in the house of a sinner, in that part of London known by the

name of Lewkner's-lane—a place notorious in the extreme for the eccentricity of characters it contained: here the disciples of Bamfylde Moore Carew were to be found in crowds, and cadgers of all descriptions resorted to regale themselves upon the good things of this life, laughing at the credulity of the public in being so easily duped by their impositions; and here the juvenile prig was soon taught to become and adept in the profession, by taking out a handkerchief or a snuff-box, from the pocket of a coat covered with bells, without ringing any of them—here the finished thief roosted from the prying eyes of society, and laid plans for his future depredations."

It appears, then, that few places could boast of more originality of character than that from which Buckhorse sprang; and, from the variety of talents here displayed, there is little doubt he did not remain long a novice. As we have never been troubled with any account—to what good-natured personage he owed his origin, we cannot determine; but suffice to observe, that little Buckhorse and his mother were turned out upon the wide world long before he knew its slippery qualities, by the cruel publican, their landlord; which inhuman circumstance took place about the year 1720.

This freak of nature, it should seem, was indebted to his mother for what little instruction he received, the principal of which was an extraordinary volubility of speech; and from his early acquaintance with the streets he picked up the rest of his qualifications.

Buckhorse's composition, however rude and unsightly, was not without harmony; and although his fist might not appear musical to his antagonist by its potent touch, yet when applied to his own chin, was capable of producing a variety of popular tunes, to the astonishment of all those who heard and saw him, and by which peculiar trait he mostly subsisted, added to selling little switches for a halfpenny a-piece; his cry of which was so singular, that Shuter, the celebrated comedian, among his other imitations, was more than successful in his attempts of Buckhorse, and which was repeatedly called for a second time.

As a pugilist, Buckhorse ranked high for courage and strength among the boxers of his day, and displayed great muscular powers in the battles he contested.

There is something Hogarthian in the style of the portrait handed down to us, and it would seem from several contemporary writers that "Buckhorse" was a favourite, nay, almost a proverbial name for a remarkably ugly man. This singular being was in the habit of allowing himself to be knocked down by any person who might choose to do so, for a very trifling gratuity. In our next we shall devote a chapter to miscellaneous pugilism, as an introduction to TOM JOHNSON, the CHAMPION.

(To be continued in our next.)

## MOVING THE QUESTION.

NOTHING can be more erroneous than to suppose that finesse and deep policy are exclusively the property of a minister or political diplomatist, or that the admirable manner in which a minister will shift and wriggle, and ultimately emancipate himself from some crooked dilemma, by ingeniously starting fresh matter for debate and speculation; to suppose, we say, that such ability is not evinced in other grades of society is completely erroneous, as the following scene, taken, as painters say, on the spot, will sufficiently demonstrate:—

Boy. If you please, Mrs. Dooley, I've come from Mr. Smith for three shillings which you've owed him now these four months; and master says—

Mrs. D. God bless my soul, Tommy Green, is Mr. Smith your master? Why, how long have you lived with him?

Boy. Pretty nigh six weeks.

Mrs. D. You don't say so! Well, bless me, how you've grown, boy; and (turning him round) where have you been to get in such a mess; you're splashed up to the back-bone; and how's your dear mother?

Boy. She's very ill.

Mrs. D. You don't say so! Ill enough for a doctor? Who attends her?

Boy. Doctor Sarjent.

Mrs. D. Doctor Sarjent! You don't say so? Why, he shouldn't give physic to a cat of mine: he was the death of poor old Mrs. Leosemore, at the hardbake-shop opposite—he's the wrong sort for your mother. Run home directly, and tell her from me not to touch another drop of Doctor Sarjent's filth—run, boy, as hard as you can; the poor blessed creatur' may be just agoing to take her death draught—run, run.

With these hastily uttered exclamations Mrs. Dooley closed her door, and Tommy Green dutifully hastened to his mother to stay the dreadful effects of the doctor.

"But what about the three shillings due to Mr. Smith?" inquires the reader. Ah! don't you perceive there lay the diplomacy of Mrs. Dooley's ingenious moving of the question from the debt to the doctor? The debt remained, but Mrs. Dooley did not—having "gone away, not known where," upon the next application.

ASTONISHING "COOLNESS."—During the recent terrific conflagration near Greenwich, some firemen were actually observed seated in the midst of the blazing manufactory coolly mending their hose.



## THE CHIVALRY OF MODERN GAUL.

BY THE EDITOR OF "THE SPORTING REVIEW."

Gaming their nights: their mornings steeds employ—  
 Coursers as wooden as the horse of Troy.—*Editor's Translation.*



HAVE seen the aldermen of London essay equitation in a royal procession, eastward from Temple-bar—also Jack on the outside of a quadruped at Portdown-fair; but never anything in imitation of humanity bestrode pig's skin like Young France! It must be a source of great congratulation to Christendom that this matter is likely to be reformed. The court, as at present constituted, is not popular with "legitimacy," and the Tuilleries is a "tabooed" spot with the "*gens comme il faut*." The youthful nobility eschew the camp, as their sires the court; and with the aristocratic professions shut against them—holding it derogatory to be the courtier, or soldier, or statesman of the house of Orleans—nothing is left them but to "affect the shade," as the poet calls living remote from cities. It was but the other day that, returning from an investigation of the *Great Britain*, at Blackwall (the most uncomely barque that ever swam), I fell in with a peer of France, who embarked at Greenwich with a couple of colossal hounds he had picked up in the neighbourhood. These he was taking into *Touraine*, for the purpose of hunting the boars, and stags, and wolves, and so forth, as they came in his way. From him I learnt that woodcraft was fast advancing in popularity among his countrymen, and the turf making rapid strides. As he had been down to Lincolnshire and Melton to purchase hunters for his own stud, I look upon him as good authority touching the matter of sporting.

"Our men of condition," he said, "rarely go to Paris now; and what can you do in the country to kill time, unless you kill the wild beasts or the game? In the south, hunting is the rage; every landed proprietor turns his attention to it, and begins to breed both horses and dogs. Your foxhound blood crossed with our —," some indigenous race, of which I forget the name, "produces a breed suited peculiarly to the chase of the boar—an animal at three years old, when its tusks are perfect, as dangerous as a lion or tiger. During the present season, I have already lost thirty couples of hounds by the boars—ripped up as if by a charge of lancers. The English dog goes in upon them without any precaution, and, of course, gets the worst of it. The cross that I speak of is more careful; probably the instinct of the native cooling down its impetuosity. We never shoot now (that was a good symptom), whether wolf, or boar, or stag. The riding is very spirited; for after a ring or so, our boars go right away; and you must be near your hounds in our forests, or you lose them altogether, literally; for a hound left behind in them, is left for ever; the wolves soon make an end of him. To be sure, the fencing is easy; but the galloping, especially in cover, quite the reverse. I am indebted for the possession of the little brains I have, to my cap, which has so far preserved my skull whole." Not the least remarkable part of this conversation was the language in which the foreigner expressed himself. Except a very slight accent, and a thickness when the *r*, or other harsh consonant came athwart him, it would have been difficult to distinguish his parts of speech from those of a true Saxon.

I never see a Frenchman and a French horse without discovering another example of my favourite doctrine of compensation. John Bull is solemn and phlegmatic—his steed capers and kicks up his heels; with Jack Frenchman and his quadruped, it is the reverse; which gives the balance of equality. When you detect a Parisian *beau* on his native piece of Tunbridge ware, you are never astonished that he carries a pair of spurs at his heels as long as toasting-forks. Quite the contrary—your surprise is only that he does not substitute a red-hot poker for his riding-whip! Gallia is the land of gay cavaliers and grave cavalry.

When I die, should it be my fortune to sojourn for a space in purgatory, any "leg" that may have the luck to put up at the same half way house, won't feel altogether at his ease till I go on another stage. Not that the fraternity hate me: on the contrary, they look on me with good will—seeing that I'm candid, at all events. But there's an instinct that forbids our being comfortable when in *rapproch*, as the mesmerists call it, with an antagonist spirit. For this reason, should I overtake, when passing Apsey House, a member of the profession pursuing his way to Tattersall's, by the side of the Green-park railing, he is sure to look anxiously around

"Like one that on some lonesome road  
 Doth walk, with fear and dread,  
 And having once turned round, walks on  
 And turns no more his head,  
 Because he knows a fearful fiend  
 Doth close behind him tread."

On this principle was it—or without any principle—that "Leatherlungs, the leg" (who was teaching riding in France), espied me, as he was going on his way evidently rejoicing. Fascinated—as a bird-fancier might say—he reined up, and rode towards me on the *grand pas*.

"Good morrow to you, sir," he opened; and then halted, because, like all his tribe, he had misgivings of his reception.

"Good day," I answered. "Fine scenting weather—got your game afoot betimes, I see; at it early or late—industry must prosper."

"Only a lot from Green-street," he said confidentially; "half-fledged

*faneurs*, the spooniest brutes in creation, in the matter of horseflesh: don't know a chesnut-horse from a roasted chesnut. They are trying a few chargers I have for sale on commission."

"Since 'Ferdinand Count Fathom' was written," I observed, "we have turned the tables on our continental friends rather considerably. When the French 'Maccaroni' led the English fine gentlemen by the nose to the *faro* bank, or the *rouge-et-noir* table, the mysteries of Paris were at a premium; but now that we have inoculated him with the art and mystery of the odds, hedging, handicapping, and the like arcana and cabala of the turf—to say nothing of blind-hokey, and a few other passages of polite play, it's Lombard-street to Pennsylvania or May-fair against the Italian Boulevards."

"They've begun their rigs already for the next Derby," remarked Leatherlungs, as a commentary, probably, on my theory of sharp practice; "something is to be made of irresponsible nominations. That's to be the next move!"

I always eschew generalities with miscellaneous people, and therefore turned the conversation from the channel it was taking, and myself from the spring of it. "Your friends are anxious at your halt, by the way," I said. "To-night I'm engaged; but to-morrow night, if the simple flower, and the facility for moistening it, will serve your fastidiousness, by ten of the post meridian I shall be happy to see and hear you."

"Book'd, and no error," said the leg, in the vernacular of the "gent." "I'll be with you as safe as seven's the main. I'm not particular, but is there any difficulty about Roman punch in your hotel?"

(To be concluded in our next.)

**BOARD, AND LODGING EXTRAORDINARY.**—In a recent advertisement in a morning paper, headed "Grouse Shooting," a gentleman "renting some of the best moors in Scotland," notifies that he "wishes to meet with two or three guns to board and lodge in his house." We wish he may get the guns, and we hope they may pay their shot.

**THE CENTRIFUGAL RAILWAY.**—This ingenious mechanical contrivance is intended to illustrate the designs put forth in the *circulars* of some of the new railway projectors, which are by no means straightforward. The exhibition has been appropriately placed in Windmill-street, to indicate the necessity which exists for raising the wind in the first instance. Individuals entering this line may be done to a *turn* in an inconceivably short space of time. A *share* may be taken in the entertainment at the low price of one shilling.

**THE BELL OF THE BAZAAR.**—Sir Peter Laurie requests us to state that he is not the "Great Peter" intended for suspension in the tower of York Cathedral, and now exhibited at the Bazaar in Baker-street. A striking similarity, however, exists between the monster bell and the civic knight—both carry a very long tongue in a very empty head.

**WANTED—AN EXPLANATION.**—In the window of a shoemaker's shop in Holborn, the following mysterious inscription in large letters was lately appended to a pair of those ambiguous articles which are more than a shoe and less than a boot:—"MISS FITS CLARENCE—ONLY 6s. 6d."—Can anybody tell us what it means?

**NOVEL SYSTEM OF DOG-STEALING.**—(From a Correspondent.)—For several days past extensive robberies of valuable dogs have been committed in the Regent's and Hyde Parks, also Regent-street and Portland-place. It appears that, generally, two well-attired elderly females, dressed in handsome cloaks, walk in company in the interior of the parks, and are followed by two men having the appearance of mechanics, each carrying a market basket. When a lady passes who has a favourite dog running on the gravel-walks, it is picked up by one of the women and placed under her cloak, and though at the moment close to the person they have stolen the dog from, such is the respectable appearance of the females that no suspicion is attached to them. As soon as opportunity offers, they carry the prize to one of the men, who quickly walks off with the animal, which is kept until a handsome reward is offered.

A FEW CONSEQUENCES OF TAKING THE DUTY OFF GLASS.

After being very industrious in our inquiries on this important subject, we have much pleasure in being able to present our commercial and general readers with an accurate catalogue of the most conspicuous changes which have been effected by the alteration of the tax upon glass. They are as follows:—

1. Mr. Batty has been enabled to increase the number of "tumblers" on his establishment.
2. The authorities of Brighton have entered into arrangements for introducing several *pier*-glasses on their splendid jetty.
3. Some enterprising hat-manufacturers have undertaken to produce a novel description of cut-glass "castors."

There is, however, one improvement which unfortunately remains to be effected, namely, the reduction of the window-tax, which we earnestly recommend Sir Robert Peel to carry into operation as the most effectual means a philanthropist could adopt for relieving the "panes" of the people.

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# The Sporting World

OR  
LIFE IN LONDON,  
& THE  
COUNTRY.

No. 5.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 19, 1845.

[THREE  
HALF-PENCE.]



JUSTICE DYOTT'S HOUSE, GEORGE-STREET, ST. GILES'S.

THE SCENE OF THE LATE APPALLING MURDER.

## A RAMBLE IN THE ROOKERY.

BY MILES'S BOY.

AGREEABLY to the promise made in our prospectus, that we would sketch "Life's" many-coloured scenes in Town as well as Country, Miles's Boy, this week, takes a ramble through the ruined regions of "The Rookery." How changed, how happily changed is much of this weltering, unsavoury dunghill of filth, misery, and crime, from its rank and fetid squalidity, but a few years since. The innovating hand of improvement has been indeed busy, and wretched alleys, plague-spreading closes, and human kennels, with filth-strewn pavements, have disappeared, to make way before long for broad avenues, fair dwellings, and level carriage-ways.

But to our task. From the time of Elizabeth the parish of St. Giles seems to have been colonised by the Irish, who nearly possessed themselves of it. Hence its titles of "Little Ireland," "The Holy Land," &c., and the name of "St. Giles's Greek," as applied to its slang. The St. Giles's of the present age, however, even when its "Rookery," and "Rat's Castle" were in their glory, formed but a portion of this ancient domain of cadgers, thieves, and prostitutes. Stacey-street, Lewkner's-lane, the Coal-yard, and Drury-lane itself, are continually spoken of under the title of "Little Sodom," in books published in the 18th century: a proof of the *morals* of the district. But we will eschew the antiquary and confine ourselves to the "Rookery" as known to the present generation, but now daily sinking among "the things that were."

"The Rookery" comprehended the whole of the back slums, from the

corner of Meux's brewhouse, to the site of the old "Maidenhead Inn." The pursuits of the inhabitants of this vicinity have been always of that mixed character which renders men equally willing to turn an honest penny on "the square," or find a silver spoon, "purwided" it falls in their way, and "no von is fly to the fake." That such pursuits have been handed down, a sort of heir-loom from father to son, in regular succession, in this neighbourhood, there can be little doubt. Some idea of the early depravity of the vicinity may be gathered from the following lyric of the time of Charles II.:-

"When on Newgate steps a kid I was found,  
All my learning I got at St. Giles's pound;  
Where the nut-hook they taught me to handle soon,  
And roar with the blades who laugh out with the moon!  
So 'twixt frolic and giggling,  
And boozing\* and niggling,†  
And priggig‡ and higgling,§  
O'er goose, fowl, or pig-ling,  
I toddle through life, with my Bet for my badge,  
And her ruffledum, puffedum, frizzledum, madge!

\* Drinking.

† Slowly abstracting articles from the bulk-heads, or projecting fronts of shops, which at that period were open.

‡ Thieving.

§ Cheapening.

But when prime summer comes, and the evenings are bright,  
And no one "to speak to" to make it all right;  
When danger and death track the crape and the mask,  
I sounce in the wine-house and stick to the flask.

When the road is no go,  
And purses come slow,  
And cash is so so,  
I depend on my Doe;

Who, a garden-stuff draper, trulls out on the cadge,  
With her ruffledum, puffedum, frizzledum, madge!

Your arm, courteous reader, and, at the same time, do us the favour to imagine we are standing directly opposite the spot where formerly frowned in darkened majesty the ancient gallows, the site of which is now occupied by an edifice dedicated to the "Crown," the gin-palace at the corner. Inclining a little to the left, we find ourselves at the Posts, in High-street, which still stand at the end of Lawrence-street; a small remaining specimen of Buckeridge-steet, to which it once formed the avenue. Pass by these barriers and you are in the heart of St. Giles's, surrounded by men and women, suffering nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to, occasionally quickened into the ferocity of madness by the stimulating potations which cheat its poor and wretched inhabitants into a momentary forgetfulness of their misery; yet doth mirth gleam through this misery, nor is their wretchedness unmixed with racy humour. A few yards further once stood the Hare and Hounds, whilom the hostelry of Joe Banks, "the stunner," who has now succeeded, by the good offices of the Lords of the Woods and Forests, to the "Caown," in Cranbourn-passage, where the ponderous Joe blows his regalia in regal state, "vice," as the Gazette says, "the duceen, superseded."

The city of the cadgers is indeed degenerated; with the secession of the Stunner its glory departed, and Ichabod is written on its fast-falling walls. In times of old its boundaries were lawless, like Alsatia, so graphically described by Scott in "The Fortunes of Nigel." It was a city of refuge for the desperate, the thief, and the cadger; it now scarcely affords a home for the latter class. The introduction of a police station in George-street, in what was the heart of this district, was the first severe blow to the lawless misrule of the classic ground. The operations of the Mendicity Society have naturally decreased the number of beggars in the metropolis. These and other multiplied causes have had the effect of reducing the population of St. Giles's; as well as altering for the better the character of its inhabitants. Workpeople employed in selling fruit and other things in the streets, and labourers in the markets, are the principal occupants of the tenements of the Rookery at present. This class, although a shade above them, mix with the cadgers in the elegant pastimes of dancing, singing, and getting drunk.

But Church-lane yet remains, a "sweet bit!" just left as a sample of the former whole, and let's step in. The evening wears on, and if you would look at the "last fading traces" of the once-famed Rookery, now's your time. "There, this is the turning, just above the house of the murdered woman, which heads this slight sketch. Take care, my good fellow, and keep your feet out of the plug-holes. Are you hungry? Come with me to Mother Conroy's cellar in Church-lane, where you may get supper, tobacco, lashings of beer, while you have money to pay for it, and a roaring boy to help it off more freely. Gently there! Take care! the stairs are rickety; and don't tread in the pail at the bottom."

"Good evening! Have you a bed, Mother Conroy?"

"No, your honour, but you'll get one in Rat's Castle; or maybe you would content yourself in my own stuffed chair by the fire, and your fri'nd make himself aisy on the settle, with my cloak for a coverlid. O, bathershin; don't sit on that chair. The leg's gone, and that husband of mine (devil's cure to him!) has been talking of *dootherin'* it these three year. Wait awhile now, till I empty the pail above stairs, and I'll engage you'll have elegant sitting accommodation in a jiffy." And, in the twinkling of an eye, the pail, disembodying of its contents, becomes the prop of one, certainly, in the present instance, not within the pale of society.

One of the most characteristic features of this memorable locality are the cellars; the chief of these subterranean apartments or caves was Dowling's, situate in Buckeridge-street, opposite the Hare and Hounds; where nightly were wont to congregate from forty to fifty Irish tailors, who carouse deeply in a description of small beer called *swanky*, rolling away the mists in their upper stories with reiterated pinches of brown rappee commixed with Scotch snuff. The plebeian debauch was kept up all night, or until leaden sleep overcomes the inhabitants, who lay sprawling in all directions; in this place a supper might be obtained for threehalfpence, consisting of a pennyworth of mahogany (pig's head, nearly resembling that wood in colour), cabbage, and soup. Opposite to Dowling's was a celebrated cavern called the Nunnery, in which females assembled. These are chiefly ladies of the *pave* of the lowest order. No male was permitted to enter. The place was full of beds, by no means of a costly description. And here it may be as well to describe the general order of couch patronised in the Rookery: it is of the turn-up genus, with room for two adults, at whose feet the younger children

are transversely laid; underneath the bed, children of a larger growth are deposited upon old rags, mats, &c.

In former times the Rookery was famous for affrays between the Irish of different provinces, and occasionally lives were lost in the contests; the new police has, however, put a stop to this order of diversion.

This way, courteous reader. We must progress through Church-lane into Dyott-street, by Ivy-lane, and taking the first on the left into Rat's Castle, alike the sanctum sanctorum of proud poverty and vicious debasement, where each casual companion of the shabby-gentle order is afraid to become an intimate of a brother in distress, lest by the turn of fortune's fickle wheel he should again be placed in a situation in which it would be painful to his feelings to be recognised by his fellows in mishap.

In this colony of the poor we shall find, for the sum of threepence per night per head, the accommodation of a flock-bed, covering, a good fire, and a frying-pan, in which at times one mutton chop is pursued by a hundred hungry eyes and a thousand unavailing wishes. Is this wonderful, when the greater part of the company by whom we find ourselves surrounded have been wandering through the streets by day, some in quest of labour, others pursuing the uncertain calling of mendicancy, while others of the more ancient devotees to the Cytherean goddess, grown too old to afford delight, are cast aside to beg a few halfpence for the gin necessary to allay the inward gnawings of their nature, and the bed which enables them to sleep off the painful sense of hunger? The sense of degradation has long been dead within them; still the snarling waspishness with which they repel a wanton or unprovoked observation on their forlorn and miserable condition, will tell the philosophic mind of the workings of former pride and present abasement.

In the Rookery formerly resided a species of malefactor denominated a *router*. This order of personage was, in the main, a seedy, broken-down gentleman, of good classical education, of the family of those numerous unfortunate people who, in attic slang, are the victims of circumstances over which they have no control. These routers, who have greatly become thinned by transportation, were wont to forge the names of parsons, magistrates, churchwardens, and overseers, in order to enable impostors to be passed from one parish to another. This procedure required great skill and address, involving artful disguises. The women would change their bonnets and dresses a dozen times a day, and with the same identical borrowed habes, cheat some twelve parishes per diem. The perpetrators of these frauds would frequently clear 2*l.* a day in the form of pass-money, at the rate of so much a mile. The evil had so greatly increased, that the vigilance of the police was brought into active operation, so that this predatory accomplishment is well nigh extinct. Another order of professional men in the Holy Land is also vastly on the wane—we allude to the scribe, the letter writer, petition composer, will drawer, and make-himself-generally-useful sort of personage with his pen. Yes, these are nearly gone; of the few that remain, however, Captain Roeb may be said to be the most eminent. The ballad composers and last dying speech fabricators, are also few and far between. This order of literary biped confine themselves now chiefly to composing advertisements for underselling tailors and blacking-makers, writers of sorry stanzas, for a sorry price—the Miltonian doom.

Marriage, in the Rookery, is a ceremonial not often resorted to; constancy however prevails to an admirable extent; it will however happen, in the best regulated dynasties, that at times mutual distrusts, family feuds, and out-lived-my-liking-ism will occur; in such cases, in the locale in question, fierce warfare is succeeded by pacific recognition over a glass of wrath-dispelling gin. Eternal constancy in these counterfeiters of marriage is, however, secured by the symbol of a tobacco-pipe, broken over the heads of allied parties into numberless pieces, and who are to remain inexorably indissoluble until the fractured parts are conjoined.

Look at that being, his eyes fixed on us with a brutal stare of intoxication. He has been a gentleman, till, disgusted by his habits, his friends now allow him a weekly stipend, which he spends in liquor. His neighbour is of that devious character of which nothing can be safely affirmed, sometimes getting a living by street traffic, and at others picking up a "fogle." The three scavengers at the table, feasting on liver and bacon, look as proudly on the surrounding supperless as if they were the Roman triumvirate themselves; while the chimney-sweep at the further end, who dares not climb, and is, withal, too poor to buy "a machine," sits in melancholy contrast, his heart broken by "act of parliament." But we will hasten from the purlieu of Church-lane and Rat's-castle, and passing into Dyott-street, breathe—thanks to the improvements—a purer atmosphere. Here is indeed a glorious opening—and see the sun shines gaily on the ruins, the fragments of levelled walls, and rising masonry of new and handsome buildings at a short distance.

But stay, here is a large house yet standing immediately on our right, of some pretensions to bygone respectability. True, that is—THE HOUSE OF MURDER! That house gave name to Dyott-street (now George-street), and is called Dyott House.

It was the residence of, and is supposed to have been built by, Richard Dyott, Esq., before the year 1665. This gentleman served as overseer of the parish in the above year, and was also chosen vestryman, 1699. He was of the firm of Whetstone, Dyott, and Pargiter; and the partners have all transmitted their names to posterity; viz., Whetstone-park, and

\* Rob.

Pargiter's-rents, running out of the same into Holborn. Dyott-house is now condemned to a common fate with the rest of this doomed neighbourhood. The name of the street has long since disappeared; yet, before the last memorial of its founder shall have been sacrificed, we earnestly recommend our readers to take a trip thither, were it only to view the solid, carved, and cumbersome oaken staircase, whose twisted balustrades will give him some idea of the taste of by-gone times. The memento of former art he will find on the staircase, in the medallion of Miss Dyott, together with the wreath of carved flowers by which it is surrounded, may furnish matter for reflection or speculation; while the elaborately carved mantelpieces, and profusely ornamented ceilings, may afford a silent lesson on the riches of its founder. It was in the back parlour of the ground-floor of the right hand division of this house that the unfortunate woman was so barbarously assassinated.

This house, as well as others in the neighbourhood, belongs to a person of the name of Grout, who formerly made up from 500 to 600 beds nightly. Grout is very wealthy, having derived fortunes from his ancestors, who followed the same line of business as himself. This man is the king of lodging-house keepers, swaying his sceptre twenty miles round the metropolis; the chief seats of his enterprise are Romford, Brentford, the Mint, Whitechapel, and the Rookery. Grout is the owner of innumerable houses, and cannot be worth less than 100,000; his habits are parsimonious, and his equipage particularly unaristocratic. All the lodging-houses are provided, as we have before said, with a fire and a gridiron. The supper-houses are very numerous; the charges in which are uniform, viz. threepence. The viands consist of cabbage, pig's head, soup, and red-herrings; and, in season, a peculiar sort of sea-weed eaten raw, but which when cleaned and properly cooked, is a luxury.

At the top of George-street (formerly Dyott-street) stood till lately a substantial sort of house, of modern appearance, formerly kept by a Mrs. Cummings, vulgarly called Mother Cummings. This mansion is celebrated for the quality of the persons who in days of yore visited it. It was the theatre of innumerable freaks, performed not unfrequently by those loose-fish, George the Fourth and Colonel Hanger, who have given it as deathless a name as the hostelry in Wapping once had, when the merry Monarch Charles II. and the voluptuous Rochester made its walls to vibrate with their carousals. Report ascribes the cost of the rebuilding of the house we discourse of to the munificence of George the Fourth. It is now, and has been for a century at least, a house of ill-fame.

We retraced our steps southward, leaving George-street, the left-hand side of which does not date further back than some twenty years, while on its right palatial residences for commerce are already planned or rising. Crossing High-street we entered Endell-street (late Belton-street) and sauntered along, musing on mundane mutations, when we spied in a window a written bill bearing these words:—

"QUEEN ANNE'S BATHS MAY BE SEEN WITHIN,  
CHARGE THREEPENCE."

Now as Miles's Boy is, in his way, a bit of an antiquary, he entered a dirty boarded passage, and having groped to the farther end, came upon a house-carpenter sawing at a plank, "Where are these baths?" asked we. "Knock three times at that there door," replied he, "and the old 'oman 'ill show 'em yer." How are the mighty fallen, thought we; "here is Miles's Boy about to penetrate the sanctum where the good old Tory Queen unveiled her charms, attended by the intriguing Abigail Hill, the Brydges, and the imperious Sarah Churchill, and a bread-and-cheese carpenter desires him to 'ax an old 'oman' the whereabouts! Thrice



AN INTERIOR IN THE ROOKERY.

did we knock at a paintless door, and were quickly ushered, having deposited threepence in her withered palm, down a dark, steep, flight of rickety stairs, into a small, but lofty bathing-room, the basin of which was paved with tessellated marble, and the walls neatly inlaid in the Dutch taste of William the Third's time, with those highly-glazed blue-and-white tiles representing scripture subjects, from which the great Dr. Watts first received his religious bias. "The water's gone away, sir, since they sunk the new sewer across the street," said the decayed priestess of this deserted temple of Hygeia; "but though the bath's empty, there's some in the pump; it's reckoned very wonderful water, sir, for—." We spare the reader the catalogue of ailments, for which Queen Anne, of scrofulous memory, visited and made celebrated this spot. Everything hereabouts seems for a century past to have been progressing towards dirt, disease, filthiness, and neglect, and, the tide having now turned, all seems to be losing the picturesque irregularity of the antique, for the spruce smartness of modern improvement. Let us hope, as the habitations improve, a corresponding advance may be made in the physical as well as moral condition of the denizens of St. Giles's.

## CRICKET.

### HINTS TO CRICKETERS.

BY NED RUE.

THE season for this manly and truly healthful game being close at hand, the following hints from an old admirer and follower of the sport may not be ill-timed or unnecessary, especially when we consider that during the last season or two many thousands have joined the ranks, and cannot, of course, be expected to be so *au fait* in the minutiae of the game, as those who have had more experience, and are, as it were, "to the manner born."

It is now high time that committees, secretaries, and other gentlemen who are entrusted with the active management of clubs, should overhaul the contents of their club-boxes, and see that everything is in order for the ensuing campaign; that all sprung handles have been replaced, and that stumps and balls, both for practice and matches, are in serviceable order. Let not the four-rod measuring chain, or the frame, now in common use for pitching wickets, escape their scrutiny, and, in particular, let them see that all the club-bats are in serviceable order; for it too often happens that at the close of a season they are hurriedly put by, without any scrutiny as to their disabled or inefficient state; and being general property, they are not so well attended to as private bats. Care should be taken that the handle has not shrunk from over dryness; in which case they ought by all means to be re-strung, or they will not offer a comfortable, or even secure hold for the hand, and must eventually unwind. This is so trifling an operation in the lathe, and so inexpensive, being accomplished in about three minutes, that there can be no reasonable excuse for its omission. Another important point is to see that all bats needing it be well hammered, and brought to a good face, for nothing adds more to the wear, appearance, and utility of a bat, than a frequent and well applied beating, which, doubt not, in skillful hands, it will return threefold on the ball.

All young players should look well to their spikes; see that the rivets have not given; and if the points be somewhat blunt, seek the aid of a good rough file. Be careful also to cleanse them from the green mould and damp which they may have accumulated in their winter's seclusion, and get them in order for active service. Look also to your Guernsey shirts, jackets, and flannel continuations. Let them not lie in your box (where carelessly thrown at the close of last season) until you again don them on your first practice-day; but as you would eschew rheumatism and lumbago, hand them over at once to the supervision of those who honour you by looking after your necessities and comforts—your health and happiness. A prosperous season, and health to enjoy it, to all lovers of cricket. We may probably throw out a few more useful hints in our next.

**MALICIOUS REPORT.**—A report has been circulated, that the Irish members are absenting themselves from Parliament to evade the Income Tax. A gentleman, who sends us his name, declares this report to be a shameful calumny. He assures us that the Income Tax would be the last thing in the world to trouble an Irish member.

**A THOROUGH-BRED JOCKEY.**—At Chester races, for the Maiden Plate, some years since, the horses had not run the second mile before one of the jockeys, named William Peert, who rode the Duke of Hamilton's colt, was thrown into the most embarrassing and dangerous situation, by the saddle slipping from under him. In this dilemma, the poor fellow, anxious to win, his feet having quitted the stirrups, actually supported the saddle with one hand for more than two miles, and in this perilous state won the heat. His exertions were rewarded by a liberal subscription purse.

**THE SHARE MARKET.**—Large investments in Bath buns were made by several young gentlemen at Wallview Academy, Camberwell, on last Monday morning. Shares were at a high premium in the afternoon, but holders did not appear disposed to meet the demand. In the agricultural districts ploughshares are generally heavy.



## GLANCE AT THE LATE SHOOTING SEASON, WITH A FEW WORDS ON THE GAME LAWS.

BY DETONATOR.



HE season 1844-5 has proved an unusually good one for birds: the sport has been excellent from one end of "Merrie England" to the other, and in some favoured counties extraordinary.

Of pheasants the show has been scanty enough, and in some localities they have fallen far short of the average number. The long drought must answer for this. In the north-eastern corner of Devonshire, where I was rusticated, we had not a tea-cup full of rain from the 19th of March to the end of August! This lack of indispensable moisture was felt in more counties than one; for an old and valued friend, the owner of some of the best-stocked preserves in Berkshire, told me the other day, that out of every nest of eleven or more eggs not more than five or six birds were hatched: the long-continued heat and protracted parching weather dried and hardened the shell so effectually that the young ones, though perfectly formed and arrived at maturity (which fact was subsequently ascertained on breaking the eggs), had not strength sufficient to chip their way out. An almost irreparable loss has been the consequence, for he is *minus* several hundred birds.

The manor over which I had the privilege of shooting is hemmed in on all sides by several distinct properties, so that it is a toss-up which of the owners gets the greater portion of game on his land. Luck has some share in the distribution; and as the seasons vary, the several localities will hold, each in their turn, a preponderating quantity. For instance: during the commencement of the season the low and swampy lands carried the day; and as the coverts and coppices I had permission to beat unfortunately were on the high and hilly grounds, the pheasants betook themselves to the lowlands, where the rills afforded them that which was denied them in the uplands. My sum total of long tails is, therefore, insignificant; but I should still, in spite of the dry season, have bagged a respectable number, had it not been for the depredations of the lawless night-hunters who infest this part of the country. These fellows are by many degrees more destructive than your regular poacher; for, in addition to snares, pits, fumigation, air-guns, and cross-bows, they have confederates placed at the gates of every field, where nets are so appended as to catch every hare within it, while, with a clever and cunning furcher trained to the business, poor pussy is driven to its toil. What chance has the shooter in a country so devastated? It is to be hoped that some revision and modification of the Game-Laws as at present constituted will occupy the serious attention of Parliament during the present session. We daily read of the most brutal and savage outrages having been committed on the persons of keepers, and murders of the most revolting nature are of nightly occurrence.

The temptation held out to the idle and dissolute as well as lazy vagabonds of irredeemably bad character by the unrestricted sale of game of every description is the root of all the evil, and until some stringent regulations are adopted, and carried into effect with the utmost severity, and heavy punishment visited on the offenders indiscriminately, blood must continue to be shed. If such powerful and wealthy landholders as his grace of Buckingham would grant a little more indulgence to their tenants in the way of affording them a few days shooting occasionally; and were a greater proportion of the thousands of head of game slaughtered on their estates distributed with a less sparing hand amongst the smaller farmers and higher class of labourers, much of the existing mischief would be averted. The farmers complain, and with a just show of reason, of the ravages committed by the game of the landlord: but such is human nature, that if the tenants were themselves permitted occasionally to knock over for their own amusement, as well as profit, the furred and feathered pilferers of their corn, I will be sworn that not a murmur would be heard. It is, I have reason to know, the worst policy on the part of an owner of well-stocked preserves to be too chary of his game whether living or dead; and I would exunge from every lease granted on an estate by the proprietor to his tenant that selfish clause (nine times out of ten inserted in the covenant) which precludes the latter from carrying a gun over the very land he pays for and cultivates. Such a proceeding savours too much of exclusiveness, and is as offensive to the honest English yeoman himself as it is degrading to the highly respectable class of which he is a member. The yeomanry form the connecting link of the chain which should bind the wealthy landlord to the labourers who till his fertile acres, and if this connecting link be severed by any impolitic or oppressive measure, disunion as well as disunion must be the inevitable result. As an old and enthusiastic sportsman, I wish to see the Game-Laws established on a more solid and judicious foundation: for the sake of humanity I devoutly trust that this will be done; and if re-modelled—which they must be—I most unfeignedly trust that they may be so framed as to confer a benefit upon all classes of the community. So long as the lawless depredator finds a ready market for his ill-gotten booty, so long will poaching be practised: for it does not require the aid of a microscope to be convinced, on inspecting the game exposed to view in the numerous dealers' shops which abound in almost every street of the metropolis, that two-thirds of the pheasants, hares, rabbits, and partridges have never been shot. The late atrocious

and murderous attack on the keepers of Lord Coventry in his preserves at Croomer Hill, it is to be hoped, from the fatal result, will attract the attention of Government; and that member of the house will deserve the thanks of every true-hearted sportsman who may bring this important subject before Parliament. At the inquest held on the bodies of the victims sacrificed in the defence of their noble employer's property, the jury, in pronouncing their verdict, accompanied it by the following observations, which are deserving the consideration of all reasonable men:—here is their appendix, and it should be printed in letters of gold:—*"That the jury cannot but deplore the continuance of laws so immoral in their tendency—so fruitful in crime—and so destructive to human life as the Game-Laws have proved, after long experience, throughout the length and breadth of the country, and they strongly recommend their abrogation."*—Nothing can more emphatically show the sense entertained by the community at large of the existing evil: and as this respectable body of gentlemen have thus fearlessly expressed their sentiments, it is to be inferred that they conveyed the opinions of the inhabitants of the county where this lamentable occurrence took place.

The injudicious course pursued in Buckinghamshire has brought other landlords in the neighbouring counties into "*mauvaise odeur*;" and symptoms of insubordination have lately been exhibited on more than one estate. Some few of the old country gentlemen, however, have, by their liberality and courteous bearing, established a friendly footing between landlord and tenant; and one of these rare specimens of British growth, an "old English squire," whom it is my greatest pride to call my friend, and who is beloved and respected from one end of his county to the other, has not only escaped the slightest manifestation of ill-feeling on the part of his tenantry towards himself, but has received their cordial co-operation in suppressing all marauders of game in general, and night-poachers in particular. This is as it should be; but the good-will thus evinced so unequivocally is the result of liberality in the distribution of the squire's game, and maintaining an uninterrupted and friendly intercourse with the respectable yeomen renting under him. Not very long ago, and when dissatisfaction was rife in that part of the country, a meeting of all the principal landed proprietors, as well as their tenants and the farmers of the neighbourhood, was held, to take into consideration the causes giving rise to the discontent, as well as to discuss the expediency of framing a memorial praying for an alteration in the existing Game-Laws. This influential meeting ended, as all meetings in England invariably do, in a dinner. Nothing can be done—at least no country-business transacted—without eating and drinking. After dinner all the pith of the subject-matter is canvassed, and more real truth elicited over the bottle than can be extracted from "John Bull" during a whole morning's speechifying when his stomach is empty. The party met at five o'clock—punished the fare—talked of the object of the meeting—drank their wine—and as the glass circulated, anecdote took the place of dry discussion. Many a one was related, and some few cases were cited which would have led to the belief that distress and starving families drove the offenders to the commission of an indefensible crime.

Far be it from me to condemn *en masse* as irreclaimable every unfortunate man who is tempted, or rather driven by misfortune and the neglect and oppression of parochial authorities, to unlawful pursuits. I know of more than one reformed and repentant offender, who fulfil with strictness and probity the duties of their present callings; but it cannot be denied that the very outcasts of society, and the idlest and most dissolute vagabonds let loose from our gaols, are to be numbered amongst the land depredators who carry on this nefarious traffic. To show that I pin some faith on a fellow who evinces a sincere wish to turn from the evil path and shake off bad habits, I would to-morrow, if in want of a gamekeeper, give such a "black sheep" a trial, upon the old principle of setting a thief to catch a thief; for experience and observation have convinced me that a *really reformed* poacher is the very best preserver of game that the owner of a well-stocked manor can hope to find. Who, let me ask, so cognizant of the dodges practised by the nightly marauder and the snarer? Who knows so well where to look for "gins" and "single-bows"? Who, in short, but the man who by practice has made himself master of the "ways and means" of poachers can exercise the strategic requisite to counteract and render void the manoeuvres called into operation to destroy the game he is appointed to guard and cherish for his employer's benefit and amusement?

As I never, I hope, advance an opinion without some show of reason, I have only to state that my old and valued friend "The Squire" to whom I have alluded has at this moment in his service, as "head-keeper," a *ci-devant* poacher, who was not only the most notorious craftsman that ever thinned a covert or covert, but the most cunning and clever "workman" that ever wired a pheasant, set a "gin," or snared a hare. He was twice tried at the assizes held in the county town, and by a miracle escaped being sent across the "herring-pond," as the "cognoscenti" in such matters term it. Whether it was gratitude for his narrow escape, or the dread of an eternal separation from his wife and children, I am not prepared to say; but from the hour of his last acquittal he became an altered man. But how was he to obtain a respectable situation with a tainted name and a blasted character? He sought in vain, during many months of severe probation for employment. At last, a good Samaritan, with whom I have the pleasure of being acquainted, and who is ever the foremost in

the performance of kind and charitable acts, heard of the poor fellow's destitute situation: he had known him for many years—long before he was driven by distress to earn the bread of dishonesty. This man had borne an irreproachable character prior to the cruel reverses which befel him, and had striven to bring up his family respectably: he contended with pinching poverty, misery, and privation until human forbearance could hold out no longer. He turned poacher, and narrowly escaped a dreadful doom. The kind-hearted gentleman of whom I have made mention, having heard that "The Squire," with whom he was on terms of great intimacy, was in want of a trust-worthy head-keeper, waited upon him, and, strange to say, not only recommended this celebrated character, but interceded for him in the strongest manner, backing his earnest solicitations by an assurance that he would prove an honest, zealous, and faithful servant; and the humane pleader went the length of answering for his integrity. Many will think this going too far, and that the intercessor ran no inconsiderable risk in recommending so notorious an offender. Be this as it may, the conviction of the man's repentance and reformation was so strong that it overpowered the caution and reserve which the generality of persons under similar circumstances would doubtless have exercised. To cut a long story short, the rhetoric of my benevolent acquaintance prevailed: my old friend "The Squire" banished all scruples from his mind—engaged the ex-poacher at a liberal salary—gave him a neat little lodge as a residence for himself and his family on the outskirts of his beautiful park; and so satisfied is he now with his bargain, that he would not part with his keeper for double the value of his estate—and that's no trifle. A better, more conscientious, honest, grateful, and faithful servant never served a good master. The squire and his keeper have been together now for upwards of seven years; and in proof of my assertion that old poachers make the best guardians of game, I have only to state that in less than three years from the time this excellent fellow's former peccadilloes were overlooked, and a place of trust conferred upon him, the squire's preserves were swarming with game of every description, where previously but a few head were found: his number of pheasants was trebled at least; and now there is more game on the estate than ever was remembered by that very respectable and frequently quoted individual, "the oldest inhabitant."

It will be seen, therefore, that amongst the decried race of poachers some honesty is to be found; and I have no doubt but many of the fraternity would reform had they the opportunity. In the instance I have narrated it was afforded to a fallen creature, and with the happiest result.

I have given an example of a noted poacher having proved himself to be an honest trustworthy keeper. Custom exacts that we should be scrupulously particular in our inquiries as to the character of all servants. A timid old lady, for instance, who keeps her carriage, sets her heart upon having a sober coachman: a teetotaler might suit her; but, as far as I am concerned, I would rather hire a Jehu who had a *hard head*, and could drink two gallons of strong beer without winking. Your sober fellows may perchance get a drop too much sometimes, and be taken "unawares," as they call it, and then go to the panels of your carriage and the knees of not limbs of your horses! to say nothing of the jeopardy your own neck is in as the sober gentleman whisks you round the corners on your retreating home from the opera: so that, in hiring a coachman (as a connexion of mine, a distinguished general officer, and an "old soldier" of course, invariably does), the question should be, not "How little do you drink?" but "How much double X can you stand?"

The end of '44 and commencement of '45 gave promise of plenty of wild-fowl shooting. We have had several flights of swans, ducks, and teal up the valley of the Axe, and the river was lined during the frosts by shooters of high and low degree, night and morning. The countrymen did great execution while the fun lasted—blazed away at all distances, and, with the exception of the occasional loss of a finger or an eye by the explosion of their rusty old fowling-pieces, and putting the shot in before the powder, they have every reason to be satisfied, for they filled their game-bags as well as the bellies of their wives and families. As I have no particular affection for this kind of popping, and prefer walking in search of my game to standing still by the side of a frozen river when the thermometer is on its demon towards zero, I left the ducks, geese, and hoopers to their fate, and betook myself to the snipe bogs, where I had abundance of sport: the longbills were plentiful, and as I prefer this kind of shooting to any other, my time has passed pleasantly enough since the frost set in. Woodcocks arrived early: before the end of September several were killed: amongst the luckiest of our Devonshire sportsmen were, Mr. Cohan, the well-known owner of the celebrated pack of fox-hounds, and the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of Colleigh—the former having killed 18½ couples out of 23 shots, and the latter 11 or 12 couple a few days afterwards.—*The Sporting Magazine*.

**A BUTCHER REWARDED.**—The French papers tell us that Queen Victoria has sent, through our ambassador in Paris, a handsome gold snuff-box, and a letter to the French butcher, M. Rolland, thanking him for the present *barf gras*! After him, it would not surprise us if even some of our English poets, in the hope of royal reward, turned butchers.—*Punch*.

**BALLAST.**—There is a man in Alnwick so tall and slim, that he is obliged to wear lead in his boots for fear of capsizing.

## AN ODE-LET TO MASTER IZAAK WALTON.

BY JOHN HAMILTON.

"Faulstich as thy Mac."—*Pere*.

Oh! pleasant are the green banks of the Lea—  
And pleasant are its waters, silver sweet;  
It thirsteth me, on May-day morn, to be  
Clad in an angler's simple garments meet—  
Treading with gentle Izaak's spirit—there  
By the pike's hollow lair;  
And near the shallow where the minnow twinkles  
His little tail, and wrinkles  
The restless waters—and beside the place  
Where darts the dace!

How clear the sun is shining in the sky!  
How innocent the silent meadows lie!  
How freshly comes the miller from his mill,  
And looks about at will!  
The water glideth with a sleepy sound,  
O'er coiling despolets, and by grassy ground;  
And busy fish rise up to watch who be  
So early at the Lea;  
Then leave the surface, amid silvery rings,  
Like water-sprites on wings!

Good Master Walton! What a heart was thine!  
(Simplicity knelt at it like a shrine!)  
How well thy fisher-muse could cast the line!  
How daintily she threw  
Her song across the dew!

When the soft low came from the distant kine.  
And when, in comely inn, on Amwell hill,  
A pilgrim from the stream, thou sattest still,  
Taking a dream of quiet at thy mill,  
Over the soft mist of a silent pipe.  
On old man's nothings contemplation-ripe—  
How would'st thy heart gladden, when Madge drew nigh!  
The stainless wench that never knew a sigh!—  
But knew a song, and sang it at thy call—  
A grass-green pastoral!

The cold Lea missest thee—and seemeth now  
To flow with memory's wrinkles on its brow;  
The steep of Tottenham feels thine antique loss,  
And sadness gloometh upon Waltham's cross.  
The pike rush boldly by—  
Thou art not nigh!

Large yellow herbal at the bottom lie,  
And gaze upon the bait without a sigh!  
The armed perch starts its red fin—and cares  
Nought for the minnow, or the brandling snarls;  
Sport comes not with the day;  
Thou art away!

And we, poor things, with landing-net, and line,  
And rod, and bait, but prowl, and poke, and pine.  
How; ('tis beneath me, and beneath the joys  
Of a true angler—prone to be envy free!)

How I do envy those two tiny boys,  
Frankt up with hazel rod and corduroys,  
Who stealing all along the grassy ledge,  
Are simple fishers of the lazy Lea!  
I am not fit to seek this quiet sedge—  
The natural Walton faileth all in me!  
I shy the stranger, and the idler!—I!—  
I court to see the gazer pass me by!

I shun to bait  
When passing labourers wait!  
I long to cross and find some friendly gate,  
Or hedge.  
I pause—and fret—and drain my leathern cup,  
And put my tackle up!  
How is't that all thy simple arts and joys  
Descend upon these boys?  
Do—make me, Walton, like the meek and mild—  
Pure as a man, and happy as a child.

**A POPULAR DESIRE.**—It is an actual fact that the Government has sent out a ship called "*The Graham*" to Sydney. "*The Graham*" carries Letters. Of course they will open themselves on the way. Every well-constituted mind would wish not only that this, but that other *Grahams* should go to Sydney—and the longer they stayed the better.

**INSTANTANEOUS REMEDY.**—A new machine has been exhibited at the Polytechnic Institution, called "*The Fire Annihilator*," which, it is described, will extinguish the fiercest fire immediately. The machine, we have been told, is very simple, it being nothing more than a coalscuttle filled with Talacre coal.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

OPODELDOC.—We give the recipe promised in No. 3:—

*Liquid opodeldoc; or, soap liniment.*—Soft soap, 4 oz.; water 8 oz.; mix. Then add one pint of rectified spirit of wine, in which there has been previously dissolved camphor 2 oz.; oil of rosemary, 1 oz. Of course these are only given for the proportions, you can make a smaller quantity if you like. The most popular is that known as

*Steers' opodeldoc.*—Hard soap ... 1 oz.  
Spirit of wine ... 8 oz.  
Camphor ... ½ oz.  
Oil of rosemary and oil  
of lavender ... 2 dr. each.  
Spirit of ammonia ... 4 oz.

Digest in a moderate heat; cutting the soap into thin shavings.

A COCKNEY.—A "stiff country" means having a heavy soil, or much enclosed; and therefore difficult to ride over or pass through.

CHEETHAM, Manchester.—Jack Carter died in your town in 1844; couldn't any one down there tell you the particulars?

BILLY BUTTON, Cheam.—Barney Aaron is yet living. The stuff you have been reading called an "Anatomy of Pugilism," is a miserable, dastardly hash-up of lies, libels, scandal, mis-statements, and cowardly and ignorant misrepresentations—not worth the space of refuting. The "Star of the East" as he was once called, was beaten by Arthur Mathewson, of Birmingham, (who died in 1840), on June 21, 1824: the fight lasted an hour and ten minutes, and 58 rounds.

WHIST.—Can a card be withdrawn after it is once played to prevent a revoke, before the trick is turned, the card being already covered?—Yes; but your adversary can call it.

RING.—Caunt's height is 6 feet 2½ inches. He was beaten by Nick Ward, inasmuch as bets go with the battle-money: but to call such a curriish exhibition as brother Nick's *fight* is absurd. Caunt, in the conventional sense of the term, was about as much beaten by Nick Ward as by his last child.

CURIOUS CHARLEY.—It was an ancient custom to gallop horses on St. Stephen's Day, Dec. 26, until they perspired, and then bleed them, to prevent their having any disorders during the ensuing year. This practice is supposed to have been introduced by the Danes. Blessings were also implored upon pastures.

REBUS.—Hunton, the Quaker linendraper, who was executed, was an acquaintance and business connexion (we cannot state whether he was a friend) of the miserable wretch who met his deserved fate at Aylesbury. Three men were executed at the same time as Hunton—namely, Daniel Mahoney, John Abbott, and John James.

R. B.—Your horses are not worth any price—take what you can get for Pam; and as to buying Old England—pshaw! his chance for the Derby isn't worth an old razor.

M. S.—Leeds.—We feel grateful for your good wishes; but really you are one of the persons typified in the old song of "Gaffer Grist and his son, and their little jackass." We have begun a *History of Pugilism*, and in regular succession shall give a detailed memoir of every eminent pugilist. Our history will not be a mere catalogue of names; which, however useful as a book of reference, is no more readable than Johnson's Dictionary; and that, though very serviceable, is as the bo'sen who had spelt it through said, "D—d dry reading." Joking apart, M. S., upon second thoughts, will see that his complaint is unreasonable, and that with many tastes to cater for, we must be allowed to be best judges of what is the just proportion of space we can devote to each. Perhaps M. S. will be surprised to hear that we have just counted six letters, each complaining of the *prominence* given to the very subject which he so much admires. He will therefore see that his strictures arise from not having been fully informed upon the subject on he writes, and losing sight of the tastes of others in his own. A mere list of fights (without remarks) would occupy about fifty pages of this journal in close type.

TOUCHSTONE, Manchester.—We shall give the cups and plates of the principal races for 1845, as stated in our prospectus. Those of 1844 would not be worth engraving now, as they have lost their novelty.

YOUNG PISCATOR, Manchester.—Thanks for your communication. The flies—which are suitable for May, and therefore will keep a while—are in the hands of our engraver; as also are the ROACH and the DACE, with which our correspondent's letter shall appear.

E. H., Dublin.—You may obtain the SPORTING WORLD, by ordering it, or upon application to Mr. Clancy, 8, Bedford-row, Dublin.

A YOUNG ANGLER.—We will make an inquiry, and answer you in our next number.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.]

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

SUNDAY, April 13.—THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

GARDENER'S CALENDAR.—Sow whatever was omitted last month, and plant out such of the pot-herbs as are ready for that purpose. Continue to sow and plant out rhubarb, artichokes, asparagus, nasturtiums, sea-kale, Dutch turnips, German greens, and small saladings. Earth up peas, tie up lettuces, and in very dry weather water seedling beds. Finish the grafting of fruit trees, and train and clean walks and edgings. Sow annuals, biennials, and perennials. Plant evergreens, and propagate by cutting jasmines, lavender, sage, rosemary, rue, &c., and all the woody kitchen shrubs, inarch exotics, &c., and plant cuttings of heaths and such greenhouse plants as have the young wood ripe. Sow dahlias, carnations, pinks, hollyhocks, Cape, Brompton, and German stocks, China asters, and all kinds of hardy annuals. Destroy the green-fly in the roses, and preserve the bloom of stage-auriculas from sun and rain. Top-dress all flowers in pots, removing withered leaves, and put in fresh earth.

MONDAY 14.—Newmarket Craven Meeting.—Stratford-on-Avon Steeplechases.—Father Mathew promises to visit Scotland, 1842: The *Macintoches* pass a resolution not to imbibe water.—Otway the poet died, 1685.

TUESDAY 15.—Easter Term Begins.—Munster Grand National (Irish) Steeplechase.—Judge Jeffries died 1608:—

When he went below,  
Where such knaves do go,  
He was welcomed with *clat*;  
And Nick he rose  
And blew his nose,  
And cried, "Jeff, gie's yer paw!"

The public sustain a loss of £150,000 by the proclamation against light sovereigns, 1842. Nothing new, for John Bull has always paid a heavy tax upon the light.—Clock with Sun.—*Caution*.—Never undertake to get a lady's watch repaired, or you will be held responsible for its defects ever after.

WEDNESDAY 16.—Great encroachments made in Windsor Forest, 1803.—Her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests being particularly anxious to amputate their timber.—A SINGULAR FACT.—It has been calculated that the united ages of the workmen lately employed on the Nelson Monument, amount to 32 years and 6 months.—Battle of Culloden, 1746.

THURSDAY 17.—Castle Howard (Yorkshire) Steeple Chases.—Durham Races.—Dr. Franklin died, 1790.—The Emperor and Empress of Austria washed the feet of twelve venerable men and women at Vienna. After the performance of this salutary *feet*, a good "foretelling" was administered, of which operation the crowned heads *watched their hands*.

FRIDAY 18.—Luton Fair.—The miscreant Sean, who had been very properly imprisoned, has liberty to stalk abroad, 1842.

SATURDAY 19.—Brackley and Fenny Stratford Fairs.—An eagle descends in the streets of Paris and carries off a puppy—being clear that the Imperial Eagle has gone to the dogs.—Lord Byron died 1824; and his statue not yet in Poet's Corner, 1845.—The American War commenced 1775.—a righteous contest for liberty, and successful: perhaps the next war, if 1845 should produce any, will give Brother Jonathan a "guese" of the Shaksperian truth:—  
"Thrice is he armed," &c

1844: Miss S. Haynes married at St. Martins to Not-enn-a-akm, the "Strong Wind." It is erroneously reported that he blows up his bride.

## The Sporting World.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 19, 1845.

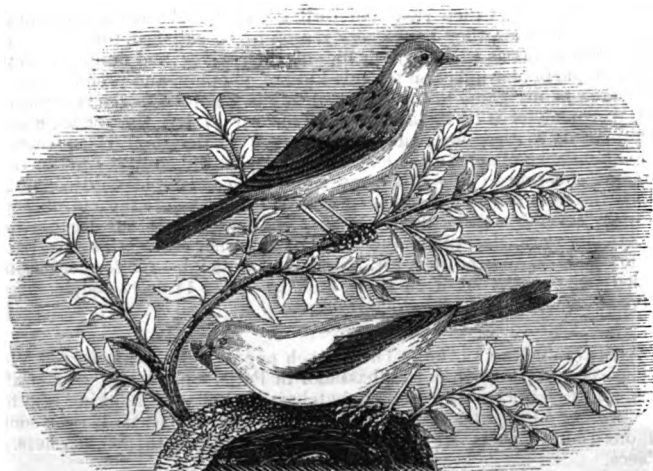


It should be indeed ungrateful did we leave unacknowledged the gratifying support accorded to this journal, and the various suggestions, as well as contributions, which we have received. Such of these as will improve the utility, or enhance the entertaining character of this publication shall receive deliberate consideration, and where advisable be acted upon with promptitude.

A word to several who have tendered us advice. They appear each of them to desire a paper exclusively to themselves. Four numbers are, however, we would submit, too few for them to form anything like an estimate of our intentions. Besides, seasons must be observed: Angling is now in its blossoming, and as each several department of sport develops itself in succession, it shall severally assume the prominence to which it is seasonally entitled.

THE TURF will soon claim precedence, while BOXING will keep on the even tenor of its way through every period of the year; thus much to those who complain of not receiving larger instalments of pugilism. Again, this is the breeding time for many birds; that series of articles is therefore kept as much as possible *au courant*, while the Horse and the Hound, the Beasts and Birds of Chase, together with Cards and in-door amusements, are placed for a short period in abeyance.

## BRITISH SONG BIRDS.—No. V.



THE CANARY.

**ALTHOUGH** this delightful songster is not, strictly speaking, a denizen of these islands, a series of BARRISH songbirds, would be indeed incomplete wherefrom it was omitted. The "venerable Joe" which records the representation of Hamlet, with the omission of the part of "the Prince of Denmark, by particular desire," would be its only parallel: we shall, therefore, make no apology for this lengthy article, feeling convinced that all admirers of the feathered race will excuse the introduction in consideration of the merit of the subject.

The canary, originally a native of the pleasant climate of the islands of which it bears the name, is now acclimated and admired throughout Europe, Asia, and even in northern Siberia. For beauty of form, docility, plumage, song, and almost adaptation for the companionship of luxury and refinement, this attractive bird stands unrivalled. The most magnificent mansions and the humblest cottages are its abodes, and the fairest hands delight in ministering to its moderate wants. It was introduced to Europe as early as the year 1520; and the tradition of its arrival is thus related:—

"A barque, laden with merchandise, bound for Leghorn, had on board a number of these birds, being wrecked on the coast of Italy, opposite to the island of Elba, these little songsters, being set at liberty, dispersed themselves in the thickets. The spot, in climate and other circumstances, proving favourable, they multiplied, and would no doubt have become permanent inhabitants, had not the desire to obtain them become so great, that they were pursued so actively, that in a few years they were extirpated. From this accident Italy was the first country in which they were reared. As the proper mode of managing them was not known, their rearing proved difficult, and though well inclined to cross in breeding, as males only were brought over, they soon became valuable scarce."

The original colour of the canary is grey, darker on the back and greener on the belly; but the bird has undergone so many changes from climate, domestication, and crossing, that we have canaries of every colour. Indeed so various are the commixtures from the citril finch, the goldfinch, the siskin, &c., that if we had not good proof that the Fortunate Isles were their original abode, we might almost suppose them sprung from the stock of some race of our own birds.

This is not the place, nor have we scope to remark on the singular phenomenon, presented by various domesticated animals, of sporting into a variety of markings and colours, while in a wild state an uniform and somewhat sober garb is retained: yet we may observe, that it is a mistaken idea, that canaries change their colour from a difference of food.

Those canaries which have the upper part of the body of a dusky grey, or a linnet brown, and the under part of the yellowish green of the greenfinch, with dark brown eyes, are the strongest, and most closely resemble the original race. The yellow and the white, have often red eyes, and these are the most delicate. The chesnut are most seldom met with, and seem to hold a duration of life between the two. The value of the birds depends upon the regular manner in which they are marked; and the most-prized canary, has the body white or yellow, the head (especially if tufted), wings and tail of a yellowish dun colour: next to this ranks a golden yellow, with the head, wings, and tail, black, or dusky grey. Then follow those with a grey or blackish body, and yellow head and collar; the yellow birds with a black or green tuft are much valued.

The female canary is not easily distinguishable from the male; but the latter has usually brighter and deeper colours, a longer and larger head, a longer body, not quite so short a neck, higher shanks, and altogether a more elegant shape. There is a bean-shaped feather, too, under the bill, placed lower than the rest, and the temples and circle round the eyes are of a deeper yellow in the male than the rest of the body.

The following is a general list of the MULES obtained from the various canaries:—

1. MULES BETWEEN A CANARY AND A GOLDFINCH.—These exhibit an agreeable mixture of the colours of their parents. The prettiest have a grey-ash colour in the centre of their crests, and a silvery white on the rest of its head and nape: a broad orange border surrounds the beak, and the neck has a white collar; the back is dusky grey with black streaks, the rump white, and the under part of the body of a snowy whiteness; the white tail has a black spot on the sides, and the white beak is tipped with black—the feet also are white. This is a most beautiful variety.

2. MULES BETWEEN A CANARY AND A SISKIN.—If the mother be a green canary, the mules will resemble a female siskin; but if she is white or yellow, their colours are lighter, yet without differing greatly from those of the siskin, which they always resemble in shape.

3. MULES BETWEEN A CANARY AND A GREEN-BIRD, OR A CITRIL FINCH.—If the hen canary is neither white nor yellow, the mules differ little from the common grey or green canary, except in being more slender, and having the beak shorter and thicker.

4. MULES BETWEEN A CANARY AND A LINNET will be speckled if the mother is white or yellow, but if she is grey they will be like her, except that the tail will be longer.

The other mules we shall notice when we come to treat of BREEDING. As this pretty bird is unknown among us in its wild state we shall speak of it here merely as a captive.

#### FOOD.

In proportion as it is simple and natural, it will be wholesome; and, on

the contrary, the more it is mixed and rare, the more injurious and productive of disease will it be. The best is summer rape-seed; that which is sown at the end of spring, small and brown, which is easily distinguishable from the winter rape-seed, which is sown in the autumn, and which is large and black. This seed alone agrees with canaries as well as with linnets: but to give them variety, a little bruised hemp or canary, or poppy seed, is added to it, especially in the spring, when they are intended to breed. Indeed a mixture of summer rape-seed, oatmeal and millet, or canary-seed, may be given them as a great treat. Remember, however, whatever seeds they may have, they require green food; such as chickweed in spring, lettuce and radish leaves in summer, endive, watercress, and slices of sweet apple, in winter. As to that whimsical and complicated mixture, prescribed and used by many people, of rape, millet, hemp, canary seed, whole oats and oatmeal, poppy, lettuce, plantain, potentilla, and pink seeds, maize, sugar, cake, hard biscuit, cracknels, buns, and the like, so far from being wholesome, it injures the birds in every respect. It spoils their taste, weakens their stomachs, renders them feeble, sickly, and incapable of bearing moulting, under which they most frequently die. It is true, they may be accustomed to eat of everything which comes to table, but to teach this habit is also to prepare a poison for them, which though slow, is not the less sure, and brings them to a premature death; whilst every day we see bird-fanciers who are poor, who hardly know the names of these delicacies, rear, on the simplest food, a considerable number of the healthiest, cleverest, and strongest canaries. We must, however, be guided in a great measure by the constitutions of the birds. They should be daily supplied with fresh water, as well for drinking as bathing, in which they delight. In the moulting season, a nail or bit of iron should be put into the water, in order to strengthen the stomach. Saffron and liquorice are in this case more hurtful than useful. Grains of the sand, with which the bottom of the cage is strewn, afford the birds a help to digestion. What has been said above, refers solely to the food of full-grown canaries; the young, which cannot feed themselves, require a different diet.

#### BREEDING.

A male of from two to five years of age should be chosen for pairing; for experience has taught, that if a young male is placed among older females, they will produce more males than females. A bird is known to be old by the blackish and rough scales of his feet, and by his long and strong claws. Good males are scarce and valuable. Some are dull and melancholy, always sad, and seldom singing; indifferent to their mates, which are equally so to them: others are so passionate, that they beat or even kill their mates and their young; others are too ardent, and pursue their mates while they are sitting, tear the nest, destroy the eggs, or excite the females so much that they voluntarily abandon them. The females have also their defects. Some, too ardent, only lay without sitting; others neglect to feed their young, beat them, and pick out their feathers, so that the wretched little creatures die miserably; to others, laying is so painful that they are too much fatigued to sit, or they lay each egg only after a long interval. Quacks (for we find them on this subject as on others) pretend to have specifics for the cure of these defects; but their pretended remedies are mere deceptions, and the use of them causes much trouble. The best plan is to remove the vicious birds, and to retain only those which have none of the above-named bad qualities.

To obtain the most brilliant colours, those birds which have them clear, and whose spots are distinct and regular, are paired together. This, of course, can only be done in separate cages. In aviaries, where the birds pair by choice, the offspring are generally mixed and blotched. A greenish or brownish bird, placed with a bright yellow one, often produces dim white, or other admired colours. It is better never to place together two crested birds, because the offspring is apt to have a part of the head bald or otherwise disfigured. The best time for pairing canaries is the middle of April. Either one male, and one or two females, are placed in a large cage, or many of both sexes are united in a room or aviary, having the advantage of a south aspect. Nests made of turned wood, or osiers, are given them, as straw ones are too easily torn. It is a good plan to place in the room or aviary slips of pine, which being cut in February do not lose their leaves. If a little enclosure of wire-gauze can be fixed over the window, where the birds can enjoy the fresh air, nothing will more effectually contribute to render the young healthy and robust.

(To be concluded in our next.)

**HUNGRY AS A HORSE.**—The following extraordinary accident happened last month to an old brood mare belonging to the Comte de Croi, at the stable near St. Cloud. The animal during the night slipped her head-stall off, and ascended a very small ladder into the hay-loft, above the other horses. With her weight the flooring gave way, and she remained suspended "between wind and water," as the sailors say. In this awkward position she was found early in the morning, having wounded herself, in her struggles to get free, so dreadfully that it was found necessary to kill her on the spot. The mare had her usual feed the over night, but is supposed to have felt a desire for a "second course." The most extraordinary part of the story is, that the ladder leading to the loft was extremely narrow and steep, just sufficient for one man to pass up at a time.



## THE FISHER'S CREEL.

*A Table of the Fish usually Angled for in the Waters of Great Britain, with the Places, Seasons, Time of Day, Depth from the Ground, and Baits suited to their Habits.*

	Where generally found.	Season.	Proper time to angle.	Depth from ground.	Worms.	Flies.	Pastes.	Fish. Insects.
BARREL ...	Rapid and shallow streams, gravelly banks, under bridges in currents.	April to August.	From sunrise till 10 a.m.; 4 p.m. till sunset.	Touch ground.	Gentles had from peatrid flesh, lobworms from gardens, brandlings from dung-hills.		Old grated cheese worked up with rusty bacon, or butter stained by saffron; some say steeped in honey.	
BLAK.....	Deep rivers, sandy bottoms, in eddies and at ship's sterns.	May to October.	All day.	Six inches; always below mid-water.	Gentles, caddis-worms, found under stones in shallow streams, covered with small pieces of wood or rushes, kept moist in flannel bags; brandlings.	Stone-fly, found under hollow stones, sides of streams; green-drake, found among stones by river sides; black fly on hawthorns after budding.	White new bread, worked in the hand to a consistency, coloured with vermillion, like salmon's roe, or as above.	
BREAM ...	Slow rivers or mill-ponds, near weeds, and in clay or muddy bottoms. Some say rough streams.	April to December.	Sunrise to 9; 3 to sunset.	Touch ground.	Gentles, flag-worms, found among flags, kept like caddis-worms; lob-worms.	Green-drake, under water.	Red paste as for bleak; or new brown bread mixed with honey, and worked to a consistency like the red. Some add sheep's blood.	Grasshoppers, in June or July
BULLHEAD, OR MILLER'S THUMB.	Rivers and brooks, in strong and gravelly beds.	May to October.	All day.	Near the bottom.	Small red worm.			
CARP .....	Still, deep ponds or rivers, (particularly ponds) muddy bottoms.	April to August.	Very early and very late.	Three inches from bottom; hot weather in mid-water.	Earth-bobs, found in sandy ground, kept in mould; gentles, flag-worms, wasp-grubs, found in the nest, hardened over the fire; marsh-worms, found in marshes.		Blood of sheep's heart mixed with honey and flour, worked up; chewed bread, worked stiff with honey or sugar and gum water.	
CHUB, OR CHEVIN.	Still, deep waters, under boughs, gravelly bottoms.	May to December.	Very early and very late.	Three inches from bottom; hot weather in mid-water.	Earth-bobs, gentles, flag-worms, wasp-grubs, cow-dung-bobs, caddis-worms.	Stone-fly, green-drake, oak-fly, found in oaks or ash; ant-fly, found on ant-hills.	Red and brown pastes, made from white and brown bread, as above.	Snail slit, grasshopper, beetle.
DACE, OR DARN.	Sandy bottoms, deep rivers, eddies and ship's sterns.	May to October.	All day; particularly cloudy weather.	Three to nine inches from bottom, or near the top.	Earth-bobs, gentles, flag-worms, brandlings.	Stone-fly, green-drake, oak-fly, palmer-fly, found on plants; ant-fly, May-fly, black-fly.	Chewed bread worked in the hand till stiff; bread crumbs worked with honey and sugar, moistened with gum ivy water.	
EEL .....	Among weeds, roots, banks, and mills, over holes and stoney bottoms.	May to September.	All day; when the stream is thickened by rains.	Touch ground.	Wasp-grubs, lob-worms.			Minnow, Gudgeon.
FINNOCK, OR HIRLING.	Clear deep stream.	May to September.	8 to 9; 3 to 6.	Near the bottom, or hot weather near the top.		Any gaudy or artificial flies.		
GRAYLING, OR UMBER.	Clear and quick streams, clayey bottom.	September to January.	All day; in cloudy weather.	Three inches from bottom in cold weather; in hot, mid-water.	Earth-bobs, gentles, flag-worms, wasp-grubs, cow-dung bobs, caddis-worms, marsh-worms, brandlings.	All flies.		
GUDGEON ..	Gentle streams, with a gravelly bottom.	May to October.	All day.	Close to the ground.	Gentles, brandlings.		Red and brown pastes, made from white and brown bread, as above.	
LOACH, OR GROUND-LING.	Rough clear streams, with a gravelly bottom.	May to October.	Noon.	Close to the ground.	Brandlings or any small common worm.			
MINNOW, OR MINIM.	Shallow rivers and brooks.	All parts of the year.	All day.	All parts of the water.	Brandlings or any small common worm.		Brown paste, as above.	
MULLET ...	Ebbing tides, and in arms of seas.	March to Michaelmas.	Morning and evening.	Near the bottom or top.	Brandlings, earth-bobs, caddis-worms.	Small gaudy coloured flies.		

	Where generally found.	Season.	Proper time to angle.	Depth from ground.	Worms.	Flies.	Pastes.	Fish, Insects.
PAR, OR SAMLET.	Large deep rivers, towards the middle.	March to Michaelmas.	Morning and evening.	Mid-water.	Lob-worms.	Small gandy coloured flies.		
PERCH.....	Deep rivers, and ponds, holes, weeds, gravelly bottoms.	August to May.	Midday, cloudy weather, light south wind.	Six inches from bottom or mid-water.	Red-worms, brandlings, flag and caddis-worms.		Red and brown pastes, as above.	Minnow, yellow frog.
PIKE .....	Clay banks, slow streams, gravelly or weedy bottoms.	May to August, winter and windy weather.	All day.	Mid-water.		The largest and most gandy flies tempt pike in spring.		Minnow, yellow frog, roach, dace.
POPP, OR RUFF.	Deep ponds and still rivers, over holes.	May to October.	All day.	Six inches from bottom.	Brandlings, red-worms, caddis-worms.			
ROACH.....	Sandy bottom, shady holes, gentle deep streams.	All parts of the year.	Midday, in mild cloudy weather; hot days, morn and eve.	Below mid-water.	Earth-bobs, gentles, flag-worms, wasp - grubs, cow-dung bobs, caddis-worms, &c.	Stone fly, green-drake, palmer-fly, ant-fly, black fly.	Chewed bread, worked in the hand till stiff; bread crumbs worked with honey and sugar, moistened with gum-ivy water.	Grasshopper.
RUD, OR FINSKALE.	In a few northern lakes of England, and in Oxfordshire.	All parts of the year.	Morning and evening.	All parts of water.	Earth-bobs, gentles, flag-worms, wasp - grubs, cow-dung bobs, caddis-worms.	Stone-fly, green-drake, palmer-fly, ant-fly, black fly.		
SALMON ....	Large deep rivers, in the middle.	March to September.	8 to 9; 3 to 6.	Mid-water.	Lob-worms, earth-bobs, &c. &c.	All large and gandy flies.		Minnow, samlet.
SMELT, OR SPURLING.	Docks and sterns of ships.	April to October.	All day.	Mid-water.	Earth-bobs, gentles, caddis-worms, &c.	All small flies.		Bits of shrimps, raw.
STICKLE-BACK .....	Rivers, brooks of all descriptions.	June to October.	All day.		Brandling or any small worm.			
TENCH.....	Ponds, rivers, weeds, muddy bottoms.	All the year.	Early and late as possible.	Six inches from bottom; mid-water in hot weather.	Earth-bobs, gentles, wasp-grubs, brandlings, caddis-worms.		Chewed bread, worked in the hand till stiff; bread crumbs worked with honey and sugar, moistened with gum-ivy water.	
TROUT.....	Rapid cool stream, clear and pebbly.	March to Michaelmas.	All day.	Cold weather, six inches from bottom; — in hot, with fly at top water.	Earth-bob, &c., &c.	All flies.		Minnow, beetle, grasshopper

After all the directions that can be given with regard to natural and artificial flies, the Angler will do well to ascertain what flies appear to be most in season, and which are most common in the place where he angles, by beating about the bushes and hedges of the neighbourhood; and with regard to baits in general, great labour may be saved by trying when small fish of the same kind or of similar habits, preserved in jars, refuse to receive food; as also by cutting fish open when caught, and observing what food is contained in the intestines.

**EXCHEQUER MONOMANIACS.**—Every other day the Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of various sums of money, from unknown benefactors, "for the revenue of the country." We would advise Madame Tussaud to employ the Forrester to find these extraordinary people out. When discovered, Madame might then model them for her show: and as she now displays a batch of Notorious Criminals, she might, by way of contrast, exhibit a group of Celebrated Simpletons!

**THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.**—Alderman Gibbs has elected himself again as churchwarden of St. Stephen's, Walbrook! We should not be at all surprised to hear of his going down to Westminster Abbey some fine morning, and crowning himself King of England.—*Punch.*

**GRAHAM'S PARLIAMENTARY MISTAKE.**—Sir James Graham has brought one good Bill into the House: namely, the Bill to abolish the payment of fees to clerks of the peace and magistrates' clerks. This Bill is the one white spot in Graham's official life! and, like one white hair in a black cat, spoils what would otherwise be all of one colour.

**JOINING THE UNION.**—A person advertises in the *Times* that he "has discovered a most wonderful cement, and would wish some one to join him." The advertiser, then, should certainly have stated his height, because, if he is only four feet two, it will be rather awkward for him to be joined to a partner who happened to be six feet three, without his stockings; especially if it be true, as he declares in the advertisement, that the cement, once applied, is of such an adhesive nature, that he will warrant it to keep good for ten years in the warmest climate.

**SLEEPERS WANTED.**—The Chester and Holyhead Railway have advertised for a large number of railway sleepers. We advise them to apply to the House of Lords.

**GAVE IT A NAME.**—*DIsraeli* says he merely meant the simile of Sir Robert Peel stealing the clothes of the Whigs while bathing as a joke. Why not honestly say it was meant as a *jeu-d'esprit*? (*Jew-desperate.*) Oh, dear! isn't this shocking?

**THE BATTERSEA BANK.**—The Red House at Battersea was thrown into the most dreadful state of excitement, upon the breaking up of the fleet (the inhabitants having during his inclement majesty's visit been in a state of the most perfect dormancy), to find that another house had, as if by magic, sprung up at its elbow. Upon rushing round the corner, the melancholy fact was ascertained that the new comers was an opposition tavern, already baptised by Father Thames, and christened the White House, in contradistinction to the Red. The Red House "imputes the anticipated mischief consequent upon such a novel introduction" to several noble lords who have been but recently created; but whether the new peers have been the cause of it or otherwise does not appear. The opposition house must, however, have been built somewhere else, and brought to its present location, or it must have arisen during one night. If the latter, all its apartments may be considered mausoleums, despite the fact of the Red House looking down upon it as a toad-stool.

**VERY NECESSARY.**—Sir James Graham has it in contemplation to recommend the appointment of a chaplain to the Post-office, whose duty it shall be to pray for the safe delivery of all letters committed to that establishment.

**THE PRESIDENT'S OATH.**—It is not generally known—and the touching circumstance ought to be published to the whole world—that the Bible on which Mr. Polk took the Presidential oath, was very handsomely bound for the purpose in the skin of a negro.



GEORGE TAYLOR—THE RIVAL OF BROUGHTON.

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD II., 1735—1786.

FROM THE TIME OF BROUGHTON TO THE APPEARANCE OF DANIEL MENDOZA.

### CHAPTER III.

**I**N order to render the HISTORY of PUGILISM as perfect as practicable, without rendering it too diffuse, we have here preferred to throw into a short CHRONOLOGY the public battles from 1740 to 1783, the year of the appearance of Tom JOHNSON, whose pugilistic doings will form the subject of the fourth chapter.

The more eminent boxers we have already treated in detail, and to the minor we have appended a few paragraphs to relieve the dryness of a mere catalogue of names and dates. And as many of the battles took place in the booth of George Taylor, under his superintendence, we have placed his manly portrait at the head of this list.

[The figures before the names denote the successive recorded battles of each principal pugilist: and the CHAMPIONS' names are printed, on their first appearance, in capital letters.]

1740.

GEORGE TAYLOR (*Champion*) erected his "Great Booth" in Tottenham Court-road.

["GEORGE TAYLOR (known by the name of George the Barber) sprung up surprisingly. He has beaten *all* the chief boxers but Broughton. He, I think injudiciously, fought him one of the first, but was obliged very soon to give out. Doubtless it was a wrong step in him to commence boxer by fighting the standing champion; for GEORGE was *not then* [1740] *twenty*, and Broughton in the zienth of his age and art." This will show the error of *all* former Chronologies (Jon Bee's included), in placing TAYLOR as the successor of Fie in 1734, and that period as the date of his, G. T.'s, opening the Tottenham-court Booth. "Since *that* he has greatly distinguished himself with others; but has never engaged Broughton more."—*Godfrey*, p. 62.]

DR. JOHNSON (the Great Lexicographer) beat Tom Osborn (the Bibliopole), 1 sec., 1 r., Gray's-inn.

[This was a knock-down blow which settled the business.]

DR. JOHNSON beat the Big Drayman, 6r. [Dark ogle: "Sir, I can use my fists too!"] Fleet-street.

JACK BROUGHTON (*Champion*) (Waterman) beat GEORGE TAYLOR, 20m. Tottenham Court-road Booth.

["Advance, brave Broughton! Thee I pronounce Captain of the Boxers! As far as I can look back, I think I ought to open the "Characters" with him: I know none so fit, so able, to lead up the van. \* \* \* What can be stronger than to say that for seventeen or eighteen years, he has fought every able boxer that appeared against him, and has never yet been beaten! But

not to conclude on this alone, let us examine further into his merits. What is it that he wants? Has he not all that others want, and the best can have? Strength equal to what is human, skill and judgment equal to what can be acquired, undebauched wind, and a bottom spirit never to pronounce the word ENOUGH!

\* \* \* He stops regularly as the swordsman, and carries his blows truly in the line: he steps not back, distrusting of himself to stop a blow, and piddle in return, with an arm unaided by his body; producing but a kind of fly-flap blows, such as the pastry-cooks use to beat flies from their tarts and cheesecakes. No! Broughton steps boldly and firmly in, bidding welcome to the coming blow; receives it with his guardian arm; then, with a general summons of his swelling muscles, and his firm body seconding his arm, and supplying it with all its weight, pours the pile-driving force upon his man." The Captain adds a prophetic warning, which Broughton, as well as many of his successors, would have done well to profit by. "That I may not be thought particular in thus dwelling on Broughton, I leave him with this assertion, as I believe he will scarce *trust* a battle to a *warning* age, I never shall think he is to be beaten till I see him beat."—p. 56. By an unaccountable oversight, Broughton is totally omitted in "Fistiana."']

1741.

April 24. BROUGHTON beat Stevenson (a Jarvey), 39m., 100l., Tottenham Court-road Booth.

["I will name the two men together whom I take to be the best bottom men of the modern boxers. They are Smallwood, and George Stevenson, the Coachman."—*Godfrey*, 63, 64.]

May Dimmocks beat Tom Smallwood, 50m., ditto.

June 16. G. TAYLOR beat Prince Boswell (Gipsy), ditto.

July 16. Jack James beat Dick Harris (Chicken), ditto.

Nov. 23. Smallwood beat Harris, 60m., 50l., ditto.

— Buckhorse (Jack Smith) beat Harry Gray, the clogmaker, ditto.

1742.

April 28. Smallwood beat Will Willis (the Fighting Quaker), 100l., Tottenham Court-road Booth.

["Smallwood wants but weight to stand against any man; I never knew him beat since his fighting Dimmock (which was in his infancy of boxing, and when he was a perfect stripling in years. \* \* \* If I were to choose a boxer for my money, and could purchase him strength equal to his resolution, Smallwood should be the man."—*Godfrey*, 65. This fight between Smallwood and Willis was publicly announced in the *Daily Advertiser* of April 26th, 1742. Shortly after which the booth is first called "George Taylor's Booth," in the announcements.]

May 24. Pat Henley (I.) beat J. Francis (the Jumping Soldier), ditto.

1743.

Mar. 10. BROUGHTON opened his Amphitheatre in Oxford-street, where the Pantheon now stands, with a battle-royal of Evans, Sweep, Belas, Glover, Roger, Allen, Robert Spikes, and Harry Gray.

\* \* \* The GLOVES introduced. All the boxers were yclept "champions" now about.

[August 10. "Broughton's Seven Rules" (written by Captain Godfrey), established by the Amateurs: regular fighting weekly, Amphitheatre, Oxford-street.]

1746.

Jan. 11. Ned Hunt beat Hawkesley (Life-guardsman), 10m. (10 stone against 16), Oxford-street.

King (the Butcher) beat Tom Smallwood, Slash Green.

1747.

[Captain Godfrey published the "Art of Self-defence," being the first publication on the subject.]

1750.

Jan. 31. G. TAYLOR beat (1) JACK SLACK, 25m., purse, Oxford-street.

April 10. (2) JACK SLACK (*Champion*) beat BROUGHTON, 14m., 600l. clear, Oxford-street.

[William, Duke of Cumberland, lost 10,000l. "What are you at, Broughton?" Ans. "I can't see, your royal highness."—This defeat of Broughton by SLACK, is erroneously attributed to GEORGE TAYLOR, in FISTIANA; see George Taylor in "Chronology."—Act of Parliament against boxing passed. Four years *interregnum* in the ring after this royal mistake.]

1754.

(3) JACK SLACK beat Petit, a Frenchman, 25m., 10 gs., Harleston, Norfolk.

1755.

Mar. 13. (4) SLACK beat Cornelius Harris (Navigator), 20m., 100 gs., Bristol.

1757.

June 14. Smallwood beat Hunt, 50m., 150 gs. (two veterans), Hounslow. [Broughton opened "the Court," introduced "regular mufflers," and taught the Art Pugilistic scientifically, Tennis-court, James-street, near the Haymarket. This Tennis-court, which dates back

as far as the time of Charles II., still subsists (1845), under the management of Mr. Cox.]

1758.

May 17. Dick Mills (the Onion Boy) beat Hunt, 60m., Islington.

Aug. 5. Faulkner beat Taylor (One-eye), 75m., 300 ga. and door, St. Alban's.

1759.

April 8. Faulkner beat Joe James, 10m., 100l., Putney.

Oct. 20. (5) JACK SLACK beat Moreton, 35m., 50l., Acton Wells.

1760.

Feb. Stevens (the Nailer) beat Taplin (the Coalheaver), Marylebone Basin.

June 17. (1) STEVENS (JEM) (Champion) beat (6) SLACK, 100l. (manœuvring), Tennis-court, James-street, Haymarket.

1761.

March 2. (1) G. MEGGS (Champion) beat (2) STEVENS, 17m., 300l., ditto.

1762.

July (1) G. MILLSOM (Champion) beat (2) GEORGE MEGGS, 40m., 100l., Calne, Wilts.

[GEORGE MILLSOM is omitted in the list of Champions given in FIETIANA.]

Aug. 10. (2) G. MILLSOM beat (3) MEGGS, Lansdown, 2nd fight.

1763.

(3) G. MILLSOM beat Parfit Meggs, brother of George, near Beckhampton.

1764.

June 20. Tom Juchau beat Charley Coant, 47 m., Guildford.

(1) BILL DARTS (Champion) beat Parfit Meggs, near Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire.

1765.

April 9. Warren beat Phil. Juchau, 10l. (fatal), on the stones, Moorfields.

Aug. 27. Tom Juchau beat GEORGE MILLSOM, 70m., Colney Bridge, near St. Alban's, thereby obtaining the Championship.

1766.

May (2) BILL DARTS beat Tom Juchau, 40m., 500 ga., Guildford.

1767.

July (3) BILL DARTS beat Doggett (West-countryman), 60m., 100l., near Melksham, Wilts.

Oct. 13. (4) BILL DARTS beat Swansey (the Butcher), Epping Forest.

1768.

March Jack Lamb beat Paine (a Carpenter), 20l., Islington Fields.

Aug. 3. Jack Lamb and Jemmy (the Fighting Postboy), drawn battle, 48m., Moorfields-stones.

1769.

Jack Lamb beat Simpson (J), at Bethnal Green, and Da Costa (J), Moorfields.

— beat Mousha (another Jew), Stepney.

June 27. A. LYONS, the Waterman (Champion), beat (5) DARTS, 45m., Kingston.

[Hereby Bill Darts lost the Championship, and it wandered unsettled till Johnson's time, 1784: unless Sellers, by defeating Stevens, Hood, and Corcoran, obtained it in 1777, which we opine, and have marked it accordingly. The date of Lyons's Championship (by a typographical error) in FIETIANA is given as 1796.]

July 4. Bill Stevens (the Nailer) beat M'Guire (I.), Bloomsbury Fields.

Sept. 24. Turner beat Peter Corcoran (I.), 20l., same place.

Peter Corcoran beat two customers, Davis and Dalton (I.), same place.

— fought Smiler, a Bricklayer (parted), Moorfields.

1770.

March 25. (6) BILL DARTS beat Stephen Oliver, or Death, Putney.

July 13. Nicholls beat Joyce (I.), one round, Mill-hill, near Hendon.

1771.

Feb. Jack Sheppard beat Coant, 35m., Barnet.

April 15. — beat Lamb, 44m., 50l. to 30l., Islington.

May 10. Corcoran beat Darts, 1 round, 100l. (cross), Epsom Races.

June 7. Trainer Jack (I.) beat Sam Peters, 37m., 20l., Epping Forest.

July 13. Rossemus Gregory (I.) beat Peters, Epping.

Sept. 1. Peters beat Rossemus Gregory, 30m., Hat's Riding-house, Islington.

1773.

May 11. Pearce and White (two Crispins) 10l., interrupted. Same place.

Nov. 9. Hood beat Parrot, 36m., 20l., White Conduit-fields.

1774.

Peter Corcoran beat Sam. Peters, 13m., Waltham Abbey.

(1) BIG BEN (BRYAN) (Champion) beat Clayton and Spaniard Harris. Near Bristol.

1775.

Mar. 31. Hood beat Dennis Kellyhorn (I.), 50l., Chingford, Essex.

1776.

July 3. Oliver beat Small, 20l., Barnet.

Aug. 20. Peter Beth, (or Jemmy the Fighting Postboy) beat Allen, Barnet.

Sept. 2. White beat Pearce, Plaistow, Essex.

Oct. 16. (1) HARRY SELLERS (Champion in 1777) beat Peter Corcoran, 38m., 100 ga., Crown Inn, Staines.

Dec. 4. Hood beat Macdonald, 53m., 10l.

George Maddox beat another Westminster cove, seconded by his sister, Grace.

1777.

June 4. (2) HARRY SELLERS beat Hood, 50l., Ascot Races.

July 2. (3) Same two men, with same result, near Ipswich.

1778.

Summer. (4) HARRY SELLERS beat Stevens, the Nailer, 25l.

July 23. Hood beat Biggins.

Sept. 8. Bath (the Bristol Boy) beat Hood, 20m., 50l.

1779.

Sept. 4. Bill Day beat Hood, Smithfield.

Sept. 25. Duggan Fearn beat (5) SELLERS, 1½m., Crown Inn, Slough. A glaring cross.

1781.

Bill Perdue beat Ben Hamilton, 30m., 10 ga., Barnet.

Aug. 2. George Ring (Navigator) beat Edwards, 80m., Kilburn.

Perdue beat Minton, 20m., 10 ga., Barnet.

1783.

Sept. 29. TOM JOHNSON (Champion) or Jackling, (of Derby) beat Jarvis, Lock's Fields, Southwark.

Oct. 11. Allen beat M'Gee, alias Pug, 130m., 50 ga., Hounslow.

1784.

Tom Brummage and Hood (drawn) 38m., Islington Fields.

Oct. . . DICK HUMPHRIES beat Bentley, 40m., Enfield.

Nov. 22. Bill Towers beat Day, 33m., 100 ga., Barnet.

(2) Tom JOHNSON beat the Croydon Drover, Kennington.

(3) — beat Oliver, or Death, Blackheath.

[Although Johnson was open to fight any man, yet the Championship was denied him for four years.]

March 1. (1) Tom Jones (long after known as Paddington Jones) beat Ned Holmes (the Barber) for half-a-crown, Paddington.

May . . (2) Tom Jones beat Dick Norton, 40m., 20 ga., Hyde-park.

June 7. Harvey beat SELLERS, 20m., 4l. to 9l., Helywell-mount.

In our next chapter we shall briefly notice BEE BEE, and a few of the more prominent men named in this summary.

(To be continued in our next.)

## PUFFING TESTIMONIALS.

(From Punch.)

THE following testimonials to the virtues of various quack medicines were written by a literary gentleman of some celebrity in the advertising columns of the newspapers. The style is unexceptionable, but the literary gentleman appears to have fallen into some trifling errors as to the nature of the specifics to which he ought to have referred the various prodigies he has been employed to chronicle.

"SIR,—I was afflicted for some years with corns, when a friend advised me to try your Macassar Oil. I used to take a bottle of it overnight, and another in the morning, until I have become quite another creature; and therefore you will scarcely believe me when I say that I remain,

"Your obedient servant, &c., &c., &c."

"SIR,—My hair had been dropping off at the rate of six handful a day, when an old friend of the family recommended me to try your Mineral Succedaneum, in the hope of stepping the further progress of the malady. I feel, sir, that I owe you more than I can ever repay, and beg of you to send me a dozen boxes, which you will be pleased to add to the account. You have saved me, sir, from all the horrors of a bald head, and you have gladdened the hearts of a doting wife and eleven anxious children. Go on, sir, in your excellent path; and believe me ever,

"Your grateful, humble servant, &c., &c., &c."

"GENTLEMEN,—I had been many years a victim to bunions of the most alarming magnitude, when accident threw into my mouth a box of your Parr's Life Pills. I swallowed them with great satisfaction, but felt no particular effects from them, till a friend called my attention to a sudden giving way of the upper-leather of my boot, which sank down almost flat; and on examining the cause, I found my bunions were rapidly disappearing. Thanks to you, sir, and your Parr's Life Pills, I can now dance the Polka half-a-dozen times before breakfast, and kick an impudent creditor down stairs, which I formerly was unable to do, on account of my bunions.

"Yours, &c., &c., &c."

"Miss Laura King presents her compliments, and begs to say that she suffered very severely from freckles, which kept her confined to her bed for nearly ten years. Miss Laura King was at last recommended by her maid—who received the suggestion from the sweep—to try a respirator. Miss Laura King begs to add that she has tried one of the respirators, and her freckles have so far disappeared that she is enabled to take gentle walking exercise once a day, and to play two short tunes on the piano in the evening. Mr. —, the proprietor of the respirator, is at liberty to make any use of this communication which he thinks proper."



## THE CHIVALRY OF MODERN GAUL.

(Concluded.)

There are various styles of composition fit for works of amusement and information combined. There is the epistolary, the narrative, the colloquial; but to render them effective, these should be kept distinct. Therefore, at the loss of some very good situations, and much descriptive matter, I keep this portion of my history of Leatherlungs in as entire a ring fence of conversation as possible. As Sir Walter Scott says, "perhaps I have a design in this," as haply the reader shall see. In the meantime, with his permission, I continue my vocabulary of astute and professional *persiflage*. He will imagine it the evening of the penultimate day, and that my valet (I wish he hadn't done himself to death with his own handicraft) has laid out a store of that Roman compound whereof the leg spoke with so liquorish speech in our last *rencontre*. Then there are those dainty devices for the incendiaryism of tobacco lately invented, and altogether such arrangement for a symposium, as my Lord —, a sublime authority in such matters, would have permitted to pass muster. No need to premise that the expected guest was true to his trust. It was just the time when he had nothing to do—"entre chien et loup," as the French say; too late to continue dining, and too soon to begin substantive rascality. This being the case, and a dressing gown, slippers, and an easy chair—mine—down we sat to converse sweet, which means such a *fusillade* of scandal as idle fellows off guard are wont to indulge in: in capacity of philosopher and friend, the host *loquitur*.

"Do you meerschaum?" This is the twin leaf inhaled by the Sultan. That tippie Wilkinson himself achieved—a youth without his equal on this side paradise for harmonising the discordant elements. So! alight! We are athirst for knowledge, let us hear you forthwith. Remember, when a man takes a thing in hand, *that* let him do. And this is the very land for such comings to the point. If it is not too delicate an investigation, may I inquire the nature of your association of yesterday morning? It was nothing very secret or confidential? Was it profitable, or a combination of the *utile dulci*?"

"Merely mercantile," replied my symposiate. "Simply speculative. I was introduced to the young people you saw me with, as one calculated to be of service to them; and I was laying out how best I should redeem the pledge. This is a wicked world; and if I didn't pluck them, somebody else would—for their fledgling is too luxuriant to escape the curious in ornithology. How best was it to be accomplished? This I was contriving when I met you; and to put them in training for my design, I elevated them to the pig's skin. There's hardly any other way for an Englishman to beat a Frenchman at beggar-my-neighbour!"

"But it's an ancient scheme," I observed; and I had a loftier opinion of you than to expect to find you following the common suit of the —s."

"Great genius clashes with brother talent," rejoined Leatherlungs, who must have borrowed or stolen this from somebody else—"great geniuses clash: comets have their orbits as well as the household stars!"

"Which means, in plain thievery, that one system of sharp practice has prevailed ever since the affair of Esau's —."

"Just so, despite the antediluvians who gave their virtuous evidences before the late committees of Parliament. I wonder nobody was kind enough to send those over-excellent men the volumes of the 'Life of Beau Brummel,' which I have been reading this last day or two. How they would have served to disperse their prejudices and enlighten their ignorance! Hear how his biographer speaks of the Beau and those of his cycle of society:—'Lamentable, indeed, are the specimens of disgraceful folly displayed by that section of it which may be designated the aristocracy of pleasure, now so frequently exposed in the public prints. By such evidence—unfortunately, no idle slander—who do we find made 'the Turf' a bye-word for infamy of the lowest description? Whose jockey threw himself off, to avoid winning a race that his master had backed himself to lose? (Who on earth does Captain Jesse allude to here?—Leatherlungs aside.) Who clean lads out, and then excuse themselves on the plea that when young they were treated in a similar manner? Who marks the cards? Who becomes the stakeholder of a woman's seduction? Who is the prosecutor of his own strumpet, and by that means becomes the herald of his own gross tastes? And who are the fashionable bill-brokers, the jackals of eldest sons and the willing instruments of their vices? Who? Unworthy members of the second estate, fashionable commoners, their dependents and toadies, and men who, having been enabled by money or interest to enter the profession of arms, have subsequently thought fit to engraft upon it the dirty occupations of 'usurers.' Now, that's what I call plain writing, whether it be true or false. But it's true—point blank fact—in all its worst features, without as much of the leaven of professional 'leg-ism' as would go to the *matériel* of a favourite at Hampton races."

"Are you not talking of something you know nothing about, my honourable friend on the left?" I asked, with a perfectly inoffensive approach to the inquisitive. "Do you quote the biographer of the Beau as an authority? Do you read works of a similar class and think them gospel? Do you believe in Cecil (Mrs. Gore), and Pucker Muskau, and Amedée Pichot, and ladies and gentlemen of their school? Is Lister an artist who draws from nature? Is Bulwer, d'Israeli, or even Dickens, save from such foul and filthy scenes as are begotten of sin and vice, and which taste turns from in disgust, while pity shudders and deplores?"

Taste, in all cases, shuns too strong relief: it is urged by those of a bad school, that the modern style of dress is defective in comparison with that of pantaloons and leather breeches, into which the victims were compelled by machinery. Somebody says trowers have ruined our legs, and Mackintosh has done nearly the same for our bodies. All this is a flavour of the ancient barbarity. When Praxiteles cut out his gentlemen, and sent them into the world *sans culottes*, it was because there did not exist the idea how the extremities should be clothed. If he were at his chisel in London in our days, he would encase his Apollos in trowers, after the cut of our friend Cooke, of Poland-street."

"It's not for me," observed the artist of the corner, "to offer any opposition to your remarks; but I may as well let you save them for another opportunity and listener, to whom they may be of service. They are likely to do about as much in my case, as whistling a jig to a milestone. My present business, I apprehend, is to blow this cloud, engulf this liquid, and expound the routine of a sporting gentleman's occupation in Paris, in the middle of the nineteenth century. You observe that the natural secretions of *rouge-et-noir*, *roulette*, and such ducts of excitability, have been closed against the French constitution of recent years, by the French constitution of the present dynasty. You take a Frenchman's life, when you take the means whereby he plays. He *must* gamble—for *livres* in the Palais Royal, or for lives in the low counties: each the especial *mise en scene*, as *Mademoiselle Pas-de-Zéphyr* says, of his contests social and military. The rage for play, at the present moment, is at *delirium tremens* height. The effect of abolishing the *maisons de jeu* upon the thirst for speculation, is similar to that which cutting off the possibility of moisture would have upon the drought of the palate. The folks are crazy for it. It's my conviction, if the thimble men, that Sir James Graham has brought to poverty and ruin, were to come over here, in a gentlemanly condition, with nice little rosewood tables, clean shirts, and discretion enough to hold their tongues, they might make their fortunes between Christmas and Midsummer. I have a strong notion of getting up a company to carry out the plan. In the meantime, it's finding money to operate in horse schemes here just now. The *Société de Jockeys* (that's what they call themselves, I think), are as mad as Bedlam about the turf, and racing, and Tattersall's, and the like. Only talk to a member about the odds, and he'll thank you to put him into your book at any price. Don't imagine I'm romancing. Just let me prime and load with this Turkish tobacco again, and I'll tell you how to circumvent the chivalry of France upon a scale that would astonish the governor of Moscow!"—*Sporting Review* for March, 1845.

## IMPROMPTU ON THE REMOVAL OF KING'S CROSS.

ALL Somers' Town seems gloomy and forlorn,  
Since fam'd King's Cross and George the Fourth are gone,  
Yet why regret, since kings must pass away,  
And *Crosses* we've enough of every day,  
And though the statue high enough was placed  
It never graced it, but in fact *disgraced*.  
They say that bricks composed the statue's part,  
If so, you'll own he was a *brick* at heart,  
Unlike King George, of whom it has been said,  
He had no heart, and very little head.  
The pride of royalty no doubt it goads,  
To think they've sent a king to *mend the roads*,  
But 'twould be worthy of our highest praise,  
Had he in life been made to *mend his ways*.—NED RUB.

BAGSHOT PARK.—It is generally asserted that the purchase of this estate as a royal demesne for the use of the infant royal family, is made preliminary to and in contemplation of an application to Parliament for a grant for the support of the Prince of Wales and the other scions of royalty. It is singular enough that this same estate should have formerly belonged to another Prince of Wales—the last of that title, afterwards George IV. He purchased it of a former Earl of Albemarle, and subsequently it passed from the prince to the late Earl Harcourt, from whom it was purchased by the late Duke of Gloucester. The mansion, in which there is nothing striking, stands in the centre of a park, about three miles in circumference. Bagshot was anciently a lordship of the Kings of England, who had here a palace and park, adjoining to which, James I. and Charles I., who were both much addicted to the chase, often resorted to enjoy that diversion. During the civil commotions, however, in the reign of the latter, it was disparked. The park forming the present royal purchase, lies to the westward of the village of Bagshot. The adjoining heath takes its name from the village, and was formerly of very great, and is now of some extent. This spot, in the olden time was notorious for highwaymen and footpads, so much so that Bagshot and a thief was almost synonymous. Farquhar, in his *Beaux Stratagem* (we believe) names one of his robbers Bagshot. At the present day it is better known for its excellent mutton. The heath affords food to a great number of sheep, which are in general small, but, as just observed, remarkable for the sweetness and fine flavour of their mutton.

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# The Sporting World

OR  
LIFE IN LONDON,  
& THE  
COUNTRY.

No. 6.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 26, 1845. [THREE  
HALF-PENCE.

## THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.



THE LAST FOX.

**F**AREWELL to the season, farewell! The sound of the huntsman's horn, the cry of the noble hound will soon be silent, and from the "man in pink" down to the urchin who bestrides his grandfather's stick, the country will have lost one of its most spirit-stirring sights. Like the fiddle of the little cobbler in the nursery tale, the music of the chase touches a chord that sets us going *volens volens*. Boys and men, horses and dogs, aye, and old cows with their tails on end, confess its influence, and run like mad over the meadows. But "hold hard," the season is near its close, and is not there a melancholy in the word "farewell?" Yet remember, though the animal whose "who-whoop" is now sounding, and whose last bitter bite is pourtrayed by our artist, is only the "last of the season, and that fox-hunting, despite the croakers, has proved too strong even for iron rail-ing.

Like every other social institution, fox-hunting has been, and will continue to be, acted upon by the march of refinement, or "over-civilization," as some persons have been pleased to call it. Our great grandfathers went a hunting at six o'clock in the morning, and at two p.m. to a comedy in five acts. If Roscius and Garrick were announced for the same piece, would any one go to see them now-a-days before sunset? Undoubtedly a heavy blow was given to the chase by those with whom originated the system of making a hunting establishment five times as expensive an affair as there was any necessity for. The pace at Melton was quite good enough, Dian knows, from the commencement of the present century; but when Lord Suffield took the reins he put a steam-engine before the bars.

A stable of fifty hunters and twenty hacks—a kennel with ninety couples of hounds, and a servant's hall with a hundred pair of jaws at

work, are all very well here and there; but because one man in a million can afford it, is that any reason that another should ape it, not being that ten-hundred-thousandth? It is this passion for taking the field *en prince* that is fast making the field so select. It is bad enough that a man, to do the thing in a Christian style, must go out six days a-week, upon two horses on each occasion; but it is a thousand times worse it should be a sort of tacit understanding that if he takes to a country for the purpose of promoting its enjoyment and good fellowship, he does it with a contingent flight to the continent as a part of his compact.

Why should the chase be the only one of our rural sports towards which the wise indifference to show an idle ostentation, that the present era is so honourably distinguished for, should not apply? On our turf there are now no matches for thousands as in former days: this is one of the modern features of promise in racing. So soon as heavy betting shall cease to be a portion of its economy—a result we shall not long wait for—its prosperity will be insured. Look at the fashion of modern equipage; we no longer see the extravagant display common to the early part of the present century: Hyde Park is not now a raree-show of gilded panels, gorgeous trappings, and human nature hired by the yard to exhibit embroidery, silks, satins, and *bouquets* upon. People are content, if their ease and comfort are administered to, that the appliances should be such as become the gentle, and not on the scale adopted by eastern monarchs. The fashion of equipage in our time is the perfection of that most pure and true taste, the "*simplex munditiis*."

So let it be with the *materiel* of hunting. Let the man who intends hunting three days a week—and few rural districts, in England, will now conveniently allow of more—provide an establishment fitted for such a demand. If he hunt his own hounds he will require five horses for him-



self, to allow for casualties, and three a-piece for his whips. If he employ a huntsman, three hunters for himself, and four for his huntsman, will be enough. I cannot but regard the custom of keeping up two packs, one of dogs and another of bitches, as a useless as well as an unwise extravagance. Thirty couples of hunting hounds are enough for the majority of countries, at three days a week. Eighteen couples are a fair average to take into the field. Let those eighteen be selected from the whole, the soundest and most fit for hunting being drafted, without any reference to sex. I am so satisfied that dogs and bitches run closer and faster to the head, together, than when they are separated, that I will lay the odds on the mixed pack against the plain, with any master of foxhounds who chooses to try the experiment; of course, allowing me an honest average of good hunters.

But we are losing sight of the picture that heads our article in this lengthy digression.

They are the right sort, those hounds, who are running in on the snarling varmint, crosses with dissimilar races for the purpose of improving the fox-hound, are now at an end in the sporting world, and let us but continue thus, for a few more generations, improving all the original properties of the hound, till, in fact, a new creature is created, as it were—or, at least, the old one so remodelled as both in symmetry, power, speed, endurance, and sagacity, to surpass, fifty-fold, the stock from which he descended; while the animals pursued by him remain as they came from the hands of Nature, and the result is obvious enough. That the speed and strength of the modern race-horse were wholly unknown to the turf in the last century is susceptible of easy proof, the greatly superior fleetness and faculty of lasting in the staghounds of the present day, over those of twenty years ago. The hound of the last century could go as fast as him of the present, for a short distance; but the lasting capabilities of modern packs, and the head they carry, ensure a killing speed; which, should it continue to advance, no animal in a state of nature will be in a condition to cope with. Pace is the passion of our time. Sober citizens fly from London to New York in a shorter space than their grandsires passed from the Ward of Cheap, to Dublin or Edinburgh; and their aspiring sons race after the Quorn, or the Pytchley, upon coursers once only to be met with at Newmarket, or York. This propensity the rising bands of Nimrods find administered to by stag-hunting more than any other branch of the chase; and, already, Leicestershire possesses three packs of staghounds. But a truce with sombre theories; what though,

"Venit summa dies, et ineluctabile tempus,"

the "noble science" flourishes, at all events, in our day. Let us enjoy the goods the gods give us, and be grateful—posterity must shift for itself; and though our artist has "drawn" it, we have not yet seen "the last fox!"

#### NEW IRISH MELODY.

Air—"Grasshopper Molloy."

THE cap that once on Tara's hill  
Was stuck on Daniel's head,  
Now hangs as dull as Derryanna,  
As if its Dan were dead!  
So sleeps the pride of former days,  
So glory's thrill is o'er,  
And heart's that once sung out "Repale!"  
Now sing "Repale" no more!  
No more that cap can raise delight  
As when it first came forth;  
The peg alone on which it hangs  
Is conscious of its worth.  
And Daniel now so seldom wakes,  
He will not spare a wink,  
Save when some honest boy comes in,  
And makes his halpence chink.

**TURKISH HORSES.**—"Extremes meet" is exemplified in the contrary practice of the English and Turks respecting horses, the result of each being the same—excellence. Large apertures in the walls near the roof constantly admit the air, it being a principle with the Osmanleys to keep their stables cool, covering the horses with thick cloths. And as no country presents more variety of climate than Turkey in Europe, no horses at the same time being so healthy as Turkish horses, it follows that the mode adopted by them is good—spacious, well-ventilated stabling, with plenty of body-cloths. Horses in Turkey never stand on straw, but on the earth or sand, kept very clean, and are always tethered. The practice of tethering is worthy of imitation everywhere; it does not distress the animal, and it prevents his kicking. Nothing is more unpleasant than being between two rows of loose heels—English stables are hot, Turkish stables are cold—English horses are high fed, Turkish horses get little else than chopped straw. It requires hours to dress an English horse, as many minutes suffice for a Turkish horse. The English snaffle would scarcely hurt a deer's mouth; the Turkish bit would break a tiger's jaw. The hoof in England is pared to fit the shoe; the shoe in Turkey is fashioned to the hoof.

Query?—Which are the firmest holders?—The owners of Pennsylvanian bonds, or the pocketeer of the Walbrook funds?

## CRICKET.

### HINTS TO CRICKETERS.—No. 2.

#### ON THE CHOICE OF A BAT.



IN the first place, be careful that you select from those of one of the two best makers, namely, Caldecourt or Dark; and the best reason we can give you for so doing is, that they having always a large stock of material on hand, are enabled to use well seasoned wood, without which a bat, however well made, would never render anything like efficient service. Add to this, that the models of these two makers are as much superior to the clubs of most others, as a Cremona is to a Dutch toy fiddle; and that for lightness, combined with fullness of wood in its proper place, and toughness of texture, they are unrivalled,—and I have no doubt that your experience will bear me out in the recommendation. The long experience of Caldecourt, as a player, is also a guarantee of his ability to judge of what is most desirable in a bat, and, of course, his own interest induces him to use it to the utmost.

In making your choice, do not be misled by what is termed a "crinkly face," or waved markings of any description, for from the nature of that part of the tree, they must be too heavy for efficient use; but prefer a whitish, or white and saffron face, such being invariably found to stand the best, and bear the test of the hammer, that is, provided the wood be properly seasoned.

As regards the handle, its fullness must depend upon your grasp, but be careful not to have it too fine, or it may soon part company with the blade. Should such an accident occur, however, and the blade be worth it, the maker will, at a moderate charge, let another handle into it; and as these new handles are made from picked wood, they can generally be depended upon, and render the bat of more value than before: indeed, instances are of frequent recurrence of gentlemen purchasing one with a blade to suit their fancy, and purposely snapping off the handle to have it renewed. It is also a practice in new handling bats, to insert a slip of whalebone, about a quarter of an inch thick, down the whole length of the handle, and some five or six inches into the blade of the bat, thus forming a handle of three distinct pieces. Some have an idea (but a very erroneous one), that this gives a springiness to it; but how that can be the case when the action of the whalebone is curbed by a piece of tough ash on each side, I cannot well conceive; but, doubtless, it must add materially to the strength of the handle. Be careful, also, that the face of your bat be not in either of the two extremes, too flat or too round; if the former, you will not be able to slip the ball with any certainty or effect, and if the latter, you cannot place it with anything like precision, and are liable to put many a chance into the hands of the slips, point, &c. However, the best makers are not likely to turn out anything very objectionable in this respect.

As to weight, much depends upon use; but we should say, from 2lb. to 2lb. 6oz. was quite sufficient, provided the wood be light and well seasoned, thereby affording a sufficiency of wood where it is most wanted. We have frequently seen bats of Caldecourt's make, weighing only 1lb. 14oz., in the hands of a competent player, hit the ball away for fives, sixes, and sevens, especially to the leg; clearly proving that not weight in the bat, but judgment in the striker, is the one thing needful.

Our forefathers played with bats, or rather clubs, of a scimitar shape, made of beech, ash, and other heavy woods, and weighing upwards of 7lbs! but of what utility could they be if applied against the modern fast and scientific style of bowling? One of these ancient maces, once the property of the Earl of Winchilsea, is now in the possession of — Denison, Esq., whose excellent Treatise on Cricket deserves, and has our warmest approbation. Of the use of the bat, illustrated with correct diagrams we shall discourse in an early number. NEW RUN.

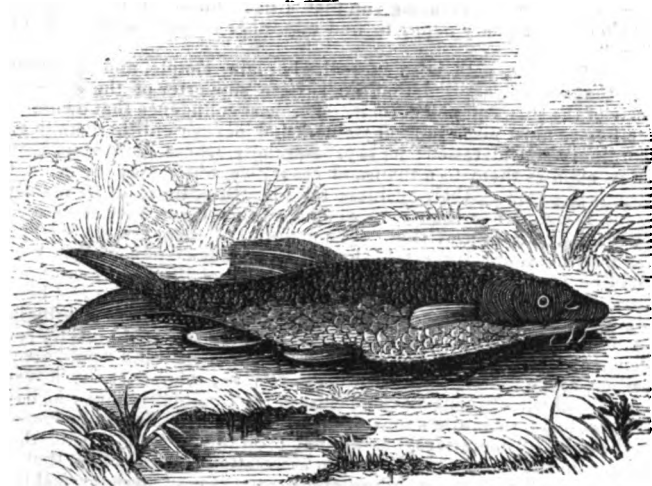
**FRAMING HIS CALCULATIONS.**—We can guess Sir Robert Peel's motive for taking the duty off glass. He wishes to try the experiment whether the revenue cannot be raised, like a cucumber, by means of that material.

**THE COMING MAN.**—Before the Fleet Prison is disposed of, we propose that it be prepared for the reception of President Tyler, that great apostle of Liberty, who is coming to England, we believe, next month. It is not likely he will bring any of his slaves with him, as the freedom of each would make the journey rather too expensive; but he can visit our principle factories, two or three of our largest workhouses, and slop-shops, just to remind him of his "home." What a treat, to be sure, a poor-law union will be to the heart—the eyes, we mean—of a large slave-owner!

**GALVANIC ABSURDITIES.**—A celebrated professor, of Brunswick-square, who may be called the champion of the galvanic ring, declares that the circulation of the starry system is altogether so perfect, that the rings of Saturn must be "galvanic rings!" Bravo! We shall next be told that the "ring at Astley's" is galvanic; or we suppose this professor, in his ardour to reduce everything to galvanism, would, if he were assaulted, call it "an assault and galvanic battery."

**GIBBS IN TRAINING.**—The Lord Mayor is taking lessons from Tom Spring, his chief motive being to ascertain the best mode of getting his head out of Chancery. Charles Pearson has only been giving a (printed) specimen of self-defence,

## THE FISHER'S CREEL.



THE BARBEL.

**B**ARBEL-FISHING, so much delighted in by our Thames Anglers, is a proof that *sport*, and not *pot-hunting*, is the aim of the true fisherman, for it is indeed little worth as a table delicacy, though from its obstinacy and strength it gives the angler that trouble which constitutes his chief pleasure.

The angling season begins in May, and continues to September: and the most approved hours are from daylight till ten in the morning, and from four in the afternoon till sunset. The line should be strong and rather heavily leaded, so that the bait may float about half an inch from the ground. The rod also should be strong, for as old Beak observes, he is "a lusty and a cunning fish," often making, when struck, a violent run towards some favourite strong hold, and thereby breaking both rod and line. The line should be of silk, with a shot and bullet, and the closer you fish to the ground without touching it the better your sport is likely to be. Being leather-mouthed, however, he seldom breaks his hold when once fairly hooked.

If the reader should be curious in barbel fishing, he cannot do better than give a look in at our friend Little's, the tackle-maker in Fetter-lane, Fleet-street, who himself, a "right honest angler," will edify him on this head, and show him a pair of these "pig-headed" fish of goodly magnitude, the fruits of his cunning in this gentle craft: the one weighing nine and a half, the other eleven pounds, and taken from the piles near Hampton-bridge in 1844; they are indeed a noble pair.

The barbel is somewhat dainty and curious in his baits, which must be kept clean and sweet, and untainted by musty moss. A well-ground lobworm is attractive, especially if a night or two before you fish you bait the spot with the ground-bait mentioned below, or (as Walton recommends) with "big worms cut in pieces. And note," continues he, "that none did ever over-bait the place, nor fish too early, nor too late, for a barbel." In fact, he seems as well inclined for an early breakfast as a late supper. Green gentles, cheese kept a day or two in a wet cloth, the young brood of wasps, hornets, or humble bees, may also be enumerated among his dainties. The following paste for barbel may also be recommended. Dip the crumb of new white bread in the liquor in which chandler's greaves have been boiled, and knead it up till it is stiff—a little of the greaves will improve it—and with this use greaves boiled and mixed with clay into balls as a ground bait.

It will sometimes occur that when angling for fish of less resolution as well as pugnacity, the angler may often hook the barbel, and if he should prove anything like a foot long, he is a clever fellow if he land this dogged and sullen fish.

Never throw in the bait farther than can be done by a gentle cast of the rod, letting your lead fall into the water with the least possible noise. It is an error to suppose the largest fish are in the middle of the river, experience teaches the error of this opinion. They instinctively seek their food near the banks or the shelter of piles, and disturbing the water by an injudicious throwing of the plumb line is almost certain to scare them away.

The barbel takes its name from the wattels or barbs with which its nether jaw is furnished. It is gregarious, and decidedly a handsome fish: and another of the examples, that it is unsafe to trust to appearances, for though he looks big and solid, he is almost worthless. The barbel delights in the swiftest runs of the river, which it begins to run up in March and April. When they spawn they keep in companies, routing holes in the gravel to deposit their ova. The roe of the barbel

is noxious, often proving both emetic and purgative. Sir James Hawkins says, "a servant of mine who had eaten part of a barbel in September, though, as I cautioned him, he abstained from the spawn, was seized by such a violent vomiting and purging as nearly cost him his life." This seems true of many sea-fish also, at certain seasons, though the reason has never yet been satisfactorily given.

The head of the barbel is smooth; the nostrils are near the eyes, and its mouth is placed low in the head. Its scales are beautifully and regularly set, and under its nether jaw it has a single beard, or barb, at each corner, and another on each side of its nose. Its dorsal fin has a very strong spine, sharply toothed, and with which it can do severe injury to the incautious handler, and do much damage to the net. The side fin is straight, the belly white, the tail forked, and of a deep purple. It grows quickly, is very tenacious of life, and attains a great age.

Thus much of the barbel, in which we have sought rather to give instruction to the juvenile angler by a collection of facts, than to indite a pleasing and smartly written article.

**TROUT FISHING IN THE THAMES.**—Although, legally speaking, trout fishing commenced in the Thames on the 25th of January last, yet by a resolution adopted at the general meeting of the subscribers to the Thames Angling Preservation Society in 1842, it was agreed it should be postponed until the 1st of April. This has been since annually adhered to, and on Monday last several gentlemen commenced the season. One named Wall took at Sunbury two fish, weighing 11lb., in very fair condition. Lord Gage and his honourable brother, fishing from Maidenhead downward to Shepperton, took seven fish, and while it is pleasing to hear of such excellent sport by such warm and liberal supporters of the above society, it is to be regretted the severity of the winter has been such that the fish were far from being in good condition, not having had sufficient time to recover from the effect of the spawning season; in fact, it is a sin to take them until the following month. It will be gratifying to the trout fishermen to hear there is every prospect of a successful and abundant season.

**RIVER TWEED.**—We understand that the commissioners of the Tweed have caused a great number of par to be marked, with the view of ascertaining whether at a future period they become salmon smelts, and if so, what length of time is required to effect the change. As it is of considerable importance that this question should be set at rest, it is hoped that angling this year will be suspended until the 1st of June, in order to prevent the destruction of the marked fish.

## REHEARSAL OF THE TRAFALGAR FOUNTAINS.

(By our own Correspondent.)

A select circle attended a private rehearsal of the fountains, which took place at an early hour in the morning, when the press were invited to be present. We were received at the centre plug-hole by the principal turncock, who, at a given signal, turned on the water, when the dolphins, evidently affected with hydrophobia by long abstinence, began foaming at the mouth in the most fearful manner, and a gurgling noise was heard in their throats which spread consternation among the bystanders. The turncock, with considerable presence of mind, assured the lookers-on, in a neat speech, that they "needn't be afeard, it was only the newness of the pipes;" and we were then enabled to survey the scene with that calmness which our critical capacity required. The water shot up with considerable buoyancy, to the height of nearly a foot, when the enthusiasm of the spectators found vent in repeated cries of "Hear, hear," till a gust of wind blowing the spray towards the assembled crowd, a vigorous shout of "Shame" was immediately set up, and there were fears that the populace, in their indignation, would have torn up the balustrades by the roots from the soil of stucco they are imbedded in. The turncock, with singular tact, suddenly lowered the supply, and the company being requested to keep back, the fountain was soon brought into full play again.

On the whole, we cannot say much for the exhibition; but as it is now open to the public, we recommend our readers to form their own opinions. In our eye—and a good deal came into both of our eyes—the water is rather muddy, and we recommend a filter being placed on the top of the dumb waiter, an arrangement that would be quite in keeping with the present design, and would greatly add to its utility. The fountains in Trafalgar-square have not the gentle softness of the one in the Temple, but they certainly surpass it slightly in volume. They remind us of a good-sized garden-engine, but we decline passing a definitive sentence until we have become better acquainted with their powers. We think it very likely that the fountains will have a tolerably long run, but there should be a little spirit thrown into the water if the permanent approbation of the public is looked for.

**CONNUBIAL COMPLIMENT.**—A theatrical amateur went for the first time to see the pretty Mrs. ——. A critic, but no friend to the lady, asked the gentleman's opinion of the actress. "Charming," was the reply; "she beats everything." "I don't doubt it," replied Aristarchus; "I've heard her husband say as much."



## CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of THE SPORTING WORLD.)

16th April (Newmarket F.S. Meeting), 1846.

SIR,—When I bade adieu in November last I felt a desire for repose, and was not loathe to enjoy it. For some months now have I utterly discarded pen and paper, although I was sadly out of temper at reading the errors and mis-statements of some of your persevering contemporaries. The Turf, I admit to be an exciting and interesting subject, and may fairly claim its column; but, it is rather too bad to keep the pot boiling after the present fashion; this overstraining may work an evil in accomplishing its own cure, and bring racing and racers to a crisis, not unlike that which befel the ring. I trust it may not prove so; but I think a little discretion is the most likely thing to prevent it.

I have found in the columns I have referred to a continual clatter about "Zanoni;" and, what with the remarks of editors, letters of correspondents, and ebullitions of inquirers, I defy any one to make head or tail of the business. The horse has been so much before the public, and so much has been said about him, that he may not be incorrectly described as, "Laconic, *alias* Running Rein, *alias* Maccabeus, *alias* the Dead'un-alive, *alias* the Colt by Gladiator, his dam by Capsicum."—A word or two may suffice to set these things right.

The party who entered him for the Chester cup has done so under much disadvantage, for there are two points concerned by the way the entry has been made:—First, The horse is entered as late "Maccabeus." Now there are, or were, two horses of that name; or, at least, one horse ran in that name in 1843, in lieu of the horse really called so: the trick succeeded, and Goodman was the author of it. The present owner, therefore, has, to contend against that fact, which Maccabeus is he, or was the present horse ever Maccabeus, and when? Second, Goodman has been known to say, that the colt he bought of Sir C. Ibotsen died; that colt was by the Gladiator, his dam by Capsicum: this is denied by others, who say that Zanoni (now alive) is that colt; but, whatever little value may be attached to Goodman's word, it will be found to be, if I mistake not, a point against the present owner.

In strictness, there need not have been any entry of pedigree at all. The handicapper might have been told what the horse had done, and parties prepared to show that the entered horse, simply as "Zanoni," was the horse which ran at the last Derby, and there an end on't—for myself, I believe it to be the same horse. As regards your readers, I cannot advise them to bet on him. Zanoni is a good horse; he ran the Derby course (a mile and a half) very fast (presuming he is the same horse), and won easy: it is true he had a year in his favour, but I look at the time of his going over the ground alone; still I say, bet not on him, and they who take my advice may have reason to thank

SOOTHSAYER.

## TRAINERS' AND JOCKEYS' ASSOCIATION.

[The object of the writer of the following letter is so benevolent and so easy of attainment that we at once enter cordially and earnestly into his views, and shall, to the utmost of our power, aid him in the accomplishment of a plan which we are surprised has not hitherto been set on foot by the patrons and members of the turf. It is, indeed, most strange that while the members of almost every trade and profession in this country have formed themselves into provident and benevolent associations for the maintenance of individuals of their body who, by age, infirmity, or misfortune, have fallen into distress, the trainers and jockeys of the English turf should have neglected so important a duty. Now here is a feasible proposition for the formation of a fund, which would be amply adequate for the purpose, and which we hope to see adopted and carried out by some influential friends and patrons of the turf. Our correspondent's letter is addressed to the patrons of the horse-racing. He says:—]

"I am induced, from a thorough knowledge of your benevolence, to trespass on your attention in behalf of a set of men who, during the greater part of their lives, have contributed in no small degree to your recreation and amusement; I allude to trainers and jockeys in decayed circumstances, and, in so doing, there is no need to impress upon you that many of them are found in deep distress, and but too frequently in absolute destitution.

"It is suggested that a society be formed to raise funds for the purpose of affording a certain annuity to those whom you may deem deserving objects of your liberality, and of providing some assistance for such of their families as may be left without any adequate means of subsistence. The way by which sufficient funds may be easily and readily procured is, I conceive, two-fold:—

"First—By donations and annual subscriptions, a method which is proved by experience to be the best and most safely to be relied upon for carrying into execution the intentions of any benevolent society, and is, therefore, strongly to be recommended.

"Second—By a deduction of 11. per cent from all stakes won that amount to or exceed 100l.; from this source I confidently anticipate the receipt of 1000l. per annum, as I find in the year 1841 the total winnings amounted to 155,000l., of which 112,000l. consisted of stakes of 100l. and upwards.

"In closing this letter, I beg respectfully to apologise for my intrusion on your notice, but having long felt that some such institution as the one proposed was greatly needed, I have ventured to submit this to your consideration, assuring you that I have no selfish view to serve, and should be equally happy to find any other better plan carried into effect."

[The foregoing plan is so exceedingly plain, simple, and unoppressive, that we feel assured that no sincere supporter of the generous sports of the turf can object to it. The vast confidence that owners of race-horses must place in their trainers and jockeys entitle them to extraordinary consideration; jockeys especially, whose dangerous occupation exposes them to a thousand casualties, which may incapacitate them from pursuing their business for a length of time, or, frequently, for the remainder of their lives, should, in such cases, have some security for their future provision. The majority of them are, we fear, not over provident, but the establishment of an association of this kind, would be an inducement to them to exercise a trifling degree of prudence, in contributing to a fund from whence such important and beneficial results would flow. It would, moreover, be the means of bringing the employer and employed into a kind of union—it would inspire confidence on the one hand, and gratitude on the other—and would give a position and respectability to a body of men, who exercise a very marked influence amongst a large class of the community, but who have hitherto had no definite name or place in society. The inducements for the actual "operatives," as we may term the jockeys, to lend their energies in the formation of such an association is so manifest that we need not dwell upon them. Prosperous trainers may, perhaps, feel that such an institution is not required for their class, but every day's experience proves that there is no one so high as to be above the reach of misfortune; besides, if a man be independent, a greater obligation is imposed upon him to assist those who are poor and helpless. The example which the Job and Post Master's Association, the Drury-Lane and Covent Garden Theatrical Funds, The Haberdashers' and Silk Mercers', and numerous other respectable provident and benevolent societies have set, will, we trust, induce the trainers and jockeys to follow their praiseworthy example.]

## THE COMIC COOKERY-BOOK.

RECIPT THE FIRST.—"HOW TO MAKE A MATCH."

AIR—"Gallopade."

ALL you who love feasts, at which Hyemen is cook,  
A receipt take from "Cupid's Own Cookery-book!"  
If a match you would make, you will find this the plan—  
Catch a young gent and lady, as fresh as you can;  
Let the young gent be raw and soft, though the male gender,  
And take care the young lady is equally tender;  
To dinner the gentleman set down to table,  
And pour as much wine in as ever you're able;  
And, whilst he is soaking, attend, pray, to this,  
Every now and then pop in a word about miss;  
But do it with care, or the match you may spoil,  
And you'll find he'll be very soon ready to boil.  
The moment your gent in the gills becomes red,  
See, poor fellow, he's into the drawing-room led:  
Set him down by the lady, though shy he may be,  
And sop them both equally well with green tea;  
Lead them to the piano, the handiest of things,  
And blow up the flame till the young lady sings;  
But the first sigh you hear the young gentleman puff,  
Take them off, for they then will be both warm enough;  
Put them then by themselves, they'll not think you presume,  
In the most retired corner there is in the room;  
Or else on a sofa, *tete-a-tete*, the pair leave,  
And there let them simmer the rest of the eve.  
Two or three times successive this plan must be tried,  
Taking care that the parties are placed side by side;  
And you'll find this a truth is, deny it you can't—  
They'll be ready for marriage whenever you want;  
After marriage, more care you must take than before,  
As 'tis known they are very apt, then, to turn sour;  
The honeymoon o'er, and departed the zest,  
How'er well and tasty they both may be dress'd!  
Attend to these hints, and a match you may make,  
Whenever to make one the pains you may take;  
A receipt for which vain you'll in Mrs. Glass look,  
As 'tis copied from "Cupid's Own Cookery-book."

FACT FOR ORNITHOLOGISTS.—Some time since a large owl was shot by Lord Lovat's gamekeeper, under circumstances somewhat singular. The place which the bird had chosen for the construction of its nest was a rabbit's hole in a high bank adjoining the burn which meanders through the mains of Beaufort Castle; and when fired at, it was sitting over four eggs, which in due time would have produced as many birds, in a situation where probably a similar occurrence has hitherto been unheard of.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

**K. H. C.**—The question is one for a medical man. Have you tried electricity?—we don't mean the Galvanic Ring, which is a mere hoax, except that being an *imaginary* remedy it may cure *imaginary* complaints.

**GEORGE S.**—Depend upon it, if we should have been safe in so doing, we should have given the information you desire. But are you not aware that it would fall under the Stamp Act as "News"? and then we should be liable to a penalty of £10 for every copy of our publication? These penalties are seldom if ever inflicted to their full extent; but the consequences of a wilful infringement of the law are ruinous. Therefore we would scarcely pay for this publication, if stamped, stamped as, in addition to the penny per sheet paid beforehand to government for the stamp (making it 5d.) the vendor, in consideration of the enhanced price, would expect another halfpenny of profit, which would raise this miscellany to 3d. to the general purchaser.

**AN OLD PEDIESTRIAN.**—We do not know of any other preparation than that known by the North American Indians, and the inhabitants of the Oregon Territory, by the name of pemmican. This is prepared by them by drying in the sun, lean slices of beef, then pounding them with wild currants, and a quantity of the fat melted down. Venison is stated in Hunter's Journal of a Residence among the North American Indians, as being similarly prepared with maple sugar and aromatic root (which must be a poor substitute for our spices); so to the pemmican that an ounce a day will support a man in robust health, a mere knowledge of the amount of nutriment contained in the most eligible alimentary substance, seems to be a traveller's "Mnemonic." connected to make simple stay-at-home folks stare; it is clean contrary to every fact in physiology and dietetics. Dr. John Peacock Holmes, prepared a quantity of pemmican in this country, for the use of the party on Sir John Franklin's polar expedition, which was packed in skins, in the Indian fashion, for convenience of carriage: it is portable, and tolerably nutritious, when nothing better is to be had; but deserves no such character as that attributed to it by our correspondent.

**JOSEPH BOWLAND.**—You will see that the *CAMARU* has made its appearance; it will be finished next week, and be followed by the *LARK* or the *GOLDENWING*, we have not yet decided which. *JERRY ANANAW* will appear as soon as arrangements are made for that purpose, in weekly numbers, at 1d., and proceed regularly until completed. The *T. S.* is a deceased publication, and this paper is not entirely under the same control, we cannot, therefore, answer your other question. With respect to Dr. Sykes, we have not the file of papers handy, but we will look to it, and the *Racing Calendar*, and let you know the result.

**GEORGE AUSTIN, JUNIOR.**—Your communication being merely narrative, and not throwing new light by conjecture or otherwise on any moot point, is hardly sufficiently interesting to occupy space in our "Author's corner." But do not despair at the first "cock," try again.

Was Cooke, who was executed for the murder of Mr. Pam, at Leicester, hung in chains after execution?—Yes; but owing to the indecent conduct of the crowd who assembled under his gibbet, he was taken down shortly after.

**SOOTHAYER.**—Our best thanks; you will find us punctiliously particular in what we undertake in this periodical.

**T. H. SHALTON.**—We are obliged for your offer: our paper being unexpunged, cannot be forwarded to you through the post, it can be obtained, however, of any publication dealer in Southampton.

**GEORGE COOK.**—There are many professions who would induce you for a reasonable remuneration. Try *Johnny Shaw*, Inspector at Mr. May's, the *Leam*, *Stamford-street*, *Chancery-market*; we cannot state terms without being subject to the advertisement duty.—We will give you some fishing localities in a week or two, with particulars.

**DUNCHURCH.**—Courtesier was executed for the murder of Lord William Russell, July 6th, 1840.

**DIMMAL DUMMY.**—A leads (first lead) the queen of trumps, the king being turned up on his right; B (his partner) has ace, ten, and three others. Should he play the ace upon the queen?—Yes.

**NEMO.**—How many horses started for the Derby in Coronation's year, and in what year was it run?—In 1841; 29 started.

**W. SIMPSON and H. B.**—W. S. tells B. B. that he will carry him home in 15 minutes, when B. B. refuses to take his clothes off, though W. S. states his readiness to carry him. Which wins?—It is a bubble bet, common enough among *would-be* sharps, but ought not to be paid: W. S. should win a fool's cap and bells for his conceit and ignorance.

**S. JONES, Birmingham.**—The 1st Victoria, caps. 84, 85, &c., which came into operation on the 1st October, 1837, abolished capital punishment in all cases except the following:—Murder; arson, where the house is inhabited, even though the parties may not have been injured; burglary, accompanied with assault with intent to murder; and administering poison to any person with intent to murder. The punishment, by the same act, for forging a will is transportation for life, or for any term not less than seven years, or imprisonment for any term not exceeding four or less than two years, with or without hard labour.

**IMPUGNOR, Lambeth Marsh.**—What is the exact number of horses entered for the forthcoming Derby and Oaks?—As also the Chester Cup?—There were originally 150 subscribers to the Derby, and 138 to the Oaks, but the former number is reduced by death to 140, and the latter to 139. For the Chester Cup 123 horses were entered.

**M. G.**—Four two's and a nine count twenty.

**E. B.**—Caunt lost his first fight with Bendigo, by a foul blow: their second "tourney" lasted 75 minutes, and 80 rounds: Bendigo was this time the loser: he having gone down without a blow. It is six years since.

**SANDERSON.**—The crime of rape is not now punishable with death. The capital consequences arising from the commission of this offence were abolished in 1841.

**C. D.**—In the event of a person guilty of murder, and afterwards hanged, his property is confiscated to the Crown. An assignment of the property to a relative or any other person, between the commission of the crime and the execution of the culprit, is not valid in law, as the forfeiture of the right over the property has a retrospective operation to the time when the offence was committed. This, however, is one of those cases in which the law may be said to be a dead letter.

**PAM.**—We will treat at length of *CARD-PLAYING* and other in-door recreations, when the time comes round.

**J. THETTON, Sheffield.**—There is a difference of opinion among farriers as to whether a thrush constitutes unsoundness; but if a horse is sold without warranty, it cannot be returned on thrush being discovered.

**THOMSON.**—The stake for which Broomie and Bungaree fought was £300 a-side.

**RAFFLES.**—E. L. S.—A had a right to sell his own chance, and throw off for S.

**W. POSTLETHWAITE, Stevenage.**—Eleven did win; nothing higher was thrown, and in throwing off the tie, one of the elevens becomes entitled to the prize.

**LEWIS.**—Our correspondent must apply to Messrs. Wetherby, publishers of the *Racing Calendar*, Oxendon-street, Haymarket, London.

**SIMPSON.**—Which is the best treatise on short hunt, and where can it be purchased?—That called "Short Hunt," by Major A. S. is the pleasantest and best book we know on the subject. It is published by Longman, and Co.

**N. B. JERRY.**—Pay your postage. We have refused several similar "favours."

**B. SIMPSON.**—A ball is challenged on the 7 hole; another ball is struck, which touches the challenged ball, yet does not remove it from its original position, but it afterwards falls in. Is the ball on the 7 hole free after having been struck, not having been afterwards challenged?—Yes.

**AN AFTER-DINNER DREAMER.**—Your idea is droll, but not sufficiently well expressed. *Improvisus* carefully polished, and duly considered, tell generally the best in print. The talent of improvising, or making extemporaneous verses, is a very rare one, and decidedly a natural gift; although, like all other gifts, it may be improved by practice and diligence. The late Theodore Hook was an improviser. Within our personal knowledge the only man who possesses this peculiar faculty, is Mr. Charles Blom, the writer and composer of the "Maid of Juteh." "No more shall the Children of Juteh sing," &c., &c. he is decidedly a talented man, and composes songs, as the dearest composed minstrels, *pro re nata*. If you wish his services, he is to be found per post letter, at No. 15, Craven-buildings, Drury-lane.

**R. BRIMMON, Esq.**—The question is a moot one: perhaps the following extract from a standard work, entitled, "Caricatures of Heraldry," will clear up your doubts:—Real esquires are of seven sorts:—1. Esquires of the king's body, whose number is limited to

four. 2. The eldest sons of knights, and their eldest sons born during their lifetime. It would seem that, in the days of ancient warfare, the knight often took his eldest son into the wars for the purpose of giving him a practical military education, employing him meanwhile as his esquire. 3. The eldest sons of the younger sons of peers of the realm. 4. Such as the king invests with the collar of SS, including the kings of arms, heralds, &c. The dignity of esquire was conferred by Henry IV. and his successors, by the investiture of the collar and the gift of a pair of silver spurs. Gower, the poet, was such an esquire by creation. 5. Esquires to the knights of the Bath, for life, and their eldest sons. 6. Sheriffs of counties, for life, coroners and justices of the peace, and gentlemen of the royal household, while they continue in their respective offices. 7. Bachelors-at-law, doctors of divinity, law, and medicine, mayors of towns, and some others are said to be of esquirely dignity, but not actual esquires. Supposing this enumeration to comprise all who are entitled to esquireship, it will be evident that thousands of persons styled esquires are not so in reality. It is a prevailing error that persons possessed of £200 a-year in land are esquires, but an estate of £30,000 would not confer the dignity. Nothing but one or other of the conditions above-mentioned is sufficient.

Numbers three and four of this paper are in the press reprinting. We shall keep the back numbers in print, but in a short time must raise the price of them, when more than four weeks back, to TWO-PENCE, to cover the expense of the reprinting.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND earnest.

**SUNDAY, April 30.**—FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.—*Appropriate Birth-Day Gifts*:—The most appropriate birth-day gifts are such things as nobody wants, or nobody would use. Velvet breeches lined with satin, and embroidered with butterflies, are the best adapted for any relative engaged in a high-fancy business, as a South Sea whaler, &c. Painted French gardens will do well for a grandfather with one leg in the grave; a silver-mounted riding-whip is likely to suit an uncle in the Navy; and a cooked-hat is just the thing for a Friend who is a Quaker.

**MONDAY 21.**—*Belford Fair.*—The Quadrant-Bandle appointed 1844—"Where he sits in a gold lace band, like perfidious Albion, watching the movements of the Foreigner."—*Le National.*—The Obibbeways, flying-gull and tobacco, swim a match at the Holborn Baths. 2 to one on the Gull, but Tobacco has no backer.

**TUESDAY 22.**—*Bath Races.*—Total Eclipse of Sun, 1743; Young England slipped down a plug-hole.—*Medical.*—*Certain Cure for a Cold in a Prima Donna.*—Stop her salary, or put a rising vocalist in her part.—Henry Fielding, the novelist born, 1707.

**WEDNESDAY 23.**—*St. GEORGE'S DAY.*—Shakespeare born, 1564; emigrated to France, 1844; retired to Islington, 1845, finding both his homes in Westminster in "possession" of the "creditors," the other of "Velvet Breeches," and a gang of French demireps, castratos, and continental fiddlers!—A meeting called to establish an Agricultural College; so that the *Plough-boys* may be as learned as the *Harrow-boys*.—Concert given in aid of the Distressed Needle Women—"They see, but do not reap."

**THURSDAY 24.**—*Lincoln fair.*—Remains of a Roman wall discovered in Houndsditch, 1843; doubtless the property of the late *Jen-Hus* Caesar.—Prince Albert goes to the Isle of Wight to take Osborne-house, 1844: a steady young man used to farming, and no objection to look after *Cowes*.—Actors at a penny theatre taken into custody while playing Hamlet, 1840: the King fined a crown, and the *Ghost* "doomed for a certain term to walk" the mill.—Oliver Cromwell born, 1599.—Daniel Defoe, the writer of Robinson Crusoe, died, 1731.

**FRIDAY 25.**—*Epsom Spring Races.*—Morpeth ditto.—*Guide to the Race-course.*—Young ladies are recommended to take plenty of gloves with them to races, as the Jockey Club rigidly enforces the payment of all bets. Berlin is the cheapest. Last season's gloves, however, can be cleaned at 3d. a pair, and this is a capital opportunity to get them off your hands. Settling-day takes place at Tattersall's three days after the race, when you must pay up your kids, or else be published as a defaulter.—Princess Alice born, 1843: she will prove herself, no doubt dear to the nation.

**SATURDAY 26.**—*Settle sheep-fair.*—The Marquis of Waterford born, 1811.—Wonderful sagacity in a dog: a Newfoundland dog finding a cheque, takes it to the Bank. On being asked "How he will have it?" answers, "In paunches."—*Meteorological.*—A simple method of ascertaining the quantity of rain fallen, is to remove a tile from the roof of your house. A basin on the floor of your bedroom will catch all that comes, and the quantity may be ascertained.

**ABSENCE OF MIND.**—In a state of mental absence, a young man demanded the hand of a young lady, and only perceived his error when he got her father's foot in his rear.

**A HOME TRUTH.**—At the grand banquet given a few days ago in Paris to Marshal Bugeaud, by the mercantile interest, the Duc de Nemours, in reply to a toast, observed, "Algeria will ever be dear to us." This must have been very consolatory to the assembly. Nevertheless, we think the prince never uttered a greater truth; for the African conquest has cost France more than it will ever repay.

## The Sporting World.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 26, 1845.

Our leading article has this week found its way into the first page (in consequence of the imperative necessity imposed on us of placing the engravings symmetrically), the DEVIL has just appeared to us, and with black visage and a woe-begone voice, thus delivered himself:—

"Please, sir, the Printer says he's got no Leader."

EDITOR.—There's the "Last Fox of the Season?"

DEVIL.—He's put it under the cut it belongs to, in the first page.

EDITOR.—There's "The Welcome to May," and there's the account of your own "Sweet Home." PANDEMONIUM.

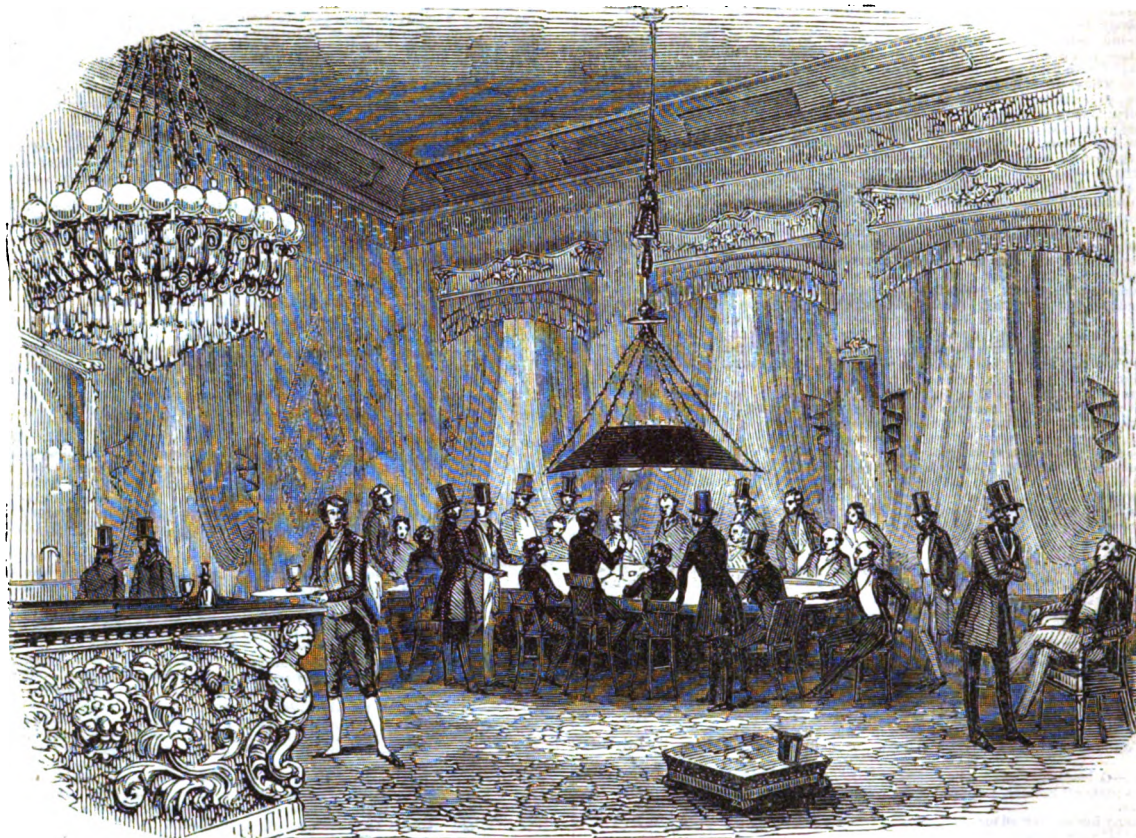
DEVIL.—Please, sir, "The Welcome's" too long, becos "Pandemonium" begins a'-top of the 6th page, and Frank Redmond's crib is on the twelfth, while "Boxing" makes up ten and eleven.

EDITOR (Counting his fingers).—One, two, three, four, five, six engravings this week. There's your leader—vanish!

[Exit DIABOLUS.—Turn over.]



## PANDEMONIUM.



**L**AST week we conducted the reader into the backslums of poverty and crime in the purlieus of fast-decaying St. Giles's, soon we hope to start from its ruins improved in cleanliness and beauty. This number we step into St. James's to portray the deserted shrine of avarice and ruin, which still rears its head though its guests have departed and its owner has gone to his last reckoning.

As this article is intended to include not only a description of this magnificent temple of play, but a brief memoir of the public life of its founder and proprietor, we shall waste no space in any preliminary remarks upon the war which has of late been carried on by the police and the parish of St. James's against the various hells of the vicinity, but at once proceed to describe the origin, and trace the history of this interesting building, wherein have been enacted some of the most exciting scenes of LONDON LIFE.

This mansion or pandemonium, as it has been termed, stands on the site whereon formerly stood three or four very substantial dwellings, the leases of which were purchased by the late Mr. Crockford, with a view to the erection of the present stately structure. He had been previously connected with certain parties in other establishments of play, and latterly had been associated with Josiah Taylor, Austin Aldridge, Sutton, and others, at the celebrated aristocratic club, known as Watier's, in Piccadilly, in which place a very large sum of money was realised by the respective proprietors. The game of French Hazard was first introduced at this club, and it is related of Crockford (and we have reason to believe the truth of the report) that in his last season at Watier's, there had been for weeks a continued and uninterrupted run of ill-fortune against the bank, so much so, that it was difficult for the proprietors (although originally considerable capitalists) to raise the funds necessary to make good the repeated losses. Lords Leveson Gower (now Earl Granville) and Foley, Messrs. Bull, Hughes, Kaitho, and others of large fortune and bold adventure, were the parties who nightly entered the field of hazardous speculation, and to whom Crockford and his party lost upwards of 40,000*l.*, without the slightest change in the tide of fortune. Under such unlooked-for reverses, every resource had been resorted to to increase the supplies, and a last effort was made to form the required bank of 5,000*l.*, which was, however, with the utmost difficulty accomplished and put down, as may be imagined, under no very sanguine expectations.

The hour of operation arrived; Crockford was, as usual, in attendance. Play commenced as on former nights, and little adverse fortune was in the first instance apparent. More than 4,000*l.* had actually disappeared out of the 5,000*l.* The most fearful apprehensions were on all, but mostly

so on Crockford, whose nerves were unequal to any other further contemplation of the ruin that appeared inevitable; in a state of the most hopeless despair, he hastily quitted the house, leaving the wind-up of the contest to Taylor, Aldridge, and the croupiers. The freaks of fortune are strange and unaccountable. Scarcely had he left the place, brooding over the ill of poverty, which he believed from thenceforth to be his fate, than the tide of chance took a sudden and determined change; not only were the losses of the evening recovered, but there resulted to the bank, on the night's play, an absolute gain of 20,000*l.* The unexpected news was not communicated to Crockford until the following morning, and it was some time before he could be brought to believe the possibility, much less the truth and reality of the event. From this night the current of fortune was with the bank, and the wind-up of the season is said to have realised to the respective partners, in cash and securities (which at that time of day were of value), the enormous gain of from 150,000*l.* to 200,000*l.* Before the period of another London season arrived, however, Crockford, and his firm adherent Austin, determined on seceding from Watier's. The reason assigned for this apparently impolitic withdrawal from a partnership which had been so largely productive of benefit, was that Josiah Taylor having recently purchased the lease of the club-house over the heads of his partners or associates had avariciously attempted to impose terms on his colleagues at variance with all former arrangements. These Crockford and Austin resisted, and as the former was gifted with a shrewd perception and a bold speculative mind, he knew "what's what," and that, saith the author of Hudibras, is

"as high  
As metaphysic wit can fly."

Crocky, therefore, was convinced that to risk the large capital he had acquired without the chance of a proportionate return of profit, was not the way to augment it; so he separated, and with his *fidus Achates*, Austin resolved to open a bank on his own responsibility. Acting upon this reasonable conclusion, he with peculiar promptitude purchased the lease of a large house in St. James-street, fitted it up in a style of superior accommodation, and before the rival establishment of Josiah opened for the season, the new "St. James Club" had begun operations. The situation was certainly superior to the old one of Watier's, which stood in Bolton-street, and this advantage, together with Crockford's improved arrangements, secured him the patronage of most of the noblemen and gentlemen who had known him at Watier's, to the great discomfiture of his quondam partner, Josiah. Business increased, members multiplied, and the fishmonger subsequently took two adjoining houses, and shortly after a fourth mansion for the daily augmentation of "friends," who required



further elbow-room. He now resolved on the bold step of pulling down the whole premises, and erecting on their site a magnificent structure, which in beauty, capacity, and style of arrangement, should surpass everything of the kind, and be suited to the wants, wishes, convenience, and accommodation of the aristocracy and gentry of the kingdom.

During the progress of this superb building, to accelerate the completion of which, a large number of workmen were nightly as well as daily employed, St. James's-street presented a singular spectacle.

Nearly the whole of the upper end of the street from Bennet-street to Piccadilly was in a state of excavation for the arrangement of laying down pipes, forming and perfecting drains, &c., but principally for the object of making a most capacious ice-house. Great was the alarm that such extensive underground operations would endanger the foundations of the adjoining and neighbouring houses, and this alarm, as things turned out, was not without cause; for, while the work of excavation was proceeding,

one entire side of the Guards' Club House (situate at the northern adjoining end of Mr. Crockford's premises) fell in with a fearful crash, leaving the complete interior of the house, with the beds and furniture of the different apartments in rather a ludicrous state of exposure, and in a most perilous position.

The nocturnal operations of the numerous workmen by torchlight gave to the scene an extraordinary appearance, causing it to resemble more the locality of a manufacturing district than the main fashionable lounge of London, and the chief thoroughfare to the palace of the sovereign. The whole affair, by the magnitude of the project, and the known and somewhat unpopular purpose for which it was intended, caused great and general excitement, and gave rise to daily moral comment and sarcastic witticism in most of the journals and periodicals of the day. The following samples, having reference to the fall of the Guards' Club House, are accredited to the pen of the brilliant T. Moore:—

“What can the workmen be about?

Do, Crockford, let the secret out

Why thus our houses fall.’

Quoth he, ‘Since folks are out of town,  
I find it better to pull down

Than have no pull at all.’”

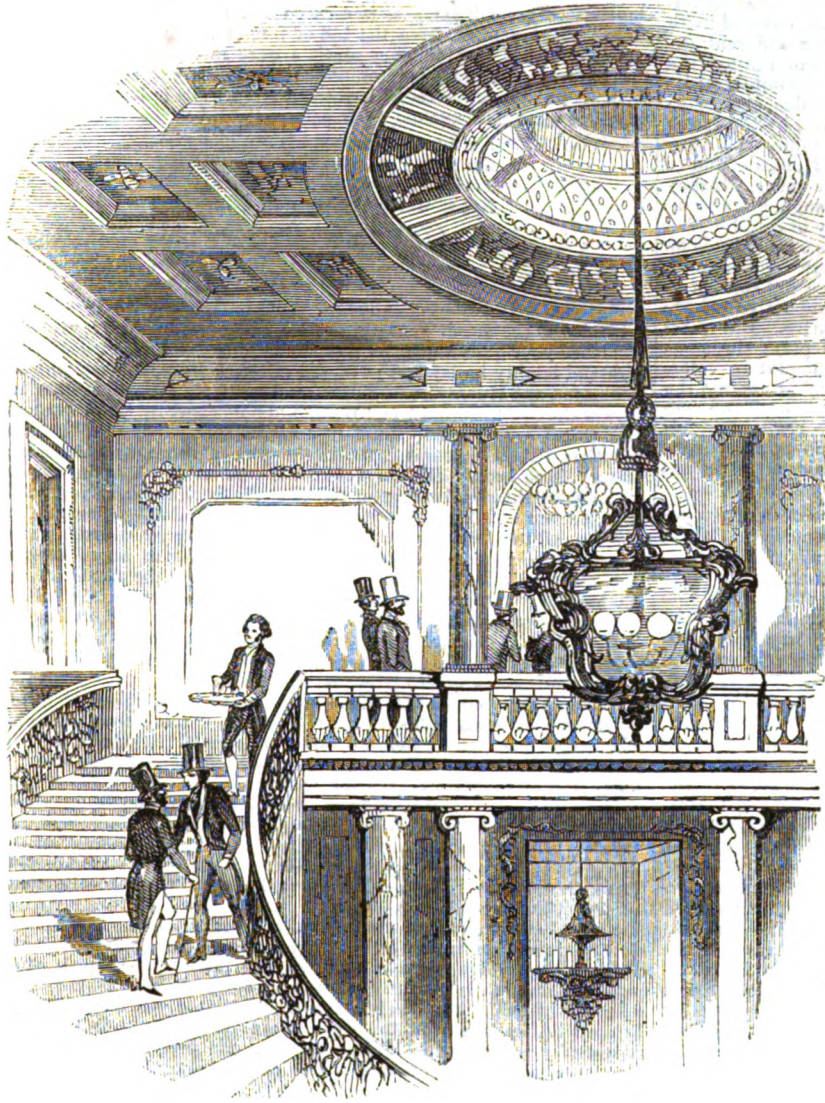
“See, passenger, at Crockford's high behest,  
Red coats by black legs ousted from their nest;  
The arts of peace o'ermatching reckless war,  
And gallant Rouge outdone by wily Noir.”

During the time occupied in the erection of the building, Mr. Crockford engaged a spacious house in Pall-Mall as a temporary place of business. To have let one season pass in idleness would have been to endanger the pockets of the sporting members of the Club to the disease of plethora, or to subject them to vacuity from causes non-productive of effects to himself; the entertainments of dice were therefore carried on, and with good result, at the house in Pall Mall in aid of the building fund for the rising mansion or *Pandemonium* (for such was the classic title already bestowed on the progressing structure) which was hereafter to astonish the world, and to stand the great privileged gaming-house of the metropolis. The year 1827 (the period alluded to) is said to have been most successful to Crockford, and to have surpassed in gain all subsequent seasons, excepting the first two of operation in his new establishment.

On the opening of the superb mansion in 1828, the whole fashionable world, male and female, crowded with eager curiosity, under cards of admission from the great proprietor and the old and privileged members of the Club, to view it. The newspapers were lavish of praise, and elaborate in description of its splendour and magnificence, and the population of London thronged to its exterior survey under much greater excitement than was apparent on the day of opening that splendid national edifice, the Royal Exchange. Already had the most distinguished members of the aristocracy formed themselves into a committee of management; the most wealthy of the land had enrolled themselves members, and every sprig and stripling of fashion fed on the hope of sooner or later becoming one of the elect. The number of members completing the club was from 1000 to 1200, exclusive of the privilege or right of *entrée* permitted to ambassadors and foreigners of distinction during their diplomatic sojourn or temporary visit to this country.

We shall now proceed to a description of the house, and of the engravings with which we here illustrate it.

We this week present a view of the gorgeous saloon, and our next number will contain that and two or three minor sketches taken from the gaming-tables of the metropolis.



STAIRCASE AT CROCKFORD'S.

The exterior of this celebrated mansion is extremely plain, exhibiting three compartments, the chief of which is ornamented with four Roman Corinthian pilasters, which spring from the base, sustaining a regular entablature and attic. The space between the pilasters is perforated, on the first story, with three enormous windows, lighting the state drawing-room.

Your arm reader, and let us enter. A magnificent vestibule and staircase break upon the eye. To the right and left of the hall are reading-rooms and dining-rooms, used chiefly in the day time. The staircase (see engraving) is of a sinuous form, sustained on its landing by four columns of Doric example, above which are a series of columns of the Ionic order, forming a quadrangle, with apertures to the chief apartments. Above these pillars is a coved ceiling, perforated with luminous

panels of stained glass, from which springs a dome of surpassing beauty. From the dome depends a lantern, containing a magnificent chandelier.

The *State Drawing Room* next claims our attention. This noble apartment is decorated in a style that baffles description: it is in the most florid style of the school denominated *Louis Quatorze*. This room presents a series of panels, or macarons, containing subjects *a la Watteau*, from the pencil of Mr. Martin, a relative of the celebrated historical painter of that name. These panels are alternated with splendid mirrors. A chandelier of exquisite workmanship hangs from the centre of the ceiling. Three tables, beautifully carved and gilded, are in this apartment, covered with blue and crimson velvet. The upholstery and decorative adjuncts are imitative of the gorgeous taste of George IV.: indeed it is doubtful whether royalty itself can vie with the consummate



glories of this magnificent chamber. The three windows to which we before alluded, astonish the beholder on entering the room, from their colossal dimensions. The other apartments in this costly edifice have few claims to distinguished notice. It is quite obvious that the architect, Sir Geoffrey Wyattville, determined to throw all his genius into the staircase and the room above described. That determination has been most felicitously carried out.

The lofty and capacious dining-room, supported by marble pillars, and furnished in the most substantial and aristocratic style of comfort, is equal to any arrangement of the kind in the most lordly mansions. The ascent to the upper apartments is by a magnificent staircase, and the drawing-room is allowed to be one of the most elegant and splendid apartments in England.

The *Sanctum Sanctorum*, or *Play Room*, is comparatively small, though handsomely furnished; in the centre of which is the table on which it may be said Crockford's fortune was manufactured, and for which he had doubtless a greater veneration than for the most costly communion-table that ever graced a church. It is oval in form, covered with green cloth, and marked by yellow lines, denoting the different departments of speculation; that is to say, for betting on or against the hand of the caster, or person throwing. Around these compartments are double lines, within which also are deposited the odds, or proportion between the *main* called and the chance to be thrown by the caster against such *main*. In the centre, on each side of the table, sat a croupier, whose duty it was to call and mark the *main* and chance, and to draw and pay the bets, as they lost or gained on each event. Happy are we to write these things in the past tense, for though hot and inconsiderate, may, at the gaming-table, become the prey of cold-blooded criminal avarice, *gaming* in its established form, and as a pursuit, is no more *sporting*, in any legitimate sense of the word, than highway-robbery is fox-hunting, or *vice versa*. Yet dirty "legs" are but too apt to endeavour to confound a love of manly amusements and active recreations with the vilest pursuits of dirty, dishonest avarice. But to return. Little or no money appeared on the occasion of play; the swags risked being represented by counters, of different amount in value, varying from £1 to £200, and the advantage of the table against the player being about 1½ per cent., which, taken on the continual and continued repetition of roll through the night, must have realised an immense amount; were it otherwise, the expense of this princely mansion could never have been supported in the extravagance of its expenditure.

Such was the St. James's Club, or great gaming-house of the metropolis, which in classical allusion has been likened to Pandemonium. It is a lamentable truth, and pregnant with most serious and melancholy feeling and reflection, that, within the narrow limit of the *Sanctum*, or play-room, described, the ruin has been wholly or partially effected, and the doom sealed, of many noble, high-minded, and opulent men, once proud in position of rank, station, and circumstance, and happy in all the social blessings and relations of life. Many such, fallen from their elevated and envied estate, by the direful infatuation of, and indulgence in play, unable to bear up against the ruin that has overtaken them, have died by their own hands. To such distressing cause, and the fatal influence of the hazard-table, may be ascribed the lamentable suicidal acts of the late highly respected nobleman, Lord R—, and the no less esteemed gentleman, the late Henry B—. Others of like grade and character have, owing to the same afflicting cause, become beggars in means, and outcasts alike from society and their country. To what other cause is to be attributed the impaired patrimony of the present Lord F—, who (worthy son of a scrupulously honourable sire) has nobly sacrificed a portion of his inheritance to redeem the late lord's extensive gaming liabilities and engagements. What can account for the reduced fortunes and incumbered estates of Lords Teynham, C—, H—, L—, A—, S—, Sir V. C—, and that untitled nobleman and worthy specimen of an English gentleman, George F—, but their unfortunate and devoted passion for play? What effected the ruin and expatriation of Ball Hughes, B—, L—, and some scores of others, whose names have been carefully hidden from public sympathy and whom fortune and commercial wealth and credit seemed at one time to have placed beyond the reach of reverse? What but the fascinations of the gaming table—a cause to which may be ascribed the constrained and pauper condition of half the fashionables and scions of nobility about town? Where, on the other hand, is to be discovered that wonder of a man, who by indulgence in play has benefited his estate, increased his means, or added one jot to his reputation, or to the peace and happiness of those connected with him? Echo answers—"Where?" One of the most steady, temperate, and prudent speculators at Crockford's was the late Lord S—; but with all his calm and imperturbable disposition and bold enterprise, the game conquered him, and he could no more control or defeat the certain pull or per-centage against him than he could have accelerated or retarded the earth's revolutionary motion. He was passionately fond of French hazard; but he had the prudence, and with it, the resolution, to confine his risk within legitimate bounds, and yet he contributed annually to increase the mound of Crockford's profits. The late Marquis of Hertford, who was deeply and practically skilled in the speculative science of play, and who had little love of any game that afforded not advantage to those best acquainted with its principles, was once or twice induced to try his hand at

French hazard, but very soon discovered that the only certainty it embraced was *loss to the player, and profit to the banker*. He himself was a loser on the occasion alluded to, an event so unusual in his lordship's practice, that it gave rise to the following couplet:—

"Say, holy prophet, who can hope to win,  
Where men like Hertford can be taken in?"

The establishment in St. James's-street being complete in its erection, was opened for the season 1828, in a style of great and costly splendour in its arrangements. Its general direction was under the control of Mr. Crockford, influenced, however, to a certain degree, and in particular respects, by the noblemen and gentlemen forming his committee, some of whom were confidently spoken of as possessing an interest in one department of the club, beyond their position as committee-men,—in plain terms, at having a partnership in the bank. The annual subscription was twenty-five pounds for each member, which gave to the subscribers every kind of first-rate and luxurious accommodation and attendance. Amongst other advantages, it secured the convenience and option of dining, at a low price, from the bill of fare of the unrivalled artist, *Ude*, whose chemical and culinary services were rated at no less a sum than twelve hundred pounds per annum! Crockford's experience and judgment told him that, to keep his patrons and friends in happy mood, their appetites must be consulted, their palates tickled:

"He therefore turned his conjuring book  
For a spell to raise a cook;  
Thrice invoked, an artist came,  
Not unworthy of the name."

(To be concluded in our next.)

## REVIEW.

THE ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL. Part I. London: Sherwood and Co.

Shades of the Jacob Tonsons, Lintots, Dodsleys, and Murrys! ye who published your guinea quartos and ten shilling duodecimos, dedicated to high and mighty lords; and ye more modern Sharpes, Whites, Mawmans, Robinsons, and Murrys, who did the emblematical and the illustrated in the days of Corbould, Stothard, and Westall, at no cheaper rate, how would your high-priced souls tremble could "ye revisit the glimpses of the moon," or rather the sun's beams, and see the sort of thing, both artistic and literary, here weekly thrown before the million at what the showman would call "the small charge of twopence." Such a magazine, monthly, at 2s. 6d., or 3s. 6d., as this "Illustrated Family Journal," would have commanded the patronage of the aristocracy twenty years since; but now, thanks to the progress of the taste for reading and the improvements in arts of design and engraving, it is attainable by the slenderest purse. We hail the "Illustrated Family Journal" as the first in the field of a better class of publications, than our cheap literature has hitherto produced. The arsenicated and cut-throat school of romance-run-mad, with which we have been drugged, *usque ad nauseam*, will, we trust, find an antidote in this praiseworthy publication.

The engravings are admirable, the typography correspondent; the antiquarian and topographical papers lively and instructive (a combination rarely met with), and the series of popular flowers, and British birds, with their faithful and neatly executed illustrations, are alone worth the twopence charged for each number. The "ballad" illustrations, too, must tend to diffuse a higher appreciation of imaginative art among classes to whom such designs must, from their high price, have been hitherto inaccessible.

THESE; OR, THE MANOR-HOUSE OF TREFF-HARTLOG. By Eugène Sue. Cleave, Shoe-lane, 1844.

We have here another of those singular productions of the inexhaustible genius of the author of the "Mysteries of Paris," and the "Wandering Jew," which seem to have of late taken the English reading public by storm. It is neatly got up, with spirited embellishments; and when we add that it is freely and well translated, we may spare space by omitting criticism on the work of an author so well known and universally approved as M. Eugène Sue. Its price must recommend it: the whole three volumes of the original, neatly done up, being offered for 1s. 6d.

## TO A TEE-TOTALLER,

ON HIS ASKING WHAT PLEASURE I FOUND IN A GLASS.

Some in a glass find comfort, and a friend,  
But others use it to a baser end;  
For me, I think it neither crime or treason,  
To take a social glass in proper season.  
Tee-total nonsense is but fit for fools,  
Whose beastial habits know not reason's rules;  
But men of sense, who moderation use,  
Know when to drink, and when they should refuse:  
Nor need that curb placed on them by a priest,  
But fit to check the drunkard and the beast. NED KUB.

What is a "fixed" principle?—The adherence of Sir Robert Peel to the sliding scale.

## BRITISH SONG BIRDS.—No. V.

THE CANARY.—(Continued.)

**R**ESUMING the subject of BREEDING at the point where we broke off last week, we may remark that:—Birds, which are to be paired for the first time, should be previously placed in the same cage for seven or eight days, in order to become acquainted and accustomed to live together. If two females are to be caged with one male, it is especially necessary that they should be together long enough to leave off quarrelling, and the pairing cage should be divided into two equal parts, communicating by a sliding door. This being done, a lively male and one of the females should be placed in the first division; as soon as she has laid, the male should be moved into the other division, the door of separation being shut; but as soon as the other has also laid, the door may be left open: the male will then visit the females alternately, and they will not trouble themselves about each other; but without these precautions jealousy would incline them to fight, and destroy each other's eggs. When it is intended to place a great many females, double or treble the number of males, in a room or aviary, the latter should always be first paired with a single female, which will ever after remain the favourite; and it will only be when she is about to sit that he will pair with the others, and this is all the notice he will take of them, for afterwards he will only notice their young. It is from these mothers, however, that the most and the best birds are generally procured.

Beckstein says if the floor of the room or aviary is well covered with moss, little else need be added for making the nests, otherwise they should be supplied with the hair of cows and deer, hogs' bristles, fine hay, lint, wool cut two or three inches long, paper shavings, and the like. That which is coarsest serves for the outside, and the softest and finest for the inside. If they have shrubs, traces of the natural instinct of the canary are soon observed in the nests which they construct without the help of the turner or basket weaver; but they are of an inelegant form, and the outside is not very carefully finished. The females alone, as is usual among birds, are the builders, the males only choosing the situation and bringing the materials. It is in the nest, where the female is in continual motion, that the pairing takes place; she invites the male by constant little chirpings, repeated more quickly the nearer she is to laying. Seven or eight days are generally reckoned from the first pairing to the laying of the first egg; the other eggs, whose number varies: without exceeding six, are laid successively every following day, and often at the same hour. The laying ended, pairing continues during the first days of incubation.

"If the pairs agree, they must be left entirely to themselves, without endeavouring to use art to help nature, as many do. It is usual to take away the first egg and substitute an ivory one, which is repeated with the others to the last, preserving them in the mean time in a box filled with fine dry sand; they are afterwards restored all together to the nest to be hatched."

The females lay three or four times a year, from April till September; there are some even so prolific that moulting does not stop them. The eggs, of a sea-green colour, are at one end more or less spotted or marked with maroon or violet. The period of incubation is thirteen days. If, owing to the weakness of the male or female, it is suspected that some of the eggs are barren, they should on the eighth day be examined by holding them lightly between the fingers in the sunshine or before a candle; the good ones will be already filled with blood-vessels, while the bad will continue clear, or even be already added: these must be thrown away. It is rare for the male to sit in his turn during some hours of the day, the female seldom allowing it, for as soon as she has eaten she flies back to the nest. If the male gives up his place readily, so much the better; if not, she drives him away by force and by pecking him. She appears to know his want of skill in his employment.

The near discharge of a gun, a door slammed with violence, and other similar noises, will often kill the young in the shell; but their death happens generally through the fault of a bad sitter.

As soon as the young are hatched, a small jar is placed beside the usual feeding trough, which contains a quarter of a hard egg minced very fine, white and yellow together, with a bit of white bread steeped in water, and afterwards well pressed; another jar should contain rape seed which has been boiled, and then washed in fresh water, to remove all its acrimony. Some persons, instead of white bread, use biscuit, but this is unnecessary; what, on the contrary, is very essential, is to take care that this food does not turn sour, for it would then infallibly destroy the young nurslings. This food I find by experience to be the best.

Now is the time when the male assumes his important duties of nursing-father. These he fulfils indeed almost alone, in order to give his mate time to rest before a new sitting. When it is necessary to bring up the young by hand, a bit of white bread, or some biscuit, should be pounded very fine, and this powder should be mixed with well-braised rape seed. This composition serves, with a little yolk of egg and water, to make a paste, which is given to the young birds on a quill cut like a spoon; each nursing requires for a meal four beakfuls, well piled upon the quill, and these meals must not be fewer than ten or twelve a day.

\* This is the German method, which we have here taken from Beckstein. We do not recommend it, as contrary to nature.—EDDOR.

The young should remain warmly covered by the mother as long as they continue unfledged; that is to say, generally for twelve days: on the thirteenth day they begin to eat alone. In four weeks they may be placed in other cages of a sufficient size; but they must still for some weeks be fed with the above-mentioned paste, conjointly with the food of full-grown birds; for the sudden privation of this nourishment often occasions death, especially when moulting.

Those canaries which are hatched in a large garden aviary, where they enjoy fresh air, and considerable space for the exercise of their wings, are generally more healthy, and more robust than those bred in rooms, of which we need not seek for the cause.

I must not omit to mention here an important observation, which has been often made, that if two females are given to one male, and one of them happens to die, the other immediately takes charge of the abandoned eggs, and assumes so completely the duties of foster-mother, that in order rigorously to fulfil them she avoids and even repulses the caresses of her mate.

Canaries pair not only among themselves in our aviaries and cages, they also form connexions foreign to their species, and, provided the analogy is not too remote, produce fruitful mules. Serins, citril finches, siskins, goldfinches, or linnets, are the species which succeed best.\* To succeed, however, it is necessary that the birds should have been brought up from the nest. The custom is to give an old male of one of the above-named species to a female canary, the principal reason being that an old female of one of those species, though she would not object to the union, could never be induced to lay in an artificial nest, like a female canary. The offspring of these mixtures combine the colours of the father and mother, learn well enough if they descend from a linnet or goldfinch, but sing badly if they come from a siskin or lesser redpole.

They are easily brought up with the paste mentioned in our second number. It is asserted that the mules of serins, citril finches, and goldfinches, are fruitful. It is remarked, however, that their first eggs are very small, and the young hatched from them very weak; but the next year the eggs become larger, and the young stronger and more robust.

No sooner can the young canaries eat alone, which happens on the thirteenth or fourteenth day, and sometimes even before they leave the nest, than the males begin to warble, and some females also, but in a less connected manner, which serves to point them out. As these pretty birds are so docile as to neglect entirely their natural song and imitate the harmony of our instruments, it is necessary immediately to separate from his companions and from every other bird the young one which is to be instructed, by putting him aside in a cage which is at first to be covered with a piece of linen, and afterwards with a darker cover. The air which is to be taught should be performed five or six times a day, especially in the evening and morning, either by whistling, or on a flageolet, or bird-organ; he will acquire it more or less readily, in from two to six months, according to his abilities and memory; if his separation from the other birds is delayed beyond the fourteenth day, he will retain some part of his father's song, which he will always intermingle with his acquired air, and consequently never perform it perfectly. The opinion of some, that the greyish canaries have more facility in learning than the yellow or the white, is unfounded, their only advantage over those of a different hue being that they are generally more robust and vigorous. I have not either found that the true No. 3 suits them better than No. 1 or No. 2; these latter, on the contrary, have appeared to me to please them best.

There is too much trouble and risk in allowing canaries to go in and out of their cages for it to be worth the trouble of teaching them this. Notwithstanding all my attention, and the care which I have taken to follow exactly the prescribed rules, I have never succeeded; and the cleverest bird-fanciers have assured me that it should never be attempted but when they have young ones, and above all, there must be no canaries in the neighbouring houses, which might entice them away. Indeed, it is no easy matter to accustom a bird to go and come. There, as in many other cases, conclusions in regard to the species have been drawn from individuals. It is certain that very few tame birds easily acquire this trick.

\* "Green birds, bullfinches, and even chaffinches, yellowhammers, and the like, have been tried; but the difficulty augments with the difference of species and food: for example, I have never seen a male canary very fond of a female yellowhammer, nor a male of the latter kind of a female canary, though the plumage may be selected so as to offer a striking resemblance. An ardent bullfinch will sometimes yield to the allurements of a very ardent hen canary. I have myself witnessed it; but with every care, it is seldom that the eggs prove fruitful, and produce young. Dr. Jansy, however, writes from Frankfurt, that he has obtained males of a bullfinch and canary, by making other canaries sit on the eggs and bring up the young; and that this plan is pursued in Bohemia. A tufted or crested female should never be chosen, because this ornament is very unbecoming to the large head of a mule. "My bullfinch," he adds, "is so attached to the female canary that he mourns all the time they are separated, and cannot bear any other bird."

"I possess a nightingale which, having been for a long time shut up with a female canary, lives very sociably with her, and sings as usual; indeed, he was so ardent in the spring, that he paired with her in my presence, but the eggs were unproductive. I shall try next spring, if the same thing happens, to give the eggs to another sitter."—BECKSTEIN.

(To be concluded in our next.)



STEVENSON, THE COACHMAN,

THE ANTAGONIST OF BROUGHTON.

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD II, 1735—1786.

FROM THE TIME OF BROUGHTON TO THE APPEARANCE OF DANIEL MENDOZA.

## CHAPTER IV.

TOM JOHNSON AND BENJAMIN BRAIN (OR BRIAN—BIG BEN), CHAMPION.

**T**OM JOHNSON, whose real name was Jackling, was a native of Derby, although a general claim of Yorkshire extraction has been made for him, and Boxians so state it; however, as he signs himself Thomas Jackling of Derby, in a printed letter yet in existence, the point is not worth disputing: as he surely could himself have no motive for such a misrepresentation.

Johnson, for we shall retain his popular name, was certainly a hero among heroes; and if Tom was inferior to Broughton in science, he came certainly nearest of any man that had hitherto appeared to that phoenix of pugilistic skill. Nature had endowed him with unusual strength of body, and he was universally admitted to possess a careful and precise style of hitting. His courage was of the highest order, and he possessed a constitutional coolness of disposition and temper. Johnson was born in 1750, the very year that Jack Slack defeated his prototype, the champion Broughton, and at an early age he repaired to London, where he followed the laborious occupation of a corn-porter, on a wharf near Old Swan Stairs. His surprising strength was paralleled by his kindness of heart; and while in this employment an anecdote is recorded of him which deserves preservation. Johnson's fellow-porter was taken ill, and being burdened with a wife and a numerous family, dependant on his labour for support, were likely to be reduced to want, had not Johnson immediately undertook (unknown to them) to do his fellow-porter's work, as well as his own. The warehouses where the corn was deposited were situated at some trifling distance from the wharf, upon a hill, denominated, from its steepness, "Labour-in-vain-hill," and to which place Tom carried every journey two sacks of corn instead of one, and gave the money to his family, till the porter was able to return to his work. We would recommend this anecdote for extract to the next number of the *Evangelical Magazine*; it can be much better authenticated than most of the "lose-nothing" benevolences of their portrait-loving "labourers in the vineyard."

Johnson's first set-to, as will be seen by our Chronology, in last week's number, was with a carman, of the name of Jarvis; and though Tom was looked upon as a mere novice, he displayed so much superiority over the

carman, that his fame soon spread. Jarvis had milled a few commoners, and stood well with his friends; but in the hands of Johnson he got dreadfully beaten.

The Croydon drover, of pugilistic notoriety, next fought Johnson upon Kennington-common; but was quickly polished off.

Steven Oliver, the noted Death, a decided ould-un, entered the lists with Tom Johnson; but his day was gone by—and Johnson obtained the victory in eighteen minutes. Some thousands of spectators assembled upon Blackheath to witness this battle.

Bill Love, a butcher, next challenged Johnson for fifty guineas, and the affair came off at Barnet; but the knight of the cleaver was, in five minutes, completely cut up.

Jack Towers, who had overcome Death, thought he had little more to fear, and therefore, without hesitation, agreed to fight Johnson. The fixture was at the same place in the following month: but Tom had also got the better of Death, and, in a very short time, Towers was completely satisfied that he stood no chance, and so gave in.

Fry, a big, heavy, and powerful man, next challenged Johnson for fifty guineas, at Kingston, in June, 1786; but in less than half an hour, Fry got so much broiled, as to be very glad to put an end to the contest; and Tom walked off the ground, almost without a scratch.

Johnson, about this period (1787), beat every one that was opposed to him: and the sporting world was almost nonplussed to find a man who might stand something like a chance with him. As the metropolis could produce no such character, Bristol was searched (the *parley-bed* of pugilists), when Bill Warr was selected as an article that could be depended upon. He was backed to fight Johnson for two hundred guineas, on a stage, at Oakhampton, in Berkshire, on January 18, 1787.

In the first round Warr found out that he had got a trump to deal with, by receiving a doubler from Johnson, and he immediately assumed the defensive. In fact, it was scarcely worthy of being called a fight, and the amateurs were not only disappointed but much displeased. Warr was convinced that he could not beat Johnson by standing up to him, and therefore determined to try whether he could not tire him out by shifting and falling; accordingly, whenever Tom seemed likely to make a blow, Bill Warr was on his knees praying for pluck, *a la* Tass Parker and Nick Ward, of more modern days. This humbugging

asted for nearly an hour and a half, Johnson's intentions being continually frustrated by Warr's dropping; at length an ugly hit nailed him as he was falling; he insisted on a "foul!" which not being admitted, he instantly bolted, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his seconds to come back and finish the fight. Johnson was now firmly established as the champion; his fame ran before him, and it was some months before any person could be found hardy enough to dispute his well-earned title: at length a brave Hibernian chief, who, like Tom Johnson, had milled all his opponents, came forward, and soon foud backers.

This was Michael Ryan, the Irish champion, whose well-known skill and bottom stood so high, that the odds were six to four before the fight, which took place at Wradisbury, in Buckinghamshire, on December 19, 1787. The seconds were chosen from the first-rate pugilists, Humphries\* for Johnson, and Dunn for Ryan; and even the bottle-holders were of fistic eminence, being Triag for the latter, and Mendoza for the former. The spectators were numerous. The late celebrated Mr. Wyndham, General Fitzpatrick, &c., &c., were more than spectators on this occasion.

The contest long hung doubtful, though, at the commencement, the odds were in favour of Ryan. After the fight had continued nearly twenty minutes, and at the close of a most tremendous round, Ryan put in a dreadful blow upon Johnson's temple, which so completely stunned him that his arms fell by his side, and was following up this advantage with another hit, which must have decided the contest, when Humphries ran in to save Johnson, and caught Ryan in his arms. Cries of "foul! foul!" now resounded from all parts, and the friends of Ryan instantly demanded the money, by observing that, as long as Johnson had not fallen, it was perfectly fair on the part of Ryan to strike him, and that the latter had won the battle. Here a general clamour took place, during which Ryan, with the warmth peculiar to his country, indignantly told his second, Dunn, that he had not done his duty by him as a man, in suffering such conduct to take place without resenting it, and, had he not been prevented, he would have milled Dunn upon the spot, his rage was so great. Considerable time having now elapsed, Johnson was perfectly recovered, and challenged Ryan to renew the combat: the latter, like a man, notwithstanding it was considered there was no necessity for so doing, agreed to it, thinking he could beat Johnson.

The battle was at length renewed; but it was soon perceived that Ryan's strength was exhausted by passion, and he now, in about ten minutes, became an easy conquest to Johnson, by giving away the chance. Ryan's conduct in the battle was so noble, and his manly courage and science so truly apparent, that the amateurs were still left in doubt to decide accurately which was the best man.

In consequence of this opinion, a second battle was determined upon, and fought upon a stage near Rickmansworth, in Hertfordshire, in a park, for three hundred guineas aside, on February 11, 1789. This was a contest of great anxiety, and the whole sporting world was there, from the Corinthian to the cootermonger!

Johnson was his second, Humphries and Jackson as his bottle-holder, mounted the stage at three o'clock, and were immediately followed by Ryan, who was seconded by a Mr. Rolfe, a baker, and Nowlan his bottle-holder. The set-to was one of the finest ever witnessed and much science was displayed; the parries and feints eliciting general admiration. At length Ryan put in a severe blow on Johnson's chest, which felled him.

The second round, which continued about two minutes, was terrible beyond description—science seemed forgotten—and they appeared like two blacksmiths at an anvil, when Ryan received a knock-down blow. The battle was well sustained on both sides for some time; but Ryan's passion getting the better of him, he began to lose ground. Ryan's head and eyes made a dreadful appearance, and Johnson was severely punished. The contest lasted for thirty-three minutes, when Ryan gave in. A hat, ornamented with blue ribbons, was placed upon the conqueror's head; and Johnson gained a considerable sum of money, independent of twenty pounds per annum, which was settled upon him by his master, who won some thousands in backing Tom. The door-money, amounting to a considerable sum, was divided between the combatants.

Brain, better known as Big Ben, was now considered the only man capable of meeting Johnson, and a match was made for one thousand pounds; but Ben, being taken ill at the appointed time, forfeited the deposit, which was one hundred pounds.

Johnson's fame was now so considerably heightened, that he was challenged in a few months afterwards, by Isaac Perrins of Birmingham, one of the strongest men in the kingdom, and who had lifted into a waggon eight hundred weight of iron without difficulty. Few men ever stood up to him more than five minutes, and he had beaten all the heroes of Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Staffordshire, &c. He had won numerous battles with ease, was not destitute of science, and for bottom unequalled. He had "crept into favour with himself" a little, by sending forth a public advertisement, challenging all England for five hundred guineas. Perrins was six feet two inches and a half without his shoes, and weighed

close upon seventeen stone, which was three heavier than Johnson, add to this he was extremely active, cheerful, and good-tempered. This interesting battle of which we have given an engraving in the second number of this publication, took place at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, on a turf-stage, twenty-four feet square, railed in, and raised about five feet from the ground, on October 22nd, 1489. Bill and Joe Ward were seconds to Johnson, and his umpire was Colonel Tarleton: Perrins was seconded by Pickard, and his brother officiated as bottle-holder, and Mr. Meadows, of Birmingham, as his umpire. The combat commenced at one o'clock.

On stripping, Perrins looked, in comparison, like a Hercules, and Johnson, who, in other fights, appeared as a big man, by the side of Perrins now looked a boy; the spectators were struck with the difference, and even Johnson's friends began to shake. The awful set-to at length commenced, and anxiety was upon the utmost stretch, Johnson steadfastly viewing his mighty opponent; considerable skill was manifested by both the combatants at the end of five minutes. Perrins then made a desperate lunge: which, had he not missed his aim, might have decided the contest; but Tom was awake to his kind intent, eluded it, and in return put in a hit, which could be of no trifling nature, for it felled a man of seventeen stone. This advantage he followed up for three more rounds, and his science appeared to sorely puzzle his antagonist. Out-fighting was clearly a losing game, so Perrins went into Johnson, regardless of all danger, knocked him down without ceremony, and continued punishing him for several rounds. Tom, finding he was overmatched, was obliged, for the first time in his life, to have recourse to shifting, to prevent being beat straight forward; which conduct occasioned some murmuring from the spectators, and Perrins began to treat him with contempt, by exclaiming, "Why, what have you brought me here, is this the valiant Johnson, the Champion of England, he's a regular impostor!" Tom felt this sarcasm bitterly, and bursting with indignation, cried out, "By G—d! you shall soon know Tom Johnson is here!" and making a spring at Perrins, he caught him a plunger over the left eye that closed it up in a twinkling. The big-un's wind, too, seemed getting bad; but nought dismayed, he rallied in fine style, went into Johnson, and closed his right eye in return. The odds began to waver immediately, and the Birmingham men offered to lay it on thick. Forty rounds and upwards had now taken place, and the combatants still gane.

Johnson began to be extremely careful, and to make the best use of his one eye, finding that it was still up-hill work, shortly after he dealt Perrins a desperate blow on the nose, which slit it down completely.

The manly fortitude of Perrins astonished all present; his heart was still undismayed; he went into Johnson, and endeavoured, by a terrible hit, to close his other eye. Perrins's friends began to revive, and in a few more rounds claimed the victory, as Johnson fell without a blow; but the umpires allowed it fair, as the articles of agreement did not mention falling.

Perrins's frame now began to fail him, but his mind was still cool and collected, and he had recourse to another method of attacking his antagonist, which proved rather successful, till Tom became down to it. Johnson's knowledge of the science was here displayed in fine style, in warding off the chopper and back-handed strokes of his adversary, by which means Tom recruited his strength. Perrins appeared much the worse for every round, and fell repeatedly from his exhausted state. Johnson had it nearly his own way, hit where he liked, and put in several tremendous facers, that Perrins's head had scarcely the traces left of a human being! Still his courage never forsook him, and, had not his friends interfered and prevented him from fighting any longer, it was the general opinion that he would have continued the contest till he died! Perrins positively refused to give in, and was literally forced from the stage. Sixty-two such rounds of fighting, for an hour and a quarter, were scarcely, if ever, before witnessed in the annals of pugilism. The disproportion between the combatants was too great; and notwithstanding Johnson performed prodigies of valour, by beating so uncommonly large a man, and was entitled to every praise, yet still there were parts of the fight that the amateur could not approve of, and the spectators disliked. It was reported among the sporting men, that Mr. Bullock made Johnson a present of one thousand pounds, and that he had gained, by the vast odds he had betted upon Tom, £20,000. The door-money amounted to nearly £800, out of which Johnson received £533. Tom called upon Perrins, previous to his quitting Banbury.

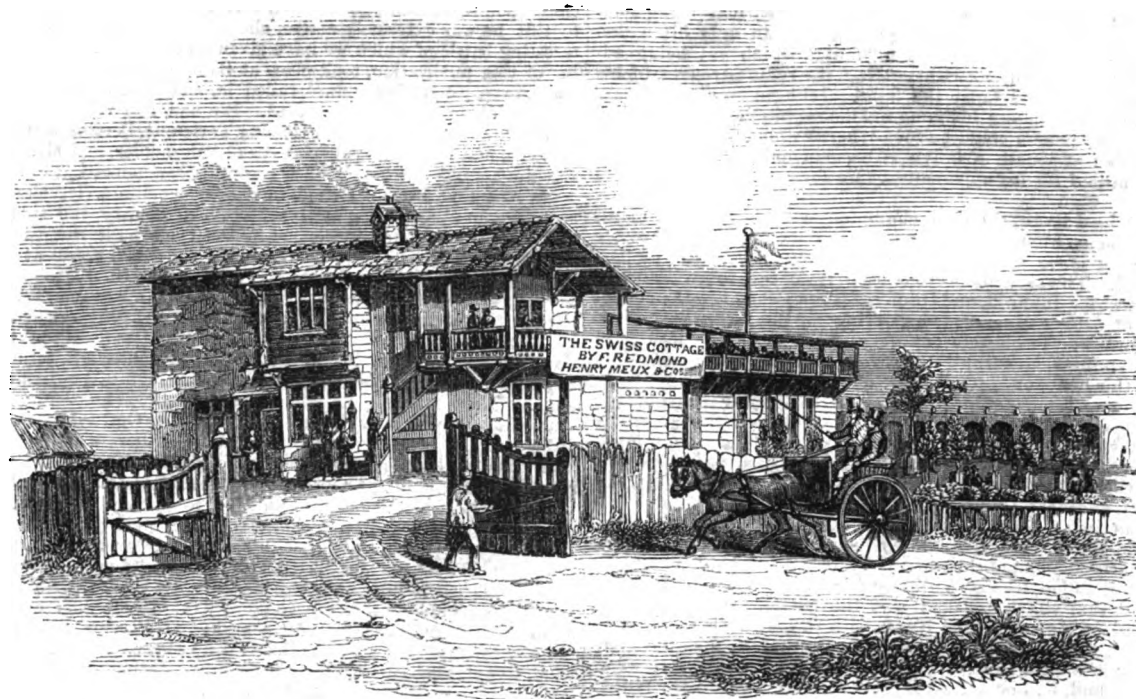
(To be continued in our next).

AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.—The Victoria and Albert yacht has been sent out in company with some other vessels on a trial cruise; the orders being that they are "to look for a gale." We understand that Dr. Reid offered to attend on board with his ventilating apparatus, to be ready in the event of Boreas making a default. The doctor's anxiety to raise the wind cannot be for a moment doubted, though his ability to do so is quite another question.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.—It appears that on the day of Tawell's execution a large booth was erected close to the Chandos Arms, near the Aylesbury station, for dancing in the evening. Considering the growing moral influence that hanging has upon the masses, we would advise M. Jullien immediately to compose a set of Gallows Quadrilles. He might fitly dedicate them to Mr. Calcraft.

\* Humphries had beaten Mendoza in a turn-up fight, the previous September, at the Cook, at Epping.





THE SWISS COTTAGE—FRANK REDMOND'S.

As this pretty little suburban sporting crib, has within these few weeks attracted no small share of public attention, from its fortuitous vicinity to the dastardly and atrocious deed of which the detestable Hocker has just been convicted. It is not, however, for the adventitious interest, (for we are no ponderers to the depraved appetite for horrors, on which many of our contemporaries seem to batten and thrive) which this revolting circumstance has accidentally invested it, that we engrave and notice the hostelry of Frank Redmond, of canine and fistic fame.

The locale of the Swiss Cottage is within a short distance of the Alpha Cottages, and near the intersection of four roads, viz.: the Finchley and London roads, Bellsizes-lane, and the curved continuation of the same which crosses the railroad towards Primrose-hill. Thanks to the competition of omnibuses and Conveyance Associations, the small charge of a "tanner" will deposit your corpus at the Swiss Cottage, unless you prefer the "marrowbone stage" or tool your own "Smiffeld." This house is a delightful summer retreat, and

"A merrier, nor a wiser man,  
To spend an hour withal,"

if it be on sporting subjects, and the moves being made on "the fancy" board, than the worthy host, it would be hard to name: nor is there a better conducted house within the bills of mortality. It is, in every sense of the word, a snug, complete crib, replete with comfort and convenience; and to those who are fond of sports of every description, it will be found a very desirable house to obtain information of the best kind, the worthy host generally possessing the earliest intelligence of every event which is on the *tapis*. Frank's pugilistic career was not a brilliant one, although at one period he was esteemed so highly as to be matched against the "star of the east," Barney Aaron, with whom he contended on two several occasions; but the flag of the "Hebrew race," (there is another citation for the author of "Coningsby,") floated in the ascendant. Frank, although victory but once smiled on him in his pitched contests within the P.R. ropes, was, and is far from a smatterer, theoretically or practically in the "noble art of self-defence:" although mellowing years have rolled by since he fought "in his hot blood of youth." Frank was born on the 26th of Feb., 1803, and therefore now numbers forty-one summers.

Well versed, then, in all sporting matters is Frank Redmond; and behind a yard of clay, and over a glass of the best Cognac, the proprietor of this hostelry will discuss with you the merits of a Derby nag, the pluck, game, bravery, and stamina of the aspirant for fistic fame, the construction and merits of a prize-wherry, the skill of a batsman and cricket-bowler, or detail to you the speed and breeding of a crack greyhound. On this last theme Frank will become a monopolist: you have touched the chord that will vibrate, for on the subject of the canine species he will become as learned as England's ermined chief justice on a knotty point of law, or as eloquent as Demosthenes himself. A better judge of the merits, breeding, and qualities of the dog does not exist, and Frank is reputed to be the best dog-fancier in the kingdom, and on that point, is generally consulted by the aristocracy and Corinthians of the first water. Thus much for

the in-door and creature comforts of the Swiss Cottage; of the out-door we may say that the grounds and gardens are immensely attractive to visitors, and the neighbourhood the scene of frequent trials of pedestrian rivalry.

Such are a few of the many inducements, and we own they are no small ones, which prompt us to notice "the Cottage." We say nothing about the accommodation offered to the guests, for it were a libel on Frank's administration to assert that they are not of the first-rate order; and he must be an epicure, indeed, who could find fault with the *cuisine* of the establishment. Had the Swiss Cottage existed in Shakspeare's days, we should have been inclined to assert that it was from some such a house as this, that the "fat-ribbed knight" first acquired his idea of the comfort a man feels in taking "mine ease at mine inn."

What is the "voluntary" principle?—Playing the organ when the congregation are leaving church.

NEWSPAPER STAMPS.—A return was on Tuesday issued by the order of the House of Commons, showing the number of stamps issued for newspapers in Great Britain from Jan. 1, 1842, to Jan. 1, 1845. In 1842, in England, there were issued 50,145,912 newspaper stamps at one penny, and 1,473,664 supplement stamps at one halfpenny; in 1843, 51,282,900 stamps at one penny, and 1,893,682 at a halfpenny; and in 1844, 53,933,848 penny stamps, and 3,738,128 halfpenny stamps. In Scotland, in 1842, the number of penny stamps issued was 4,977,344, and at a halfpenny 443,550; in 1843, 5,293,726 penny, and 243,150 halfpenny stamps; and in 1844, 5,727,585 penny, and 317,620 halfpenny stamps. In Wales the number in 1842 was 440,200 penny, and 10,830 halfpenny stamps; in 1843, 456,925 penny, and 2000 halfpenny stamps; and in 1844, 472,700 penny, and 7000 halfpenny stamps. In Ireland, in 1842, there were issued 6,099,656 stamps at one penny and one halfpenny; in 1843, 6,594,652 stamps; and in 1844, 7,018,617 stamps.

WILD GESE IN LANCASHIRE.—Amongst the signs of the departure of winter is the passage of flocks of wild geese northwards. During the last fortnight several detachments have halted to rest on the Lancashire mosses, on their way to their feeding and breeding grounds in Norway, Sweden, and Lapland. The great Lancashire mosses serve them as resting places and feeding grounds in their long flights from the Scandinavian wilds and marshes, where they breed and spend their summer months, to their winter quarters on the banks of the Po and the Lower Danube, where the moist plains of Lombardy and Hungary, swarming with frogs, lizards, and other aquatic reptiles, and seldom hardened by the frost, afford them food during the winter months. These powerful birds begin to arrive with us, on their flight southward, about the 20th of October, and generally begin to return northwards in the middle of March.

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# The Sporting World

OR  
LIFE IN LONDON & THE COUNTRY.

No. 7.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 3, 1845.

[THREE  
HALF-PENCE.]



## HAMPTON—THE CELEBRATED STAG OF THE ROYAL HUNT.

**H** S, when some well-graced actor leaves the scene, the eyes of men are idly bent on him who enters next; so when any object of interest disappears, be it merely a well-known pile of bricks and mortar, stone and lime, straightway, in the hope that printed rags will prove less perishable and transitory than the original, is it recorded by pen or pencil as a thing, the memory of which "men would not willingly let die." If this be done by your prosy antiquary or diligent topographer for a gateway, a dilapidated dwelling, or a ruined arch, we shall surely earn thanks for the portrait of HAMPTON, which heads this first page, a stag for ten years hunted by the royal buck-hounds, and whose long career terminated on the 24th of January in the present year, of disease. Hampton was fourteen years' old, and celebrated for the famous runs he had given to dog, man, and horse, during his long career, and we trust his portrait will form a fitting companion to the "last fox" of our preceding number.

We need scarcely observe, that in the picture, the ordinary criterion of the stag's age—the antlers—are absent: the animals hunted being humanely deprived of these cumbersome appendages, so useful, offensively or defensively, in a state of nature.

During the first year the stag has no horns, but a horny excrescence, which is short and rough, and covered with a thin hairy skin; the next year the horns are single and straight; in the third they have two antlers, three the fourth, four the fifth, and five the sixth year; but this number is not always certain, for sometimes they are more, and often less. After the sixth year the antlers do not always increase, and although in number they may amount six or seven on each side, yet the animal's age is then estimated rather from the size of the antlers, and the thickness of the branch which sustains them, than from their variety. These horns, large as they seem, are, notwithstanding, shed every year, and new ones assume their place. The old horns are of a firm solid tex-

ture, and are extensively employed in making handles for knives and other instruments. But, while young, nothing can be more soft or tender, and the animal, as if conscious of his own imbecility, at those times, instantly upon shedding his former horns, retires from the rest of his species, and hides himself in solitudes and thickets, never venturing out to pasture except by night. During this time, which most usually happens in the spring, the new horns are very tender, and have a quick sensibility of any external impression. When the old horn has fallen off, the new one does not begin to appear immediately, but the bones of the skull are seen covered only with a transparent periosteum or skin, which covers the bones of all animals. After a short time, however, the skin begins to swell, and to form a sort of tumour, which contains a great deal of blood, and then it is covered with a downy substance, that to the touch resembles velvet, and which appears of nearly the same colour with the rest of the animal's hair. This tumour daily increases from the point, like the graft of a tree, and, rising by degrees from the head, shoots out the antlers from either side, so that in a short time, in proportion as the animal is in condition, the entire horns are completed; but it should be observed, that the substance of which the horns are composed, begins to harden at the bottom, while the upper part remains soft, and still continues growing; whence it appears that the horns of deer grow differently from those of sheep or cows, which latter always are seen to increase from the bottom.

It would be a vain task to inquire into the cause of the annual production of these horns; it is sufficient to observe, that if a stag be emasculated when the horns are fallen off, they will never grow again; and, on the contrary, if the same operation is performed when they are on they will never fall off. If only one side is emasculated, he will want the horn on that side.

The old stags usually shed their horns first, which generally happens towards the latter end of February or the beginning of March.

Such as are between five or six years old shed their horns about the middle or latter end of March; those still younger in the month of April; and the youngest of all not till the middle or latter end of May.

They generally shed them in pools of water, whither they retire from the heat, and this has given rise to the opinion of their always hiding their horns. These rules, though true, in general, are yet subject to many variations, and it is well known that a severe winter retards the shedding of the horns. A short time after they have gained their horns, they begin to feel the impression of the rut.

Thus much of the natural history part of the question, when the revolving seasons shall bring back again the season of the chase, the reader shall see much pictorial and literary on this interesting animal, for the present we conclude by a rhythmical wish of—

#### SUCCESS TO THE CHASE.

Here's success to the chase; it can never decline,  
While the sons of old England are men;  
The cloud may obscure it, but soon will it shine  
In gladness and glory again!

Let the stern or the careless remember the morn,  
That they first heard the wild woodland cheer;  
When their hearts were aroused by the mellow-toned horn,  
And leap'd with their courser's career.

Bid them pause, and then tell us, though Fortune has crown'd  
Their dreams of ambition and power,  
In the train of her pageant, one joy have they found,  
Like the bliss of that first sylvan hour.

Oh! my life on the chase, it can never decline,  
While the sons of Old England are men;  
The cloud may obscure it, but soon will it shine  
In gladness and glory again.

#### REVIEW.

THE SOUTHERN JOCKIES OF ENGLAND; from a Painting by Mr. Anson A. Martin. London, 1845.

"The Southern Jockies of England" is a fitting accompaniment to, and partner of, "The Northern Riders," and a praiseworthy sample of the taste and tact of the talented artist, Mr. Anson A. Martin. The south most assuredly cannot cede to the north for elegance of arrangement, or fidelity of likeness, and as we look upon the spirits incarnate,

"Who guide the whirlwind, and direct the storm," we fancy that we view them in the future saddle, dispensing the destinies of untold thousands. They are charming "vis à vis" for any sportsman's sanctum, replete with anecdote and association. The "Old Screw," Sam Chifney, is the centre-piece, the pivot, around which, and above and beneath "Our Jem," the accomplished Robinson, and honest John, who has let lots of day-light into the dark caverns of expectancy. Nat, the natty, the antipodes of a flat man, with Butler, who, we hope, will get into the right trim again, are here, with young John Day, whose fine riding is not half appreciated, and George Edwards;

"Tis over; the trick for the thousands is done,  
George Edwards the Derby, on Phosphorus, has won,"

as Vates wrote when he slept with both his eyes open. Clustering offshoots of fame and immortality are pendent in every direction, from the veteran Wheatley to the enlarged cabinet curiosity Bell, and the tiny Kitchener who looked as big as "The Duke" when he played the Sussex *Pastorals* to such perfection. Gentlemen—Jockies; far sweeter to us than gentlemen-riders; rife with the breezes of the balmy South, ye shall hang by the side of your hardier brethren of the North; and whatever may have been, or be doomed to be, your race of competition, yet has our impartial limner, Mr. Martin, in point of graphic skill, made it a dead heat. If the Northern group made a splendid start, so has the Southern nucleus proved as consummate a rider at the finish.

#### IMPORTANT NEWS.

BY THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

THE following interchange of civilities took place last night by means of the electric telegraph between the superintendents of the railway stations at Gosport and Nine Elms, Vauxhall. The colloquy was begun by the Gosport gent. thus:—

Gosport. Hello there!

Nine Elms. Now then—what's the row?

Gosport. I'm a going out to have a drop of summut warm.

Nine Elms. So am I.

Gosport. Then I mean to go home to bed.

Nine Elms. So do I. Good night.

We are indebted to the politeness of the railway porter No. 24, for furnishing us with this important communication, which only occupied three and a half minutes in the transmission.

A MODEST MAN.—There is a young man in Cincinnati who is so modest that he will not "embrace an opportunity." He would make a good mate for the lady who fainted when she heard of the naked truth.

#### PANDEMONIUM.—(Continued from page 68).

CROCKFORD AND THE CROCKFORDIANS.



We cannot but feel that the subject illustrated in our sixth number, has grown under our hands; we had at first hoped that another weekly instalment would have completed the interesting detail, we now find that a third will leave us "cabined, cribbed, confined," in the scope we had purposed to ourselves on this extensive theme.

We left the fortunate Fishmonger supplied with a cook that might alone have commanded a club,—the unrivalled *Ude*; and we may add, that in the catalogue of luxury at command of each member, were wines too of the finest quality and choicest kind, at a most reasonable rate, with a supply of every other want that reason or even luxury could suggest or fastidious taste require, the whole being conducted upon a scale of splendour and liberality unheard of in club arrangements.

By the terms of Mr. Crockford's agreement with his committee as to play proceedings, he was bound to put down a bank or capital of £5000 nightly during the sitting of Parliament,—a rather remarkable specification as to time, and one which seemed to imply, that the members of the legislature were not expected to confine their great capacities to the mere voting of supplies in the Committee of Ways and Means at St. Stephen's, but that they should here practically illustrate the principle of such votes,—indeed there was great similitude of proceeding in the business of Parliament and Pandemonium. At Crockford's, as in the senate,

"Large money bills and loans they tried to raise;  
King Crockford took their means, and praised their ways."

The whole and sole direction and control of the department and operations of play were under the experienced professorship of the proprietor, aided by his steward, agent, and factotum, Guy (a person who had before been most serviceable to Crockford, when indicted), and other operatives, each of whom received a large weekly salary for their services and secrecy. Guy had been originally a groom-porter at an inferior hazard-table in Jermyn-street, frequented by Crockford in his less palmy days, and having in such capacity been serviceable to him, was now appointed to the principal post in the new establishment. Some notion of the lucrative nature of this appointment may be entertained from the fact that, in the course of ten or twelve years, Guy had realized and saved from his salary and emoluments nearly 30,000: possessed of which, he suddenly, after the example of his master, became a betting man on the Turf; and availing himself of his position at the club, and of the facilities thereby afforded to bet with its members, he gave offence to his employer (who considered the ground exclusively his own), and words ensuing, he was dismissed. He subsequently took to building speculations in his native town, in Essex; failing in which, he returned to London, tried his hand at divers pursuits, and latterly at the establishment of a club in St. James's-street: in all he proved unsuccessful. Impaired health yielding to paralysis, he became helpless, and ultimately died a pauper in the workhouse of his native place, where it is said he had been much respected for acts of charity in his days of prosperity. Crockford is reported to have been unforgiving in his feeling of resentment towards his quondam friend and associate, and to have been deaf to all entreaty and solicitation made on his behalf in his last days of poverty and distress: this is not to be wondered at, 'tis a sample of the gambler's heart. The successor of Guy was Dasking, another vulgar specimen of Crockford's former associates. This person had also presided in the capacity of groom-porter at the English hazard-table kept by O'Hara, in Oxendon-street, where, as before noticed, Crockford used nightly to pick up his crumbs by all the advantageous pulls that opportunity presented, the secret of which had been no mystery to Dasking, whose countenance of, and silent co-operation in, the profitable method of playing on score with a large note, were in some degree necessary to the success of such a system of ingenious bye-play. Roulette, too, was no mystery; of the tables for which we may say a word or two anon. Such services, doubtless, raised him to the vacant seat at Pandemonium. This man, nearly penniless at the time of his appointment, died, after a few years' service therein, leaving behind him £10,000. These facts are related to show how immense a profit must have been open to Crockford himself, when his servants and subordinates could thus rapidly rise to fortune from the mere wages of their nocturnal occupations. Some notion may be formed, also, of the extent of business in the department of play, from the fact that the item of expenditure for dice alone (at about a guinea per pair) amounted to £2000 per annum; three new pairs being provided for the opening play each night, and very frequently as many more called for by players, or put down by Crockford himself, with a view to change luck under any marked and determined reverse.

For the accommodation of those who patronised the hazard-table splendour suppers were nightly provided, which, with wines of choice and exciting quality, were at command *ad libitum*, and gratuitously. In fact, no stimulus was wanting to increase the natural propensity for play, and to render men desperate under ill-fortune. During the first two seasons, the business of the hazard-table was tremendous, and the resulting profits immense. Above £300,000 is said to have been transferred in its owner-



ship during this short period, the principal portion of which enormous amount found its way into the coffers of Mr. Crockford. Counts and commoners, peers and professionals, senators and stock-jobbers, were plucked bare as pigeons for a pasty to swell the enormous gains of the great Demon of Pandemonium.



ROULETTE.

Subsequent seasons, although not realising such abundant harvests, continued nevertheless to bring fair grist to the great metropolitan mill. Each succeeding year brought out some newly-fledged pigeons to be plucked at the grand poultry, some recent inheritors of title and fortune to be initiated in the pleasing mysteries of French hazard, and to be charmed out of wealth's superfluity. Crockford was a walking Domesday Book, in which were registered the day and hour of birth of each rising expectant of fortune; he could tell with the nicest exactitude the rent-rolls of property in perspective, to what extent such rent-rolls had been anticipated by apparent heirs, and what further incumbrance they would reasonably and securely bear; and his favourable report to the committee seldom failed to ensure the election of so qualified an applicant for admission to all the rights, privileges, and immunities of the club, and to the distinguished honour of contributing his quota.

By continued successes and constant drafts on the nightly decreasing resources of the infatuated, Mr. Crockford had now become a large capitalist, and, in all reasonable calculation, above the reach of danger from any sudden reverse. Not only had he levied execution on the ready funds of his community, but he held, under lock and key, dishonoured drafts, bills, L.O.U.'s, with the more solid securities of mortgagees, assignments, deposits, &c., all resulting from the one grand and certain profitable source of speculation. All doubtful debts were, of course available as sets-off against any future successes by the parties indebted, and who, during the continuation of their unsettled accounts, were reduced to the necessity of finding ready cash for all further indulgence in play. Mr. Crockford's betting accounts dovetailed, also, most admirably in such respect, with the business and accounts of the hazard-table, the losses of the one being brought into reckoning with the gains of the other, and vice versa. It must be considered, also, that, in spite of the numerous parties who had risen up to oppose his influence at Tattersall's, he had still immense advantages in betting by reason of his connexion with the club. This was his own exclusive and privileged sphere of action, within which few of the Leg fraternity (save and except a few titled and non-titled scamps who of late years had qualified for the class and degree) could possibly trespass.

In the arrangements of the game, Mr. Crockford was not permitted, under the non-success of the bank, to terminate the play until a stated hour, so long as any portion of the nightly capital of £5000 remained: on the other hand, although not compelled to put down any further sum, he was at liberty so to do if he thought it advisable; and he was frequently accustomed to try the result of a second and even a third bank, when there was hope and prospect of recovery; he was, however, always regulated in the policy of such further venture by consideration of the parties to whom his bank was opposed, for he was too wary to risk any unnecessary amount against bold and determined hands, that were likely to re-risk only a small portion of their gains. It has, however, on several occasions, happened, that in his attempts to recover a first loss, he has increased that loss to an amount of fifteen or twenty thousand pounds in one night; a circumstance not at all surprising, when it is known that the player could stake as large a sum as £200 on a main, and could subsequently bet the odds, in proportion to such sum, between the main called and the chance to be thrown in opposition to such main—technical points of the game well known to its amateurs and professors. This extent of stake would in reality admit £1000 to depend upon one event; that is to say, such amount would be the difference between winning and losing the event, as thus exemplified. Suppose the castor to put down £200 in the

first instance; he then calls the main of seven, and throws the number or chance of four: the odds or probabilities then become two to one (or £400 to £200, in proportion to the £200 originally staked) against his throwing the number four (the winning chance) in opposition to the number seven, the main called: he thus risks, in fair proportion, £400 against £600; the difference, therefore, between winning the £600 and losing the £400, will clearly appear to be £1000. It may, with reason, be imagined, that so apparently small a capital or bank as £5000 would be very inadequate to meet the speculations of bold and enterprising players, under favourable fortune; but it must be recollected, that at the game of hazard there are generally two distinct and opposing interests operating at the table amongst the players: some are betting on the hand of the caster, or person throwing the dice; others are risking their money against such hand; and these respective and opposite fancies frequently cause an equalization of stake for and against, which is the great desideratum of the banker; for in such case he derives the full calculated per-centage of the game, which is taken at about twenty-five shillings in every hundred pounds. It must be taken into consideration, also, that players, with very rare exceptions, seldom risk so large an amount on one event, until they have become desperate by frequent previous loss of capital, which has gone to augment the bank's original fund, and which, consequently, betters the bank's condition to meet the larger demand.

Mr. Crockford, now elevated beyond all former fortune, took a splendid house in the Regent's Park, where for a time he resided with his family in comparative tranquillity; but his love of money, and his restless anxiety to be still adding to his great wealth, permitted him not long to enjoy the *otium* which fortune usually favours. He entered into many and various speculations, promising, as he thought, large return. He was a man of business, and acquainted with most matters favouring success therein. He was cognizant of the value of, and knew the best markets for, everything, from an eel to an earldom, or, as Hudibras hath it,

"He by geometric scale  
Could tell the size of pots of ale;  
Resolve by sines and tangents straight,  
If bread and butter wanted weight."

His ventures, therefore, generally speaking, were based on the good grounds of knowledge and experience; but, 'tis not in mortals to command success; and latterly he met with some check to his hitherto almost invariably profitable outlay of capital. One of the most prominent instances and examples of failure was the erection of the extensive building originally designed for a bazaar, at the corner of King-street and St. James's-street, a vicinity that had, as already shown, been most favourable to his speculations as a *rouge-et-noir* banker. The cost of this building, notwithstanding the fact that every brick, plank, and other material was bought at the best market, and every hour's work paid for under the advantageous terms of contract, was immense. The structure was handsome in its exterior, and complete in its proposed arrangements. It was opened as a bazaar, under very favourable auspices, in the full fashionable season. For a time its novelty attracted, and crowds of visitors gave it patronage and support; but, the novelty over, and curiosity subsiding, traffic fell again into its ordinary channels, and the business of the St. James's bazaar became inadequate to the high rents demanded for the counters or standings in it. From this cause it became a total



THE HAZARD TABLE.

failure in its original design. It was afterwards adapted to the temporary purpose of an exhibition-room, where (with the somewhat curious fact having reference to Mr. Crockford's immediate professional occupation and pursuit,) that wonderfully dextrous artist, the Wizard of the North, undertook to expose, and actually did enlighten the public in respect to the frauds and sleight-of-hand tricks that could be practised,



and were, in fact, daily made available to cheating and robbery by cards and dice. His performance was wonderful, and must have effectually opened the eyes of many dupes, and called up in them some unpleasant reminiscences of the practical skill by which they had been mulcted of their material. The lower and under-ground departments of the building are now used as counting-houses and cellaring connected with the late Mr. Crockford's business as a wine-merchant, a speculation which is believed to have turned to very fair account.

About three years ago, Mr. Crockford signified his desire to retire from the proprietorship of the Club, and intimated at the same time a wish to dispose of the extensive mansion and premises in St. James's Street, with all its valuable furniture and property; the reason assigned for such proposed secession was, that he felt his health declining and his energies unequal to the constant labour and anxiety attendant on the proper direction and management of so large an establishment. The real cause, however, was not only suspected, but known to be his determination no longer to be controlled by the arbitrary power of his committee: his term of agreement with them had expired, and he had no inclination to renew it upon like conditions. He well knew that a capitalist of sufficient experience was not easily to be met with, who could or would speculate in all the extravagant outlay of so immense an undertaking, and that consequently there was no very immediate prospect or probability of a successor; he was aware also, that before such a one should appear, the committee, tired out in the search, would, rather than risk the complete break-up of so commodious an establishment, fall into his more reasonable views to continue its direction under terms less restrictive and imposing;—and he was not far out in his reckoning. On the first announcement of his intention to retire, a sensation was created throughout the Club. Meetings were held, and schemes devised for continuing the arrangements under a new proprietor; and, with this view, estimates were made and particulars put forth of the capital required to purchase the existing interest; flattering representations were also held out of the great and certain fortune to be derived from the source of the French hazard bank; but all to no purpose,—no millionaire was forthcoming; the only offers made were by divers members of the gaming fraternity in the vicinity to provide a hazard bank for the accommodation of the Club, but under no such restrictions as to amount of capital or stake as had been imposed on Mr. Crockford. Such offers, coming not within the contemplated arrangements of the proprietor or the committee, were declined; and the ultimatum of the whole business was, that Mr. Crockford *ostensibly* withdrew from all play speculations, still continuing his proprietorship of the Club. He had now gained his object, which was in reality to avoid the provision of so large a capital nightly, and the compulsory condition to play so high a stake as £200 and its proportions on a single event; the real secret of which was, that both players and money had of late been less abundant, partly because he had too heavily taxed the resources of the members, and further that rival establishments had recently been in the ascendant: for it not unfrequently happened that, under the opportunity afforded by the large stakes permitted at Crockford's, a bold and enterprising player would, on a good hand, win a large sum, which he would subsequently (perhaps on the very same night) lose to some rival bank; whereas no equal chance of benefit was afforded to Crockford in such respect, for the reason that the other clubs alluded to restricted their stakes on a single event to the limit of £25 and its proportions.

Out of the necessity occasioned by Mr. Crockford's ostensible retirement from the bank, the committee, good easy men, ceded to a proposal made by Page and Dasking (since dead) *employes* under the old system, to provide a smaller capital under a more moderate rate of risk; and, in pursuance of this agreement, a bank of £2000 only was put down, and the stakes limited to £25. Although the persons named were the ostensible principals and capitalists under the new arrangement, they were but partially and slightly interested in the resulting advantages: the real parties were the former bankers, who had thus freed themselves from their disadvantageous position, and became responsible only through their operatives and representatives. A new man was added to the direction of the table—one of different mould and manners altogether from his own predecessors,—in fact, a man of education and gentlemanly habits and address, and of former good and respectable position in life. The commencement of business under the new regime was not very auspicious; for a certain sporting baronet (one of the many victims sacrificed on the altar of Crockford's wealth, and now more distinguished for his bold and dashing style of play than for any very large capital remaining to him to lose) paid his early respects to the new firm, and under favour of a good hand, which he never failed to turn to the best account, speedily relieved them of the night's capital,—an obligation which he repeated within a week or two. Loss of fortune has too late taught the lesson of prudence to this gentleman, as it has to many others: he now risks but little, and that seldom; but when the ruling passion prompts to the old sport, he dashes at it with a bold energy and determination based on that perfect knowledge of the game which sad experience has given. His meaning on such occasions is mischief to a bank; and, if fair opportunity present itself, he is not very tardy in making a transfer of a bank's resources.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### HORSE-TAMING.

"Managing a fiery steed  
Whose stubbornness had foiled the strength and skill  
Of every rider."—DOUGLAS.

MR. EDITOR,—Some of your readers have probably read Mr. Catlin's account of the method by which the North American Indians tame the wild horse of the Prairie by breathing in his nostrils: others have heard of the miracles performed by the Irish Whisperer; and a few may have met with a pamphlet published by Mr. Ellis, of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1842, where he gives two very striking instances of the wonderful effect produced upon an unbroken filly and an obstinate cart colt, which were severally subjected to this very simple operation. I lately bought a well-bred three-year-old colt, which had, from the day he was foaled, been left entirely to nature and chance, and which was perfectly unacquainted with grooming or handling of any sort; and having a spice of temper into the bargain, was not a very easy one to deal with.

This morning, April 4th, I had him brought into a loose box, and after a good deal of manoeuvring and patience, I managed to get hold of a head-stall which I had put on him: he backed immediately away from me until he got his quarters into the corner of the stable, and of course was then stationary. I then told my groom to cover one eye with his hand, and succeeded in covering the other with mine. I own I was rather shy of putting my mouth very near his, as I have a regard for my teeth, which might be in some danger from his tossing his head about and struggling to get away. At last, during a lull, I got a chance, and breathed gently in his nostrils: from the very first inspiration which he took of my breath he never moved; and I even took my hand from his halter, and allowed him to stand as he chose. The only movement he ever made during the (perhaps) five minutes that I continued breathing upon him, was gently to advance his head as if he enjoyed the sensation: and when we removed our hands from his eyes, he still stood perfectly calm and quiet. I was in hopes to be able to finish the first lesson by catching him again; but at this he rebelled, and I did not choose to tire or worry him; therefore I let him alone for the time, with the intention of renewing the experiment tomorrow.

April 5th.—The colt was again brought into the loose box, and the same process was gone through: he evidently enjoyed the breathing, which was to-day continued for ten minutes, and never stirred during the operation: but he was in the first instance just as unwilling to be caught as yesterday, and, after it was over, again refused his head precisely in the same manner.

April 6th.—The same proceedings with the same results: therefore leaving the breathing-system to those who have more time and clearer wind than myself, the old lunging-rein, mouthing-bit, surcingle, and cavesson of former years have resumed their occupation; and "Outlaw" has had his first lesson in walking along a turnpike-road, which he performed very much after the usual manner of all colts who have had the breath of life in their nostrils since the days of Adam.

Here then I close my experiment, and I confess with much disappointment. If I were to proceed constantly in the same method of haltering, coaxing, and breathing, I have no doubt of its ultimate success; but then I think I may fairly expect the same result to arise from the two former modes of rendering a wild colt docile by degrees, without any advantage being gained by the latter. The plan may, and no doubt has succeeded with some. I only give a plain statement of its entire failure with me: and I cannot help thinking that Mr. Catlin, who witnessed the adventure of Beattie taming his wild horse through a telescope, after a chase of two or three miles, was a little too much prejudiced in favour of the breathing or "puff" system, from the recollection of the wonders he had himself achieved in domesticating a bull-calf; and forgot the more cogent arguments of the lasso, the fall, the hobbles, the noose under the jaw, and, lastly, the brute courage and long spurs of the Wild Indian. No—Jumper and Sullivan are no more; and until a second Jumper or a Whisperer Redivivus shall re-appear, we have lost the art of breaking a wild colt by a charm.

I am, sir, although no longer boasting the "Tassel" of Cambridge, or the "Scarlet" of the hunting-field, your Correspondent,

A PRETTY OLD HORSEMASTER.

### TO A LADY,

WHO STATED THAT, AS REGARDED CONSTANCY, MAN WAS BUT A BUTTERFLY.

You bid me mark yon gaudy thing,  
With plumaged head and painted wing;  
No type in that can I descry,  
Of man and his inconstancy.

'Tis true he flutters but a day,  
Kisses the flower, then fades away;  
Think not with other loves he's rife,—  
Lady, that day is—all his life!

NED RUB.

## BRITISH SONG BIRDS.—No. V.

THE CANARY.—(Concluded.)

## THE CAGE.



WITH the exception of the breeding season, the male canaries are kept alone in separate cages, to which fancy has assigned a variety of forms, but whatever shape may be preferred they ought to be never less than a foot in height and eight inches in breadth, with two sticks or perches. If you have a convenience, the females may range the room with one wing clipped, or, what is better, kept in very large cages, where they will have plenty of healthy exercise. In the smaller cages, where the bird has but little room, the glasses should be placed outside at the end of the lower stick or perch, one for food the other for water, if not hood-shaped or fountain glass, they should have a cap of tin to prevent the scattering of the seed, &c. It is for this reason that the large seed drawers in an aviary are covered with iron wire-work, leaving only sufficient spaces for the heads of the birds to pass through. Cleanliness being a great preservative against most of their disorders, the bottom of the cage should be made to draw out, that it may the easier be cleaned and covered with sand. This should be done every day, or at least several times a week.

These tender birds, being natives of a warm climate, and becoming more delicate instead of hardier from being kept in the house, require a temperature analogous to that of their native climate. They must be protected from the cold, and never allowed to remain in winter in a cold room, which would occasion many diseases, or even death. But, in summer, it is proper to place them in the open air, and they enjoy it very much. Never do they sing so gaily as on fine days, and their cages should therefore be placed at the open window, that they may have the advantage of the light and heat of the sun, which is particularly serviceable to them whilst bathing.

We shall conclude this lengthy chapter on the CANARY with a notice of its DISEASES and their TREATMENT.

## DISEASES.

We now proceed to the consideration of the more prevalent diseases; in treating of which we shall say much which the judicious birdfancier will be able to apply to other feathered captives.

Birds which seldom enjoy the benefits of pure and fresh country air, or those of free exercise, are not only subject to the ordinary diseases of a state of nature, but acquire peculiar ones from their artificial habits and food. The following will be found a pretty copious list of the diseases to which the caged canary is subject.

1. *Rupture*.—This is by no means uncommon in young birds, and proceeds from a sort of plethora or distension, which is followed by inflammation of the bowels. The symptoms of this disease are, thinness, the skin of the belly transparent and distended, covered with little red veins surcharged with blood, the bowels are black and knotted, and descend to the extremity of the body; there are no feathers on the diseased part; the invalid does not eat, and dies in a few days. Too nutritious, or too much food, being the cause of the disease, the only remedy is a very severe regimen, and even then it can be cured only in its first stages. The diseased birds must be immediately removed, and fed with nothing but lettuce or rape-seed, in very small quantities. A bit of iron should also be put in the water, and everything be done to invigorate and purify them.

2. *Lice*.—The parasite insects by which these little prisoners are often tormented, are generally produced by slovenliness. Besides frequent bathing, the cages must be cleaned with much care and vigilance, and have plenty of very dry sand strewed over the bottom. These lice, like bugs, retire during the day to cracks and crevices, which accounts for old wooden cages being often infested. To get rid of them, hollow sticks or stalks of rushes are used, which must be examined and changed every day. The plan is good, but by using only tin cages, which may, more easily than any others, be passed through boiling water, the object is more certainly attained.

3. *Asthma, or hard breathing*, which arises from an oppressed stomach, generally yields to plantain and rape seeds moistened with water as the sole food.

4. *The yellow gall in the head and eyes*, arises from over heat; a cooling diet is therefore the only remedy. If the tumour has grown to the size of a grain of hemp-seed, it must be cut off, and the wound be annointed with a little fresh butter, or bathed with urine.

5. *Sweating*.—There are some females which, during the time of incubation, or while they are on their young, are subject to profuse perspiration; the feathers of the belly are in consequence so wet as to destroy the brood: as soon as this indisposition is perceived the invalid must be washed with salt-water, and after a few minutes be plunged into pure water, to wash off the salt, and be dried in the sun as quickly as possible. This operation is to be repeated once or twice a day till recovery; but as relapses are frequent, it is better to separate the female, and not allow her to sit.

6. *Epilepsy*, which is common among many kinds of birds, may be produced in canaries by particular causes, as great delicacy and timidity.

We should therefore avoid alarming them, either by catching them too suddenly or violently, or by tormenting them in any way.

7. *Sneezing*, produced by an obstruction in the nostrils, is removed by passing a very small quill up to clear them.

8. *Loss of voice*.—It sometimes happens that after moulting a male suffers the loss of its voice; it must then be fed with the same paste as is prepared for young birds, adding some lettuce-seed, and, according to some bird-fanciers, a bit of bacon should be hung to the cage for it to peck.

9. *Constipation*.—The remedy for this is plenty of green food, as lettuce leaves, watercress, &c., not forgetting bread and milk.

10. *Overgrown claws and beak*.—When the claws or beak want paring, sharp scissors must be used, and care taken to avoid drawing blood, lest the bird should be maimed. They often injure themselves when their claws are too long, and get hooked in the wires of the cage, and continue thus hanging. The females, in the same way, get entangled in their nests.

It is rare for canaries which are kept for breeding to live longer than from seven to ten years; while others if well used, may be preserved for eighteen or twenty years.

## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Those which introduce into their melody some passages of the nightingale's song are the most esteemed of all canaries; they are called Tyrolean canaries, because they are considered natives of the Tyrol, where they breed many of these birds. The second are the English canaries, which imitate the song of the woodlark. But in Thuringia the preference is generally given to those which, instead of a succession of noisy bursts, know how, with a silvery sonorous voice, to descend regularly through all the tones of the octave, introducing from time to time the sound of a trumpet. There are some males which, especially in the pairing season, sing with so much strength and ardour that they burst the delicate vessels of the lungs and die suddenly.

The female, particularly in the spring, sings also, but only a few unconnected and unmusical sounds. Old ones, which have done breeding, often sing in this way at all seasons.

I shall conclude this article on canaries by pointing out the best rules for obtaining and preserving good singers. The most essential is to choose from among the young that which promises a fine tone, and to seclude it from all other birds, that it may learn and remember nothing bad. The same precaution is necessary during the first and second moulting; for being likely to re-learn (if I may say so) its song, it would introduce into it with equal ease foreign parts. It must be observed whether the bird likes to sing alone, or in company with others, for there are some which appear to have such whims, liking to hear only themselves, and which pour for whole years if they are not humoured on this point. Others sing faintly, and display their powers only when they can try their strength against a rival. It is very important to distribute regularly to singing birds the simple allowance of fresh food which is intended for the day. By this means they will sing every day equally, because they will eat uniformly, and not pick the best one day, and be obliged to put up with the refuse the next.

The LARKNET will form the next of our series.

METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.—A very interesting paper was read at the Meteorological Society a few days ago, on the influence of the opening of Vauxhall on the weather of the metropolis. It was stated as a well-known and perfectly-established fact, that the actual opening of the gardens occasioned invariably a long continuation of wet, which only terminated with the closing of the season; and if an after-season was attempted—though the weather had in the interval been dry—there was sure to be a return of wet till the final close of the establishment. There had, however, been some doubt as to whether a mere announcement would have the same effect as actually opening the gardens, and a singular experiment had consequently been tried. A bill had been put out, promising to open the gardens at Whitsuntide, in order to ascertain the fact, and it turned out that the weather became very lowering. This, however, was only a temporary effect, and arose from the influence produced at once by the anticipation of the opening of Vauxhall; but as the bill began to take its proper effect—as a mere announcement at a long date—the weather, which had begun to threaten, became more settled. This was the substance of the paper, which was received with tumultuous applause by a crowded meeting.

LITERARY SUPPERS.—G—, the indefatigable *litterateur*, lately invited a select party to supper. "Confound the fellow," said S—; "instead of champagne and claret, he gave us a mess of mull'd port." "Don't be surprised," replied K—; "you know he mulls everything."

PLOUGHING AND HARROWING.—A country newspaper seriously proclaims that several persons mustered 107 ploughs in a gentleman's field, near Thorverton, for the purpose of "giving him a day's ploughing, as a tribute of respect." This singular compliment was probably selected as a sort of antithesis to *harrowing* a man's feelings.

LIVING ON AIR.—A querist asks us whether we think it impossible that chameleons lived on air. We think not, as something of the same sort constantly takes place in the poor-law unions.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

**RING.**—J. SHOTTER.—FIATIANA, which you can procure for half-a-crown, should be kept in your house, if, as you say, "there are continually questions about dates of battles, and other things relating to boxing." It is a compendious accurate work, in the shape of an alphabetical index of names, and it strikes you have never seen the book, or you could not have remarked that "one can't go reading all through a book to find what you want, to decide a wager." Are you confounding BOXIANA (in five volumes) with FIATIANA, in one vol. or two parts? If so, you had better apply to your bookseller for the latter, and you will not be at a loss on such questions as those to which we now proceed to reply.—Owen Swift has not fought since 1838; and that year he fought three times; on the last two occasions, in France. Harry Jones, the Sailor Boy, will, of course, appear in the HISTORY OF BOXING, with a detail of all his most noted fights; he died in 1835. We recollect that, in his later days, he still retained a remarkably fine arm and bust, and that he earned "a something" by exhibiting his "proportions" to the students in the Anatomical School of Drawing, at Somerset House.

**QUOTAS.**—A. and B. play at quoits. A's quoit rings, but no part of it touches the peg. B. throws, and his quoit falls upon that of A. and touches the peg. Which is entitled to count, A. or B.? According to the general practice in playing the game of quoits, I believe, the person ringing the peg is entitled to one extra in counting, but we do not observe that practice here, and hence arises the above question, whether or not the quoit nearest the peg is entitled to one in preference to the one which rings, but does not touch, the peg.—In some few counties a "ringer" takes precedence in the score, but, generally, the quoit that touches the peg scores.

**THE CAPTAIN OF THE YORK JUVENILE ARCHERS** shall find his "flapper" has awakened us to the melody of "twanging bow" and "whizzing, clothe-yerde-shafte." We will give, in a few weeks, some illustrated papers on the art of the green-coated "merrie men all."

**X. Y. Z.**—There are far more nests of the birds of the finches, warblers, and passerine (sparrow tribe) in the latter end of April, than in the latter end of May: though a forward or a backward spring will make two or three weeks' difference in the pairing of the male and female, and, of course, the hatching of the brood. Many birds produce two broods in the season. Thus, the chaffinch has one set of young ones about early May, another in July; the common house-sparrow produces a succession of small families during the season. The LINNET, which we next week notice, is rather a late breeding bird (as compared with several of our warblers), yet its young are abroad usually before the end of May; while the redpoll (another of the late breeders, also of the linnet tribe), is not abroad till June or July. The most prevalent birds of the district, and its exposed or sheltered character, must be known in order to determine the question as to which month (April or May) there are most nests to be found. As a general remark, B. is very wrong; there are three in latter April, for one in latter May. The BULLFINCH, (not a very common bird anywhere in its wild state) does not build till early May, as we shall notice when we come to it, in our series of BRITISH SONG BIRDS.

**RED RUB.**—Will you take the field with an article on "Batting," and we will illustrate it? **JUVENES.**—A single walk won't make a naturalist; though, doubtless, a student may learn more in one day in the fields, than in a week in the closet; but this is with the important proviso that he is blest with the power of observation, and the faculty of comparison. In studying ornithology, it is necessary to have recourse to books and preparations, as well as to the objects alive, or recently killed. Access to a museum will facilitate your progress wonderfully. Your letter is in a good spirit; but there is nothing in the observations, which we could not refer to in print—and that, at least, twenty years old. Turn to Colonel Montagu's book, or White's Selborne, and you will find the truth of this.

**BROOKLYN.**—Our modest correspondent is not such as his signature would express him, and we refuse, even on his own showing, to "write him down an ass." The lines,

"Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,  
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;  
With patient eagle trolle the finny deep,  
Or drives his venturesous ploughshare on the steep,  
Or seeks the deer where snowdrifts mark the way,  
And drags the struggling savage into day."

are Goldsmith's, and are to be found in his description of Switzerland, in "The Traveller." Any opinion upon the literary merit of the production, would indeed be unprofitable drivel. The fame of the "Deserted Village," and "The Traveller," is fixed.

**A YOUNG ANGLER.**—We do not know any good trout-streams within twenty miles of London, which are free, or where a "daily subscription" is taken. If any of our correspondents will "throw" us "a line" on this point, we shall feel obliged. The Darent, near Dartford, Footscray (Kent), the Colne in Middlesex, and the Mole in Surrey, near Leatherhead, are, we think, free. If you don't mind going farther afield, we can recommend free fishing to be had near Fairford in Gloucestershire, or the sporting vicinity of Stockbridge, where, at Higgs's the Grosvenor Arms, you will find pleasant quarters and good fishing free, *probatum est*.

**YOUNG FLY.**—Part of the Wandle at Carshelton is subscription water, and preserved. Apply in the neighbourhood. There are plenty of fish to be seen in the water, but you must have a good hand before you take them.

**R. W. D.**—It is Bendigo (Wm. Thompson).

**A DOUBTER.**—A and B against C and D, at Short Whist. A wins a trick, and turns it; but before he leads again, C, thinking it was his trick, leads off, and B follows with a card of the same suit. Can B's card be called as well as C's?—No; B had a right to play after C, though C played out of his turn.

**BENJAMIN WELLS.**—We must decline giving advice upon such a subject.

**D. WILSON.**—St. Leger, 1843.—The race was run under the following conditions: The owner of the second horse to receive 200 sovs. out of the stakes, and the third horse to save his stake. The winner to pay £30 to the Judge.

**BILLY BARLOW.**—The Catholic Bill was a Government measure, and introduced to the House of Commons by Sir R. Peel: with regard to the Maynooth Grant, we do not give political opinions, nor discuss such subjects. Read the daily or weekly papers.

**BILLIARDS.**—"HAZARD."—The white ball being on the spot, the red must be placed in the centre of the table.

**SAMPSON.**—No: the editor is a gentleman long known in sporting literature as "Valea." We would wish to repeat the suggestion thrown out in our prospectus. Will any of our angling friends send us accounts (with views, if possible) of various popular fishing localities, with particulars of their present state, &c., and we will have them engraved. Or, if the places are well known, will ourselves cause drawings to be made of them, and insert the particulars furnished. In this mode we might, by weekly instalments, form a series of "Fishing Localities," full of amusement and information, and of immense utility to anglers in general.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

**SUNDAY APRIL 27.—ROGATION SUNDAY.**—Sir James Graham resigns (or ought to do so): To all the virtues of exalted station.

He adds the greater one of resignation:—  
The Court of Common Council votes a piece of plate, value 150*l.*, to each of the martyr-sheriffs, (1840) for going to quod for a fortnight, under sentence of "good living and as much good company as they chose to see," in a gentleman's drawing-room at Westminster!

**MONDAY 28.**—Newmarket 1st Spring Meeting.—Catholic Peers took their seats in the House of Lords, 1839.—Prince Albert presents a silver model of himself to the Royal Hussars. Oh! we see; he gave the poor fellows half a sovereign in silver!

**TUESDAY 29.**—THE 3000 GUINEAS STAKES.—King Charles II. restored, 1660.—"Heavy rains," says Murphy; but in spite of that, John Brown takes his family in "a light spring wain" to "Ampton Vlek."

The "rain of terror's" come—the horse to go  
At a smart pace has made himself to smart;  
Tis bad enough to bear the shafts of woe,  
But who would bear the shafts of such a cart!

What a nice party—twelve inside—to drag,  
Each fat and full, and heavy as a dunce,  
And all, besides the master and the nag,  
Holding the reins to hold their reign at once.  
The horse is urged—most urgently, half-dead;  
"Come up," they cry—when shall we get to town?  
Pierce pours the shower—their pores are stopped instead,  
The more they cry come up, the more the rain comes down!  
Now, you may see by every sorry face,  
The water party walls its wretched doom,  
And in that cart—that wends with lingering pace,  
Altho' there's little room, there's lots of rhum!

India-Rubber Pavement placed in front of the Admiralty, that certain young officers may better jump over the heads of veterans.

**WEDNESDAY 30.**—Plymouth Spring Races.—Meeting in Finsbury against the Master and Servants' Bill. Mr. Duncombe comes out in the House as the "Cook's oracle."—"The Directors of the East India Company read Lord Ellenbro'. Quite correct: his Lordship never was fit for that 'Company'."

**THURSDAY, May 1.**—ASCENSION DAY.—Duke of Wellington born, 1769.—*Flowers.*—The trees begin to unfold their leaves, and various flowers decorate our gardens. The primrose, pilewort, wood anemone, and several other wild plants are in blow.—May is a spawning month with many fish. Gudgeons are not fairly on the feed in many rivers till June.—*Things to be remembered in May.*—That Ascension Day is on the 1st Easter Term ends on the 8th, and Trinity Term begins on the 22nd. The Queen's birthday on the 24th. Holiday at Custom and Excise. In this month the Royal Academy's annual exhibition is opened. Whitsuntide and Martinmas Terms are those alone regarded for the leasing of all kinds of property, paying rents, and engaging of servants in Scotland.

**FRIDAY 2.**—Ollerton Races.—*Blessings of the Police Force.*—Policemen are public instructors. They're all lettered to teach maid-servants their alphabet. That's the reason they haunt people's areas. They're paid to be well-informed, and so should know all the cooks on board-wages, and every housemaid that finds her own tea and sugar. Policemen are now known, in common with the "Patent easy shining black-lead," as the "Housemaid's best friend."

**SATURDAY 3.**—Trafalgar-square opened, 1844; the commissioners have this year redeemed their credit as to the fountains by putting the water up the spout.—Byron swam the Hellespont, 1810.—Columbus discovered Jamaica, 1492; captured by the English, 1665.

## THE MOON IN MAY.

New Moon, 6th .. .. .	9 57 morn.
First Quarter, 14th .. .. .	2 8 aft.
Full Moon, 21st .. .. .	3 58 aft.
Last Quarter, 28th .. .. .	6 25 morn.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High water at London Bridge.

	morn.	aft.		morn.	aft.
Sunday, April 27th .. .. .	5 23	5 47	Thursday, May 1 .. .. .	9 47	10 23
Monday, 28th .. .. .	6 14	6 44	Friday, 2nd .. .. .	11 1	11 32
Tuesday, 29th .. .. .	7 16	7 50	Saturday, 3rd .. .. .	.. .. .	0 1
Wednesday, 30th .. .. .	8 28	9 9			

**ERRATA.**—In No. 6, page 71, in Chapter IV. of the HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, several typographical errors have occurred, in consequence of the Editor not having seen the proof sheet until too late for correction. Paragraph 5, 1st column, should read thus, "Johnson, with his second, Humphries, and Jackson as his bottleholder," &c.; and in line six of the second column, the date, 1489, should be 1789. These mechanical errors we hope to avoid in future by a strict supervision.

## The Sporting World.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 3, 1845.

## THE SPORTSMAN'S DIRECTORY.

MAY.

It is usual, at the close of the hunting season, to administer three doses of physic to the noble animal who has performed so conspicuous a part in the business of the chase—as if some extraordinary or supernatural effect were confidently anticipated from the magical number. However, let reason and common sense be substituted for an obstinate adherence to ignorant and injurious custom, and then physic will be given according to the constitution of the animal, since it will appear sufficiently obvious, on the slightest reflection, that some horses will require more physic than others. Physicking the horse should never be resorted to but when absolutely necessary, since it causes the animal to suffer very considerably, and about a week must elapse from the time of its administration before he becomes what may be called convalescent. If the season be forward, and the spring grass can be procured at or near the close of the hunting season, little physic will be necessary: and if this be not obtainable the potato may be substituted for it.

If the weather be remarkably fine during the month of May, the hunter may be turned into the paddock, for several hours during the heat of the day, and allowed to crop the grass for himself: provided the fence is sufficiently secure, and there appear no probability that he can stake or otherwise injure himself. At this time (May) the flies have not made their appearance, or at least have acquired no strength; but as the summer advances, he should not be exposed to the attacks of these troublesome and tormenting insects.

If the hunter has suffered in his feet, if he be tender before or afflicted with corns, his feet should be placed in warm water every morning; from which he will derive the utmost benefit; and, in regard to corns, if they

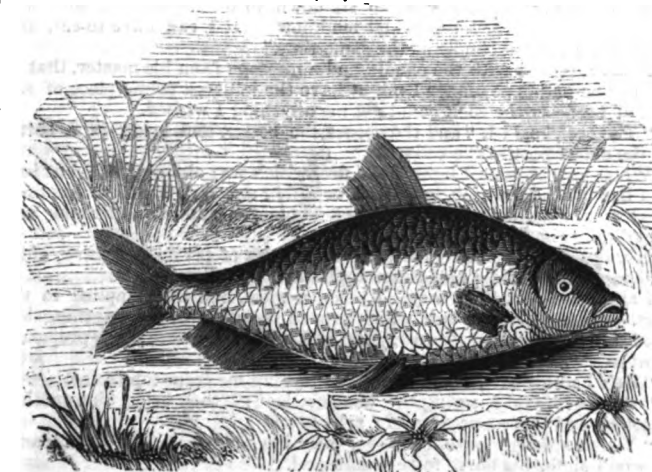
be frequently pared, and relieved from the pressure of the shoe, they will disappear.

The hunter, from being strung to the top of his system, and kept on the stretch throughout the season, should now be gradually let down, but not so low as to render the muscle flabby, and on this account the grazing system (summering the hunter in the fields) is decidedly objectionable.—Early or spring grass may be regarded as the natural physic of the horse, and he may receive it freely in the stable, without however reducing his corn below a reasonable quantity.

Hounds may perhaps require physic after the severe exertions of the season; but physicking hounds is a simple process and soon accomplished.

Neither pointers nor any other kind of dogs should now be allowed to ramble in the fields, as the partridge and the pheasant deposit their eggs during this month, while more leverets are brought forth in May than at any other time. In consequence, keepers and those who have the care of game entrusted to them, should be vigilant, and particularly on their guard against the depredations of those quadrupedal and winged vermin who are for ever on the look-out for the nests of the birds mentioned above, and also for those pretty interesting little animals (generally two in number) which the doe hare conceals beneath branches of faded grass or similar cover. Of all the creatures whose manners and habits are injurious to the hopes of the shooter, none is to be more dreaded than the rook. This bird, in most places what may be called a privileged marauder, seeks the nest of the partridge and the pheasant, and voraciously devours the eggs. As an equivalent, it may be urged, that rooks are of essential service to the agriculturist from the quantity of grubs they devour: this must be admitted; they follow the plough in search of grubs, and make free also with newly sown oats and barley, newly planted potatoes, &c. Further, they afford the shooter an apology for diversion from the middle to the end of this month, perhaps at the beginning of the next.

### THE FISHER'S CREEL.



THE ROACH.

**CORRESPONDENT**, whose letter we give below, having forwarded a few plain and sensible remarks on Roach-fishing, precludes the necessity for further notice of this well-known fish, than a mere description, and the mention of one or two points left untouched by him.

The ROACH is a handsome fish, either fresh caught or in his native element. It inhabits many of our deep, still rivers, affecting, like most other fish of the *carp* genus, quiet waters. It is gregarious, swimming usually in shoals; it has a smallish head, a leather-mouth, (which is round), and the teeth are placed in the throat. The circles round its large eyes are of a gold colour, and the iris is red. It is a deep, but thin fish, with the back elevated; its scales are thin, and easily fall off. While in perfection, the fins are red; and, as remarked by our correspondent, another indication of its condition may be obtained from its scales, which, when out of season, give to the touch a sensation very closely resembling the rough side of an oyster shell. The side line bends much towards the belly in the middle, and the tail is forked. It is considered a very silly fish; and has acquired accordingly the name of the *water-sleep*, according to old Izaak Walton, the carp ranking as the *water-far*. Although pond roach are the largest, the river roach is a superior fish, Walton erroneously supposed the rud to be produced by a cross of the roach and bream, but it is now well known as a distinct and prolific fish, and not a *mule*; a thing which, though common among quadrupeds and birds, is unknown among fishes. The season for roach-fishing in the Thames begins about the latter end of August, and continues much longer

than it is pleasant to fish. Sir James Hawkins says "the Thames, as well above as below London-bridge, was formerly much resorted to by London anglers; and, which is strange to think on, considering the unpleasantness of the station, they were used to fish near the starlings of the bridge. This will account for the many fishing tackle shops that were formerly in Crooked-lane, which leads to the bridge. In the memory of a person not long since living, a waterman that plied at Easex stairs, his name John Reeves, got a comfortable living by attending anglers with his boat: his method was, to watch when the shoals of roach came down from the country, and when he had found them, to go round to his customers and give them notice. Sometimes they settled opposite the Temple; at others, at Blackfriars or Queenhithe; but most frequently about the Chalk hills, near London bridge. His hire was two shillings a tide. A certain number of persons, who were accustomed thus to employ him, raised a sum sufficient to buy him a waterman's coat and silver badge, the impress whereof was, *Himself, with an Angler, in his boat*, and he had annually a new coat, to the time of his death, which might be about the year 1730."

Shepperton and Hampton are the places chiefly resorted to by the Londoners, who angle there in boats: at each there is a large deep, to which roach are attracted by constant baiting. That at Hampton is opposite the churchyard; and in that cemetery lies an angler, upon whose gravestone is an inscription, now nearly effaced, consisting of these homely lines:

In memory of Mr. Thomas Tombs, goldsmith, of London, who departed this life, Aug. 12th 1758, aged 53 years.

Each brother Bob, that sportive passes here,  
Pause at this stone, and drop the silent tear  
For him who loved your harmless sport,  
Who to this pitch\* did oft resort,  
Who in free converse oft would please,  
With native humour, mirth, and ease,  
His actions formed upon so just a plan:  
He lived a worthy, died an honest man."

We shall here close our editorial remarks, leaving the ROACH in the hands of YOUNG PISCATOR, who thus speaks in a letter—

To the Editor of THE SPORTING WORLD.

SIR,—Having been an attentive reader of your pages, especially those under the title of the FISHER'S CREEL; I, with your permission, lay before the public a few hints and notions that my travelling by the river-side has learned me. My first subjects shall be the ROACH and the DACE, Dare, or as it is sometimes called, the Showler.

The Roach spawns in May, and it is easy to distinguish whether it be in season or not; for if the scales upon the back be rough to the touch, it is out of season; if they lie flat and smooth, the contrary.

The Dace is a longer and narrower fish, and has smaller scales than the roach, and spawns in March, which constitutes the principal difference between them, as their haunts and manners are the same, and they are generally found together, each delighting in the deepest part of rivers, where there is sand or gravel. And now, under correction, I would deliver a few plain observations upon roach-fishing, for the edification of the tyro: promising that the *matter* of my plain unvarnished directions, will prove a valid apology for their manner.

They may either be caught with a fly on the top, or a bait under water. Bait-fishing, for either roach or dace, is very diverting, from their avidity to take the bait. The rod for bottom-fishing should be from twelve to eighteen feet, with line proportioned to the rod. Many persons fish with a gut line; but in this, I consider, they greatly err. The single-hair fisher will always have the precedence over those that fish with gut. You should have a small hook, and a few small shot about a foot from the hook; the float should also be very small, so that it might sink at the slightest touch. Roach and dace being fish that bite very tenderly, the bait should drag lightly on the bottom: for your baits, use gentles well-scoured in any fine sand, caddis, or stock baits, which is to be found by the side of brooks, under stones. These may be scoured by putting them in moss. Small red-worms, cowdung-bait, commonly called a cockspur, from its resembling in shape a shell of that name, wasp-grubs, and dock-grubs, found at the roots of dock-plants. Of paste, common white bread, well mixed together, to make it tough, which is a very excellent bait, and so much for bottom-fishing.

For fly-fishing, you should have a fly-rod, about three to three and a half yards, with about ten yards of line, well tapered, having about three yards of single hair at the bottom. For your flies, use



1. Natural. Artificial.

1. *The Black Gnat*.—Body to be made of black ostrich harle, and must be dressed thick and short; the wings, a pale starling's feather, or, it is equally killing, if dressed as a hackle, for which purpose, I consider, a blue hen's feather the best.

\* A particular spot, called a Pitch, from the act of pitching or fastening the boat there.





2, 3. Natural.

Artificial.

2. *The Black Ant.*—Body, about three turns of black ostrich harle at the tail; wings, feather from under the snipe's wing; legs, a brown cock's hackle.

3. *The Red Ant.*—Body, in same manner as described for the black ant, of copper-coloured peacock harle; wings, from under a starling's wing, with a ginger hackle for legs. Or, lastly,



4. Natural.

Artificial.

4. *The Blue Gnat.*—Body, of dark mole-skin, wrapped with bright purple silk, hackled by means of a bluish and coloured feather.

They will also take little red and black hackles, decorated with gold and silver twist. The house-fly, and the flesh-fly, too, are great favourites. This set of flies will last you all the year round; indeed, they are quite sufficient for them.

I will close this little chapter on fishing, by saying that, I have often thought the amusement of angling has been too much despised by those who are not anglers themselves. If all the pleasure of the pursuit consisted in dragging a fish, or in watching a float, to see it go under water, we should, in some sense, merit it. The pleasure of angling, however, takes a much wider range. The enjoyment of air and exercise, as the angler pursues his course through flowery meadows and fields, covered with herds and flocks, listening to the unseen lark, or watching the varied movements of the swallows, as they glide around him in every direction, have charms which add a relish to his walk, and harmonise with every kindly feeling of his heart. Nor is this all. A reflective angler will derive many useful lessons from the visible objects of creation which surround him; all of which serve to prove the infinite perfection and unbounded benevolence of the great Creator.

YOUNG PISCATOR.

Manchester, April 10, 1845.

## THE EXPERIENCES OF A COMMERCIAL GENT.

(Continued from page 45.)

### REMINISCENCE II.

It was on the afternoon of a miserably dripping day, a *Fry-day*, by-the-by, that I, Nathan Orderly, was toddling slowly along, as is my wont—or, rather, *was*, before I went into *training*—from a town in Sussex, of which I will not give the name, to another in the same fair county, where I expected to meet many of my clients who had been *advised* by letter of my arrival. I never feared rain or wind, heat or cold, cloudiness or sunshine. I carried with me a suit suitable for all weathers, and doffed my light coat for a heavy one if I felt chilly, or donned a summer's garb for a winter's suit if the sun's warmth gave me a hint that such a change was necessary. As to weather-coats, although *male-olent* macintoshes were not invented, I had such a collection, formed of stout, well-seasoned broad-clothes, and provided with such a series of capes, one overlapping the other, like statues on a house roof, that I could bid defiance to a rain of some hours' duration. My head, too, was always well protected by a hat whose brims might stand in competition with the most rigid Pennsylvanian friend that ever repudiated.

Thus armed, *cap-a-pie*, I jogged quietly along, not doubting in the least that I should arrive at the place of my destination at the appointed hour. I knew it was raining, and heavily, but I was not fully aware *how* heavily until my quiet buggy horse came to a stand-still, shook his head, and refused to wag another step forward. On lifting up my face, which had been buried in the folds of my shawl-handkerchief nearly up to my eyes, I was greeted by such a dash of rain and hail as convinced me my horse had good reasons for drawing (instead of me and the gig) my attention to the inconvenience to which his bare face was subjected.

What was to be done? I was seven miles from the end of my journey. The road lay over bleak and barren hills, and was unprotected by hedges. About half a mile to my right I knew that there was an inn, although I had never put up at it, as it stood by itself, and was used as a posting-house by the *nobs*, and not resorted to by commercial gents. I, with difficulty, *disarranged* my old horse into a walk, which was willingly exchanged for a rapid trot, when I turned his head down the lane that led to the house which I will call "The George," begging King George's pardon for taking such a liberty. I drove into, and pulled up under the gateway, and naturally expected to be greeted by somebody—but no; no one came near me. I shouted, "Hostler!" no one answered me. I looked about me, and saw a win-

dow evidently belonging to the bar within a few yards of me. A very spruce young lady with rouged cheeks and curly ringlets peeped out at me, and then disappeared. In her place came a "regular swell," a male in a slap-up green coat and brass buttons, a buff waistcoat, a sort of grey-checked shawl round his neck, with buckskins and topped-boots for belows. He looked hard at me, gave his nose a Broughamical twist, and turned away. I heard this little bit of dialogue pass between the male swell and the female dandy, as plainly as if I had been in the room with them.

"D'ye know him, Charles?" said ringlets.

"Cuss me if I do, Jene," replied the male.

"What cawn he wasnt?" asked ringlets.

"Cuss me if I knows or cares, Jene," said the male. "Is dinner ready?"

"The cabbage is just put in the pot, Charles, and will be done in an instant," said ringlets.

"Hang me if I stand this," said I. "Hilly-oh! you, sir, in the green and yellows, and you, miss, with the sausages about your face, is this a public-house, or is it not?"

"Dear me, Charles, the man is getting noisy. Do go out and speak to him," said the female.

"Cuss me if I do—ring for the boots," said the male, taking up a steel and whetting his carving-knife upon it.

A bell was rung, and in about five minutes a man almost as spruce as his master demanded what I wanted.

"The hostler immediately—then show me a room, and let me know what I can have for dinner."

In another five minutes the hostler, looking more like a nobleman's coachman than a servant at an inn, sauntered up the yard, and after he had coolly surveyed me and my old horse, and turned up his nose at both of us, condescended to lead him down the yard; and when I told him to rub him dry, and that I would come and see him fed myself, gave a most impudent wink at boots, who, after he had replied to it, showed me into a small ill-furnished parlour without a fire in it.

"Send your master here, boots," said I.

"Him and missus is just sot down to dinner, and I maunt disturb 'em," said boots.

"Well, never mind, I want to sit down to dinner myself; so, if the waiter is out, act for him, and let me know what I can have to eat, and bring me a lighted candle at the same time."

Boots returned with the candle, and a message from his master, that as soon as he had done dinner I might have the joint—a prime piece of sirloin of beef—or the cook could get me anything I wished.

"The beef," said I, "and the sooner the better, and bring in a bottle of the oldest port in the cellar."

When he was gone I lighted the fire, which was already laid; but just as I had finished my job, in walked, or rather strutted, Charles. He made me a most magnificent bow, and begged me ten thousand pardons, and said dinner should be served *instantly*.

It was served—semi-cold beef, with gloshales of fat in the gravy, quite cold vegetables, and a half-eaten apple-tart "to follow."

I always take things easy. I made a meal, and then applied to the port. After a glass or two, which proved the wine to be anything but good, I ordered hot water and sugar, and, whilst they were being prepared, went to see my *hassled*.

"He's had his oats," said the hostler, eyeing me from top to toe.

"Has he?" said I, seeing the manger clean; "then bring him another quatern and threepence-orth of split beans."

"You're a downy cove, I can see," said the hostler; "but I like a trump as won't suffer his horse to be gammoned."

Having thus provided for my horse's comforts, I returned to take care of myself. I drank two tumblers of negus, and, seeing that the rain had abated considerably, I ordered my buggy and the bill, and resolved to push on for — before it was quite dark.

The bill was brought; here it is:—

	£	s.	d.
Dinner	0	5	0
Beer	0	1	0
Tart	0	1	0
Cheese, &c.	0	1	0
Fire	0	2	6
Port	0	7	0
Sugar and water	0	1	0
Horse	0	3	0
Gig standing	0	1	6

£1 3 0

"Just give my compliments to your master, and say I wish to speak to him," said I.

In came Charles, and to my gentle expostulations he replied, "It was the usual charges—I might have eaten the whole joint, burnt a fire all day, and given my horse a bushel of oats, and it would have made no difference."

I paid the bill, and tipped the servants handsomely, meaning to take it out of Charles, at "The George," some other day.

I did, and thus it was. I kept the bill, and showed it to several brother coms. We went, nine of us, to "The George." We ordered half-

a-dozen heavy joints, and gave our horses as much as they could cram themselves with.

"Well, when dinner came in we ate all we wished for. Then we threw up the window, and, summoning some labourers who were at work in a field opposite, we gave them the remains of the joints. We then rung for the waiter (having replaced the dish covers) and bade him take away. I never shall forget the fellow's look, when, on lifting up what he fancied was a round of beef, the dish went up far above his head. We all roared, and, when our laugh was over, ordered, each, sixpennyworth of brandy and water, our horses, and the bill.

The bill came in, and with it Charles. I looked it over, and found that he had charged just as before, dinner five shillings each, &c., &c., and horses three shillings each.

"You are a man of your word, I see, landlord; but, as we mean to visit you often, you had better change your system," said I.

"Never," said Charles, "I want no one but gentlemen here. It is not a *bagman's* house."

"Confound your impudence," said Jones, who travelled in—I beg pardon—did business in the grocery department; "I'll advertise you and your house, and tell the world what a cheat you are."

"Thank'ye, sir," said Charles; "you'll save me seven shillings if you'll add, 'N.B. The landlord, having made his fortune by these excessive charges, is about to retire upon his estate in the neighbourhood.'"

I confess we were fairly beaten. It was no foolish boast on Charles's part. In less than three months "The George" was advertised: "to be let."

(To be continued.)

## THE LATE FIGHT BETWEEN THE PREMIER AND YOUNG BEN.

(From Punch.)



WITHOUT a doubt the gallant "mill," which came off on the floor of old St. Stephen's, between these two heroes, has had a duration unprecedented in the annals of the P.R.; though not, perhaps, in those of the Parliamentary Ring. It lasted three weeks and four days; and we are not certain that it has ended yet. Indeed, we should have sooner published its particulars, if we had not been waiting for its termination. But "better late than never" is a good maxim; and on the strength of it proceed we to business, beginning with

### THE MEN.

The Premier, whose patronymic is Peel, is otherwise known as Sir Robert, *alias* Fawky Bob. He is an old hand, having won various laurels, and now and then caught a Tartar. He fought in 1830 with Russell, and Johnny was the victor; but in '42 he in turn beat the Bedford Pet. It is said that much of his success has been owing to adopting the latter's tactics. Probably the Premier, who is a bit of a "scollard," thinks that "*fit out et ubi hunc doceri*," as the poet says. His style of fighting is cautious and wary, abounding in crafty dodges, and his dexterity in parrying is quite an example to youth. Instead of taking off his coat for action, he has a peculiar custom of turning it, which has given a new meaning to the verb "*to Peel*." He stands several inches higher in his own opinion than in that of any one else, but in this respect is much on a par with his opponent.

Young Ben, surnamed d'Israeli, has lately earned the cognomen of the Shrewsbury Slasher, as also that of "Coningsby" and the "Young Englander;" whilst by some he is called the "Coming Man." In one sense of the word he has been long known to "the Fancy;" namely, as a writer of fiction. But his fame on the boards of St. Stephen's is of recent growth. It is said that he aims at the Championship of Young England, which we wish he may get. He was formerly hand-and-glove with the Premier, though he has now declared war against his *quondam* crony. In this he has certainly evinced pluck, as he was always classed among the light-weights, whereas Peel is one of the heavy ones. But let us now come to

### THE FIGHT;

Which may be described as a stand-up business, as it arose out of a dispute in the old house, on Tom Duncombe's calling Jemmy Graham to account for letter-opening. The men did not appear in good condition, but, on the contrary, decidedly ill-conditioned. They did not shake hands on meeting, but fists, in a manner the reverse of cordial. The Premier was attended by Sussex Darby; whilst Canterbury Smythe did the needful for boy Benjamin.

FIRST ROUND, Feb. 20.—Hostilities were commenced by Young Ben, who coming boldly up to the scratch, and after making some little play, gave a smart hit at Sir Robert, as "the choleric gentleman," which told on the Premier's phiz, the latter instantly assuming the scarlet dye. After inflicting various other teasers on his adversary, he aimed a vicious left-hander at him in the shape of a charge, which was cheered as a regular smasher, but which, hitting an unoffending gentleman named Benham over his shoulder, turned out to be "no go." Luckily it did not hurt Mr. Benham. Peel's monkey was evidently up; but this round he reserved his powder.

SECOND ROUND, Feb. 21.—Counters neatly put in by Peel, who came down with a topper on the nob of his "candid friend." He also gave

it him right and left, in return for the Bonham blow, which so far stopped his potato-trap. Ben dropped on his knee, crying *peccavi*. This round the Premier had decidedly the best of it, and the odds were two to one on Robert.

THIRD ROUND, Feb. 28.—Ben again on his legs, having recovered his wind and senses. He let drive at his opponent right and left as the "political martinet," in a style which was very much applauded. The Premier affected to receive these hits as flea-bites, but evidently winced at the punishment, delivering but a few feeble counters in return. Ben, regularly going in for mischief, planted a stunner on his *os frontia*, with an allusion to the Whigs' bathing toggery. Peel floored. The Young Englander followed up his advantage with a lunge on the breadbasket, with reference to the Premier's friend Canning, which completely doubled him up. Peel piping, and obviously distressed. Betting ten to one on Benjamin.

FOURTH ROUND, March 17.—Ben hard upon poor Sir Robert, whom he got into chancery and fibbed for nearly twenty minutes, to universal satisfaction; as a trimmer; dismissing him finally with a tremendous stunner, as the head of an "organised hypocrisy." Peel did not make a single hit, or even parry, but went down before every blow like a ninepin. His eyes, proboscis, and the rest of his facial region, exhibited severe marks of punishment, and the odds were now twenty to one against him.—Time had not been called when our reporter left.

### REMARKS.

Young Ben, during the greater part of the fight, evidently had it all his own way. He first drew the purple fluid, and won most of the falls. He displays but few symptoms of punishment, and declares himself ready to renew the engagement any day. He has proved himself a hard hitter, if not a match for his opponent's science—of which, however, this time the latter displayed but little. The general opinion is, that the Premier is dead-beat; and the knowing ones suspect that if he comes up to the scratch again—which is doubtful—he will come off second best.

### ANOTHER REPORT.

[We extract the following graphic and humorous report of this "Mill Extraordinary," from the pages of *The Great Gun*. Rather curiously this witty periodical draws on its fertile authors and engravers for sketches of the political fracas, or series of fracas, between the representative of the Tariff and the Cynosure of Young England. In the dearth, too, of *bona fide* Prize Ring intelligence, the accompanying is doubly grateful. It will no doubt operate as a stimulus to Ben Caunt and Bendigo to have an ingo for the champion's belt.]

Prime was this fight! Our artist this week, whom we took with us down the road, has nobly done his duty; be it ours to pursue with the pen that which he has immortalized with the "burin."

"On venturous wing in quest of praise we go,

Leaving the gazing multitude below."

The lads of "The Fancy" invoke us (shades of Fig, Broughton, and Slack—incarnations of Cribb, Spring, Ward, and Caunt, belted with more than the glories of Saturn—can we be dead to the appeal?)—and we will essay, in "words that breathe and thoughts that burn," to play the limner in language on behalf of the noble science of "self-defence," placed again upon a pinnacle by the celebrity of the combatants whose deeds we are about to commemorate.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A ROYAL SPORTSMAN.—The late King Ferdinand of Naples, so well known as the Lazaroni monarch, and as one of the most indolent and careless men of Europe, was, all his life, so devoted to the pleasures of the chase, that he can hardly be said to have thought of anything else. When the French armies were a second time approaching his frontiers to drive him a second time from his beautiful kingdom, a grand council was assembled at Portici to deliberate on what was to be done in so tremendous a crisis. His Queen, Caroline of Austria (sister to the unfortunate Marie-Antoinette of France), who was as active as her consort was indolent, always presided at the council table. This day, as might be expected in face of such danger, the deliberations were serious and long. The King became impatient, and after looking several times out of the window at the weather, which was favourable for some sport, he rose and said, "Caroline, what are we to do? If we are to run away, let us run; but if we are to stay, tell me, that I may go shooting!"

A young gentleman was asked the other day if his father was not giving him a liberal education. "No," he indignantly replied, "my father is giving me a *Conservative* education, sir."

UNAMIALE DISPOSITION.—It is a most extraordinary thing that the House of Commons should, night after night, betray so much anxiety to proceed to a division. One would naturally suppose that the ruling wish of that body would be "unanimity." Another strange circumstance is, the great disproportion between those members who demand information and those who furnish it. For instance, there are dozens of interrogators, but only four tellers!

There are only three ways to get out of a quarrel—write out, fight out, or back out; but the best way is to keep out.

\* Bishop, the noted gunsmith in Bead-street, a synonym for pistol.



TOM JOHNSON, CHAMPION.

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD II., 1735—1786.

FROM THE TIME OF BROUGHTON TO THE APPEARANCE OF DANIEL MENDOZA.

## CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

TOM JOHNSON AND BENJAMIN BRAIN (OR BRIAN—BIG BEN), CHAMPIONS

## JOHNSON—concluded.

**B**T length Ben Brain, of Bristol, better known as Big Ben, was matched against the champion; but as this battle will fall more properly under the notice of the victor, we postpone it to that place. Johnson never fought afterwards, but became a Boniface, taking the Grapes, in Duke-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. Here he failed in business, from, it is said, his gambling propensities, which caused the loss of his license. He then migrated to Dublin, and died at Cork, January 21st, 1797, aged 47 years. Johnson's own imprudence appears to have been the cause of the misfortunes of his latter days.

Johnson's appearance indicated, when stripped, more of strength than beauty of form. He was in height nearly five feet nine inches, and about fourteen stone in weight; a remarkably round-made man, with very fine chest and shoulders, and displaying immensely strong loins. He was by no means a showy fighter, and his guard was generally considered inelegant; and his attitudes more defensive than otherwise. In the fight he was peculiarly steady, watching every movement of his antagonist with a coolness unequalled; receiving the attack unappalled; and scarcely ever failing in the return of planting a most desperate hit. The head was his favourite object, and if his adversary did not possess considerable science, he was in extreme danger of being put in the dark. Johnson worked round his antagonist in a way peculiar to himself, that so puzzled his adversary to find out his intent, that he was frequently thrown off his guard, by which manœuvring Johnson often gained the most important advantages. Tom was thorough game, and showed the utmost contempt for retreating; at the same time careful to avoid exposing his person too much to the attacks of his antagonist.

## BENJAMIN BRAIN (BIG BEN), CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

Benjamin Brain (whose name in the Chronologies appears as Ben Bryan, or Brian), was a native of Bristol; and became gloriously distinguished in fistic annals by his conquest of the brave and scientific Johnson. Ben

was a powerful pugilist—remarkable for his straight and tremendous right-handed “services,” but could well use both his mauleys.

Although of an athletic build, Ben does not appear to have pre-eminently merited the appellation of “Big” so inseparably allied to his name, for his height (5 feet 10 inches) was not much more than an inch superior to that of Johnson. He was born in 1753, and passed his early years as a collier at Kingswood, near his native place: and it was here that Ben first signalled himself by a battle with Clayton, “the Shropshire Champion.” A fellow-collier, also of Kingswood, of the name of Harris, who had earned a provincial reputation in that nursery for pugilists, Bristol, also succumbed to Ben, after a game and determined contest, as noticed in the Chronology in Number 5 of this Journal.

BRAIN arrived in London in 1774, shortly after these battles, and passed several years as a coal-porter, at a wharf in the Strand. He was a good-looking man, and when out of his business always appeared clean and respectable; mild and sociable in his demeanour, and never ridiculously presuming upon his qualities as a boxer.

Ben's first set-to in London was with the Fighting Grenadier, in the Long-fields, on October 31, 1786, in which, had it not been for the assistance of a medical man, who witnessed the contest, Ben must have been defeated. The soldier was a first-rate *punisher*, and Ben's eyes were so swelled, from the heavy blows he received, that he could not see; when just at this juncture the ring was broken: during which accident the swellings were skilfully lanced by a surgeon, and Ben restored to perfect vision. A fresh ring was made, and the combat renewed; and in the course of a few minutes the Grenadier gave in.

Corbally, an Irish chairman, fought Ben, upon a stage, twenty-five feet square, at Knavestock, in Essex, on December 31, 1738. Notwithstanding the weather was extremely severe, the combatants stripped with the most perfect indifference, and the fight was carried on with determined courage on both sides; Corbally was eventually defeated.

Ben fought a most desperate battle with Tring, at Dartford, in Kent. The latter was defeated in nineteen minutes.

In 1789 he forfeited 100*l.* to Johnson, as already noticed, which sum was deposited in part of 500*l.*, Brain being in a bad state of health.

Ben received a challenge from Jacombs, a Birmingham pugilist, which he accepted, and the battle came off at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, on a twenty-four feet square stage, October 23, 1789. Jacombs was a stout-

made man, of high courage, and not without science. In the early part of the combat, Jacobs exhibited determined resolution, and went into Brain in a style that would take no denial. Whether Ben felt any doubt about the battle, he did not conduct himself after his accustomed method, but fought on the retreat, shifting often, to avoid Jacobs' blows, and fell frequently. Jacobs, on the contrary, received Ben's attacks undauntedly. Considerable disapprobation was expressed by the spectators, particularly the Warwickshire men, who were getting outrageous at Ben's manœuvring. Brain at length stood to his adversary, and showed what he was capable of performing, by putting in a tremendous floorer, which quickly convinced the spectators of his quality. First-rate courage was displayed upon both sides; but after a most dreadful battle of one hour and twenty-six minutes, the brave Jacobs was conquered.

Hooper, the tinman, was next backed to fight Ben. A more ridiculous match never took place in the annals of pugilism: a fight it could not be called. Hooper was over-matched, and Ben treated him with sovereign contempt. The first round was well-contested; but Ben caught his opponent so heavily on the body, that Hooper could not again be induced to come to close quarters. Hooper fell every round without a blow, ran all over the stage, squirted water in Ben's face, and called him by the most opprobrious epithets, thinking that by such acts Ben might be provoked, and put off his guard. Ben received several severe facers from the activity of Hooper; and had little opportunity of making a return, as his antagonist, after striking, was upon the ground. However, Ben adopted a plan that all the stratagems of the Tinman could not divert him from. He stood like a rock in the middle of the stage, and there waited till Hooper thought proper to come up to him. This piece of diversion took place on August 30, 1790, at Chapel-row-revel, near Newbury, in Berkshire, and continued for three hours and a half: the night coming on fast, several of the amateurs asked Ben if he should be able to finish the battle that day? He jocularly replied, "That it entirely depended upon his antagonist;" and, observed, "they had better begin the next morning at six o'clock, and have the whole day before them." The fancy were completely disgusted at such treatment. After what was termed one hundred and eighty rounds having taken place, and it being nearly dark, it was declared a drawn battle, and Ben walked off without receiving any particular hurt.

A match was at length made between Brain and Johnson for five hundred guineas. The former was under the patronage of the Duke of Hamilton. This battle, which had long been expected, excited intense interest in the sporting world, and bets to the amount of several thousands were laid upon its decision. The characters of the combatants stood high; Johnson, from what he had done, was surrounded by friends, and the odds were seven to four in his favour. Ben was well known for thorough game; he was a most powerful hitter, and both hands of equal use to him; he had also given ample proofs in town and country that he might be depended upon, and was not without a host of supporters.

At Wrotham, in Kent, upon a stage twenty feet square, was the Championship of England decided, on January 17, 1791. Johnson, by Joe Ward for his second, and his bottle-holder, Mendoza, mounted the stage at one o'clock, with firm composure; and almost at the same instant Ben followed, with a cheerful countenance, accompanied by Bill Warr and Humphries, as his second and bottle-holder. The first round formed a striking contrast to the caution ordinarily observed in important battles, for no sooner were the men in attitude than a furious set-to commenced, and the round ended by a rally, in which Johnson received such a desperate hit in the face that he fell forward completely stupefied. The effects appeared in the second round, for Ben put in another floorer. Johnson plucked up, and in the next round laid Ben upon his back. Science seemed utterly disregarded. The blows were dreadful in the extreme, and given and taken reciprocally; at length Johnson, missing his aim at Ben, struck the stage with his hand, and broke his middle finger. Tom soon afterwards became desperate, and with the agonising idea that his proud fame was fast expiring, completely lost himself. He caught hold of the hair of Ben's head several times, shifted, and had recourse to manœuvres so unlike his former conduct, that disapprobation was publicly expressed. Ben, after mulling away for twenty minutes, decided the battle, by putting in a most tremendous hit upon Johnson's ribs, and by another, splitting his lip.

We here for the convenience of arrangement close the second period of this history, subjoining the Chronology of 1785 and 1786, up to the first appearance of DANIEL MENDOZA, whose style and exploits form an Era in the Science of Self Defence.

1785.

Perdue beat Brummage, 40m., Islington-fields.

HUMPHRIES beat Dick Smith, 27m., 5 ga., Laytonstone, Essex.

(3) Tom Jones beat Blackwell and Tom Burley, 10s. each, Harley-fields.

[Major Hanger and his black servant seconded Blackwell and Burley, both big ones.]

1786.

Jan. 13. (3) Tom JOHNSON beat Bill Love, 5m., 50 ga., Barnet.

Feb. 13. Perdue beat Bath (the Postboy), 35m., Holloway.

(4) JOHNSON beat Jack Towers, Barnet.

Feb. 13. (4) Tom Jones beat the Sailor, (One-eye), three hard battles, 10, 5, and 7 guineas each, Ring in Hyde-park.

May 3. HUMPHRIES beat Samuel Martin, 105m., 320 ga., Newmarket.

June 3. (5) Johnson beat Fry, 30m., 50 ga., Kingston.

Jack Doyle beat Jack Drake, 30m., Blackheath.

Oct. 31. BRYAN (BIG BEN) beat the Fighting Grenadier, Bloomsbury.

Dec. 19. Doyle beat Chitty, 20ga., Blackheath.

(5) Tom Jones beat Jack Holmes (the Jarvey), 1½ ga., Harley-fields.

## END OF PERIOD II.

## UNIVERSAL ANNEXATION.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JEMU VON TULIP, of the United States Everlasting Horse Artillery, presents his compliments, and all that, to the editor of *The Great Gun*, and begs to show him a light that he may see his way clear. In the first place, he may depend that the Universal United States ain't going to be frightened at squibs, so he had better drop them, 'cause they won't do. 'Merrikey has gone too far ahead ever to be pulled back again, even if all Europe was abashing-on at the tail end. She repudiates all attempts to interfere with her high destiny; for she knows, as sure as fate, what she is about in everything, and she laughs to scorn the dilatory doings of the old country. You may depend, mister, go-ahead she will, slick right away into eternity, and who shall stop her, I would like to know? Hasn't she now got full swing of all the airth between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans? Every inch of it between the sunf of the breakers and the Canada lines—from the crust of the world up to the clouds; and above that when the sky's clear! And you may depend, mister, that wherever she finds a streak of land, which nobody owns exactly, there will she squat; and wherever she squats there also will she annex, till, what with squatting and annexing, all creation shall be absorbed in the Universal United States.

As to your Premier and his new friend, the Old Man of the Mountain, Paddy O'Connell, you may tell them from me that we know them both, and valley them according. They hate each other too much to make 'Merrikey afeard; it's amost as much as the old country can do to keep 'em from worrying each other out of life; and though Paddy O'Connell may blarney the Premier, and the Premier may plaster Paddy with soft sawder, they'll never do nothing worth notice, because they are both going upon a sham ticket, and can't trust each other out of sight, and they never will; you might as well expect a treaty of offence and defence between an alligator and an opossum agin the eagles. Only see now, that crafty old 'coon, Paddy, is blarneying the Premier, as to what may be done agen America, if England and Ireland pull all one way!—a precious rascal he is, with his rint-bag bustin' with 'Merican dollars. But how is Ireland to be got into the humour to pull the same way as England? Why, by letting her have her own way of course! Upset the Union, take away from her that which the old 'coon hates—the Protestant establishment; send her back her own Parliament, and let the scarlet lady mount her dragon again, and then Ireland will be what she will be,

"Great, glorious, and free,  
Greatest bore of the airth,  
And no good to the sea."

They will set the Universal United States at defiance, will they! Let them try it; but, before you send your herrings here, you should remember, as my everlasting respected uncle, Major G. Downing, of the Downingville Militia, 2nd brigade, used to say on this very matter; you should remember that "there never was a stick yet that hadn't got two ends to it, and, if you don't happen to catch hold of the clean one, you'll perhaps get more dirt on your hands than you can find means to get off agen." But let them come on, shoulder to shoulder, and you shall see how them yellow-skinn'd, long-arm'd woodchoppers would finish them off—just as the great Columbian eagle would finish off and teetotally catawampus a brace of chunk-headed turkey bustards to the glorious old tune of "Yankee-doodle," and leave nothing but their feathers to show that there ever had been such things awalking about in this world.

(Signed)

JEMU VON TULIP.

P.S. See how our grand President Polk has chopped off Texas from Mexico, and has skewered up John Bull upon the Oregon question.—*Great Gun*.

## POETRY FOR THE MILLION!

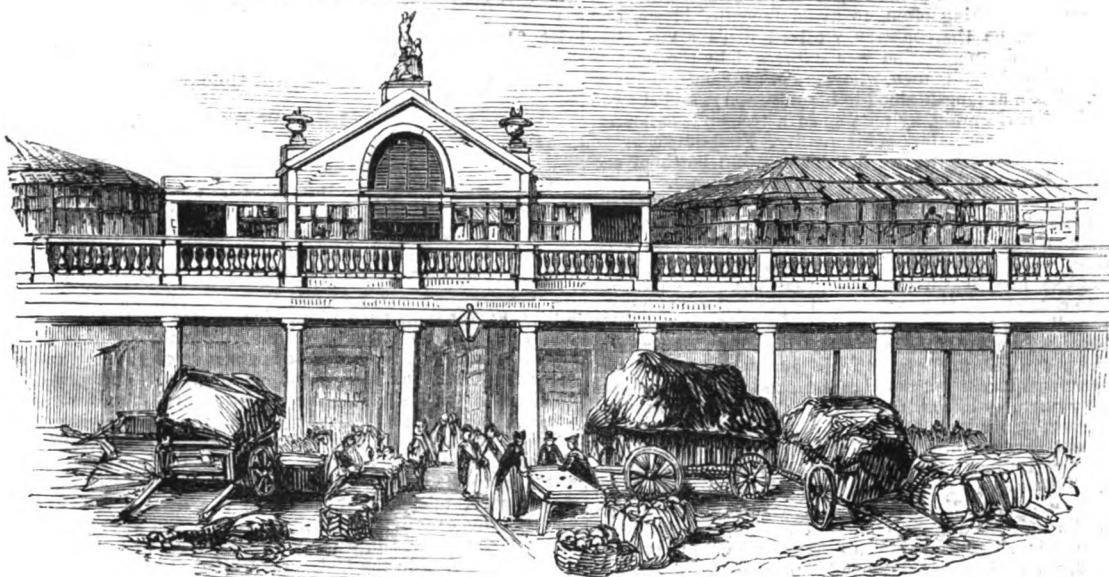
15, CRAVEN BUILDINGS, DRURY LANE, LONDON.

IN this age of rapid motion, when velocity appears to be considered the *summum bonum* of existence, it is hoped it will not be deemed a presumption, that Mr. CHARLES SLOMAN, the only English Extemporaneous Poet, Author and Composer of the "Maid of Judah," "Daughter of Israel," "God Preserve the Queen," &c., &c., &c., respectfully announces, that he is prepared to write Songs, Poems, and Essays, in Prose or Verse, on any subject, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. The most inviolate secrecy (if requested) may be relied upon.—Persons making up Albums, or those who wish to express the language of the heart in flowing rhythm and soft-sounding rhymes, will find this a *desideratum* they might in vain have sought at other hands.

Election Squibs in Fifteen Minutes.—Advertising Tradesmen contracted with by the week, month, or year.—Acrostics in one hour.

N.B.—A Song extemporised and sung upon the instant.—Mr. C. Sloman informs Stewards of Public Dinners, and persons giving Parties, in Town or Country, that he is willing to negotiate for his attendance professionally, as Improvisator, Sentimental, and Comic Vocalist.—Remember! Mr. Sloman is the only person who composes a Song extemporaneously, embodying the Toasts, Speeches, and entire detail of a Public or Private Meeting. Copy the Address! 15, Craven Buildings, Drury-lane, London.





### A "NIGHT" IN THE GARDEN.

BY MILES'S BOY.

THE town has been pretty considerably bored by "nights wi' Burns," "nights with Moore," and "Nights" of all sorts from Charley Knight, of Ludgate-street, with his pretty pictorial Shaksperes, down to all the small fry of singers "out of collar," who have been busking it "through the length and breadth" of England and America making "nights" of it, that Miles's Boy is determined to make another, and have his "night in Common Garden." He will leave to the common-placism of the weekly picture sheets to tell the reader in bookish extracts from obsolete works, how Francis, duke of Bedford, and John of that ilk, and Inigo Jones, and Hogarth, and Sheridan, and George Prince of Wales, &c. &c. &c. lent their aid at all sorts of times to make Covent Garden famous, it is with the present he has to do.

How and where he has spent his evening, Miles's Boy will reserve for another occasion. His visits to the "cribs," aristocratic and plebeian, with which the locality abounds, shall form the staple of future articles, for time and space are our masters, and Miles's Boy does but share the common lot in being their bondslave.

It is midnight; yet is there life and bustle, and noonday activity in this favoured spot, to demonstrate which, hark to that by-no-means-despicable band which has just struck up under the piazza, or in the vestibule of that hotel.

Extraordinarily vivacious locality this Covent-garden; and that's one reason why we like it. The people seem scarcely to get a positive consciousness of their existence until nightfall, and not to be warmed into anything like active life until about two o'clock in the morning, when gentlemen begin to make free with their inferiors. Stay, we are wrong; here are two gentlemen who seem already to have got into their meridian, where they have made the extraordinary discovery, that—

"Of all the girls that are so smart,  
There's none like pretty Sally;"

a bit of information which one of them, who seems to know more about the damsel than his companion, follows up by personally assuring us—

"She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley."

Yes—you would not have thought it—in spite of the elegance of their dress, they live in an alley—Change-alley, Cornhill, from whence they have come, with plenty of change in their pockets, to enjoy a change of scene. There they go into Gliddon's cigar divan, to purchase some Havannahs; and then, after another bottle or so, it is very probable that their favourite "Sally in our alley" will form the subject of a duet between them in the station-house.

Our present object is not to give a sketch of the harmonic meeting held each night at Evans's, we shall reserve that for a future number, suffice it to say that we here give the "counterfeit presentment," we mean nought personal of a convivial party making their exit from the "Grand Hotel," from "a sketch taken on the spot," as the pictorial newspapers say, when they give a representation of something that never did or could take place.

The "turn out," however, is a veritable one of Saturday "night,"

which, though the "night" of our artist is not the "night" which Miles's Boy has chosen for the subject of the present paper.



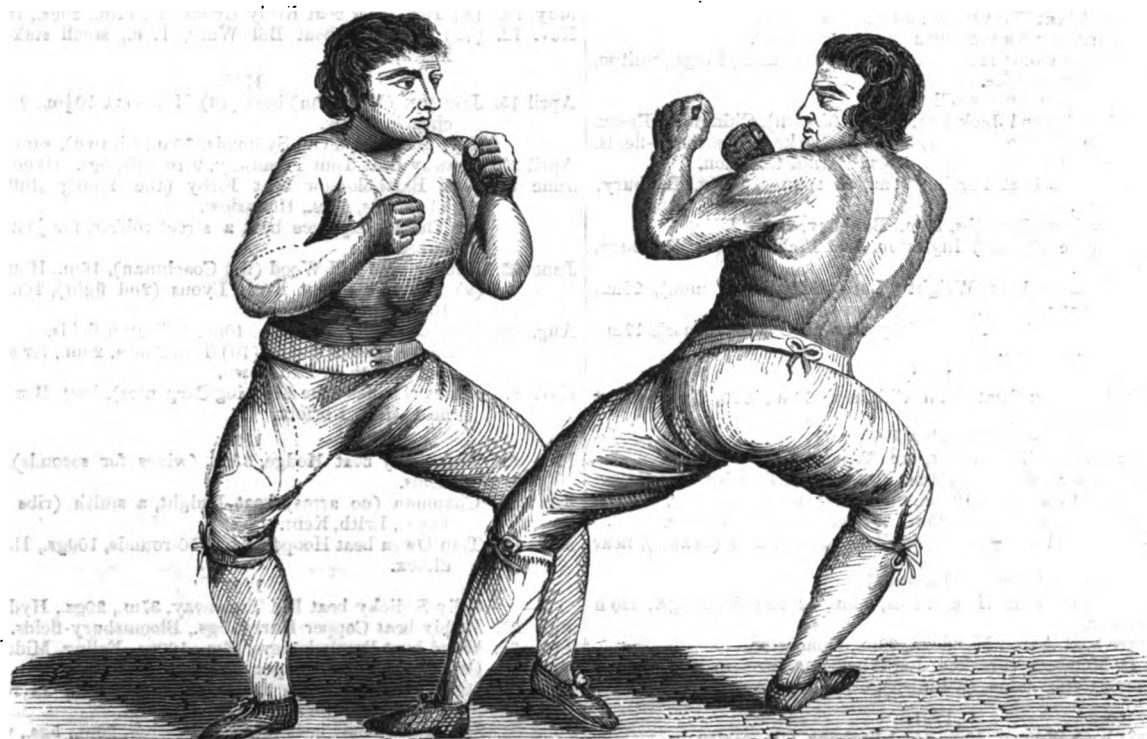
("Cut, and come again," in our next.)

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# The Sporting World

OR  
LIFE IN LONDON,  
& THE  
COUNTRY.

No. 8.] FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 10, 1845. [THREE  
HALFPENCE.



The GREAT FIGHT between MENDOZA and HUMPHRIES, at Stilton, Huntingdonshire, May 6, 1789. (From an Original Painting.)  
**THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.**  
 PERIOD III. 1786—1798.

FROM THE TIME OF MENDOZA TO THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER.

**T**HE plan of a BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY, which shall exemplify the progress of "the Manly Art," by the deeds of its exponents and public professors in their several careers, has induced us to adopt such a division into Periods as may most conveniently classify the most eminent pugilistic heroes, and give a guide to the times in which they flourished. First, therefore, in the Third Period, we place Daniel Mendoza, as the introducer of a new style of tactics, and follow him by his antagonists, Richard Humphries and Mr. John Jackson; furnishing, as before, a—

## CHRONOLOGY OF THE PERIOD, 1787—1798.

In this year (2 and 3) DAN MENDOZA and Tom Tyne had one turn-up and one fight.

[Omitted under Mendoza, in "Fistiana."] ]

Jan 18. (6) JOHNSON and Bill Warr, 80m., 200 guineas (drawn), Oak-ingham, Berks.

Tom Tring (big porter at Carlton-house) beat Tom Pratt, 5m., 1 to 5 gs., Bayswater.

April 17. (4) DAN MENDOZA beat Samuel Martin, 20m., 25gs., Barnet.

Aug. 19. Tom Tring (big porter at Carlton-house) beat Jack Doyle, Kennington.

Sept. 9. DICK HUMPHRIES beat (5) DAN MENDOZA (turn-up fight), Cock, at Epping, Essex.

Nov. 22. Savage beat Jack Doyle, 48m., Stepney.

Dec. 19. (7) JOHNSON beat Mick Ryan, 24m., Wradisbury, Bucks.  
 Jones (6) Tom beat Aldridge (the Life Guard) 6 rounds, 2 gs. to a watch, Stones, Marylebone.

1788.

Bill Dean beat Jack Doyle, Harley-fields.

[This "Dean" is confounded in "Fistiana" with a man of the same name beaten by John Hampson, of Liverpool, in 1825.] ]

Jan. 9. DICK HUMPHRIES beat (6) MENDOZA, 29m., 150 gs., Odham, Hants.

Jan. 14. Ketcher beat Love, 49m., 10gs., Bloomsbury-fields.

Bill Jones beat Dunn, ditto.

Jan 22. Love beat George Ring, the Bath Baker, 37m., 5gs., Bloomsbury-fields.

Feb. 13. Blunt beat Godfrey, 200gs., Derby.

Mar. 6. Dunn beat Savage, 60m., 50gs., Wimbledon.

Mar. 10. Golder beat Newton, 55m., 23 rounds, Hounslow.

April 17. Eliaha Crabbe beat Old Oliver, 35m., Blackheath.  
 The Sawyer beat Doyle, 20m., Deptford.

May 31. Golder beat Fry, 50gs., Richmond.

June 9. Mr. JOHN JACKSON beat Fewterel (the Highlander), 67m., Smitham Bottom, Croydon.

Bob Watson beat Crabbe, 45m., ditto.

July 1. Tom Tyne beat Bill Jones, 50gs., ditto.

- Aug. 6. Watson beat Jones, 18m., Brighton.  
Joe Ward beat Reynolds, ditto.  
Tyne beat Earl, ditto.
- Aug. 13. Joe Ward beat two hawbucks, Allister and Jelly Rags, 2gs., Lewes.
- Dec. 31. Bill Warr beat Bill Wood, 80m., Navestock, Essex.  
Bee BEN (Bryan) beat Corbally, 50gs., ditto.  
James beat Smith, 15m., ditto.
- 1789.
- Feb. 11. Solly Sodicky beat Pardo Wilson, 25gs., near Rickmansworth, Herts.  
(6) JOHNSON beat Michael Ryan, (2nd fight), 83m., 300gs., near Rickmansworth, Herts.
- Mar. 12. George (the Brewer) Ingleston beat Mr. J. JACKSON, 5 rounds, 50gs., Ingatstone, Essex.
- April 25. Watson beat Anderson, 2m., 50gs., Langley Broom.  
Joe Ward beat Townshead, 20m., 25gs., ditto.
- May 5. Bill Warr beat Swane (turn-up), Deal Enfield.
- May 6. (7) MENDOZA beat HUMPHRIES, 70m., 65 rounds, 850gs., Stilton, Huntingdonshire.  
[Printed *Herts*, in "Boxiana."]
- Aug. 19. Solly Sodicky and Jack Lec, 100gs., (drawn), Chingford, Essex.  
BILL HOOPER (the Tinman) beat Bill Clarke, Bloomsbury-fields.
- Sept. 5. Hooper beat Cotterel, 35m., 10gs., Barnet Common.
- Oct. 22. (9) JOHNSON beat Perrins, 75m., 62 rounds, 250gs., Banbury, Oxford.
- Oct. 23. BIG BEN beat Jacombs, 36m., Banbury, Oxford.  
George (the Brewer) Ingleston, beat Pickard, 84m., Banbury, Oxford.
- Dec. 3. BILL HOOPER beat Wright (Lord Barmore's man), 20m., Wargrave, Berks.
- Dec. BIG BEN beat Tom Tring (big porter at Carlton-house), 19m., 10gs., Dartford.
- 1790.
- Jan. 1. Dick Goodison beat Sam Chiffney, 60m., £20, Newmarket (two jockeys).  
[Printed *Goodison and Chiffney*, in "Flatiana."]
- Jan. 4. Anderson beat Tom Tight, 6m., Wargrave.
- Feb. 17. HOOPER beat Watson, 150m., 100 rounds, Langley-chase.
- Mar. 10. Payne beat Jacombs, 120m., 96 rounds, near Coventry.
- Mar. 24. Tom Tyne beat Crabbe, 35m., 39 rounds, Horton Moor.
- Aug. 30. BIG BEN and HOOPER, 210m., 180 rounds, £50 (drawn), near Newbury.  
[Omitted under Hooper, in "Flatiana."]
- Sept. 29. (8) MENDOZA beat HUMPHRIES, 73m., 72 rounds, 260gs., Doncaster.  
Packer beat Aaron Mendoza, 60m., Doncaster.  
(9) D. Mendoza thrashed Joe Ward in a turn-up, at Carpenter's Coffee-house (a Finish), Covent-garden.
- 1791.
- Jan. 10. Davis beat Watson, 45m., Coal-harbour, Gloucester.
- Jan. 17. BIG BEN beat (10) JOHNSON, 21m., 18 rounds, 500gs., Wrotham, Kent.  
Bill Jackling (Ginger) beat Symonds (the Old Ruffian), £20, Wrotham, Kent.
- Jan. 21. Falkner beat Thornhill, 50m., £54, Studley-park, Yorkshire.
- April 18. Martin beat Bligh, 50gs., Ensham, Oxon.
- April 28. Hailes beat Snailum, 100m., near Bristol.
- June 13. Joe Leashley beat T. Treadway, 35m., 4gs., Marylebone-fields.
- June 22. Symonds (the Ruffian) and Gowllett (the Yokel Brute), 10gs., (drawn), Uxbridge.
- Aug. 2. Jack Firby beat Symonds (the Old Ruffian), Wimbeldon on the Ridgway.
- Aug. 2. (10) MENDOZA beat Squire Fitzgerald, 26m., (for love), Dublin.
- Sept. 25. George (the Brewer) beat Pickard, Shipston-upon-Stour, Staffordshire.
- 1792.
- Firby beat Jack Towers (a turn-up of 3 rounds), St. George's-fields, Surrey.
- May 14. (7) Tom Jones and Caleb Baldwin, £20, (drawn); and  
(11) MENDOZA beat Bill Warr, 23 rounds, 200 to 300 guineas, both at Smitham Bottom, near Croydon.
- Sept. 4. Hooper beat Banner, 6 rounds, 50gs., Bentley-green, Essex.
- Sept. 5. Ben Stanyard and Andrew Gamble, 25m., 19 rounds, (drawn), Bentley-green, Essex.  
Tom Jones beat Andrew Challis, 15m., subscription 30gs. Bentley-green, Essex.
- Sept. 15. Spaniard Harris beat Cox, 55m., 40gs., Lansdown Fair.
- Oct. 27. W. Warr beat Stanyard or Silverlocks, 13m., 10 rounds, 100gs., Colnbrook.
- Dec. 4. Maddox and Symonds (the Ruffian), 2 hours, Datchet.
- Dec. 6. Hackett beat Geary, 80m., 5gs., Tamworth, Staffordshire.
- Dec. 31. Firby (the Waiter) beat Tom Tyne, 22m., 10gs. to 5, Hyde-park.

- 1793.
- Feb. 3. Alcock beat Thomsen, two Crispins, 4 hours, Bromsgrove, Worcester.
- Feb. 12. Bill Wood beat George (the Brewer), 25m., 100gs., Hornchurch, Essex.  
James beat Solly Sodicky, (suspected cross), same place.
- Mar. 23. Fewterel beat the Highlander, 35m., 50gs. to 30, Leith, Scotland.
- June 8. Farmer thin beat Butcher thick, 50gs., Chatteria, Cambridge-shire.
- Nov. 18. Hall beat the Brewer, 65m., 1g., Harley-fields.  
Jack Firby (the Young Ruffian) beat Symonds, Wimbeldon.
- 1794.
- Jan. 30. Darling beat the Caulker, 127m., 4gs., Brompton, Kent.
- Feb. 10. Hooper beat Maddox, 55m., £25, Sydenham, Kent.
- Feb. 18. Jack Holmes and Beef-a-la-mode, 5 rounds, 1 guinea, (drawn), Harley-fields.
- May 10. (8) Tom Jones beat Keely Lyons (I), 11m., 20gs., Blackheath.
- Nov. 12. (12) MENDOZA beat Bill Warr, 17m., small stakes, Bexley-heath, Kent.
- 1795.
- April 15. JACKSON (Mr. John) beat (13) MENDOZA 10½m., 200gs., Hornchurch, Essex.  
Ugly Bark and Old Symonds, 30m., (drawn), same place.
- April 27. Conway beat Tom Treadway, 9 rounds, 5gs., Hyde-park.
- June 2. Jack Bartholomew beat Firby (the Young Ruffian), 50m., 13 rounds, 5 gs., Hounslow.  
Sir Thomas Apreece beat a street-robber, for justice, London streets.
- June 22. Hooper beat Bill Wood (the Coachman), 16m., Hounslow.  
(9) Tom Jones beat Keely Lyons (2nd fight), 16m., 9 rounds, 10gs., same place.
- Aug. 12. Cary beat Bishop Uthman, 40m., Islington-fields.  
Spaniard Harris fought (10) Tom Jones, 20m., for a purse, and bolted with it, Lansdown.
- Nov. 8. James Harmer (the Fighting Carpenter), beat Ben Pile, 46m., near Holt, Norfolk.
- 1796.
- Mar. 9. Jack Cary beat Hodge, 35m., (wives for seconds), Islington-fields.
- Sept. 22. Chapman (no arms) beat Knight, a smith (ribs broke with head), Erith, Kent.
- Nov. 14. Tom Owen beat Hooper, 44m., 50 rounds, 100gs., Harrow. Middlesex.
- 1797.
- Solly Sodicky beat Bill Treadway, 37m., 20gs., Hyde-park.
- Jan. 27. Paddy beat Copper Harry, 5gs., Bloomsbury-fields.
- Jan. 30. Wood beat Bartholomew, 16m., 100gs., Ealing, Middlesex.
- Feb. — Owen beat Billy Hooper, 100gs., near Harrow.
- April 6. (11) Tom Jones beat the Chaffcutter, 36m., 22 rounds, 4gs., Twickenham, Herts.
- June 28. Squire O'Connor beat White, a butcher, 20m., 5gs., near Bath.
- Aug. 22. Bartholomew beat Owen, 30m., 25gs., Sunbury Common.
- Sept. 18. Joe Bourke (alias Berks) beat Christian, 55m., 22 rounds, Hyde-park.
- Dec. 15. Stanford beat Lacy, 8 rounds, Islington.

## CHAPTER I.

## DANIEL MENDOZA.

One of the most elegant and scientific boxers recorded in the annals of pugilism, was born in the year 1768, of Jewish parents, in the vicinity of Whitechapel. Of his earlier years nothing worthy of record is known. His first noted pugilistic contest took place at Mile-end, in 1784, with a big and ugly rough, known by the name of Harry the Coalheaver. Dan appears to have polished off this black diamond in forty minutes: yet so far from being drawn from his regular employment and pursuits by this triumph, his name does not figure a second time until 1787. Shortly after, Dan rose like a phenomenon in the fistie horizon, where he long sparkled a star of the first magnitude. His advent was unquestionably a new feature in the practice of the art, and his style of fighting gave rise to much controversy and animadversion among the cognoscenti. So far as it was illustrated in his own practice it was substantial and complete; and it may be candidly allowed that whenever Mendoza failed, it was rather from insufficient muscular strength, and being overmatched in weight, than any deficiency of skill or courage. It has been contended, that there was more elegance about his positions than an indication of strength; and more show than utility. No puglist ever stopped with greater neatness, hit oftener, or put in his blows quicker, than Mendoza; but they often failed in doing that execution which might have been expected, from their want of force. In height about five feet seven inches, with a well-formed manly chest, and arms of a strong athletic nature; a courage never impeached; and possessing wind that was seldom disordered; his battles were numerous and well-contested. We have selected the following as the most prominent and entitled to notice:—

Martin, the Bath butcher, a pugilist of provincial fame, entered the lists with Mendoza, on Barnet race-ground, on April 17, 1787. Victory was well disputed, and Mendoza exhibited those early specimens of excellence which soon afterwards ripened into perfection. Eventually, the butcher was cut up; Dan taking twenty minutes to perform the operation, while HUMPHRIES, who had fought Martin the year previous, had been 105 minutes similarly engaged!

In 1787 a casual encounter took place between these great rivals, at the Cock, at Epping, in which Humphries had much the best, and this was followed by a contest in 1788; which as Mendoza was defeated, will be noticed under the life of Humphries. The superiority of either competitor was, however, a matter of very serious question with the most competent judges, and their doubts were proved valid by the sequel; for another match was made, the progress and result of which we now proceed to detail. May the 6th, 1789, was the day; the place fixed upon was Mr. Thornton's park, near Stilton, Hunts. In order to accommodate the spectators, a building was erected, enclosing a space of forty-eight feet in circumference, with seats raised one above the other, capable of containing nearly three thousand spectators.

Humphries, attended by Tom Johnson, as his second, entered between one and two o'clock, followed by The Butcher, as his bottle-holder, and Harvey Combe, Esq. as his umpire. Mendoza immediately afterwards made his appearance, attended by Captain Brown and Michael Ryan, as his second and bottle-holder, having Sir Thomas Apreece for his umpire. The seconds, according to agreement, retired to separate corners on the setting-to.

The moment was highly interesting, for public opinion had undergone various changes since the last combat. Mendoza had rather risen in estimation since the first battle, and the betting had no fixed character. Humphries appeared strong and elegant in his position, and endeavoured to put in a facer, but Dan stopped it with great neatness, and returned a sharp blow that felled his opponent. Elated with the success of his attempt, Mendoza concluded the second and third rounds in the same style. It soon began to appear that the Jew possessed considerable confidence; and, although the success was alternate for upwards of half an hour, the advantage was on the side of Mendoza. His neat manner of stopping the blow on his arm, and giving the return so instantaneously as to bring his adversary down, produced some surprise, and even in throwing Dan possessed a superiority. In the twenty-second round the articles were violated (which specified particularly, that if either of the combatants fell without a blow, he should lose the battle), for Humphries so falling, a complete uproar ensued, and nothing was to be heard but cries of "foul, foul!" Mendoza's friends insisted that he had won the battle. On the other side, it was as obstinately contended that the blow was "fair," inasmuch as that Humphries had stopped it before he fell. Tom Johnson was particularly positive as to the fact; but Mendoza's umpire declared it to be foul. An appeal was then made to Mr. Combe, who would not decide upon the case. A warm altercation took place between the seconds, each supporting their interested side, when Captain Brown called the veteran Tom Johnson a blackguard, and threatened that he would kick a certain place, if he gave him any more of his impertinence. This was not only forgetting himself, but they were words Tom was not in the habit of swallowing, so he intimated to the captain that he would try the validity of his threat. The quarrel had now grown important, and a battle was expected; but Captain Brown talked of fighting him at some more convenient period, for 1000 guineas, which was, of course, a flourish of the moment. Humphries insisted on fighting, and taunted Mendoza to renew the battle, but the friends of the latter would not suffer him. The spectators growing impatient for the decision, Humphries threw up his hat in defiance, and endeavoured to provoke the Jew to renew the combat. Mendoza, fearful that an unfavourable impression might go abroad against him, or of its being decided as drawn, consented. Silence was restored, and the combatants again set to.

Mendoza led off in good style, going in with the most determined spirit, and finished the round by knocking down his opponent. In the next, he repeated the dose, and continued, during the remainder of the fight, to have the advantage. After thirty minutes had elapsed, Humphries, either from accident or design, committed the same error in falling without a blow. Mendoza had put in some tremendous hits, and, in following them up, Humphries retreated and fell; when Dan, without a dissentient voice was hailed as conqueror.

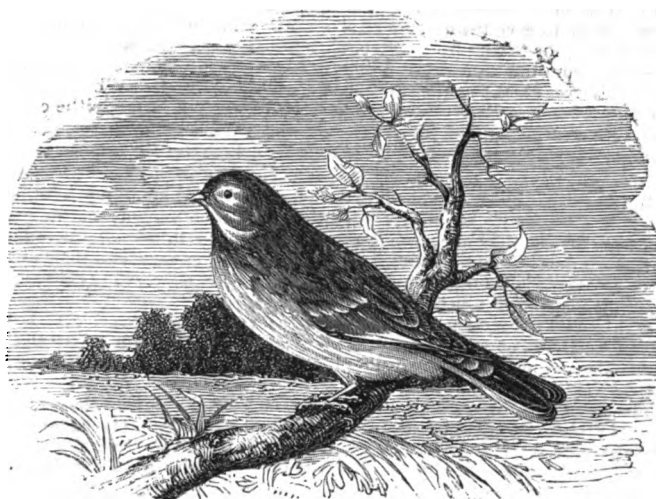
(To be continued in our next).

**RAILERY OF A STEAM-ENGINE.**—It seems that a railway train within the past week cut a hawk's head off while it was crossing the line with a snipe in its beak. We are not surprised in the slightest degree at the "buffer" of an engine commiserating the unhappy snipe, and punishing its destroyer; since it must have regarded the latter as legally guilty in "hawking without a licence."—*Great Gun.*

**DOING DAGS.**—A Kentucky girl, marrying a fellow of mean reputation, was taken to task for it by her uncle. "I know, uncle," replied she, "that Joe is not good for much; but he said I dare not have him, and I won't take a stump from anybody."

"It's nothing to me," as the son said, when he heard that his father had forgotten him in his will.

## BRITISH SONG BIRDS.—No. VI.



THE BROWN LINNET.



F the four specimens of the linnet-tribe which inhabit these islands, the subject which heads this article is the only one deserving notice as a song bird. The green linnet (improperly called the greenfinch), the lesser redpoll, and the northern or mealy redpoll possessing little claims on the score of voice.

The brown linnet is the largest of our British species, being a neat, active, and lively bird, exempted by the moderate size of its bill from the heavy-headed look of the green linnet and the sparrow. The bill is dusky, the iris of the eye deep brown, the feet brown, and the claws nearly black. The back and wing-coverts reddish-brown, the centre of each feather being darker than its other parts. The feathers on the breast dullish red, edged with a yellow-grey. The feathers on the forepart of the head being of a dull blood-red, also tipped with brown. In the summer the feathers on the head become brighter, in some individuals rosy-red, hence its name of the greater redpoll. It is somewhat remarkable that the birds in a state of captivity do not acquire the red tints on the poll and breast.

The voice of the linnet is soft and mellow, its song varied and eminently sweet. It is easily reared from the nest, and feeds on rape, canary, and hemp, with chickweed and groundsel. It will also cross with the canary and the goldfinch.

When fine weather begins in spring, the winter flocks break up, and the individuals resort to their summer haunts in the hilly parts of a country, especially where there are bushes or coverts of sloe, whin, or even heather. Here the male, perched on a spray or on a bank, pours forth his delightful notes, while the female broods on the nest hard by. But delightful as the warbling of the linnet certainly is in a room, it has but little effect in the open air as compared with that of the thrush or the blackbird.

The nest of the wild linnet is placed in a tuft of furze or heath, or among underwood. It is framed externally of blades and stalks of grass, thickened with moss and wool, and lined with hair. The eggs are oval, from four to six in number, thinly spotted with purple-grey and red-brown on a bluish white ground. There are commonly two broods in each season, and the young are abroad before the end of May.

## MODE OF TAKING.

These birds are distrustful and suspicious, and, notwithstanding decoys and perching birds, it is very difficult to entice them within the decoy or area, and never many together. In the spring, by means of a good decoy-bird, a few may be taken on a decoy-bush. In the autumn, by fastening snares or lime twigs to the stalks of lettuces, or of the seeds of which the linnets are very fond, several may be taken. Shepherds turn and support the cribs, used to feed the sheep from, in such a manner that the linnets, coming to gather the grains of salt, easily overturn them on themselves.

## THE CAGE.

In confinement it is best to keep them in square cages, as they are less subject to giddiness in these than in round ones, and sing better. They are not often allowed to range the room, as they are very indolent, remaining immovable in the same place, and running the risk of being trodden on; but if a small tree or a roost be placed in a corner, they may be let out of the cage with safety, as they will remain perched there, only leaving it to eat or drink, and will sing all day long.

## FOOD.

When wild, their food is all kinds of seeds that they can shell, and these remain in the crop some time to be moistened before passing into



the stomach. In the house, it is only summer rape seed, which need not be soaked in water for them, as for the chaffinch, since, having a much stronger crop and stomach, they can digest much better. It is not necessary always to give them hemp seed with it, and they must not be fed abundantly, for taking little exercise, they easily become fat, and sometimes die from this cause; but a little salt mixed with their food is useful, as it preserves them from many diseases, and they like it. When linnets are allowed to run about, they will feed with the other birds on the common universal paste; but they must be given green vegetables, water, and sand, as they are very fond of bathing and dusting themselves.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Linnets may be accustomed to go and come at command, by treating them in their youth, or in the winter, in the same way as the house-sparrow; but as they are more timid, it is necessary to be more careful.

It is common for a male linnet to pair with a hen canary, and their progeny can scarcely be distinguished from the grey canary. They sing delightfully, and learn different airs with great facility.

It is well known, that among linnets, some are finer warblers than others, and that, as with many other birds, the old ones sing better than the young; on which account, yellow linnets, being the oldest, are the most valued.

The agreeable, brilliant, and flute-like song of the linnet, consists of several strains, succeeding each other very harmoniously. Our amateurs consider its beauty to depend on there being often mingled with it some acute and sonorous tones, that a little resemble the crowing of a cock, and have made people say that this bird *crows*. Its song is only interrupted during the year by moulting. A young one taken from the nest, which may be easily brought up on a mixture of the wetted crumb of white bread, soaked rape seed, and eggs boiled hard, not only learns the songs of different birds that it hears in the room, such as nightingales, larks, and chaffinches, but if kept by itself, airs and melodies that are whistled to it, and will even learn to repeat some words. Of all house birds, this, from the softness and flute-like sound of its voice, gives the airs that it is taught in the neatest and most agreeable manner.

### PANDEMONIUM.—(Concluded from page 76).

#### CROCKFORD AND THE CROCKFORDIANS.



ATTERS having been thus satisfactorily arranged as to the future management of the club, and Mr. Crockford, having become free from all interference and control by the committee, had leisure for other pursuits and pastime; and he resumed, within moderate limits, the keeping of race-horses, having now more time to devote the necessary attention to them than at the former period of his racing speculations. His retirement, however, from his late active duties and constant occupation in St. James's-street left his every busy mind at freedom to wander into other channels of venture and speculation, and doubtless operated as a leading cause to one of his most heavy and unsuccessful outlays of capital. The adventure alluded to was a mining concern in Flintshire, in which, on the most flattering representations of probable success, based on the authority of scientific report, Mr. Crockford was induced to embark, in conjunction with another party professing to have great knowledge, skill, and experience in mining affairs. The lands in which the mines were situate were reported, on like scientific authority, to be rich and abundant in mineral treasure and resource; and on such apparently indisputable report, Mr. Crockford was led from time to time to make considerable advances in the prosecution of the works. Subsequently, a partnership was entered into, and a further large outlay of capital expended in sinking shafts, repairing old and erecting new machinery; fine specimens of ore, the production of the mines in work, were from time to time submitted to the inspection of the great capitalist and wealthy partner, who, thus influenced, continued the necessary supplies to the continuation of the work and to the ultimate realization of his golden hopes and expectations. But time moved on, and large demands on Mr. Crockford's purse being continued, he commenced a system of argumentation within himself, that something like return, or a prospect thereof, should be forthcoming from so great an outlay; reasoning thus, he jumped at once to the pretty correct conclusion, that mining speculations were too profound a pursuit for him, that the mineral specimens exhibited to him as illustrative of the earth's treasure, and promissory of the immense wealth to be obtained, were dross in comparison with the ready refined golden product, brilliant and fresh from the valuable and admired process of the mint, which he had so lavishly gathered from the verdant surface of his venerated hazard table in St. James's-street. A disagreement took place between himself and partner, which led to a dissolution, under which legal separation of interests a partition took place of the mining lands and property. In this arrangement, it is reported, Mr. Crockford was equally unfortunate; for the mines allotted to him, though considered to promise favourably in future return, turned out on subsequent working to be of little or no value; while, on the other hand, the property partitioned to his late co-adventurer proved of much more valuable consideration. The disappointment and severe mortification occasioned by this result, and by the total failure of his hopes, added to the absolute grief and distress at so great a loss of capital, acting on a mind

unaccustomed to severe reverse, and on a frame somewhat debilitated by age and growing infirmity, brought on excess of nervous excitement, which terminated in death.

For some weeks preceding his decease, Mr. Crockford had been confined to his residence, and fearful apprehensions were entertained that he might not survive the approaching period of the Epsom races, and the great and important event of "the Derby," on which so many thousands were depending in immediate reference to the horse *Ratan*, which at the time stood high in the betting market. Much anxiety was occasioned by the knowledge that, in the event of Mr. Crockford's dissolution before the day of the race, his horse would become disqualified, and hence great confusion would arise in some betting accounts, which, from the short period intervening, it would be impracticable to regulate or amend before the eventful day. Tattersall's yard, on days of business, exhibited a congregation of faces expressive of the most opposite feelings of hope and fear; but anxiety was apparent in all. Ever alive, however, to business, and to any and every event in *future* affording opportunity for a bet, the term of Mr. Crockford's mortal existence was the universal theme of the assembled classes of betting men, and became as much a matter of business amongst the leg fraternity as the race in which his horse was engaged. Under the fear entertained of Mr. Crockford's inopportune decease, the parties more immediately and deeply interested in that event endeavoured to effect an insurance on his life for the short term of one week, and large premiums were offered to the different insurance companies, at Lloyd's, and to private individuals, for such guarantee. Neither public company nor private capitalist could, however, be found to accept terms on so hazardous an event. Mr. Crockford outlived the great and important day of the Derby race, but died on the day of the Oaks, the 25th of May last.

The death of Mr. Crockford, occurring as it did close on the day of settlement of the Epsom account, a time most important to the arrangements of the sporting world, occasioned much confusion in betting accounts, and threw many obstacles in the way of full and satisfactory adjustment. With a laudable anxiety to support the credit that had hitherto attached to Mr. Crockford's name at Tattersall's, and with a view also to prevent inconvenience to persons to whom his account was indebted, and who relied thereon for the honourable discharge of their own engagements, his widow (even in the hour of her immediate grief) took the prompt and judicious course of addressing a letter to the stewards of the Jockey Club, and of forwarding to them therewith her late husband's betting books and a draft for the balance of loss which appeared to be due from him amounting to about £700. On receipt of these documents, a meeting of the Turf authorities took place, and the result of this meeting was an announcement by the stewards (Lord Stradbroke and others) that all parties indebted to the late Mr. Crockford's account ought forthwith to pay, and that, on such payment being made, all claimants on the same account would, upon like principle, be entitled to receive their respective demands.

Thus much of Mr. Crockford as a man of notoriety, for such he most unquestionably was—

"The tramp of fame  
Has seldom blasted forth a name,  
Throughout the country or the town,  
Of more invincible renown!"

As the greatest and most successful gamester of the age, his name was familiar in every European capital. The high patronage bestowed on him screened him from the pains and penalties of the law, gave him privileges and protection over minor offenders, and secured to him the full and uninterrupted practice of his lucrative, but destructive profession as the keeper of a gaming-house. Legislators nightly met at his establishment to violate the laws which in their wisdom and anxiety for the cause of public morality they had been strenuous to enact. Churchmen, who from their pulpits were loud and eloquent in their denunciation of indulgence in vicious propensities, and who laboured to impress on the minds of their congregations the fatal and destructive consequences of gaming, here hugged the vice at which they stormed, and "shook in hanging sleeves the box and dice," hazarding together their piety and their patrimony. Magistrates, too, the grave and sapient administrators of the law, scrupled not to offend the law by the practice of that for which, with judicial solemnity, they had sentenced the minor but unprivileged culprit to imprisonment and the treadmill, but

"Authority, though it err like others,  
Hath yet a kind of medicine in it  
That skims the vice o' the top;"

and as "that in the captain's but a choleric word which in the soldier is flat blasphemy," even such is the proportionate estimate of offence in magisterial wisdom between the unprivileged sinner and the elect of Pandemonium.

"A hell, or common gaming-house," says Lord Byron, "is a place where you risk little, and are cheated a great deal. A club is a pleasant purgatory, where you lose more and are not supposed to be cheated at all," a subtle and satirical distinction, finely conceived, and one which may have had some influence on a certain committee, from whom has recently emanated a very elaborate report on gaming, tending to show that Parliament, which De Lolme declares to be so omnipotent that it can accom-

plish any and every object of its will save that of mutation of the sexes, is powerless to control the vice (though in direct violation of law) when carried on within the sanctuary of a club-house; a kind of special pleading most favourable to the growth of the evil, seeing that gamblers are an ingenious and most enterprising set of individuals, and require no ghost to tell them that clubs are easily formed to the law's evasion.

The entire property amassed by Mr. Crockford must have been immense, regard being had to the fact that, exclusively of a sum of money, amounting to nearly half a million sterling, bequeathed to his widow, he is confidently reported to have distributed amongst his children, about two years ago, a sum nearly equalling, if not exceeding that amount; a circumstance not at all improbable in a man of foresight like Mr. Crockford, and one which will fully account, as well for the bequest of the whole bulk of his remaining fortune to his widow, as for such bequest being absolute and free from all condition. In estimating the wealth acquired by Mr. Crockford through the medium and success of his French hazard bank, (for this was the never-failing source of gain,) there must be taken into account the heavy and extravagant expenditure of the establishment in St. James's-street; his own expensive, though by no means foolishly extravagant, mode of living; the maintenance and education of a very numerous family, the advances of money from time to time made to fit them out and further their prospects in life; the expense of a racing-stud; a considerable outlay in suppressing various indictments preferred against him for his former proprietorship in King-street, and the heavy losses more recently sustained by other venture and speculation. It may be fairly calculated that the certain profits of the hazard-table must have embraced millions! and some idea may be formed of the extent of evil to others consequent on such an accumulation of capital extracted from their means.

In person Mr. Crockford was something above the middle stature, and rather crippled in his walk, owing to a paralytic affection; his expression of countenance was by no means intelligent, or indicative in the slightest degree of that quick capacity which distinguished him in the play and betting rings; on the contrary, there was at times a simplicity of feature bordering on the idiotic, that might well have impressed those who knew him not with a very erroneous opinion of his capability. His dress was plain in the extreme, and not in the least approaching any attempt at fashionable formation or arrangement; indeed Mr. Crockford was a man not at all addicted to outward display. In this he certainly exhibited good sense and policy; for any exhibition on his part, to the extent which his means allowed, would have put royalty's self out of countenance, and by exciting public attention and denunciation, would in all probability have given sudden check to his profitable trade. Mr. Crockford has left behind him the numerous family of fourteen children, all of whom have received the advantages of a liberal education, and have been substantially and handsomely provided for. Some are entered of learned and liberal professions, others are engaged in trade, but all employed in honourable and lucrative pursuits. One son is handsomely endowed in the church, and three others are carrying on the business of wine merchants in St. James's-street. Of the female portion of the family, one is married to an eminent medical practitioner.

The widow of Mr. Crockford is a lady of refined manners and amiable disposition, and much and deservedly respected by those who have the pleasure of her acquaintance. To her extreme care and attention in the exercise of such qualities Mr. Crockford owed not only the enjoyment of great domestic comfort, but the correction of much of his early coarse and uneducated manner, and the removal of habits ill-suited to his after associations. Mrs. Crockford was originally governess to the former lady of her husband's love, by whom he had four children. It is pleasing to contemplate the falling of fortune, however questionable its acquirement, into the possession of those who can justly appreciate its value, and through whom it may, by laudable application, communicate benefit to the unfortunate and less-favoured of mankind.

Having thus traced the career of Mr. Crockford, to the extreme position of wealth and a princely mansion in Carlton House Terrace, a locality commanded only by the most opulent of our aristocracy, nought more remains to announce, but that at this residence he died on the 25th of May, 1844, aged sixty-nine years, above fifty of which were devoted to what (in our opinion by a very serious misnomer) are termed *sporting* pursuits.

#### ON A TEARFUL COUNSEL.

Kelly has borne so many sneers,  
That pity for the man is ripe;  
But surely one so full of tears  
Can never quarrel with a wipe.

**SINGULAR FACT.**—A farmer near Kenmore lately killed a sow, and, upon splitting grumpy's head, found, to his astonishment, a mouse as far up in the nostrils as to come exactly between the poor animal's eyes. It is believed that the mouse has been domesticated there since Hallow'e'en, as the pig was three days, at that time, without taking food, and ever since unwell, and not thriving. The truth of this wonderful statement may be relied on, as the writer has had it from unquestionable authority.

#### HISTORICAL MEMORANDA OF THE FLEET PRISON.

This monument of "man's cold cruelty to man" being now rapidly in course of demolition, and quickly to be numbered among the things that were, a few associations connected with the place, and a slight sketch of its history cannot but afford food for reflection. These fast-disappearing walls were erected after the Gordon riots in 1780, when the former building was destroyed by fire; and it is recorded in Knight's *London* that the mob were polite enough to send notice to the prisoners of the period of their coming, and, on being informed that it would be inconvenient on account of the lateness of the hour to postpone their visit to the following day.

The former building also dated its erection from the period of a fire, its predecessor having been destroyed in the great conflagration of 1666.

Strange things have happened in the Fleet prison. This pile of solid brickwork, described in the auctioneer's placards, as "Material for a small town," has contained within its walls many thousands of pining and some hundreds of jovial debtors, but at the time of the passing of the statute consolidating three prisons into one, the number of inmates had dwindled down to a comparative few, including two veterans who had sojourned in the place upwards of thirty years as prisoners of the court of Chancery. One of the parties, named Jeremiah Broad, was a perfect character in his way, and from him a large sum of money was obtained under what is termed a vesting order from the Insolvent Debtors' Court. The parties are now living in the Queen's Prison, which, before the act mentioned, was denominated the Queen's Bench Prison."

In the Reign of Richard the First, the custody of the royal palace at Westminster and of the Fleet Prison were committed to the same person—the Chancellor of England, so that in the twelfth century the keeping of the prison was a matter of importance. Little is known of the history of the place until the sixteenth century. The gaol was burnt by the followers of Wat Tyler. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the prison was filled with the religious martyrs, and subsequently (in the reign of Charles I.) with the Star Chamber prisoners. In the thirteenth century it was used for the confinement of debtors. The prisoners in 1586 complained to the Lords of the Council, and in their petition stated that the warden had let the victualling and lodging of the prisoners to two very poor men who "being greedy of gain, lived by bribery and corruption." In 1593 (according to the work referred to, from whence the principal facts have been extracted) the prisoners again petitioned, but it was not until 1696 that a Committee of the House of Commons brought to light the atrocities which had been committed. In 1727 the systems adopted in the management of prisons were disclosed, and in the preface to the *Romance of Dick Turpin the Highwayman*, are several remarks and extracts, which will give the reader an idea of the frightful state of the Fleet and other gaols in the reign of the First George. Since that period vast improvements have been effected in the interior of such places. Imprisonment for debt may now be considered as virtually abolished. By the act of last session some hundreds of debtors confined for sums not exceeding 20*l.* were discharged; and, although it is alleged that a corresponding boon has not been awarded to creditors, yet there are but few persons who are now found to support imprisonment—that is, to confine men in the first instance before an examination. It is admitted that the law is in a very defective state, but it is at the same time acknowledged that the place on which the Fleet Prison stands, we shall soon say stood, may be used for a better purpose than the inhuman one of which the walls are a perishing memorial.

#### PUNCH'S CHILD'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

Though the *Child's Guide to Knowledge* has passed through twelve editions, we think there are several errors which are likely to mislead the juvenile student. The following questions and answers may be relied upon for their accuracy:—

- Q. Pray, my little dear, what is bread made of?
- A. Alum, plaster-of-Paris, and potatoes.
- Q. What is tea?
- A. That depends a good deal on the shop it is purchased at.
- Q. What is port-wine?
- A. Weak brandy-and-water, with sloe-juice to give it body.
- Q. What is champagne?
- A. A wine that is generally made from gooseberries.
- Q. To what is man indebted for milk?
- A. To the pump and the chalk-pit.
- Q. Who introduced nuts?
- A. The man who first rapped the boy's head with his knuckles.
- Q. What is madder?
- A. To buy Talacre is mad, but to expect them to burn is madder.
- Q. What did the ancients use to write with instead of a pen?
- A. An iron style, which is perhaps the reason of their works being so very hard to read.

"You don't look a-miss," as the young lady said to her beau when he had got her bonnet on.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

- SEAL, Liverpool.**—The article (duly acknowledged,) was from the *Sporting Magazine*; you are a model for correspondents, which is merely reciprocating a compliment. The article will be found in our present number.
- GEORGE AUSTIN, Devonshire-street.**—The article is good, but is not up to the standard of originality; we have read something very like it before. If space permits, we will insert it shortly; but as it relates to pike, and will keep till July, it is by no means perishable.
- ROBERT RICHARDSON.**—We cannot make out your address, but this will probably be of little moment to you. Please to write a little more plainly next time; however, we've arrived at the marrow of your communication, and in reply give you the following recipe:—To PREVENT HORSES BEING TEASED WITH FLIES.—Take two or three small handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of soft cold water; let it infuse one night, pour the whole next morning into a kettle, and let it boil for a quarter of an hour; when cold it will be ready for use. Nothing more is required than to moisten a sponge with the liquid, and before the horse goes out the stable let those parts which are most irritable be smeared over with the liquor, viz., between and upon the ears, the neck, the flank, &c. Not only the lady or gentleman who rides out for pleasure, will derive benefit from the walnut leaves thus prepared, but the coachman, the wagoner, and all others who use horses during the hot months.
- A DUBLIN SUMMERER.**—We cannot read your signature. But the Dictionary of Angling Terms of which you speak would cost some labour to compile, (that we should not mind,) and when done we doubt *si le feu vaudrait la chandelle*. In plain English, such a vocabulary would be so much wasted space to anglers, and, we fear, be of little use to tyros.
- J. W. F., Gloucester.**—It is our intention to do as you desire.—2. We make no charge whatever—*labor ipse volupatus*.—3. The article was inserted because we thought the guesses and anticipations displayed knowledge of the subject, and hope the event will prove the correctness of the writer's prognostication.
- A YOUNG BROTHER BOB.**—Of Mr. W. Blacker, 64, Dean-street, Soho. You may fish up or down stream with, perhaps, equal advantage; it is the question of throwing the fly, not the direction of the current which is the moot point. We'll say a few words about these preliminary points of fly fishing shortly, when we have a little cleared our pages of many claims.
- A YORKSHIRE FLY-FISHER.**—The Grayling is in the engraver's hands. We have only the Cunning Carp before it.
- G. P. R. J.**—Your initials are particularly *romantic*. Apply by letter to the office of Woods and Forests; we believe that the refusals have been numerous. The success of your application depends entirely upon the *respectability* of your address, and the *bonafide* nature of your intentions. A card is forwarded which must be shown to the Ranger's men, if required.
- Squire, Leeds.**—You are quite mistaken.
- "There are more things 'twixt heaven and earth (*friend Squib*),  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy,  
and these be of them. Imprimis, you are egregiously mistaken about the cuts in our "History of Boxing," for they are copies of copper-plates; all of them, so far as we have gone *contemporaneous*, or as nearly so as procurable. Secondly, most cruelly are you abroad as to authority. Have you ever seen, or do you know where you could procure a book entitled "Pancratia," published by Chapple, in Pall-mall, in the year 1815? If you can get a sight of it (we have a copy), you will see how far you have been humbugged, by supposing the bulky volumes you so pathetically defend, have even the *last claim* you advance—that of research, or originality: for there is, where judgment and industry are brought to the task, a description of compilation which is as valuable, or more so, than erratic originality.
- PROWELL.**—You are mistaken. The first-named book is the work of a gentleman and a scholar; the last-named is, so far as style is concerned, an ugly cross between the stereotyped vulgarisms of a penny-a-liner, and the grotesque dislocations of our mother-tongue perpetrated by "Mrs. Salsrey Gamp, monthly nuss, which is well-be-known at Guy's and Bartlemey's."
- B. P. S.**—There is no question about it.
- L. W., Ipswich.**—Write to the editor of *Bell's Life*. The answer would be legitimately and unquestionably *new*.
- S. R.**—The 29th May, 1660. Consult an almanac.
- N. B. J.**—Try Alec Reid; he is to be always heard of at Owen Swift's, Titchbourne-street, Piccadilly.
- CHICKET.**—**QUERIST, Milton.**—We are no great admirers of such random hits; they endanger all those near the striker, and although not prohibited by the laws, they form no part of the *manly* game. As to your second question, T. Adams's ground is an enclosed one, and the nearest we are aware of to the point you mention.
- T. A., Gravesend.**—Not out. The rule expressly states that the ball must *pitch* straight to the wicket, and, in the opinion of the umpire, would have hit it, had it not been obstructed by some part of the striker's person, in order to constitute the loss of a wicket. If the ball pitch wide, a man may stand before his wicket to play it without the risk of being "out before wicket" by its working in, as he has no right to anticipate such an event, and cannot be considered as wilfully obstructing the ball.
- SENEX.**—Apply to either of the clubs held as the Brecknock Arms, or Copenhagen House, where, if your station in life be suitable, you may be admitted as a member, and will meet with gentlemanly society, good players, and excellent practice. Their rules are somewhat stringent, but no more so than is requisite to ensure respectability, and a perfect enjoyment of the manly and healthful game. We should give the preference to the "Camden Town Eagle," or the "Islington Albion" clubs.
- J. R.**—**E.**—Out. It matters not whether the ball was struck a second time for the purpose of making a run or not. After the ball is once played, the striker has no business to interfere with it, unless in defence of his wicket. Rule 20 says, "the striker is out if the ball be struck, and he fully strike it again."
- INDEX, Hemel-Hempstead.**—The principal supporters of the West Herts Club, (Redburn) are Lords Grimstone and Glamis, the Hon. R. and E. Grimstone, Captain Alexander, the Rev. T. Wade, &c. They play on the common, and the ground is kept in the highest order. W. Burden was their bowler last season.
- \*\*.** We have anticipated your wishes. In an early number we shall give a faithful portrait of England's fastest bowler, A. Mynn, Esq., from the pencil of our old particular, Archie Henning, with observations on the modern science of bowling, by Ned Rub.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

## SUNDAY MAY 4.—SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION.

*Hint for Shopping.*—If you want to purchase a piece of tape, go to Waterloo House, and ask to look at everything new in dresses, cardinals, cloaks, muffs, carpets, and feathers. Having tried upon whom you would purchase if you had the money, say "you see nothing to suit you," buy your tape, and resolve by future rigid economy in the house-keeping, to squeeze "that duck of a Polka jacket" out of the pies and puddings.

**MONDAY 5.**—Royal Academy Exhibition opens.—Napoleon died, 1821.—A young lady takes the veil at Bishopwearmouth, 1844, and is *run* the worse for it.

**TUESDAY 6.**—CHESTER RACES.—Battle of Prague, 1757.—Carlow Races.

**WEDNESDAY 7.**—THE CHESTER CUP. Many gentlemen cupped and *bled*.—Tavistock Spring Races.—Twenty-eight Jewish weddings solemnised on this day, 1844; there's the effects of the *Hebrew persuasion*.

**THURSDAY 8.**—EASTER TERM ends.—British Museum re-opens from 10 till 7; the reading-room from 9 till 7.—Considerable alteration in Greenwich Park, 1844, where the authorities, by *going on with their barrows*, seem to pay no attention to the public coal.

**FRIDAY 9.**—The Pen-jaub in a serious state, 1844: the troops under Sir Charles find themselves in any thing but a humorous situation.

**SATURDAY 10.**—Oxford Easter Term ends.—Wonderful precocity. There is a cad, a mere boy, only 16 years old, who understands the whole of the machinery of the Brixton treadmill.—20,236 pipes of port wine imported into England in the past year. 21,236 pipes of "becowing." What a *Assm*! The Polka introduced 1844; this dance is not solely confined to the heels, many heads being turned by it; after a reign of 12 months is banished from Court by order of her Majesty! What *steps* will royalty take next. Dan says it will be an *Irish jig*.

## THE MOON IN MAY.

New Moon, 6th ..	..	..	..	9 57 morn.
First Quarter, 14th ..	..	..	..	3 8 aft.
Full Moon, 21st ..	..	..	..	3 58 aft.
Last Quarter, 28th ..	..	..	..	6 25 morn.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High water at London Bridge.

	morn.	aft.		morn.	aft.
Sunday, May 4th ..	0 28	0 50	Thursday, May 8th ..	3 7	3 26
Monday, 5th ..	1 13	1 35	Friday, 9th ..	3 41	3 57
Tuesday, 6th ..	1 54	2 13	Saturday, 10th ..	4 15	4 32
Wednesday, 7th ..	2 33	2 51			

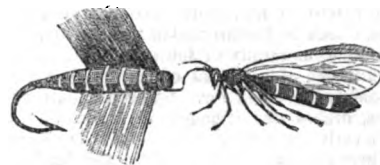
## The Sporting World,

FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 10, 1845.

**G**AN we better devote our first leader in the merry, merry month of May, than to a few words on fly-fishing? We think not. Nevertheless, they must be brief as "the posy of a ring," or "woman's love," for this is not the place or space for instructions therein, or opinions upon throwing, striking, turning, twitching, playing, *et hoc species omne* of physical and metaphysical divisions of the crafty exercise. No! Therefore, we at once plunge practically in *medias res*.

To attempt indeed to describe one-half of the myriads of insects that swarm by the river side at this time of the year, would not only far exceed our limited knowledge, but would be of little utility to the angler, so to the best and the best only, do we intend to confine the present remarks.

First, then, we will introduce the caperer, or as it is frequently termed the alder fly, which comes in mild seasons in some of our rivers as early



The Alder Fly or Caperer. Artificial. Natural.

as the middle of April, though in others not till a fortnight or three weeks later, and it continues all through the months of May and June. It may frequently be discovered pitched upon the bushes, and particularly upon old dry pieces of timber. It is an excellent fly to dap with, and also makes an useful artificial fly, though we have rarely seen it well made. The best materials I am acquainted with, are, the body of a peacock's herl, or a brown hen's wing, whipped with very dark red silk; the wings of a dark grey cock's hackle, hooks No. 6 and 7.

The soldier fly, so called from the red jacket which covers his wings, is a beetle winged fly which comes in about the early part of May, and continues during the two following months; and a very killing fellow is the soldier, either in his natural or artificial form, particularly in hot weather. It is found, not only by the water-side, but also at a considerable distance from it, and is an insect of prey, feeding upon plant lice and other diminutive insects. In addition to its military title it is sometimes called the fern fly, though the latter name seems more probably to belong to the hazel fly or fern web.

And now that we are on the subject of beetle-winged flies, we may mention the tab fly, which is usually imitated by a black palmer, but which is a far more killing fly when made in the form of a beetle. The tab fly in its natural state is found in considerable quantities in cowdung, and is much used in dapping; it is one of the best flies that can be used in hot weather, and will catch fish even where the waters are so low that they can scarcely be tempted to rise at anything else.

Another excellent fly for this month is the oak fly, camlet fly, down-hill



Oak Fly. Artificial. Natural.

fly, and canon fly. It is usually found upon old stumps of trees or pieces of dry timber by the water side. One singularity attending this insect is, that when pitched it always carries its head downwards. But he is one which the fish are very much given to look up at nevertheless, particularly in windy weather, when those flies are often blown unexpectedly off their perches into the stream. The artificial oak fly must be made with a body of orange coloured silk, and should be made rather full, and ribbed with a bold black-rooted red hackle, the fibres of which should be cut off nearly close, except immediately under the wings, where they should be trimmed rather short for the legs. The wings must be of the double grey feather of a mallard or a woodcock, rather short, and tied flat on the back like those of the common blue bottle fly, but standing rather outwards to the right and left.

The stone fly is also one of the best flies we have, and is said to contest with the green drake the title of May fly. It will be found figured at page 42 in our fourth number. Cotton, however, mentions four several flies which contend for this title, viz., the green drake, the stone fly, the black fly, and the little yellow May fly: all of which have their champions and advocates to dispute and plead their priority; though he at the same time observes, that he does not understand why the last two named should, the first two having manifestly the advantage, both in their beauty and in the wonderful execution they do in their season; in all of which we agree except on the subject of the stone fly's beauty, which we consider to possess rather a repulsive appearance than otherwise, whilst the little yellow May fly may fairly dispute the palm of beauty and elegance with all the orders, families, genera, and species of insects that are found by the water-side, whose active flight and sportive gambols in the air, form a strong contrast to the crawling motions of the stone fly; nevertheless as a bait for a trout give us the stone fly. But the stone fly, though it appears so early, is rarely well taken till the middle of May, for it first comes out from its husk or shell a mere crawling insect, with only the rudiments of wings, during which time it conceals itself under dry stones and crevices; and it is not until its wings become full grown and he ventures upon the water, that his edible merits begin to be duly appreciated by the fishes.

This fly is also a most excellent bait to use in dapping; but it is difficult in many of our rivers to find them in sufficient abundance. The proper places to search for them are under dry stones which lie hollow one upon another; and by way of a word of passing advice, we recommend those who pursue the search, to replace the stones under which they are most successful, in their former position, both for their own sakes, and for those who may come after them. Cotton, indeed, speaks of laying down stones with a chink between them, with one lying hollow upon them, for that express purpose; which may probably be still a very frequent practice with some of the knowing ones at the present day.

And next we will turn our attention to the Green Drake, which it is our pleasure to figure as the May Fly proper. For the grey and black



Green Drake, or May Fly. Artificial. Natural.

drake are the same fly, the former being the female in the matron's attire, and the latter the male in his more sober costume of advanced life. In their first clothing they are maintained by some to be most attractive in their natural state; one reason of which may perhaps be, that in their latter form the wings become so very tender, that the fly soon assumes a drowned and untimely appearance; but at the same time it must be observed that the grey drake lasts some days longer than the green.

In general most execution is now done with the real May Fly, as in fine weather the artificial fly makes rather a heavy splash in falling upon the water, which is very apt to alarm the fish and put them upon their guard, but in a good blustering day wonderful sport may be had with them. We have also known instances of persons meeting with success with an artificial May fly in a blustering day even in the early part of the season, long before any of those flies can have made their appearance, and have ourselves caught trout with them as early as the beginning of April. A friend of ours, and a very good fellow too, but a very bad fisher, once caught a very large trout in the Avon below Kingwood, with an artificial green drake in the early part of April, and which merely, for want of knowing better, he had attached to his line. The weight of the fish, he informed us, was six pounds and an half; and from the dimensions of the fish which he showed us cut out in paper, we should certainly consider the account of the weight was not exaggerated. Whether one of the flies of the season would have proved equally attractive we can't pretend to say; though we must confess that the fortune of our friend, as above stated, caused a green drake to dangle at the end of our line for several following seasons, some weeks earlier than it would otherwise have done. Dr. Brookes indeed says, that a trout may be taken with an artificial May

fly at all times of the year; and here doctors do not differ, for reasons we shall state in another place; but as this *ephemera* deserves more than one recipe for his construction, we shall first give those of Charles Cotton, which are as follow:—"The dubbing of camel's hair, bright bear's hair, the soft down that is combed from a hog's bristles, and yellow camel well mixed together; the body long and ribbed about with green silk, or rather yellow, waxed with green wax, the whisks of the tail of the fly of the long hairs of sable or fitchet, and the wings of the white grey feather of a mallard, dyed yellow, which is dyed thus:—"Take the root of a barbery tree, and shave it, and put to it woody vias, with as much alum as a walnut, and boil your feathers in it with rain water, and they will be of a fine yellow." The best fly we have seen have been made of very different materials, with the exception only of the wings; but as we care little for good imitations (too much the hobby of routine fly-fishers), we will give you one as good as any for dressing this prince of the Ephemera, whether grey or green.

For the *green*, the body is dubbed with hog's down or light bear's hair mixed with yellow mohair, whipped with pale floss silk, and a small strip of peacock's herl for the head; the wings from the rayed feathers of the mallard, dyed yellow; the hackle from the bittern's neck; and the tail from the long hairs of the sable or ferret. The hook No. 7 is used.

For the *grey*; dub the body of whitish hog's down, mixed with black dog's fur, or white ostrich herl, whipped with black silk; the wings from the dark grey feather of a mallard, or a black hackle with silver twist, the whisks of the tail of any black shiny hair. N. B. You are desired by many of our old bookmakers to be careful to get a black cat's whiskers! We wonder whether the sex of the cat you are to operate on would influence the biting of the fish!

The last we shall notice in the pictorial way is the *DUN-CUT FLY*, the body of which is dubbed with brown bear's hair mixed with a little



The Dun-cut Fly Artificial. Natural.

blue and yellow worsted, and whipped with green or yellow; the wings from the wing of a landrail or brown hen; and some add, for antennae, hairs from a squirrel's tail.

One paragraph and we have done. For our part, we are at all times inclined to adopt the flies used by the inhabitants of the place we are at, thinking that the use of them must be the result of all previous experience; and while there is no doubt much ignorant prejudice amongst the uneducated, in regard to favourite flies, there is quite as much conceit in those who, although on other subjects better informed, suppose that they can divine what is suitable for any particular water, almost before a trial, and better than the aged and sensible gamekeeper, weaver, or shoemaker, who, on this point, inherit the accumulated knowledge of centuries, and has himself tested it during the practice of a lifetime.

And here we close our chapter of flies, premising that we may say something of *STRIKING* (not *à la Crabb* but *à la Davy*) in another number. Meantime, brother Waltonians, we shake a fin with all of you mentally, and ask your aid for one of the many departments of the *SPORTING WORLD*.

## SONGS OF THE POLICE.

NO. 11.

AIR—*Dear Harp of my Country.*

Dear stave of my office, of good use I've found thee,  
Altho' thou hast slumbered in idleness long,  
And proudly I own to my service I've bound thee,  
And given new strength to my wrist with thy throng.  
The night bird full oft in his light note of gladness  
Has wakened thy fondest thy liveliest thrill,  
When one touch from thee has his joy turn'd to madness,  
And ev'n in his mirth thou hast rendered him still.

Dear stave of my office, with pleasure I grasp thee,  
And ne'er shall thy handle less brilliantly shine,  
Nor the slumber of peace in dull idleness clasp thee,  
'Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine.  
If the nob of the lushington kid, or street rover,  
Have throbb'd at thy touch, 'tis thy glory alone;  
I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,  
And all the quietus they took was thy own.—*Great Gun.*

A DIFFICULT OPERATION.—Liston, on being asked what was the most difficult operation he ever performed, said, "Why, man, it was a case of cancer in the mouth of a lady. I cut the cancer out, but I could not stop her jaw."

ROYAL PATRONAGE OF ART.—In order to secure this valuable blessing, artists have agreed to sell their pictures at ten times below their value.



## THE PLATE FIGHT BETWEEN THE PREMIER AND YOUNG BEN.

(Continued from page 81.)

It is supposed that the cause of the dispute, or, more classically conveying it, the "*fons et origo mali*," being referred to the primitive exercise of the hands in lieu of the modern recourse of arms, was partly attributable to moral and religious motives, and partly to "political expediency." Since shopkeepers have taken to the "duello," considerable discredit has been thrown upon the practice; but the display of a blacking-maker's son who polished off a costermonger with the "bishop,"\* was a death-blow to its passable respectability, and therefore "Ben" and "The Bull" were determined to have nothing to do with the *O'Trigger* contingency of "Snug lying in the abbey," neither of them thinking it politic. The moral and religious reasons may be put into a very short compass—that each deemed the mawley safer than cold lead to encounter, whilst it would better tend to show which was the better man, the Jew or the Christian. It was a very old grudge, arising from repeated personalities, in which, by the bye, the frequenters of the house considered that there was an equal interchange of the raw material of the tongue and the fabricated article of chaff, which eventually put our fistic heroes into the state militant. Tamworth Bob, or bull (for, although a "bull" is change for five "bob," yet he is equally well known in town and country circles by either name), has for many years past frequented a flash crib in Westminster, notorious for its rows and late hours. Bob's knowledge-box is screwed on the right way; and Nature, when she gave him in charge to the "General Delivery," contrived to pack temper at the top of the togger, with special directions to "keep this side uppermost." Bob has, at any rate, never lost his temper (nor anything else, they say, who know him best, that he could lay his hands upon), and, by degrees, what with soaping his foes and chalking his friends—that is, scoring them on tick like a milkwoman—he became the regular Great Gun of the tap-room, and all he said was looked up to as law. Ben, the Hebrew, alias the Shrewsbury Gamecock, a traveller and descendant of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, has also been in the habit of doing the clay and heavy during the season, at the same house, kept at present by a relative of Jenny Shaw's, called Le Fevre, and a very respectable man he is, though at times he has a hard job to keep his crowded house in order. Ben and the Bull hit it off bravely for a long time; in fact, till within the last three years, when the first split arose from a slight put on him, in Ben's opinion, by his slippery friend. Bob's contract for horsing the True Blue, since called the Reformer, running between Palace-yard and Windsor, as all the world knows, was about that period accepted, and Ben swears that he was promised the situation of guard, which, as everybody knows, is dispensed with; Bob, or Slashing Bob, handling the ribbons, blowing the horn, selecting his cattle, and choosing his passengers for himself. Ben, the other evening, determined on bringing matters to a crisis, came down to the house in question with two or three of his staunchest friends, valorously declaring that he would either make the bull draw in his horns or enter the ring. Young Coningsby was with him, who has made such a sensation lately, and of whom we have never seen a personal description; he is a character at first sight; tall and fresh-coloured, he has a shambling gait, wears his hair curled *a la* Ellenborough, before he took the gates of Somnauth, lips, and is terribly near-sighted. On this occasion he wore a fustian shooting-jacket, with a white choker, a waistcoat scarlet as the dye of Babylon, to which were appended black kerseymere never-mentioned-'ems, with paste buckles, large ribbed white silk stockings, and pumps surmounted with huge rosettes. To make the picture complete, he had a profusion of rings on his fingers, which are never desecrated by gloves, as he likes to have his hands free for all our manly sports. And this "Guy" is the bosom friend and companion of Ben, an insult to whom he would resent, perhaps, even more bitterly and sensitively than one offered to himself. On this eventful night it would be useless for us to attempt a detail of as pretty a quarrel as ever evaded the vigilance of the police. The Gamecock called Bob, amongst a number of civil epithets, a sneak and a humbug; that he was down to any dirty work, and fly as a cracksmen from petty larceny up to a jemmy and crowbar. The Slasher at first treated the charges with cool contempt, and said, suiting the action to the word, with a pot of the "half and half" of which he is so fond, "I thus blow away the froth of 'Young England,' and commend to his own lips the foaming tankard of bottled bile," upon which Ben shoved in a commentary upon the first chapter of Maccabees, the fighting Sheeny smack on the gob of the Bull, which his pal, the Peeping Postman, declared to be a *casus belli*, and articles were then and there drawn up for adjustment of differences according to the old English game of "knock-'em-downs."

Both men were immediately put into close training; Slashing Bob shifting his quarters from Oxford (where Fussy Pussy, and a few other fighting blades were backward in coming forward with the mopusses, owing to a dirty feeling of jealousy) to Tamworth, where he did as strong work as could be required by the Postman, or Goldie, otherwise Gold-burn, and likewise The Chequer Lad, could have coveted. Ben trained in the vicinity of Houndsditch and Rag-fair, and acquitted himself so

much to the satisfaction of the east-enders, that Lazarus, the great competitor of Moses in the Minorities, and who rejoices in three golden balls, as well as the structure of "reach-'em-downs" and peg taglionis, vowed that he would not only back him in for a Rabbi, but would, at his own costs and risks, "secure the sherrishes of Smyth the 'Canterbury Pet,' and Little John the pet of the London fancy."

The thing was, under circumstances, kept as snug as a bug in a rug, but we had the office, and cut away by the special train with a lot of swells, belonging to what are denominated, in slang phraseology, the upper and lower house. Of course they were denizens of either the attic or the cellar, and they looked it. There were in some of the carriages a few country gentlemen, evidently such from their bewildered appearance, who seemed to take but little interest in the issue; denounced them both as humbugs, and trusted that both would get the tanner's recipe for skins well leathured.

The *locus quo* for hostilities was a certain field called "Turnabout," in the vicinity of Tamworth, and at an easy distance from the station: this field, like the Highgate milestone where Whittington heard the "turnagain chimes of Bow bells, is replete with associations of local and general interest. Here the present possessor, sprung from the ancestor of his family, was wont to walk, and turn, and turnabout again, cogitating upon changes of currency, relief of the Romans, and the value of grass land, till at length he bought a bull, and, pasturing him for the benefit of his neighbourhood, christened him the "Tamworth Bull;" hence the sobriquet of our "Slashing Bob."

The customary services of trusty Tom Oliver, the commissary-general of the P. R., were on this important emergency dispensed with, and a Mr. Duke from Hyde-park-corner, better known as "Ironsides," was entrusted to do the roping, aided by his recent confederate, Twitchnose, first cousin to Johnny Broome, and facetiously nicknamed the Great Bore of Cannes. Ironsides, in imitation of Oliver, kept a sanctum of litter for his Corinthian chums, whom it would prove a breach of privilege to specify by name; suffice to say, that they were of the Upper Benjamin description. The Commons, who could not stand the tippery, amounting to between six and seven hundred members, were beaten as usual, without the cords. At one o'clock precisely, by our ticker, all things being in readiness, Bob first shied his tile into the arena, amidst loud shouts of "Go it, my tulip! Huzza for the tariff!" he looked pale, but confident, Ironsides telegraphing from the point of his proboscis, and remarking with a knowing leer, "There is no mistake, there can be no mistake, there shall be no mistake." Ben followed suit instantaneously, Lazarus and the mob from Dukes-place cheering him vociferously, the former shouting out at the top of his voice, which would have shook the cocked hat of Nelson off its monument, "Hurrah for Young England!" "Success to the ten tribes of Israel; he's the picture of the Wandering Jew!" Bob won the toss for corners, an omen of his general luck, and put his back to the sun, it not being the rising sun, when the process of disrobing was speedily accomplished; he was waited on by "The Flash or Peeping Postman," who averred that every

"God had set seal

To give the world assurance of a man,"

and Sibby, alias the Colonel; whilst similar kind offices were performed for the Shrewsbury Gamecock by the Canterbury Pet, and the Star of the City of Fancy, Little John. The umpires chosen, Gentleman Sidney and Ex-Foreign Dandy, having taken their seats by the side of the referee, and the colours being intertwined at the mid-stake, lily-white for Ben, and cream-coloured body, with pale blue and bright green at two corners, and thistles and leeks at the transverse ones, Twitchnose, with his well-known stop-watch, volunteering to be timekeeper, all things were in readiness.

Anxiety stood on tiptoe, like Taglionis, when, at eleven minutes past one, the men advanced to the scratch, and threw themselves into attitude for

## THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1. Bob elevated his dexter as determined to guard the daylight, with his sinister close at home for the victualling board; Ben, with his pins straddling, advanced both arms, obviously anxious for an opening, and resolute to deliver with either five as chance might present the opportunity. A little feinting on either side, when Ben rushed in, and Bob ducking to avoid, he caught Manners, the bottle-holder, a slap on the chops, amidst derisive shouts from the Bullites of "*Salus ante moras*."

2. Both parties came up piping after their gallant exertions, when Bob let fly his left bang at the mazzard. ("Bravo, Slasher, that's the line of country to stop his jaw.") Ben retreated, rallied, and plunging in nob foremost, butted the Bull, and sent him to dorse. (Here Coningsby's feelings overcame him, and he jumped over the ropes to pat his double on the back, but Ironsides caught him a whack with his persuader that sent him hawling to his straw bed.)

3. Ben tried in fighting, but Bob, too heavy, stalled him off; gathering himself up for mischief, he made his favorite rush, when his opponent slipping adroitly aside, he pitched head foremost on the stake, and but for the loan of Coningsby's smelling bottle, full of volatile sal, as a medical coroner informed us, it is doubtful if he could have come again to time.

4. Bob was the first to leave the Postman's knee, and beckoned his

\* Bishop, the noted gunsmith in Boud-street, a synonym for pistol.

antagonist to the scratch, who looked a little wild; he had scarce put in an appearance when Bob popped in one for the nut, and another for the victualling department; but received a lunge on the kidneys, which doubling him up, he dropped. ("By the holy Moshes, the Bull's a cur," from the one side, responded to by the other with, "Take him away, or his mammy won't know her beauty.")

5. After an exchange or two, Bob planted a scientific snuffer, which tapped claret from the conk (first blood for The Slaughter); when The Gamecock, seeing his arms about like a windmill in convulsions, swept Bob clean off the ground, and got the next event in his favour of the knock-down.

6. Even betting; the winner for choice! Bob, throwing off his usual reserve, went in like the rampaging bull, his namesake, and administered pepper with a profusion that showed it to be free of duty; Ben down at his corner, shifty. ("That's the ticket," hallooed the Postman; "Stick to him, Bob," shrieks the Chequer Lad, "he can't stand your in-come tax!") Sibby uproarious.

7. Following the counsel of his talented seconds, Ben, not standing upon repairs, closed with his man, and, giving him the crook, threw him a heavy back-fall. (The Sheenies in ecstasies, and "Give him another chapter on manly sports, Ben!")

Forty minutes had now elapsed, and which, to say truth, was a considerably longer period than the friends of either man considered them capable of staying, yet neither would say enough, though it was evident both of them had given and taken considerably more than they calculated upon, when one of the rural police, who had a wager on the issue, of which he was dubious, got inside the 24-foot enclosure, and charged the combatants in the Queen's name to desist. As neither party was over anxious to prolong the contest, the command of the Peeler was instantly complied with, the stakeholder and referee, Mr. Le Fevre, stating that he would name an early day for the renewal of hostilities. Some of the light-fingered gentry, we regret to say, bolted with Ben's clothes, who took it very good humouredly, remarking, that it was not the first time that Bob's intimates had walked off with other people's apparel, and that they were not over nice if they could seduce their opponents to come to "buff" either at milling or bathing.

## REMARKS.

It would be impossible to style this a game fight, or a scientific one, or one worthy of a contest for the championship. Ben was as much too rash, as Bob, with the exception alluded to, was too slow and cautious, his tactics being to take care of number one at any sacrifice of reputation for pluck and bottom. On the other hand, Ben is a bad one to back, being utterly devoid of science and temper, which are the very elements of self-defence. We should recommend them to draw stakes, shake hands, and not come again into collision, freely admitting, "Brother, brother, we have both been in the wrong." Bob and Ben are both "prigs," and ought to have a fellow feeling, the only difference between them being, that the former is a prig of unacknowledged trifles, and the latter a prig of the society of eccentrics. Surely the world is wide enough for the two schools of Bill Seames and Beau Brummel!

## A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON THE TREATMENT OF RACE-HORSES.

BY A TRAINER.

## PREPARING TO RUN, AND TREATMENT AFTERWARDS.

On the day previously to that on which a horse is to run, some difference is to be observed from his ordinary treatment, more especially as regards feeding; most of them require a strong gallop on that day. It will, however, demand some consideration, and depend upon what work they have lately been performing, their constitutions, how they feed, and when they sweat last. On ordinary occasions, that discipline is exacted three or four days before running; gross, indolent horses requiring to sweat nearer to the day, than light-fleshed and irritable ones. If a horse be found to accumulate flesh, which some do, when travelling, to a great degree, whilst others lose it, a sweat may be necessary the day but one before running: a gentle sweat properly conducted the day previously to the one before the race is the means of bringing many horses fresher and lighter to the post than an extra quantity of galloping on the day immediately preceding. The great art is to have a horse light in himself, full of muscle, fresh on his legs, with his courage unsubdued by unnecessary fatigue. Having declared thus much, the discretion of the trainer must be exerted to produce these happy combinations to the fullest extent the animal he has under his care will admit of.

After the termination of whatever exercise may be considered necessary on the day before running, the usual allowance of hay and water must be diminished. Thirty-five to forty go-downs is as much water as can be allowed, except under peculiar circumstances—very hot weather may be a guarantee for a little more, as the evaporation which takes place will carry it off. The usual allowance of corn, if the appetite be good, will not be varied; but the quantity of hay must be considerably restricted, certainly not more than half the accustomed portion. On going to the stable in the evening, from twenty-three to twenty-five go-downs of water must be the limit; and after the usual quantity of corn has been consumed, a very small portion of hay is to be given, the general appearance

and fulness of the body being the principal guide. The trainer should not omit to examine his horse when he is stripped for the purpose of being dressed. He should feel the pulse and beatings of the heart, the state of the mouth, and observe the appearance of the eyes, that of the dung, the condition of the legs, the workings of the flank, which will indicate the action of the lungs, unless some particular excitement exists, which may readily be distinguished, as most horses under such influence break out into a sweat; the quantity of flesh which the horse carries is to be considered, and to what extent it is reduced; any one or more of the animal functions appearing out of order must regulate the course which will be most likely to restore them. This mode of examination is necessary on all other occasions after sweating or strong work.

When a horse is fit to run, his mouth should be moist, his eyes bright, clear, and tranquil, his pulse regular, and rather full than feeble, his crest firm, his ribs quite free from fat, and perfectly visible to the eye as well as the hand; the skin upon them should be loose and silky, the muscles of his arms, loins, quarters and thighs, full and hard, his legs cool but not cold, perfectly free from windgalls or enlargements of any description, and with his feet all of an equal temperature.

The ceremonies of plaiting the mane and of plating the feet must not be forgotten, and are frequently performed on the evening before the race. When the modicum of hay which is allowed has been eaten, the setting muzzle is to be put on, and the horse is to be shut up for the night.

An early hour should be appointed for going to the stable on the following morning, when the horse is only permitted to wash his mouth, so as to induce him to eat his corn; he is then, when the usual stable process has been gone through, to be led out for an hour. When he returns to the stable, the usual system of dressing is exacted, and at the ordinary time he is allowed six go-downs of water; before shutting him up a feed of corn is to be given, and unless his race comes off at an early hour, the muzzle being put on, and his bed shook up, his head must be uncracked, when he will very probably luxuriate in a roll—an indulgence which many horses are very fond of, and which seems to be exceedingly refreshing; he is of course not to be permitted to have any hay until after the race, which, if it take place at a late hour, will guarantee his having a double handful of oats about three hours before he is led out, when the final ceremony of wiping over is performed, as there will not be any occasion to release his head after this period.

The rules which have always been in operation at Newmarket, and which have lately been introduced at several country meetings, whereby the exact time of starting for each race is punctually appointed, are a great boon to all owners of horses at such places as they are adopted, because it being known to a moment when to lead out, the annoyance of having an irritable tempered horse kept waiting in the confusion and bustle of a racecourse may be avoided, a circumstance which will very materially reduce the chance which some have of winning.

When the precise time for each race is known, an hour previously to its being run will generally be the signal for leading out, and if he be a nervous horse, he should, if possible, be kept in some quiet, retired situation till nearly the last moment. If the regulation as to time be not strictly adhered to, the stewards or clerk of the course should make known the order in which each race is to be run, so that the period for starting may be determined with some degree of probability; and under any arrangements, great care should be taken that the horses do not arrive on the course too late.

After running, the treatment recommended for horses after sweating is to be adopted; it is therefore only necessary to refer to that chapter; and the same apparatus, such as scrapers, water bottle, &c., will be required on the course.

There may be some horses which will come to the post better under different treatment; such for instance as very irritable, nervous old ones, which understand every note of preparation, as well as those who attend them; in those cases, certain observations and customs which particularly denote something out of the daily course must be avoided, merely to deceive as much as possible the sagacity of the animal; nevertheless, the principal circumstances must be adhered to as nearly as can be. Some will not bear to be muzzled without breaking out and fretting in a most fearful manner; with them there is no alternative but to take the chance of their consuming a little of their litter; but in order to prevent that as much as possible, care should be taken not to allow any new straw within their reach to tempt them to eat it; but such nervous animals are not, in general, particularly voracious.

## ORDERS TO JOCKEYS.

In giving directions to a jockey how to ride a particular horse, if he be a man of experience, the less he is restricted the better, beyond informing him, if he be riding a strange horse, whether the animal's speed or stoutness is supposed to be his forte. Circumstances constantly happen in running which cannot be foretold, and if a rider be prohibited from availing himself of any advantages which occur to him during the race, many good chances will be thrown away, and the talent of a clever man is but of little service indeed; if he be not capable of judging, he is not qualified for the important office; independent of which a trainer, although he may know the running of his own horse, is frequently ignorant of the qualities of strange ones which are running against him.

If the services of an inexperienced boy are required, it is another matter, and more definite orders must of necessity be given, but they should be very clear, very concise, and thoroughly impressed upon his understanding before he is put up. Nor should the orders be delayed in their demonstration till the last moment, when various events combine to abstract the attention of the most collected, and the boy evidently from the vague expression of his countenance, and his mechanical replies of "Yes, sir," to all the observations which are made, evidently declares that he does not comprehend, at all events does not retain, the meaning of one word that is being spoken.

On all occasions, a jockey should ride the horse up a gallop before the day of running, and, if possible, on the previous morning, more especially if he has never ridden him before. It is impossible for any man to make the most of a horse in a race, unless he have a previous knowledge of his mouth, temper, and style of going.

## A "NIGHT" IN THE GARDEN.

BY MILES'S BOY.

(Concluded from page 84.)

COVENT-GARDEN, again we greet thee!—freed from the slight obfuscation which our last night's tour of thy tavern-studded locality hath inflicted. Days of our youth!—how have ye fled like a dream! Covent-garden hath indeed changed, since we knew it in the days of drab-coated Charleys—locomotive cockchafers on their hinder legs—each decorated with his S. P. C. G., "in black letter on a white ground," as the act of Parliament prescribes for certain inscriptions. Then were we a lettered people; for who will dare to compare the mystic characters on the back of the Old Watch, (so called from being always asleep), and the meagre alphabetical exhibitions of their oil-skinned successors? Then were "Nights in the Garden," as the preludes to "Mornings at Bow-street;" and the fun and frolic, the merriment, the devilry, the effervescence of animal spirits, raised to "larking point" in the human thermometer, allowed a proper and seasonable latitude. "What is a gentleman without his recreations?" asks Shakspeare; and truly, if we may judge of the Garden in the days of yore, a gentleman's recreations were aught but gentlemanly. Then, when "sober sons did set at six o'clock" (a.m.), after glorifying themselves in the taverns made classic by the wits, the artists, the senators, the actors, the *bon vivants* of a former generation, might be seen the scion of a noble house—the hope of his mother (who was entirely unconscious of his absence from home)—the managing clerk "wot knew life," (according to his seventeen-shilling underlings)—the spend-thrift, the spooney, or the swell wot had "the key of the street," (and did not dare, from arrears of rent, to ring up his landlady)—in conjunction with Dusty Bob, thus forming an emblematical representation of the constellation



GEMINI,

not to be found in the celestial globe, albeit right often visible on the surface of the globe terrestrial, where "St. Giles's and St. James's" hobnob

or jostle in many other places than the pages of the novelist. But Miles's Boy is again wandering: what has he or the reader to do with the past? The days of Tom and Jerryism are departed, and "a spree" is now but the shadow of a shade, even on its own ground, the night-haunted Garden. Jack Rowbottom, with carbuncled nose, shuffles slipshod in dropsical Northampton and ventilating kickseys about its purlieus, whereerst he rollicked in "tops and cords," flaring up at his "Finish" "till all was blue" in the sky above, and the uproarious blades who staggered from his crib in James-street made "night hideous" to the sleepers by their vociferous chaunts. Nor alone is Jack a monumental wreck of the days that are gone; a score of night-house keepers have shared his ruin, and for fun "nights tapers are burnt out" in the Garden. Yet still it continues the central point, round which, in mazy movement, rally the dissipated, the witty, and the humorous, and maids who love the moon, and men who love the maids, are still prone as ever to make this ancient spot the converging point of their sayings and doings after dark.

Hark! 'tis two o'clock, and as the piazza clears a little of its revellers—save here and there some mopsy wight, who staggers homeward, apostrophising the various pillars, and then cursing the inconvenient proximity of the shutters on the opposite side of the broad footpath—the spot is well-nigh deserted. But a new world is awaking. Hark to the heavy rumbling sound in the distance; and presently the early market-carts come lumbering in from the west-end suburbs, and the men who have the care of them begin to unload. About this time the coffee-shops in the neighbourhood open their doors, at each of which, for the last half-hour, a few miserable outcasts have been waiting to expend their last three-halfpence in the purchase of a cup of coffee, and to enjoy, for a short time, the luxury of rest and shelter.

And see yon toilsome widow has set up her little stall for the supply of those who are not too proud or rich to partake of "a public breakfast," which, as our contemporaries of the "pictorial" school have overlooked, we here present to the curious—



A PUBLIC BREAKFAST.

Need we dwell upon the picture—doth it not tell its own tale? The small urchin in the foreground—the lad turned out as Sam Weller says, "into the streets to pick up his education;" the seedy adult behind him—the comic singer, or tap-room waste-butt of some low public-house, recently thrust from his corner, and "doomed for a certain term to walk the night," till the opened door of the sots' hole he has been kicked from shall again allow him to sneak in—tell their own story sufficiently. The younger is groping his pockets, and hunting into a corner the fugitive farthing which shall make up the needful penny for a cup of the steaming liquid: the other, cunningly concealing his dexter ogle, put "into mourning" by an ugly rap on the overnight, leans anxiously out of his dexter optic in hope of finding some "swell of other days," or kind-hearted bacchanalian, who will "stand Sam" to warm his gin-destroyed intestines. He sees, however, with "half an eye," that the rough-and-ready driver of the market cart, who stands behind him, lapping his roasted rye, is not the sort for him to sponge on; for as the great Doctor discovered the fal-

[Concluded on page 96.]

## THE TURF.

## A PROSPECTIVE GLANCE AT THE CHESTER AND EPSOM MEETINGS.

From the *Sporting Magazine* for May.

## CHESTER.

THERE are, as I mentioned last month, the large number of seventy-one acceptances for the Trade Cup, but of these a large proportion are unlikely to come to the Post, and I much doubt if the list of starters will exceed twenty-nine. The running at Northampton, Catterick, and Newmarket has, I conceive, destroyed the chances of success of Carranna, Porto Bello, Dr. Husband, Veluti, Seaport, April Noddy, Bastion, and Extravaganza, and has sadly abated the ardour of the friends of Stella and Celeste, both of whom are now quite out of the betting. St. Lawrence, Agriculture, Strathspay, Cabin Boy, Bastion, Mystery, Pag, and the Saddler filly are engaged at Bath, and on their performances there will their hopes for Chester in a great measure depend. Of the others, Cataract and Semiseria still keep together at the head of the betting, while Ould Ireland, of whose pretensions I have always thought favorably, came with a rush during the Craven Meeting, and now stands, along with obscurity, at 11 to 1. Trueboy ran a very game horse at Catterick, but his two severe races there cannot have improved his chance for this event, which would otherwise have been a good one. The Era will run in the front rank, but the weight must tell at the finish. Winesour is scarcely good enough to stand on; and The Cure's victory for the Claret has not altered my opinion of his powers of staying the distance. Queen of the Tyne is only a bad mare, though much favored as to weight. If he has any running at all left about him, Cataract ought not to lose, for, though deficient in speed, he can stay his course, *a sine qua non* in a race like this. Emma-ac Knuck (whose name is spelt some twenty different ways) has been freely backed, but if there is any truth in public running, the Pride of Kildare ought to make him safe and all her other competitors, save those in her own Stable, of which Ould Ireland and Mickey Free are by far the most formidable. On a review, then, of the Handicap, I should take for choice Semiseria, Obscurity, and Ould Ireland; the first and last from their superior public running, and Mr. Johnstone's mare, from the goodness of her blood, the lightness of her weight, and her being supported by one of the most powerful stables in the North of England. If then I were compelled to stand on one single animal, that animal should be Obscurity.

The St. Leger Stakes, run for on the Thursday, will be interesting, as bringing before the public, on the same of her first triumph, the present first favorite for the Oaks. Besides the Lancashire Witch, there are also engaged in this race, Mentor (a Derby favorite), Miss Elis, Sir Francis, Twig, Hope, Grim Con, and others of some slight provincial note. If fit, I see nothing in the race with any chance of competing successfully with Lancashire Witch.

The Cheshire Welter cup, with eight acceptances, must, I think, find its way to the same Stable by the aid of Hooton.

On Friday, there are twenty acceptances for a Free Handicap, with penal weights for previous winnings. As the distance (six furlongs) will just suit her, I shall look to Semiseria to win.

The match between Extempore and British Tar created some slight interest at the time of its being made. The result can, I think, be hardly doubtful; for if Extempore possess but the slightest remains of her former powers, she cannot fail to beat so sorry an animal as is on this occasion opposed to her.

The Cheshire Stakes, for which fourteen have accepted, will depend principally on the results of the preceding events of the week.

And now I trust I have said sufficient to prove, that, if anything be lacking to the complete success of the meeting, its frequenters will have no cause to complain of a deficiency in either the quantity or the quality of the sport provided for them by the industry and vigilance of the Chester caterers.

PETARD.

## EPSOM.

Of the Derby nags that came out in the Craven-meeting, only Idas and Winchelsea gained any additional favour by the results of their public appearance. The former clipped the flight of Wood Pigeon in so clever a style as to confirm the eulogistic confidence of his friends; while Winchelsea, on three successive days, bagged both the Riddleworths and the Column, without once being pressed, although the crack Cobweb colt was brought out against him, and received a sound beating for his pains. It is true that the fields opposed to him were bad; but what more could even an Eclipse do than win in a canter? If Weatherbit can give Mr. Wreford's nag the thrashing his friends ascert, the Derby is in Mr. Gully's pocket. Scott's lot is not in force this season, and I shall not look to it to furnish the winner. There is too little difference in the odds between Kedger and Newsomonger to allow of either of them being anything very superior. 'das may win the Two Thousand, though I fancy he will find some difficulty in performing even that exploit, but he is no Derby nag to my eye. Alarm is an over-rated horse, but will run into a forward place. Forth will be sure to have a good nag, but which is it? Back the lot ye who hesitate in doubt, and wait the result with no *doleful* faces!

In conclusion, I trust that no such barefaced impositions may be at-

tempted as disgraced this race last year, but that the Derby of 1845, fairly contested, and won by the most deserving horse, may long remain pre-eminent as the dawning of a new and brighter era in the annals of the Turf!

April 21, 1845.

PETARD.

## THE IRISH MARTYRS.

"The martyrs wore the uniform of the 'M Club."

We have received, and hasten to publish, the enclosed favour from LADY MORGAN:—

At Kilkenny King Dag and his Martyrs  
Sat down to their plattens and jerums,  
In lovely green-coats and good garters—  
Och sure they are sweet uniforms!  
But there's martyrs besides these regallors  
Who on the occasion displayed them—  
The martyrs I mean are the tailors,  
The tailors at Dublin who made them.—*Push!*

RIGHT OF SEARCH.—The Duke de Broglie has raised a very strong objection on the above question during his late conference with Dr. Lushington. That nobleman says he thinks Sir R. Peel ought to be satisfied with one privilege of search instead of two; and that, as the Premier has established a new right of search by diving into the people's pockets for the income-tax at home, he can well afford to waive the old privilege respecting foreigners.

THE FORCE OF NEGLIGENCE.—From the inefficiency of the "Detective" Police Force in discovering the perpetrator of any crime, it is the intention, we believe, to alter their title to the more appropriate one of the "DUPRECEZ FORCE."

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lacy of the conclusion that he "who drives fat oxen, should himself be fat," so hath his worldly knowledge (bought in the worst and vilest school) taught him, that he who drives green cabbages must not, as a necessary consequence, himself be green. A brace of basket women and a porter complete this characteristic group.

But, hallo! The sun peeps up with jolly May-morn face, and what have we here?



A GENTLEMAN DISGUISED (in liquor).

'Tis our friend of the affable temper. He whose havanna scorned not, a short time since, to rub noses in friendly interchange of fire with Dusty Bob's *dhudeen*. But who has changed his hat? ask the policeman at the corner: we are in the district which owns A 1, yet

"Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud  
Without our 'special wonder,'"

and the police cost—but pshaw! d—n the expense, Miles's Boy is not a parishioner, and if the gentleman has a shocking bad hat—sarve him right!

And now," says some rural reader, "what is the Garden?" Why the first and finest mart in the world for vegetation. The mart which, thanks to the munificence of the present Duke of Bedford, whose arms, entangled in front of the massive pile, read a lesson on the vanity of life, informing the passing traveller, in choice Italian, "that what will be, will be," transcends all others in the world. A practical comment on Touchstone's "that which is, is!" is the motto of the noble duke, whose ancestor obtained the lands of the "attainted Somerset," and thus became a bad man's heir. Yes, Covent, or more properly speaking, Convent Garden, originally formed part of the lands of the Abbot of Westminster, and was granted to John Earl of Bedford, together with the field contiguous—the Seven Acres—called Long Acre.

The original market stood in the space, on the south side of a row of low houses, and on which Southampton and Tavistock-streets are now built. The building of this street occasioned the removal of the green-market further into a square, two sides of which, namely, the piazzas, were formerly inhabited by nobility and gentry, who, subsequently to the establishment of the market here, removed, when their magnificent dwellings were let to tavern-keepers, &c., to whose purposes they were best adapted. Still the gentry continued to haunt this favoured spot, and the celebrated Beef Steak Club, now removed to obscure chambers in Exeter-street, adjoining the English Opera House, assembled the *élite* of the nobility and wits of the day. This illustrious association was formerly held at the Bedford.

The hustings of old were always erected on the east front of the church, and the area rear of the row of market-houses, fronting Tavistock-row, being, at that period, entirely open, formed the battle-field for the supporters of the different candidates; while the species of devotion with which these hireling supporters of a contested election performed the duty for which they were paid, may be gathered from the fact that the charge for dressing the broken heads, during the contest between Hood and Wray, was the foundation of the late Hewson the surgeon's fortune, and raised him from "a beggarly account of empty boxes," to a standing in the parish and an equipage.

The present Covent-Garden Market was erected by John Duke of Bedford, in 1832, from the designs, and under the direction of Mr. Fowler. The market is placed under the control of an officer called clerk of the market, and three beadles or toll-collectors; and the revenue derived by the Bedford family from this source alone is very considerable. The toll on potatoes, the market for which fronts Tavistock-row, is 1s. 2d. per ton; on vegetables 1s. per waggon. The latter are pitched in the spaces, and still sold in open market to the higglers and surrounding shop-keepers, who principally supply the retail dealers of the metropolis. The fruit, flower, and herb markets, occupy the centre and north avenues of the market; and the central avenue on a market-day, as you enter from the church, presents a *coup d'œil* of surpassing beauty. It makes one positively more in love with nature every time we look on it; and yet what profound art has been devoted to bring floriculture to the pre-eminence to which it has arrived! An erroneous notion is entertained by the resident market people of Covent-Garden, that this market is out of the parish of Covent-Garden, and that therefore they are not assessable to poor's-rate: it is not so; for though they do not pay directly to the parish fund, they indemnify the Duke of Bedford in an increased rent, who pays the parish a heavy rate on the vast revenue he derives from tollages, rents, &c.

But we had well nigh forgotten, while telling you about the buildings and the business, one of the most important features of the locality and of the time we are speaking of—early morn. It is the renowned original of that high lyric strain, known to street-singers as



"BIDDY, THE BASKET WOMAN."

This, reader, is no fancy portrait. This strange being, of whom the sex has often been doubted, yet labours in the market; and, truly,

"If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look in her face, and you'll forget them all."

But the world is all abroad: busy clerks are bustling city-ward; pretty women are tripping in to buy flowers; people who have not been out all night, begin to stare at those who have; Miles's Roy's face is dirty (or feels so), and he will home to bed.

#### PINKNOCK FOR THE MILLION.

What is a floating-pier?—A nobleman whose means barely enable him to keep his chin above water.

What is the distinction between an aqueduct and a viaduct—*aqua-duck* is a water-duck, and a *via-duck* is any other duck.

What is a caisson?—A large hollow chest or box into which a pump is frequently inserted, as may be seen any night at Drury-lane Theatre.

What is the difference between a stone bridge and a suspension bridge?—A stone bridge is an arch way, and a suspension bridge a waggish way of crossing a river.—*Great Gun.*

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# The Sporting World, OR LIFE IN LONDON, & THE COUNTRY.

No. 9.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 17, 1845.

[THREE  
HALFPENCE.

## IDAS.



**Winner of the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes, Newmarket, 1845.**

Rode by Nat (Flatman).

IDAS (by Liverpool) is the property of the Earl of Stradbroke, he became in *force* immediately after Evenus won the Cambridge-shire Stakes at the Houghton Meeting, 1844, it being stated that "Idas beat Evenus at racing weights." He is trained by Ludlow, and is a strapping horse, of a bright bay colour, hard on sixteen hands high, with powerful limbs, but declared by his non-admirers to be "leggy."

## OH, 'TIS THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

Oh, 'tis the merry month of May!  
Hence, away with melancholy;  
Banish sorrow, banish folly;  
Pleasure is crown'd on the gay May day  
With laughter, song, and harmony,  
And health, and love, and liberty,  
And mirth, and jollity, and glee.

Oh, 'tis the merry, merry—merry, merry—merry month of May,  
And the village youths and maidens and the garlands green are gay!

Oh, 'tis the mellow month of May!  
Gone is winter, like a bubble;  
Gone its terrors, gone its trouble:  
Nature is clad in rich array;  
And summer suns, in happy skies,  
With the mellow matin rise,  
Tingeing heaven with glorious dyes!

Oh, 'tis the mellow, mellow—mellow, mellow—mellow month of May,  
And the village youths and maidens and the garlands green are gay!

Oh, 'tis the merry May day morn!  
Colds, rheumatic pains, and cholic  
Wait not on a vernal frolic.  
Wind the boreal dirge on the sounding horn;  
For the winds of March have had their sway,  
And April damps no longer slay,  
And winter storms are far away!

Oh, 'tis the merry, merry—merry, merry—merry May day morn,  
By the village youths and maidens gay the garlands green are borne!

## "THE DOG WILL HAVE HIS DAY."

BY CASTOR.

"She had got a little dog, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, she very gently drew him towards her with the string: 'Thou shalt not leave me,' Sylvio," said she."—*The Sentimental Journey.*

EVERYBODY, of course, by this time has heard of the Dog Bill—Stay: a gentleman in the crowd, with a very knowing round hat and a very silly flat face, affirms the Dog Bill to be a near relation of the Dog Billy, and we must consequently, at however great a cost, proceed to enlighten him.

Once upon a time there were some very good old times, when laws were made like state liveries, or the six-foot footmen who wear them—more for show than service; well, in those merry old days, the gallantry with which a gentleman robbed a mail was only equalled by his politeness in plundering a female, the facility with which a genius broke into a private house just excelled by the ability he evinced in breaking out of a public prison, and the swagger and independence with which cracksmen and crackskulls walked the streets such as none but policemen presume to at present. But, alas! this sort of thing was too good to last for ever; a change came about somehow or other, and burglary lost its romance, and robbery found its reward. New lights and new laws increased the dangers and lessened the opportunities; even thimble-rigging became associated with fine and imprisonment, while Turpin's most expressive signal, however well it might have worked on "The Telegraph," would have now but little effect in pulling up the down train. The profession owned to all this in no very enviable state of mind; but before yielding outright to hard living and hard labour, they took one long look round, and then, like many a fine flashy fellow before them, came all at once to the dogs.

"Your money, or your life!" that old English exhilarating appeal which so many a dashing highwayman has made to the pockets of his patrons, was not forgotten in this new branch of the art. The bait is prepared, the dog's lost, the reward's offered, the stranger's admitted, and then comes this candid composition of impudence and impunity:—

"That I have ta'en away this old 'oman's dog,  
It is most true; true that I knows where he is;  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more."

And now I'll tell you what I'll have—your money, or his life—if you don't bleed freely, he does, that's all about it—ten pound down's the word."

"Ten pounds! why that's more than three times the value of Bishop of Bond-street's sagacious Tiny."

"I dare say it is, and perhaps twice as much as she weighs; but what of that? you knows the terms, and, if it don't suit, why of course I makes away with her in the best manner I can—starts her for Holland in a hoystir barrell, or sends her to Greenidge fair in a muton-pie manufactory."

\* Poor Tiny, second only to Tiny Tim, though dead in the flesh, still lives in song:

"Just seven pounds 'dear Tiny' weighs,  
As I've been often told;  
And 'Uncle Bishop' proudly says  
She's worth her weight in gold."

Gentlemen of England! and ladies too! have you, do you own to, the slightest partiality for raised pies or meat pasties? If so, you will allow me to remind you of the fate of Actæon, who, tradition avouches, was devoured by his own dogs—it's a disagreeable idea certainly, but really, if you don't take care what you're about, you'll be reversing that unhappy man's case some of these fine days.

Yet why should money or dog's-meat be made in this way? Why should the affections and the digestion be tampered with like this by a set of wretches who have little knowledge of, or sympathy with, either one or the other? Why, in fact, should you refuse the dogs that protection you give to every other animal? Hares and pheasants have their life-preservers; the man that makes free with another man's mutton, will have little chance of saving his own bacon; and setting a robber on horseback, we calculate, will send him to the devil (or the penal settlements) rather faster than the proverb estimates it would a beggar in the same elevated position. And yet, the dog—so full of fidelity, instinct, enterprise, heroism, humanity, and all the other fine feelings to be found in the Book of the Passions, or the Percy Anecdotes; our companion by day, and our guardian by night; our ever-ready and willing and able assistant in all our travels and troubles, by land or by water; who succours us when we are drowning, and stands by us when we are drunk—him you leave to the mercy of a villain, who makes a good living by liver! and who would not hesitate to do worse, did not success assure him that he couldn't do better. Once more then, we repeat, why not allow the dog his proper protection? The only answer to which we can find, after looking at it in every possible way, is, that as the dog has always made it his chief business to protect man, man can surely have no business at all to protect him.

Gratitude drowns the echo in a sob, while "the Bishop" blushes crimson for the human race!

There is nothing we wish to avoid so much as to be taking a partial view of the matter, and, therefore, cheerfully admit that under some circumstances the dog as well as the stag may be allowed a little law; a point that we shall explain in the way of a precedent. An ingenious young man having tried the effects of intoxication for two or three weeks in succession, on again arriving at a partial state of sobriety, felt scarcely satisfied with his conduct; and after thinking of suicide, saving money, and a variety of other ways and means of setting things right with himself and his friends, at length very magnanimously resolved to make a public atonement by smashing the Portland Vase. Now, the worthy magistrates on hearing the charge declared that as far as the vase itself was concerned he could not go on, for "there was nothing in it;" but if they liked to make it a case of case he'd convict; and they did so, and he did convict. Gentlemen of the jury, the Duke of Portland's vase is the Marquis of Worcester's dog, and the case is the collar; or, rather I should say, the collar's the case. The jury took this as an exceedingly brilliant notion; while the prisoner himself was transported at the very idea!

Complainant.—"May it please your worship, I've lost my dog, (very much affected,) I always endeavoured to keep a good eye on him—"

Magistrate.—"Eyes, sir! what's your eye to me? I'm not an oculist. If you want an oculist you had better write to the Times: this is not an advertising office."

Complainant.—"But I thought the fact of my keeping my eye on him—"

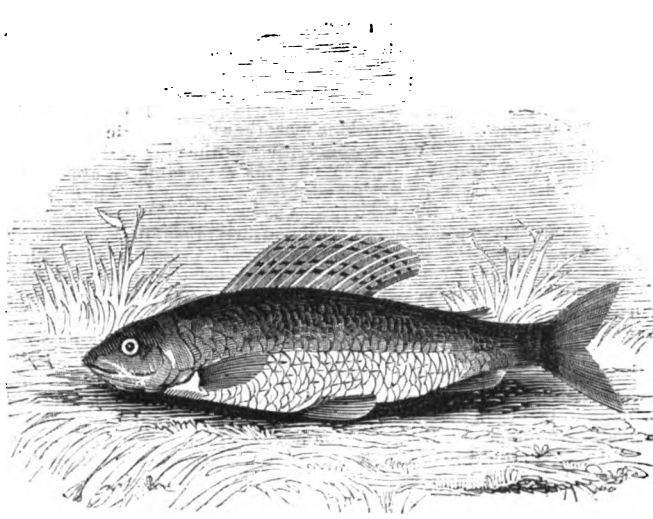
Magistrate.—"Stuff and nonsense, sir! If you expect me to interfere, you mustn't talk about keeping an eye on your dog; you must keep a collar on him, and then I'll attend to you."

And so the unfortunate man leaves the court, labouring under the impression that as far as dogs are concerned, his worship's character verges on the Dogberry. "My friend, you are mistaken; that ebullition was nothing but the effect of fellow-feeling. The gentleman has no dog of his own, so of course he can't sympathise with such as have or had; while, per contra, I think you'll allow he's plenty of choler."

Shall such things last? Shall Liddell, Fitzroy Kelly, Major Beresford, and the worthy Bishop of Bond-street, labour in vain? The dogs forbid! Colville of the Dale, a gallant knight, who arose in his place, and raised his voice like a man and a sportsman for the preservation of foxes; we call on thee to do as much now! "Haven't you a word to throw at a dog?" Let every man join in who feels a pride in his country and her pastimes; and, on the next motion, let the dog bill be pushed into parliament with as much determination as the boy Jones pushed himself into the palace! And then shall the man who steals a dog be called a thief, and common sense be found in the Hall of Justice, and common civility in Justice Hall.

The above "refresher" on a subject now coming bodily before the House, owes its appearance to a hasty perusal, late in the month, of a revised and enlarged edition of the indefatigable Mr. Bishop's "Chronicles of Crime;" and we can only add in sober seriousness our belief that every man whose habits or inclination lead him to look over these pages, will give his aid in reforming a measure which at present is simply a disgrace to those who make laws, and an encouragement to those who break them. We, indeed, feel certain that such energy in action must end in triumph; and, consequently finish as we commenced with the feeling safe and sure, that "the dog will have his day."—*The Sporting Review for May.*

## THE FISHER'S CREEL.



THE GRAYLING.



HE grayling lies deeper, and is not so shy a fish as the trout; and provided your link be fine, is not so apt to be scared by the cast of the fly upon the water.

Grayling may be angled for much in the same way as trout, with the exception of minnow fishing, which, notwithstanding the authority of Walton, is not found to be good. It is a more gregarious fish than the trout, though not so much so as the perch and carp. It spawns in April or the beginning of May; depositing the roe amongst gravel at the tails of swift currents. While trout is a spring and summer fish, grayling is best in season in autumn and winter. It feeds more on the ground, and is not so easily scared, though more difficult to deceive than trout, and likes smaller flies.

According to the Rev. Mr. Low, the grayling is frequent in the Orkney Islands, as it is in Lapland and Switzerland; but it is rare in Scotland, and confined in England to the Avon near Salisbury, the Ure near Fountain's Abbey, the Wye near Tintern Abbey, the Dee between Corwen and Bala, and the Dove; also the Trent, the Wharfe, the Humber, the Rye, and the Derwent.

That great and good man, and excellent angler, Sir Humphrey Davy, is too high an authority to be left without notice in an article devoted to the grayling, he says:—

"The fineness of the link, and of the gut to which your flies are attached, is a most essential point, and the clearer the stream the finer should be the tackle. I have known good fishermen foiled by using a gut of ordinary thickness, though their fly was of the right size and colour. Very slender transparent gut, of the colour of the water, is one of the most important causes of success in grayling fishing. In the Avon and Test, May-flies, and even moths, are greedily taken in the summer by large grayling. Flies, that do not inhabit the water, but are blown from the land, are good baits for grayling. There is no method more killing for large grayling than applying a grasshopper to the point of a leaded hook, the lead and shank of which are covered with green and yellow silk, to imitate the body of the animal. This mode of fishing is called sinking and drawing. I have seen it practised in this river with as much success as maggot fishing: and the fish taken were all of the largest size; the method being most successful in deep holes, where the bottom was not visible, which are the natural haunts of such fish. In the winter, grayling rise for an hour or two, in bright and tolerably warm weather; and, at this time, the smallest imitations of black or pale gnats that can be made, on the smallest sized hook, succeed best in taking them. Throughout the summer and autumn, in fine calm evenings, a large dun fly, with a pale yellow body, is greedily taken by grayling after sunset; and the imitation of it is very killing. In the end of October, and through November, there is no fly-fishing but in the middle of the day, when imitations of the smaller duns may be used with great success; and I have often seen the fish sport most, and fly-fishing pursued with the greatest success, in bright sunshine, from twelve till half-past two o'clock, after severe frosts in the morning; and I once caught under these circumstances a very fine dish of fish on the 7th of November. It was in the year 1816; the summer and autumn had been peculiarly wet and cold, and, probably in consequence of this, the flies were in smaller quantity at their usual season, and there were a greater proportion later in the year."

Grayling, if you take your station by the side of a river, will rise nearer to you than trout, for they lie deeper, and therefore are not so much scared by an object on the bank; but they are more delicate in the choice

of their flies than trout, and will much oftener rise and refuse the fly. Trout, from lying nearer the surface, are generally taken before grayling where the water is slightly coloured, or after a flood; and in rain trout usually rise better than grayling, though it sometimes happens, when great quantities of flies come out in rain, grayling as well as trout are taken with more certainty than at any other time. The artificial fly, in such cases, looks like a wet fly, and allures even the grayling, which generally is more difficult to deceive than trout in the same river.

## CATCHING A TROUT.

(From a Correspondent.)

O! oh! the chuck enchanting the big trout makes us feel  
When he the fly has taken, and ringing goes the wheel.  
By Jove! I now have hooked him—a brave one does he seem,  
He's heavy, but is quiet, and is sailing up the stream:  
That tokens he's well hooked, aye, safely, it is plain,  
And by some part it seems, too, that does not give him pain;  
I dare not yet oppose him—the best that I can do,  
Is line to keep just stretched, and careful him pursue.  
But hold—he grows impatient, I must have nicest care  
'Mong stocks, and reeds, and rushes, with but a single hair.  
My line's wound short—I'm ready; my wheel will glibly go,  
So now we shall start fairly whene'er he play will show;  
But stay, my boy, I like not your aim for yonder weed,  
And gentle hint must give you to stay your course and speed;  
He likes not hint controlling—has felt of steel the sting;  
Down, down the stream he's shooting, and makes all whizz and ring.

Away, away he's darting, into deep hole he goes,  
And there on his own station hopes safety and repose:  
We shortly shall have stiff work when he finds not repose,  
And something quite alarming still tickling his nose.  
Vexation grows upon him, and sorely he's perplexed,  
Now up the stream he dashes, to desperation vexed,  
And writhing as he cleaves it, he shoots and tugs amain;  
Now downwards turning springs out, then splashes in again.  
(My rod a little dropt there, saved line from sudden chuck—  
At all events all's safe yet, by management or luck).

The contest in the strong stream no longer pleased to keep,  
He shakes his head, and round runs in water still and deep.  
Ah, now's my time of peril, each stock and bank he seeks,  
And if I'm there entangled, my line he instant breaks:  
He must, he must not thither. Oh, hold, oh, hold, good hair,  
Rod-top and wheel shall aid thee with their most tender care;  
This is the vital struggle, alternate we give way—  
By Jove, by Jove, he breaks me! yet, hold—he stands at bay;  
He yields, he yields! yet struggles, and downward points his nose,  
And strives to reach the bottom with almost vital throes;  
Each struggle brings him weaker, and quick augments his woes,  
And now upon the surface his yellow belly shows,  
And fiercely there he flackers, and slaps about his tail,  
His fins are broadly spreading, which shows their vigour fail;  
His tail it plays alternate in water and in air,  
And seems to want to give a slap at that tormenting hair.  
In vain in angry struggles his strength now fast recedes;  
In vain, too, are his efforts to creep among the reeds.  
The heavy stream no aid yields, nor safety does the deep;  
He seeks the hole's extremity, where waters thinly sweep,  
And as he gains the shallows he twists and tugs amain,  
Upon the surface slaps his tail, and upwards turns again.

He strives to reach the bank now, upon the further side,  
Hoping to rub his nose there; but, ah! that hope's denied;  
He struggles, and he flackers, and coasts the bank along,  
And now renews his efforts to get the weeds among:  
But see, he's so exhausted, I can, with prudent care,  
Guide him from all such danger, by strength of single hair.  
Defeated on the farther bank, behold, he thinks it meet  
To try if he can aid find 'mong stocks beneath my feet:  
But no, my line is short wound, my rod held right away,  
And six feet from the danger again he is at bay.  
With weak and weaker effort he's shooting round and round,  
Till he is quite exhausted—some folks would say he's "drowned."

Behold, his mouth wide open, he falls upon his side;  
And so, feebly resisting, shall on the surface glide:  
Thus, easy on I'll draw him, in water and in air,  
Of twitch or sudden struggle still holding nicest care;  
And as he nears the margin, steer rush and reed between,  
Now there, behold, he's lying! and shows his golden side,  
The fruit of glorious angling, its pleasure and its pride.  
Oh, he's a noble fellow!—that tap ends all his pain,  
There in my CREEL you lie, sir—and now I'll try again.

Liverpool, May 1845.

FLYING.



## REMINISCENCES OF THE PRAIRIE.

## THE WOLF AND THE HOG.

THE prairie wolf, which is the kind that most abounds, would fall very far short of filling the expectations of those who have read

"How the grim wolf runs howling thro' the lair,"

and have associated with the name something terrible and ferocious. An animal but little larger and not much more formidable than a fox hardly personates the wolf of the Pyrenees,

"Grim, gaunt, and savage, bursting on the plain".

But he is a genuine wolf, notwithstanding, and if he falls short of our expectations of what a wolf ought to be, he might say, that in the first place he is not responsible for his size, never having been consulted in the matter, or he would doubtless have exhibited himself to the curious as large as a Bengal tiger. And in the second place, it is no fault of his, if our information on matters connected with himself be erroneous, or if our imagination have erected to itself a standard of what a wolf should be, different from what nature has shown in his case that a wolf is. The prairie wolf in fact is a diminutive and timid animal. His depredations are confined to the smaller and less protected animals, and the farmer dreads him as an intruder upon the hen-roost, or as an enemy to his lambs and the smaller specimens of the hog family; the maternal pig is generally a sufficient protection to her young brood, the raised bristles and tusky proboscis of the "nursing mother" presenting an appearance sufficiently terrific to deter a bolder animal. This wolf is by no means shy; he may be often seen trotting leisurely before the traveller, or at a little distance squatted in the grass, his pricked ears and sharp visage giving an air of intelligence to the steadfast and curious gaze with which he returns the regards of the stranger. His principal reliance is upon his speed and endurance, and it requires a stout and a fast horse to run him down. It is often done, however, and such is his cowardice, that he will, when overtaken, submit to be beaten to death without resistance with the stirrup, an extempore weapon frequently used for fault of a better, *furor ministrat arma*. I know a man who having run upon one after a long chase, found him so cowed that he took him upon his horse, and carried him into the village.

"Yet scarce I praise his venturous part,  
Who tampered with such dangerous art."

I well remember my first wolf chase, and though the results were not very brilliant, yet it afforded me at any rate, "argument for a week, and laughter for a month." My "turn out" would hardly have been reckoned a very "swell" affair at an English fox hunt. An emergency had compelled me to be beholden to a neighbour, who had furnished me with the best he had; *videlicet*, the tree of an old saddle, laid on some blankets, unconfined by a girth, and garnished with one stirrup. This, to be sure, was not the guise in which "to witch the world with feats of horsemanship;" and an attempt at anything of the sort was very far from my thoughts when I set out.

"But intentions are nonsense, and wishes are worse,  
Who can tell where he'll ride, when he saddles his horse."

A lame wolf crossed the road not more than fifty yards ahead of me, on three legs; the temptation was too strong to be resisted, so I started after him without a moment's reflection. But the limping rascal no sooner found me in pursuit, than he clapped his game leg to the ground, and went off at a speed that called for a pretty liberal application of "the timber." My horse, however, proved to be pretty heely, and in about three quarters of a mile I had overhauled him. He immediately gave up and crouched down, resigned to his fate. Forgetful of the state of my equipments, I attempted to spur my horse over him; but the steed as might have been expected, bolted: and I, and my unique apparatus, like "Kitty's sweet buttermilk, covered the plain." Before I could adjust my traps and remount, the wolf, who, like William De la Marck, would "wait no man's pleasure," had recovered from his panic, and getting on to a piece of ploughed ground, saved himself from the pursuit I had zealously recommenced. So I "took nothing by that motion." It was not long afterwards that I saw, as Tom Noddy says, "an individual" (I flattered myself it was the same) crossing a piece of prairie. I had to return half a mile for a gun, which of course I found unloaded; and by the time I had slipped a ball into it and got started again, I took it for granted he was out of reach: but my friend was determined, it seemed, not to back out so easily, and I found him in nearly the same spot, when I gave him what Sir Lucius O'Trigger calls a "quietus" with a rifle ball.

These wolves inhabit the prairie almost exclusively, excavating burrows, in which they rear their young, but they are to be seen out of them at all hours; in fact, very seldom, even when pursued, taking to them for shelter, trusting rather to

"Their long slow gallop, which can tire  
The hunter's deep hate, and hunter's fire."

They are taken sometimes (though they are too wary to be easily caught,) in traps of various constructions. It is said they will unite in packs for the pursuit of deer, and other large animals, their short yelping bark is often heard at night, as though they were opening on the track. The larger varieties of black and grey wolf, though more im-

posing from their size, are not sufficiently numerous to be very troublesome. I have occasionally seen them in my rambles looking hungry and sulky, and never seeming in much haste to get out of the way. Their size, strength, and ferocity, make them more than a match for any two or three dogs, and I have known some valuable hounds fall victims to their impetuosity in attacking them when out of the reach of assistance.

Perhaps a more formidable animal in reality, than any of the varieties of the wolf, is the wild hog, numbers of which are to be found in the densely timbered river bottoms. They are nothing more than the domestic hog, escaped from the supervision of man, and subsisting on the nuts and acorns with which these forests abound, but in no whit resembling in appearance, temper, habits, or disposition, that corn fed, somnolent, and adipose animal; on the contrary, the wild hog is a lean, long-legged, locomotive savage, dangerous to attack and worthless when taken, for it is a singular fact that it is impossible to fatten them in a pen; indeed it is but seldom they will feed while any one is watching them, being even more untamable than almost any other denizen of the forest. They run in herds and will without ceremony attack anything that molests them, giving with their long sharp tusks, wounds, more ghastly than can be inflicted by any other animal. One peculiarity in their construction, I learned from inspection which was new to me, and possibly may be so to others. The boars are furnished with a hard, gristly substance (commonly called their shield) some six or eight inches in diameter, directly behind the shoulder on each side, immediately under or perhaps an induration of the skin. Any one who has witnessed a fight between two of these creatures, will comprehend the use of this protection, as it covers the part most exposed to injury from each other's tusks. So firm is its texture that it will resist a thrust with a knife from a strong hand. I once encountered an old boar who had taken possession of the road across a small prairie, for what reason I was not sufficiently deep in the secrets of his tribe to know; but there he stood, the foam flying from his tusks, and looking most particularly "devilish and dangerous;" being well mounted I ventured near him, but he made such decided demonstrations of hostility, that, unwilling to risk my horse's legs, and perhaps my own, in a contest where so manifestly

"There was nothing to gain, and all to lose,"

I gave him a wide berth, and left him in undisturbed possession of the field.

## PALE ALE, AND THE CONQUEST OF INDIA.

BY LITELBO.

OLD Bacchus one day  
Conquered India, they say,  
And I never knew any one doubt it;  
With his dissolute rout,  
Song, revel, and shout,  
I'll tell you how he set about it:

He invaded the land with a three-bottle band,  
Scorning all circumstance martial;  
Wines of every sort, from Falernian to Port,  
Were the weapons to which he was partial.  
With victory sated his godship "retrated,"  
But left it in charge o'er his realm,  
That no interlopers, but jolly good toppers,  
Should e'er make a stand at the helm.  
Then Philip's mad son, for a taste of the fun,  
Ran a monk throughout all Hindoostan;  
And swore he would rule from Ceylon to Cabool,  
For he could get drunk like a man.  
Next the Persian Nadir made a terrible stir,  
With his Musselmaun hordes to subdue it;  
But the Prophet's command is "Shun wine or be —"  
So no wonder that he could not do it.  
When Portugal tried, 'twas in vain that she fried  
*Petits plats* of Hindoos and Pariahs;  
Or managed to stow a whole cargo at Goa  
Of orthodox padres and friars.  
And 'twas equally vain that Duplin and Suffrein  
Imported the fiddle and dance;  
They drank *caw sucree*, by no means the way  
To attach jolly Bacchus to France.  
But his Godship enjoys us hard-drinking boys,  
From old Lawrence and Clive, down to Sale;  
And swears we shall rule if we don't play the fool  
And stick till all's blue to Pale Ale.

A JUVENILE HERSCHELL.—On a recent moonlight night a mother had the following observations made to her by her son, a little urchin of about six years of age:—"It maun be a' nonsense, mither, about there being folk in the moon." "What way, my man?" "Oh, because how could they crush themselves thegither when it's only half moon?"

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## ROOK SHOOTING.

MR. EDITOR,—The rook it is well known is one of our very earliest birds in forming its nest, and the production of its young seems to sustain no injury from high winds, as the bird contrives to fasten its nest so very strongly to the branches upon which it is formed, that it is very rarely blown from its elevated situation. But although the skill of these sable architects may bid defiance to the violence of the winds, they, like the rest of the feathered creation, feel the influence of the atmosphere; generally speaking, young rooks present themselves to the sportsman about the middle of May; but owing to the very ungenial weather which has characterised the spring of the present year, they will not be sufficiently fledged till a fortnight perhaps beyond the usual time.

As soon as the young birds have acquired sufficient strength, they sit or perch on the sides of the nest, and on the neighbouring branches, and thus form a conspicuous object for the shooter. The air-gun and the cross-bow being the engines generally used for rook shooting. I would strongly recommend those who are fond of the sport to make use of the former, as being the most preferable, not merely on account of its superiority in taking aim, but also inasmuch as the use of it is attended with less trouble and less danger. In drawing up the string of the cross-bow, considerable strength is required, and at the same time great care is necessary lest it should slip and severely injure perhaps the cheek or face of the shooter. I trust the object of these cautionary remarks, will plead a sufficient apology for my intrusion on your valuable time, and beg to subscribe myself, Mr. Editor, Yours, &c.,  
Holderness, 1845. — Rookwood.

May 5, 1845.

SIR,—When I addressed you on the 16th April last, I headed my letter (First Spring Meeting); I did so because, though it is generally known as the Craven Meeting, the Craven stakes, from which the meeting took its name, did not fill, and I do not fancy things called by a wrong name. I mention this to satisfy an inquiry on the subject.

In that letter I entered a little on the "Zanoni" case, and stated it as my opinion there was a point against the horse, and so it has turned out; and he is for the present disqualified from running. It is admitted, however, as the belief of all parties (confirming my own), that "Zanoni" is the colt by the Gladiator, his dam by Capicum. I regret this, for the sake of the party who owns him, that he is disqualified, because he is a good horse, and would do honour, in his running, to the British stud.

As regards the late meeting at Newmarket, as the results are in everybody's mouth, I do not think I am trespassing against your rule in making a comment or two on one of the races, known as the "Two Thousand Guineas;" I mean, that I am not intending to add any news on the subject, but simply offering an opinion. The time in which that race was run leaves me at liberty to say that, on a comparative ratio, it will take Idas, who won it, four minutes and thirty seconds to get over the Derby course; and as this time is beyond the usual Derby time by nearly a minute, I do not fall into the idea that Idas has yet done anything very transcendent. On the contrary, we must look for much greater speed and more lasting powers are we can hail him the best three-year-old of 1845. Yet I am inclined to think he has not his equal; for, though he is leggy, I cannot admit the objection to prevail, as some do, against him. His legs are long, but they are good; and his frame generally shows power and compactness; added to which, it is known, as a fact, that when called on in the late race, very nearly at the close of a mile, he showed he had a good deal in him to spare. On the whole, I see nothing like an "absolute certainty" of his winning the Derby; confessing, however, that I have rather a presentiment (with a little sneaking kindness for him) that he will.

I could add a word or two as to his most likely challengers; among them, I am inclined to think a certain *ci-devant* champion is gathering himself up for a rush. More anon.

Yours,

SOOTHSAYER.

COCK-FIGHTING.—Exclusive of the Royal Cock-pit (which James I., being partial to the sport, visited twice a week), there was formerly one in Drury-lane, another in Jewin-street, and a third in Shoe-lane. "Crosses" appear to be of ancient date, judging from the following anecdote of an occurrence in the sixteenth century:—"Sir Thomas Jermin, meaning to make himself merry, and gull the cockfighters, sent his man to the pit in Shoe-lane, with a hundred pounds and a dung-hill cock, neatly cut and trimmed for the battle; the plot being well laid, the fellow got another to throw his cock in and fight him in Sir Thomas Jermin's name, while he betted his hundred pounds against him; the cock was matched, and bearing Sir Thomas's name, had many bets laid on his head; but, after three or four good brushes, he showed a pair of heels; every one wondered to see a cock belonging to Sir Thomas cry 'craven;' and away came the man with his money doubled." Cock-fighting is a very ancient sport in Asia, and is a very general sport, and of long standing in China.

WE HAVE NO SUCH FUN NOW-A-DAYS.—JUNE 1776.—The Duchess of Chartres lately beat the duke, her husband, in a foot-race of five hundred yards, on her own terrace, for two hundred guineas. N.B. The duchess was allowed to tie her coats above the kness of her drawers.

## CRICKET.

## HINTS TO CRICKETERS.—No. 3.

ON THE SELECTION OF UMPIRES.



EW things, if any, are so conducive to a true enjoyment of the game as the judicious choice of an umpire; for in the hands of one who well knows his duty, every accomplished player feels that he is safe—at least, so far as human foresight can make him,—and the mere tyro is conscious that if he be subjected to strict surveillance now, it will be to his ultimate advantage, and save him many severe trials of temper at a future time. An umpire should, in the first place, possess a perfect knowledge of the laws of the game in all their bearings, and be prepared at any moment, and without the slightest hesitation, to give his decision on any point that may occur. Wavering or doubting is worse than useless; his answer must be prompt and decided—aye or no. A good eye is almost indispensable, and upright and conscientious decisions, without favour or affection to either party, *thoroughly so*. To do his duty with strict propriety, requires the most vigilant and unwearied attention on his part throughout the game; and if he give that, and is guided in his decisions by justice alone, and those decisions are given with temper and firmness (which will be naturally consequent on a consciousness of their rectitude), he will rarely, if ever, fail in affording satisfaction to all parties.

It is a well-known fact, and one much to be regretted, that if we expect the umpires in two or three of our principal clubs, there are not one in four who are fully competent to discharge the duties of the office they assume. Indeed, how can it be otherwise, when we consider that many of the most experienced general players admit their comparative ignorance of the *minutiae* of the game when reduced to practice, unless it occur in their own individual case, and even then there must be many points that might easily escape them, or of which they cannot by possibility judge fairly, if at all. Thus it is necessary to appoint one for the office who has made it his study not only to become master of the *legitimate* rules of the game, but who has given his attention to the *equity* of it also. There are many things that may occur during the play, to meet which *literally* there is no law, and in such a case much is expected at the hands of an umpire, who, if he knows his duty, will be at no loss to give an immediate and satisfactory decision. But, should such a case occur to one who, however good a player, had not studied the duties of umpireship, he would by an unsatisfactory decision, be very likely to create a feeling between the parties anything but desirable on a cricket ground. This being the case, how much should we repudiate the too common custom of the minor clubs of appointing an umpire from their own body, not, perhaps, on the score of economy, but in order that they may have something to do to console them for not being ticked to play.

How much ill-will has been engendered between clubs and individuals on account of the unsatisfactory decisions and flagrant bias of umpires, may be left for any experienced cricketer to decide. This is well known—that when the member of a club is standing as umpire for his own party, he must, unless more than man, have an innate—perhaps unconscious—leaning in their favour, and which despite his most strenuous efforts, will colour his decisions.

The remedy I would propose for any such defect would be this:—to allow no person to take the office of umpire in a match until he had passed an examination as to his knowledge of the rules of the game, and the contingent events that might by possibility occur in its progress; such examination to be conducted by some individual of known competency, who should upon approval grant the applicant a certificate to that effect. There is no doubt that there are many old and experienced umpires who for the love of the game, and with a view to its extension and well-being, would cheerfully take upon themselves the office of examiners gratuitously, at appointed times, and consider it as a "labour of love."  
NED RUB.

[Anxious to devote a portion of their publication to the elucidation of the many, healthful, and good old English game of Cricket, and to promote its interests to the utmost in their power, the proprietors of this work will feel much pleasure in receiving communications and suggestions from any correspondent who may wish to further that object. In the next number will appear some observations on the modern style of bowling, embellished with a faithful full length portrait of one of its most accomplished professors, A. M. W. Esq. This will be followed by several spirited illustrations of the art of batting, offensive and defensive, with occasional notices of the most eminent players of the present day.]

PIGEON SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.—A lad relating to one of his companions the exploits of his father in hunting, on the previous day, asserted that he had killed nine hundred and ninety-nine pigeons at one shot. His companion observed that it would have been well to have added one to the number, and made it an even thousand, on which the lad, in high dudgeon, retorted—"What! do you think my father would tell a lie for one pigeon."—*New York Spirit of the Times*.

WHAT A SHAME.—If there is any law against badger-baiting, it is broken every night in the House of Commons, where poor Bobby, the Tamworth badger, is regularly baited, to the high diversion of the lovers of cruel sport.—*Punch*.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

**DETONATOR.**—We will give the **LANDRAIL** of CORNBRAKE in an early number, with an engraving. Surely we lack no stimulus!

**PHILO-HIPPO.**—Expectorants is a term applied by horse-doctors (veterinary surgeons is a polite term) to medicines which increase the discharge of mucus, and thus relieve coughs and impeded breathing. In cases of coarseness they should be aided in their operation by glysters and bran mash. The following is a simple expectorant ball:—  
 Gum ammoniacum . . . . . 2 to 4 dr.  
 Powdered squill (the wild onion) . . . . . 1 to 2 dr.  
 Castile soap . . . . . 3 dr.  
 Oil of aniseed . . . . . 30 drops  
 Ginger . . . . . 1 dr.

Syrup enough to form a ball.

**White says.** "It cannot be too often repeated, that unless the horse's diet is carefully attended to medicine is of little avail, either in chronic, cough, or imperfect wind."

**Egros.**—Stockport.—Glanders is a contagious disease: and is generally supposed incurable. There never was a disease with this character but what almost every year produced its specific. This should not discourage attempts to discover a remedy, but former failures should teach modesty. Lafosse, forty years ago, proposed your remedy with additions. To your second observation, or rather question, we reply:—Inquire of the city, or rather Smithfield, police.

**HENRICUS.** Hertford.—Thank you for the favourable opinion expressed on the conducting of this Miscellany; as the only one of its class we ask your recommendation to your friends.—On the subject of the migration of birds, the physical difficulties you imagine will vanish, we think, if you mentally weigh the following facts. A sparrow is calculated to be capable of flying at the rate of thirty miles an hour: and many experiments have proved the river-duck can fly ninety miles in the same time. The common kite has been observed (by accurate measurement, made by means of an instrument, which we cannot describe to you here) to fly over a quarter of a mile in forty-five seconds. At this rate it could travel from Cape Ruth to the Land's End in one day. The famous ornithologist, Monsieur Audubon, shot the passenger-pigeon of America 800 miles from the nearest spot where it would have procured rice, with that grain undigested in its stomach; and therefore swallowed not many hours before its death. Though the willow-wren, the nightingale, and other birds of passage, fly with but half the swiftness—they may not only reach most parts of the south of Europe, but North Africa in a few days. Your theory has been confuted more than fifty years ago.

**AN OLD ANGLER.**—We candidly confess we do not know: neither would we give a half-farthing to be told.

**BILLY BUTTONE.**—Very facetious—if we could find out the fun of it. **MILK'S BOY**—what he is.

**SOOTHSAVER.**—Our esteemed correspondent will find the packet he inquires about at 35, Holywell Street; or, should he prefer it, we will forward it, if he will furnish us with his exact address.

**LECTOR.** Gravesend.—We do not know any resident pugilist of note, who gives lessons in the art. If we should learn that there is such a one, we will notify it through the medium of this column.

**WILLIAM B. R.**—Obliged for kind intentions: but if mere geographical description of the rivers be meant, that is of course open to us at the cost of the mere labour of compilation. What we want is modern descriptions of "Fishing Localities," their present state, the sport they principally yield, brief notions of the accommodations at Inns, Anglers' Homes, &c. in the neighbourhood, with good-natured sketches of "mine host," or "mine hostess," cost of permission to fish; or, if free, what attractions are presented, and so forth. Mere topography is the dulllest of all things; and quite foreign to our purpose and desire.

**L. L.**—A "broken wicket" is where the balls are off, either by running over it, or in an ineffectual attempt at stumping, throwing out, &c., in which case it is necessary in stumping, to strike one of the stumps out of the ground. If one ball remain on, it will be sufficient to strike it off.

**WIDE BALL.**—Wide balls are not called until they have passed the striker, since the promulgation of the new law. (See Rule 45.)

**A. Z.**—Not out. The ball must be retained in the hand while the wicket is being put down in the way you describe.

**SWANSEY.**—No run can be scored where a catch is made. If caught off the hand, out; if the wrist or arm, not out. The patent gloves may be had of Caldecourt.

**INDEX.**—You are right. We will see to getting a portrait of Caunt; we have one of Bendigo, and publish the rival champions, with a brief sketch of each of their careers in the same number.

**CRICKET.**—G. F. C.—There is no prescribed limit to the length of the popping crease, but it must not be shorter than the bowling crease, 6-feet 8-inches.

**CYCLOPS.**—Not out. You had no right to take the ball before the wicket.

**ALLANER.**—Certainly. We shall not lose sight of the first opportunity to *Cope* with you in the way you mention. To your second question, if from the hand—out.

**P. L. A. Y.**—The ground in question is now broken up, as is the West Surrey, in the Wandsworth-road; they are about to commence their season shortly, when we shall doubtless hear of their whereabouts.

**GYP.**—Your observations are perfectly correct. One of your subjects of complaint you will find commented on in the present number. As regards the other, its cure must depend entirely on the state of the club funds.

**TOXOPHOLITE.**—Several cuts relating to ARCHERY, are in the engravers' hands.

**SILVERSIDES.**—"Throwing a quail thirty yards" is not decided by throwing it from the top of a steepie. It must be thrown in the usual way without "bubble."

**WILL WICKET.**—We flatter ourselves we are authority on these points. One of the most experienced umpires in the kingdom has kindly taken charge of the answers to questions relating to CRICKET.

**BACKGAMMON.**—Double or quits is an even bet; that is to say, if you lost a crown, you play another game to settle whether you pay ten shillings or nothing.

**D. J. S.**—Thurteill was executed for the murder of Wear, January 9th, 1833.

**A WELL-WISHER.**—If you wish to serve us, show and recommend the **SPORTING WORLD** to your friends.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

**SUNDAY, MAY 11.**—**WHIT SUNDAY.**—Courvoisier committed for the murder of Lord William Russell, 1840.—Mr. Percival shot by Bellingham, in the lobby of the House of Commons, 1812.—The latest species of summer birds of passage arrive at the beginning of this month. Among these are the goat-sucker or fern owl, the spotted fly-catcher, and that interesting songster, the garden warbler. The admiral butterfly and the May bug make their appearance.—Vegetation becomes very attractive both in the garden and fields: in the latter we find in blow—hawthorn, cowslip, forget-me-not, brook-lime, water violet, lily of the valley, wild ranunculus, and the poet's favourite the little daisy.

**MONDAY 12.**—**WHIT MONDAY.**—Milk's Boy goes to Greenwich—rolls down the hill, and writes his "experiences."—**Neston Races.**—Mr. Richard Dunn, an Irish barrister, taken into custody on articles of the peace, exhibited by Miss Burdett Coutts:

"Have Dunn," says he; "I won't," says she;  
 And thus the row begun."

—Prince Johnville publishes his pamphlet, in which he menaces England, 1844. Cock-a-doodle-doo!

**TUESDAY 13.**—**WHIT TUESDAY.**—Newmarket Second Spring Meeting.—Manchester Races. Eglington Park, ditto.—Old May day.

**WEDNESDAY 14.**—**Oxford Term begins.**—Mendoza beat Bill Warr, 300 guineas to 300 guineas, 23 rounds, Smitham Bottom, near Croydon, 1792.—**Agricultural Notice.**—The dairy now requires constant attention, but take care not to put your butter on your beam, and keep your eggs out of the way of your grandmother.

**THURSDAY 15th.**—Edmund Keen died 1833.—Tom Oliver beat Cooper, 17m. 13r. 25gs.—Moulsey Hurst, 1813.

**FRIDAY 16.**—**Shiffnal Races.**—Plaidford ditto.—"Seek to make money," says the Astrologer; take care of the police, then, say we: is not this knave concealing capital felony?—Tom Spring beat Bob Burn, 30m., 18r., £100, Epsom, 1830; Charles Gibbets beat Kasher, 83m., 58r., £90; and Gibbey Cooper (Jack) beat West Country Dick (West), 29m., 29r., £10, and £5 of Mr. Gully's same place.—Tom Gaynor beat Alec Reid, £50 a-side, 70m., 34r., No-Man's-Land, 1833.

**SATURDAY 17.**—Tom Oliver beat Ned Painter, 26m., 8r., £58, Shepperton Range, 1814.—Tom Cribb's Farewell to the Ring, 1822.—Weather getting warm for 13 inside, exclusive of "two infants in arms," of ten years old each, three hat boxes, and two well-stuffed bundles; to those who, impelled by necessity, waste time by riding, we recommend the following:—*Confessions of a Conductor.*—"Busses is erroneously said to hold only 13 inside—if they like they can hold a great many more, besides bundles and wet umbrellas. Man is a squeezable animal, and 'busses is like carpet bags, there's no knowing what they will hold till you tries 'em. Consequently, though your 'busses seems full, shove 'em in, and drive on, and they are sure to shake down and fit in as close as wood pavement. Bad sixpence is useful on rainy nights, for stingy women as won't pay more than the fare for themselves and a caravan-full of parcels. When short of passengers, stop at the corner of every street, to make observations, and dance the Polka on the foot-board.—Talleyrand died 1838.

## THE MOON IN MAY.

New Moon, 6th .. .. .	9 57 morn.
First Quarter, 14th .. .. .	2 8 aft.
Full Moon, 21st .. .. .	3 55 aft.
Last Quarter, 28th .. .. .	6 28 morn.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High water at London Bridge.

	morn.	aft.		morn.	aft.
Sunday, May 11th .. .. .	4 49	5 8	Thursday, May 15th .. .. .	7 46	8 21
Monday, 12th .. .. .	5 24	5 44	Friday, 16th .. .. .	8 58	9 31
Tuesday, 13th .. .. .	6 6	6 29	Saturday, 17th .. .. .	10 4	10 35
Wednesday, 14th .. .. .	6 52	7 18			

## The Sporting World.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 17, 1845.

**THE** flattering success which has hitherto crowned the efforts of the proprietors of this miscellany calls for some acknowledgement at their hands. Anxious to show their gratitude, and to prove that they will not be content to "rest idly upon their oars," they have determined upon producing an **EPSOM NUMBER**, which shall vie in illustration and literary matter with anything hitherto produced by the most expensive weekly prints. With this view they have engaged a popular writer and a first-rate engraver to give an embellished description of the **ROAD TO THE DERBY**, beginning with the start from London, and ending with the "trysting place" at Epsom. Cuts, right and left, humorous and numerous, of places, persons, and things, will illustrate the text. Look out, then, for our **EPSOM NUMBER**, in which we confidently anticipate "taking the lead, and keeping it," and finding our "number up" at the "winning post" of public approbation.

In an early number we trust also, to be able to announce as a **PRESENT**, a **Sporting Print, worthy of a frame**; which, in execution, shall surpass any engraving hitherto presented by the most popular of the stamped newspapers. As this undertaking will, however, involve a large outlay, we shall fix a particular number of this paper (after the specimens are issued), upon which we shall calculate the number of our average sale; and no more copies of the **steel plate** will be delivered than the amount of papers taken by the wholesale vendors in that particular week. This is no more than a matter of proper precaution; inasmuch as it is to our regular subscribers only that we purpose to present this gift, each copy of which, in cost to ourselves, will far exceed the whole charge for an impression of the paper with which it is given.

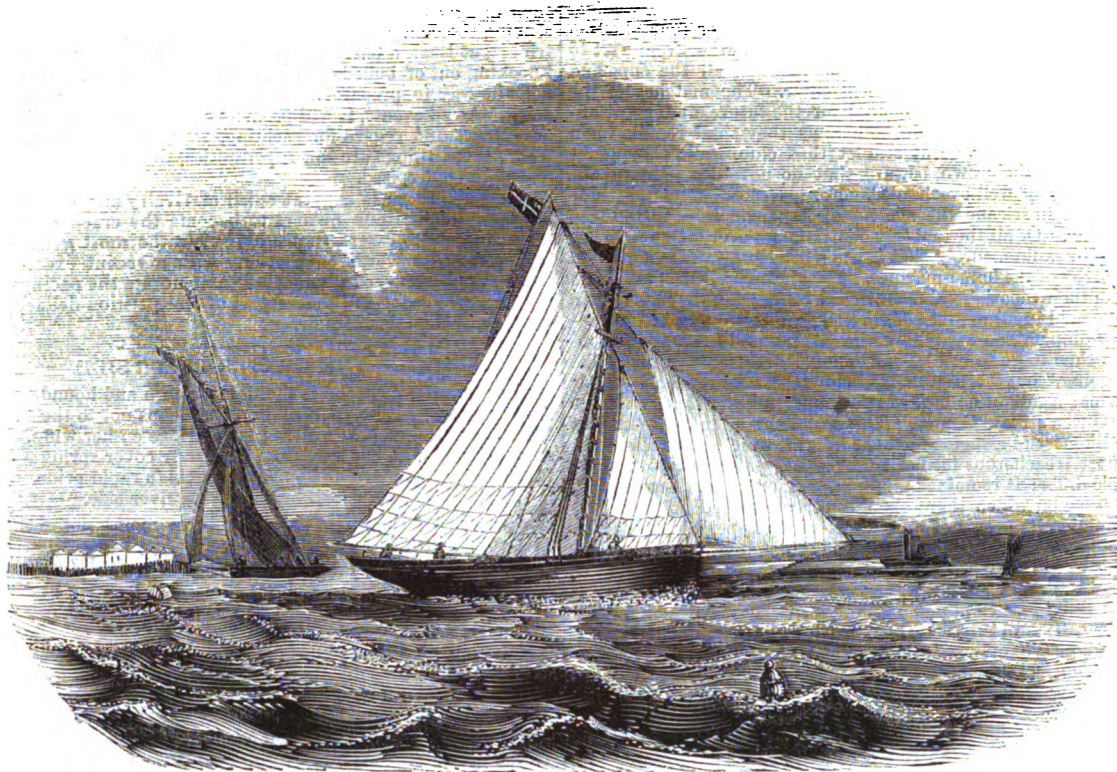
## SONNET

BY THE UNSENTIMENTAL POET.

I NEVER lie beside a purling spring,  
 Watching the silver bubbles as they float,  
 In reveries wrapp'd—and all that sort of thing—  
 And may be coming home with a sore throat:  
 I never, cover'd with an old pea-coat,  
 At midnight to the paly moon did spout,  
 While she who bare me knew not I was out;  
 From other source my inspiration sought.  
 When on the bounty of a friend I'm thrown,  
 Champagne, old port, hock, claret, noyeau, are  
 My spring Castalian, my inspiring star;  
 And when upon resources of my own,  
 A glass of brandy and a decent weed  
 Are all the inspiration that I need.

**FINE INVESTMENT.**—In the neighbourhood of Chancery-lane is the following notice in the shop of an undertaker, posted on the side of a very extensive coffin:—"Pleasant lodging and partial board for a single gentleman of retired habits. N.B. The parties can be done for." We should think so.





THE BLUE BELL OVERHAULING THE BELVIDERE, FOR LORD SAY AND SELE'S CUP.—(From a Sketch taken at the Match.)

### THE R. T. Y. C.

**H**ERE is a nationality in the noble sport of Yachting, which awakens a thrill of worthy pride in the bosom of every lover of the "tight little island;" and among all the recreations to which the active spirits of Britain have addicted themselves, we know none less exceptionable, nay more praiseworthy, than the comparatively modern establishment of the Royal Yacht Club. Its numerous progeny may now boast the name of Legion, for the Yacht Clubs, North, South, and West are indeed many.

The promotion of aquatic amusement combines the soundest policy in the pursuit of pleasure, two points but rarely united; in addition to which it benefits that class of our artisans, the shipwrights, who, during a time of profound peace, require some such auxiliary aid; nor is it less patriotic in affording employment to seafaring men, encouraging the natural characteristic of Britons, and feeding and fostering a branch of service upon which the country must ever rely for its support and defence in time of peril. To the owners it offers advantage and attractions which are not, in other pursuits generally attainable; Health here waits on Pleasure—Science benefits by its promotion—friends may partake without inconvenience or much additional expense—travel is effected with economy—and change of scene and a knowledge of foreign coasts, obtained without the usual privations and incumbrances attendant upon the public mode of conveyance. By a generous regulation too, any gentleman's pleasure yacht may enter the ports of France, or those of any other power in alliance with England, exempted from the enormous exactions generally extorted from private and merchant-vessels, as harbour and other dues—a privilege of no mean consequence to those who are fond of sailing. In addition, there are those, and of the service too, who contend, that since the establishment of the R. Y. C., by their building superior vessels, exciting emulation, and creating a desire to excel in naval architecture, and also by the superiority of their sailing, the public service of the country has been much benefited, particularly as regards our lighter vessels, such as revenue-cutters and cruisers. This club, which originated with some gentlemen at Cowes, in the year 1815, now comprises the name of almost every nobleman and gentlemen in the kingdom who keeps a yacht, and is honoured with that of the sovereign, and other members of her family, as its patrons.—Cowes Harbour is the favourite rendezvous; and here, in the months of July and August, may be seen above a hundred fine vessels built entirely for purposes of pleasure, and comprising every size and variety of rigging, from the ship of three hundred tons burden to the yawl of eight or ten.

Thus much of the Royal Yacht Squadron, which does not muster its miniature navy for active operations till the eve of its regatta at

Cowes, in the month of August, they are the very aristocrats of yachting; the models of ultra exclusivism. Not so with the delightful R. T. Y. C., the delight of our noble river. They begin at Easter and don't lay up till after Michaelmas. With the majority of the members of this active and spirited club. Sailing is indeed a sport, and the club is indeed worthy of the queen of rivers, from which it derives its name.

ITS FLEET OF ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY FIVE VESSELS stands at the head of the pleasure marine of the world; and, as a society, it is a pattern of what a community of gentlemen engaged in a noble, national pursuit ought to be. The cause of yacht-sailing had long been its debtor for efforts to promote a spirit of emulation among the proprietors of pleasure craft everywhere that yachting exists. By its latest act the popularity of that sport will be as widely extended as the convenience of its members has been wisely consulted, and their intercourse secured from the danger of untoward collisions. Doctor Johnson used to say that a concert would be a most agreeable amusement, only for the music; we have all had experience that a regatta would be a much more harmonious affair if it were not for the racing. Of all the struggles of rivalry in which gentlemen can be opposed to gentlemen, I am satisfied that of yacht sailing is the most soul-absorbing. I have sailed in a fair share of matches in my time; and I have witnessed "by the cunning of the scene," a temperament, in all the ordinary chances of life, gentle and apathetic, transformed into a spirit fierce, and fell as that of a jungle tiger. It is not because the tussles for glory awake a man's soul, and set his blood racing through his heart, that I object to them: on the contrary, they do him thereby both moral and physical benefit; but they should be so contrived as not to arouse any feelings but those of chivalrous honour—"without fear," and also "without" the possibility of "shame." When society was half barbarian, horse-races used to be ridden wherein the jockeys were permitted to cross and jostle, and, consequently, to carry out their contests like any other cavalry engaged in deadly feud. When the turf became the sport of gentlemen, rules were contrived for its refinement, and to prevent the occurrence of all angry collisions. Thus should it be with yachting; and thus it has been long, in so far as relates to the courses of craft engaged in sailing races. But more was wanted to rid them of material obnoxious to good-fellowship; and this has been done, as I believe, by the recent resolutions passed by the R. T. Y. C. for the regulations of all vessels which shall in future enter for any of its matches. This most excellent regulation appears as a simple paragraph added to No. 9 of the sailing orders, and is to the following effect:—"That no yacht is to put out or to shift ballast after the race has commenced; nor shall any yacht be allowed to put out or take in ballast for twelve hours previous to the time of starting. All



yachts to keep their platforms down and bulkheads standing: no water ballast allowed."

The effect of this will be that instead of some three or four shells—skeleton boats—flying Dutchmen—that followed each other from port to port during the season like grim death, monopolising all the cups and stakes, regular ship-shape squadrons will enter. The matches of the R. T. Y. C. at least will be thus influenced for the future, and great additional interest will attach to them, so long as they shall remain upon their now established footing. But still let that club, while they adopt sound innovations of their own, beware that no novelties gain favour among them till they be well overhauled. For instance, let them eachew like a leeshore in a hurricane the system of handicapping for tonnage elsewhere in vogue. Of all the lubberly contrivances ever hit upon in the matter of pleasure sailing, surely that is the most essentially tailorish: a scheme only worthy of the horse-marines. Imagine a noble fleet of yachts all darting from their moorings abreast, at the booming of the signal gun, returning to the goal in all manner of chronology: this haply before luncheon—that for dinner; some catching the dessert, and the majority returning just in time to go to bed by candlelight! Bad enough this, "the order of their going," but worse remains behind. Sweet reader, it's odds but "boots" wins: a gallant no-decked two-manner, allowed fourteen hours in the regular Queen's Plate Course. This may seem a fancy sketch, but its a tolerable likeness of a race round the Wight, which came off within reach of the most treacherous memories. Taste is proverbially an affair on which people differ; it remained for the invention of handicap sailing to produce an issue on which there should not be a second opinion. To describe that opinion by means of an old salt-water hyperbole, it may be justly said that he who goes to a handicap yacht match for fun, should go to Davy Jones's locker for diversion.

The opening R.T.Y.C. match of the season—took place on the 3rd of May for the Belvidere Cup, presented by Lord Say and Sele, with an entry numerically and intrinsically superior to any ever made for a match on the river Thames. Fourteen vessels were originally named for it, whereof the Belvidere, Antagonist, Ino, Prima Donna, and Leveret are new, having been launched this spring. But the record of the particulars of this exciting contest we leave to our stamped contemporaries, promising that our artist's sketch is a faithful picture of the crack Blue Bell and her beautiful rival.

Steam, which gave the first heavy blow and discouragement to the "wooden walls of old England," has been followed in its example by our pleasure marine. The R.T.Y.C. has several iron vessels, and that material gains popularity fast among the curious in wager-boats. Who shall deny that time works wonders? True it is, that there is a time for every thing in this gay and busy metropolis: and few men are without their *hobbies*, where such a variety of attractions claim their attention, to fill up a leisure hour or two in a pleasant and agreeable manner, with this difference only, that some of those persons who are attached to any particular sort of amusement, ride them much harder and faster than their neighbours. However, be that as it may, the sports on the river Thames are kept up during the season, nearly with equal spirit to those of the field; and if the Cocknies cannot shoot flying, leap over a five-barred gate, join in a steeple-chase, or give the view-halloo, in the first spirit and style of excellence, they nevertheless flatter themselves they are not much from home on Old Father Thames; for the river is a sort of element of their own. There may be some weight attached to this position—they rather pride themselves in being competent to take a lead in a cutter, from their frequent practice; or to handle a skull, to feather an oar, take the situation as strokesman in an eight-oared boat, do their duty in the *mid-ships*, and at times, show themselves off to advantage by acting like a waterman at the bow. It is the ambition of most men to excel in that sort of amusement or sporting towards which their penchant appears so conspicuous.

The Mersey, next in importance among English rivers to the Thames, is fast mustering a pleasure fleet quite worthy of its character. The Royal Mersey Yacht Club already numbers close upon 300 members, and its list is rapidly filling with the names of the leading men of that district. Under the auspices of the Marquis of Conyngham, the Royal Southern Yacht Club is going free before the favouring gales of popularity and prosperity. Perhaps there is not a locality so every way suited to the purposes of pleasure-sailing as Southampton Water, "where'er winds blow or waters roll." The Royal Western Yacht Club has its head quarters at Plymouth. Lord Mount Edgcumbe is its commodore, and "hearts of oak are its men"—choice spirits, stout and true.

It is not our purpose here to offer a catalogue of the clubs with which the coast of our island is studded in such fitting array. The object of this paper is chiefly to direct the attention of such societies to the great importance of so framing the rules by which their institutions are governed, as may best promote the greatest amount of sport and good-fellowship among the greatest number of their members. The alteration already noticed as recently introduced into the sailing orders of the Royal Thames Yacht Club is eminently qualified to bring this about, and we therefore have here put it prominently forward. However carefully regulated, there is no denying that sailing-matches, like all other matches (from Love to Lucifer inclusive) are made out of very fiery particles. Being contests, it almost follows naturally that they bring about quarrels: it is

certain that they *do*, and therefore it is an excellent thing to twine with their laurels an occasional branch of the peaceful olive. This scheme of sending the contending vessels on their cruises of glory in their ordinary trim is, at least, a passive promotion of order and tranquillity; while the knocking out of bulk-heads and clearing decks for action was certainly not the way to prepare Jack for peace, or to foster within him a calm spirit. At all events, it will promote comfort and convenience; and, with all respect and regard for yachting, we must be permitted to hint that, where these things are not superfluities, the cultivation of them is by no means to be despised.

Although there is a great spirit of rivalry and emulation displayed between the various owners to become the crack on the river, yet, we are happy to assert, that nothing but the most gentlemanly feeling is manifested towards each other, with a recent exception, which we hope will never recur, and to commemorate the pacification of which the cup, which formed the subject of the petition delineated in our engraving, was generously given.

#### THE GENTLE RIVER SIDE.

MERRY in the greenwood is the note of horn and hound,  
And dull must be the heart of him that leaps not to their sound;—  
Merry from the stubble whirrs the partridge on her wing,  
And blithely doth the hare from her shady cover spring:—  
But merrier than horn or hound, or stubble's rapid pride,  
Is the sport that we court, by the gentle river side.

Our art can tell the insect tribe that every month doth bring,  
And with a curious wile we know to mock its gauzy wing;  
We know what breeze will bid the trout through the curling waters leap,  
And we can surely win him from shallow or from deep;  
For every cunning fish can we a cunning bait provide,  
In the sport that we court, by the gentle river side.

Where may we find the music like the music of the stream—  
What diamond like the glances of its ever changing gleam—  
What couch so soft as mossy banks, where through the noontide hours  
Our dreamy heads are pillowed on a hundred simple flowers—  
While through the crystal stream beneath we mark the fishes glide  
To the sport, that we court, by the gentle river side?

For us the lark with upland voice the early sun doth greet,  
And the nightingale from shadowy boughs her vesper hymn repeat;  
For us the pattering shower on the meadow doth descend—  
And for us the fitting clouds with the sudden sunbeams blend;—  
All beauty, joy, and harmony, from morn to eventide,  
Bless the sport, that we court, by the gentle river side.—AN ANGLER.

#### SPRING.

Of course everybody loves Spring. That "goes without saying," as our Gallic neighbours touchingly express it. Everybody has some sonnet, soliloquy, or set speech to let off in praise of the buttercups and daffodils, daisies and dandelions; and of a sooth they are witchingly beautiful. But what we especially admire in Spring is its *promisingness*. Autumn is very glorious, more brilliant perhaps than May itself, but then all its bright hues are fading hues; so tearful a time is that we might almost call it "hue and cry." It is a prism: Time suddenly turns the glass, and all the colors are gone. Summer is not a bad season; but then its fullness we don't like: everything is as good as it ever will be; there's nothing to hope for: it is a metaphor worked out to its last gasp; a city dame, decked in all the feathers, fringes, lace, gauzes, shawls, veils, tippets, and polka cloaks that she can cram on. No: give us the hopingness of Spring; and the season is full of it: woods, meadows, uplands, moors, and gardens: Hope is everywhere: Pandora's box had that ingredient only in a little out-of-the-way corner at the bottom: May's casket is top full of it: full! aye, pressed down and running over "I promise to pay," seems written by Nature on every object around—flowers, forest trees, orchards, corn fields. The birds are circulating their promissory notes in every green bough and under every bit of blue sky; the fish in the streams, the flocks and herds in the pastures; cold bloods and warm bloods, all follow so good an example; and, what is best of all, every promise is sure to be paid in full—Nature never repudiates.

This is what to us makes a ramble in the meadows in May or June so exquisitely delightful; it is this that makes our heart tingle with such a stirring joy by the side of every forest bank, by the gleam of every sunny stream; it is this, in fact, that makes us such an inveterate fisherman; for who so well as the fisherman can enjoy the charms of the opening year! who, like him, can find out the quiet nooks, the little flowery corners and crannies of the world, where all the best beauty is; and where, but for him, Nature would have thrown away some of her happiest efforts of decoration, and laid out some of her fairest landscapes, without eye to see or heart to feel their loveliness!—*Sporting Magazine for May.*

REASON FOR NOT WEEPING.—A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all fell a weeping but one man, who, being asked why he did not weep with the rest, "Oh!" said he, "I belong to another parish."

## HINTS TO A HORSE-SELLER.

BY HARRY HIMOVER.

UNDER any circumstances that may induce a person to send a horse to a repository, let me advise him first to consider whether he is a competent judge of his value (for what he may have given has nothing to do with it): if he is not a judge of the value of horses, in the name of common sense let him consult some one who really is; for as at least three-fourths of buyers pay more for a horse than he is worth (*in the market*), so three-fourths expect a salesman to get them a price the horse will not bring when thus offered for sale. This ends in disappointment both to the agent and the owner. If you go to a respectable man, tell him candidly all you know about your horse, his failings as well as his merits; if he really *knows* you to be a man of good temper and good sense, he will (if asked) not object to give an opinion of the price you may expect, or something very near it: and under such circumstances he should be allowed a discretionary power to either take what he considers the first fair offer, or to hold the horse over if he feels confident of getting a better. Of course this discretionary power and this attention to his advice and judgment must only be awarded to a man known to be one of integrity.

If you send a horse to a man to whose general conduct you are a stranger, the mode of doing it should be this: first get the horse examined by a known veterinary surgeon; it is 10s. 6d. generally, well laid out, for you may fancy you know whether he is sound or not: if you do, there is not one owner in ten who does. You may know he is not dead-lame, blind, or broken-winded; but there are many things very short of any of these that will make a professional very properly reject a horse as an unsound one. It therefore saves time and expense in learning this beforehand. Send your horse with a *written* description of his qualifications and his price; say he will be left with Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ so many days for sale; and if not sold by that day, he will be fetched away. Desire no offers may be communicated to you, as you have made up your mind, and sent his lowest price; and state he has passed a veterinary surgeon as sound. All this will show an honest man what to do; and it will show a rogue you are not one to be played with. I might be asked whether a Nickem would not, even in this case, begin some of his tricks? He might, but I should say he would not; for there are so many with whom he can do so with impunity, that he would not run the risk with one where it seemed likely he could not: and if he has reason to think you are not one he can bamboozle out of £20, he will rather get his commission by selling your horse than only get the bare livery; so he *will* sell him, or at least try to do so.

I have endeavoured to give my reader sufficient hints of the proper and improper practices of dealers and repository-keepers to enable him to judge a little of what is intended by either. I have stated many things that may be done by any one in the horse trade, also many things that sometimes are done; but let me entreat him not to imagine they are always done. A man conversant with the thing might write a treatise on the mode by which property is abstracted from our persons by pick-pockets: this does not make pickpockets more numerous, or need we clap our hands on our pockets whenever we meet a person in the street. Pockets are occasionally picked, and by pickpockets; men are occasionally robbed, and by horse-dealers of different sorts: but the difference of the case is very wide indeed. The pickpocket knows how to pick your pocket, and *will always* do it if he can: the dealer may know how to do it also in his way; so does every tradesman, but they do not *always* do it; and I am happy to say there are many who *never* do. I grant the horse trade affords great facilities for imposition and rascality—perhaps no trade more so: the greater the merit then of those men who tread a path so beset with temptations with credit to themselves and integrity to their customers, who would scorn the practices of a Nickem as much as they would and do the perpetrators of them. Such men—and I could point out many—are as worthy objects of the esteem of the public, as they are for the imitation of their less conscientious brethren in the same avocation. This I give as a hint to (in concluding the foregoing hints) on horse-dealers.—*Sporting Magazine for March.*

THE STATISTICS OF SOAP.—Mr. Hutt, with a laudable desire to ascertain how his county is off for soap, has moved for and obtained a Parliamentary return embracing all the statistics of this very interesting subject. It seems that, in England, the quantity of soap manufactured is considerably larger than the quantity made in Scotland. Perhaps the increase in the manufacture in British soap may have arisen from a rumour that several of the old Tories intended to wash their hands of Peel; and as some of those hands have had a finger in matters not particularly nice, it was naturally thought that a great quantity of soap would be required for the operation alluded to. We understand that Mr. Williams seconded Mr. Hutt's motion, on the ground that we ought to know how we stand for soap, when we may be called upon rather suddenly to lather the Americans.—*Punch.*

AN ARCH REPLY.—A little boy having been much praised for his quickness of reply, a gentleman present observed, that when children were keen in their youth, they were generally stupid and dull when they advanced in years, and *vice versa*. "What a *very sensible boy, sir, must you have been!*" returned the child.

## SONGS OF THE POLICE.

I met her in the flowery month  
Of May serene and sweet,  
When trees put forth their tender leaves,  
But never in my beat.  
I took her gentle hand in mine,  
And this is what I said:—  
"I always had a yearning heart  
To-wards a kitchenmaid."

When summer came with sunny days,  
And soft blue hanging skies,  
I often lounged about the door  
To catch her laughing eyes;  
And when she fetched the supper beer,  
Just in the evening shade,  
I often drank her health and kiss'd  
My willing kitchenmaid.

When autumn came, and jovial folks  
All went to Croydon fair,  
I took my recreation too,  
But did not take her there.  
I borrowed from her half a crown,  
Which somehow ne'er was paid;  
I think love drove it from her head,  
My darling kitchenmaid.

When winter came with dingy look,  
And night like cheerless day,  
She often brought a private drop  
To keep the cold away.  
At length her missus found her out,  
And tho' she cried and pray'd,  
Ah! woe is me, she lost her place,  
And I my kitchenmaid.—*Great Gun.*

THE EXETER 'CHANGE BEADLE.—This unfortunate individual appears to be in danger of falling a victim to the solitary system. He wanders from morning till night between the iron gates of the arcade of Exeter 'Change, which offers no change, alas! to him, and his existence is one of such utter solitude, that his fate might inspire another Zimmerman. When the gates are closed, he still continues his mournful promenade up and down; and the savage desolation of the spot, where no human foot-fall is ever heard, has rendered him almost wild, so that he looks through the bars with an aspect of fierceness at the persons passing the cage he is imprisoned in. We earnestly entreat the proprietors of the Arcade to consider the consequences of enclosing a human being in a living tomb, excluded from all association with his fellow-creatures. It is idle to deck him out in a gaudy livery, the brilliancy of which only mocks the darkness of his fate, and throws a blacker hue upon the lot which has befallen him.—*Punch.*

PLEASE TO OBSERVE THE ADDRESS.—The old inscription used to be "Messages carefully delivered, and carpets beat." But President Polk's flourishing Address ought to have appended to it "Messages carefully delivered, and *fustian* beat."

## NEW AND IMPORTANT EDITION.

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DANIEL MENDOZA.

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD III. 1786—1798.

FROM THE TIME OF MENDOZA TO THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER.

## CHAPTER I.

MENDOZA—(continued.)

**A**LTHOUGH the general opinion allowed Mendoza to have made much improvement since the previous fight at Odham, it is certain that the betting to the East continued in favour of Humphries. Humphries, too, had evidently lost much of that finished and commanding style of attack which rendered the first fight remarkable; he did not maintain his ground with his usual confidence, but suffered his opponent to drive him, and upon some occasions he seemed to labour under an impression that he had a superior boxer to cope with. Mendoza looked upon victory as certain, and, in many instances, treated the guard of his opponent with much contempt.

From his superior style of stopping, too, Mendoza received scarcely any blows of consequence except a severe one on his cheek.

The head of Humphries exhibited symptoms of sharp punishment, his face was much disfigured, one of his eyes completely closed up, and forehead and lip severely lacerated. Upon the whole, there was a falling off in his style of fighting.

The pugilistic world were not yet quite satisfied; and as the parties themselves were eager for a renewal of the fray, a third battle was arranged finally to decide the merits of the respective combatants.

September 29, 1790, was the day fixed for the decision of this grand combat at Doncaster. To prevent interruption from the populace, and to render the accommodation more secure and complete for the subscribers, who had purchased their admission at half-a-guinea each, a large yard, belonging to an inn, at the above place, was selected for the scene of action, enclosed on one side by numerous houses, and on the other by the river Don, and further secluded by a stout paling. But perseverance and curiosity frequently overcome all impediments;—water proved no hindrance, nor thick boards any obstacle to the anxiety of JOHN BULL to witness this heroic contest. Hundreds were rowed over from the other side to the paling, who lost no time in removing the obstruction to their wishes. Independent of those intruders, upwards of five hundred tickets were sold and admitted.

Between the hours of ten and eleven the combatants mounted the stage, amid thunders of applause: Humphries displayed considerable agility in springing up; and Mendoza was equally anxious to display his good spirits. The stage was twenty-four feet square, and raised four feet from

the ground. Tom Johnson, who had in the last contest been so anxious in the cause of Humphries, now appeared as second to Mendoza, accompanied by Butcher as his bottle-holder; Sir Thomas Apreece in his former capacity of umpire; Humphries was attended by Ward and Jackson; and Colonel Hamilton took upon himself the office of umpire; but, in case of any dispute arising between the chosen umpires, Mr. Harvey Aston was appointed as the third, whose decision, if appealed to, was to be final.

The odds were five to four upon Mendoza; and Humphries' friends, still sanguine of his success, took them with avidity. Mendoza's superior pretensions to science were readily admitted; but the fortitude and bottom of Humphries, and his other excellent qualities, had made an impression upon his admirers not easily effaced, who hence entertained a strong opinion in his favour.

The set-to at length commenced; every eye beamed with anxiety; the interest was absorbing, and every spectator lost in suspense. The combatants were heroes of no common stamp, and every feint was regarded with respect and attention. Money was known to be a secondary consideration; the wreath of the victor was the grand hope of either antagonist. Both felt noble emulation, and were determined honorably to gain or lose the proud title of conqueror.

Humphries, full of confidence, went boldly in, attacking his opponent with great impetuosity; but Mendoza, prepared, met him with equal resolution; they closed and fell. The second round was equally determined; and though Humphries appeared to put in the most blows, they did not seem effective. The combatants, aware of each other's excellence, paused; and it was stop for stop, and hit for hit, for some time, when, an opportunity offering, Mendoza concluded the third round by knocking Humphries down.

The fourth was of no import; but in the fifth round, Humphries endeavoured to put in a tremendous stomacher—the Jew knowing this favourite attempt of his opponent, stopped it with uncommon neatness, and returned the compliment for his attention with a facer—Humphries, full of game, fell in the return. It now seemed as if Humphries was on the decline. He had not lost his gaiety, but still there was a certain something that told the amateur he was going. The odds rose rapidly upon Mendoza, till they reached ten to one. Humphries's inferiority soon became manifest. Mendoza scarcely ever failed in bringing him down whenever he hit him; indeed he frequently fell from even a feeble touch, and sometimes without a blow, but the conquest appeared so

safe to Mendoza that it was never noticed. If Humphries was compelled to acknowledge the superiority of his opponent's science, it must not be forgotten that Dick never lost his greatness as a man: his fortitude was still the same, and the reluctance he manifested in abandoning the contest, even when pressed so to do by his friends, who saw that no chance was left, was unequivocal proof of his indomitable spirit.

Mendoza, in conquering so distinguished a competitor achieved considerable fame; but the greatest merit attached to the conquest was the manner in which it was obtained. Mendoza, being a Jew, had not the wishes of the multitude for his success; but courage is not the attribute of any particular creed or colour, and the humanity of Mendoza was conspicuous throughout this battle. On several occasions he threw up his arm, when he might have put in most tremendous blows upon his exhausted adversary.

Both the combatants displayed marks of heavy punishment:—Humphries's nose was much disfigured, his right eye was completely closed, and his forehead was dreadfully lacerated; he also received some heavy body blows; a few ugly touches were observed under his left arm, and his upper lip was split; in fact, he was so exhausted as to be carried by his friends to a carriage, the more speedily to obtain medical assistance. Mendoza, who gained strength by the exhilarating sound of victory, sported his figure upon the race-ground for a short time after the combat, but not without symptoms of uneasiness—his head was much bruised, and his left eye and ear indicated the vigour of his opponent's fist. His ribs were also in a tender state.

Bill Warr was next matched against Mendoza, and the mill appointed to take place at Stokenchurch, Oxfordshire, June 22, 1791. The beaks, however, were on the alert, and the parties having received warning, it was agreed that the contest should stand over till the ensuing September, and be decided at Doncaster. Here, however, the old "cup and lip" proverb was again verified, the trial postponed till May 14, 1792, and the venue changed to Smitham-bottom, near Croydon. On this eventful morn pedestrians out of number, and vehicles of every quality, were seen in rapid motion, eager to arrive at the destined spot. Between one and two the combatants appeared upon the stage, and were greeted with shouts of applause: Mendoza had for his second and bottle-holder, Tom Johnson and Butcher, with Harvey Aston, Esq., as his umpire: Warr was attended by Joe Ward and Jackson, and Mr. Watson as umpire.

At the commencement of the fight, the odds were in favour of Warr; and much was expected from his well-known skill and strength. For the first eight rounds of the battle he fought tremendously, and in the fourteenth he succeeded in nailing Mendoza on the jaw in such style that the Star of Israel came down with uncommon violence. Warr's friends were now in high spirits, as it was thought that Dan had received a sickener; but his game soon brought him about, and he finished two successive rounds by flooring his opponent cleverly. The superiority of Mendoza now became manifest. Warr perceived he was in the hands of his master and the spectators began to change their opinions. Mendoza knocked down his antagonist every round, nevertheless, Warr fought gamely an uphill battle, put in some good hits. In the twenty-third round the combatants closed—Warr was completely exhausted, and Mendoza falling on him, he reluctantly gave in. This victory established Dan's fame.

Nevertheless, Bill Warr fancied that in another trial he might regain his laurels; accordingly a match was made to come off in January 1794, near Hounslow, but the magistrates interfering, it was postponed till the 12th of November following, when it was decided upon Bexley Common.

The opening of the battle was good, and Warr seemed to feel that he should accomplish his wish; as before, in the earlier rounds he seemed to have a slight advantage, and his opponent fell before him; whether Mendoza permitted him to show himself off in this manner, that he might be enabled to exhibit his great superiority afterwards, or that he could not resist the efforts of his antagonist, cannot be ascertained; but it was evident that he treated all the attempts of Warr with perfect coolness, and seemed quite confident of the success of his waiting game. In the fifth round he went in, stopped the hits of his opponent with the greatest ease, and returned so tremendously, that Bill was disposed of in the short space of fifteen minutes! It was clear that Warr, from the moment Mendoza assumed the offensive, was lost, his opponent's confidence completely overawed him; and it was visible that he laboured under its depressing effects.

But amid all his glory, he was doomed to experience the vicissitudes of fortune by a mortifying defeat in his contest with Mr. Jackson, at Hornchurch, on April 15, 1795, which will be detailed in the memoir of Mr. John Jackson. This preyed so much upon his feelings that after six years had elapsed they burst forth with fury, occasioned by the following circumstance: Jem Belcher after beating Burke at Hurley Bottom, challenged Dan to fight, who immediately replied, that he had given up pugilism, and supported, by his industry (as a publican, at the Lord Nelson, in Whitechapel) a wife and six children, and only wished to fight Jackson, who had dealt unhandsonably by him as a pugilist; and he now publicly declared himself ready to enter the lists with him for one hundred guineas, provided that he would not take the unmanly and cowardly advantage of holding his hair. This oration of Mendoza's was soon trumpeted abroad, and some busy persons inserted a sort of

challenge to Mr. Jackson in the *Oracle*, or, *Daily Advertiser*, which was immediately answered by the latter.

The affair however, ended in nothing. In this letter Mendoza says he has fought THIRTY-TWO pitched battles.

In the year 1806, Mendoza was again introduced to the notice of the public, from a squabble with Harry Lee, arising out of some affair of *boil*, which it would be a mere waste of time and space to detail. The trash of "milling correspondence," with which the papers of the day—*The World*, and *Daily Advertiser*, in particular—were then deluged, is indeed surprising and wearisome. This farrago of lies, bad grammar, abuse, and ill feeling, the gentlemen who now *lead* the sporting press of England has rightly suppressed, and for it our best thanks are due.

We shall not here enlarge upon the squabbles of Lee and Mendoza, suffice it to say they resulted in a match.

Harry Lee was well known as an excellent sparrer, but had never publicly entered the lists as a boxer; he was extremely well made, and had the advantage of height and length of arm over his antagonist.

On March 21, 1806, at Grimstead Green, a short distance beyond Bromley, in Kent, the combatants met, and fifty guineas were the stakes deposited. It was a roped ring of twenty-five feet—Mendoza had for his second, Bill Warr, and his bottle holder, Bill Gibbons; Harry Lee was attended by the Game Chicken and Gulley. The odds were three to one on Mendoza.

ROUND 1. Mendoza looked at his opponent contemptuously, as if possessed of a more than usual degree of confidence. Lee soon made it appear that he was no novice in the art: he stood well up, with his left arm extended, and tried rather artfully to pop in a hit over Mendoza's guard; but the latter stopped them, and eventually got Harry down. The odds rose ten to one on Dan, and the bets were decided respecting the first knock-down and first blood.

2. Lee rose in a furious state, the claret flowing copiously. Mendoza made a hit, which was neatly returned by Lee upon Dan's nose—they closed and fell.

3. Lee, out of temper, went in to mill away; but Mendoza punished him right and left for his temerity, and he saluted his mother earth.

4. Lee now convinced the spectators that he was something more than a sparrer, by showing game—he put in a good hit over the left eye of Mendoza; but Dan threw him in the close. The opinions of the cognoscenti began to waver, for it appeared not quite so easy a thing as imagined; and two to one was sported that Mendoza did not beat Lee in half an hour.

5. Lee, not destitute of pluck, attempted to rally; but Mendoza, aware of his intentions, put in so severe a blow Harry went under the ropes. Three to one against Lee.

6. Mendoza, experienced in all the manoeuvres of the art, with the coolness of the veteran, judging that his opponent would attempt another rally, waited for him with the greatest composure: as he came in Dan put in a tremendous hit over Harry's nose, and threw him.

7. Of no account.

8. Lee, trusting to impetuosity more than judgment, went in rapidly; but the folly of such conduct was self-evident—Mendoza hit him away with the greatest ease, following him, and, in the event, throwing him a cross-buttock. Lee's frontpiece had now a variegated appearance.

9. Lee, full of gale, rallied—but Mendoza hit him sharply over the left eye, which was already terribly swelled. Five to one on Mendoza.

10. Dan laughed at his opponent; who made a feeble hit and fell upon his knees.

11. It appeared from Lee's conduct, that he entertained an idea that his opponent was to be conquered by impetuosity. He rushed in most furiously, when the latter hit him. Harry retreated and took refuge upon the ground.

12. Mendoza thought it was necessary to show a little fight, and, in a sharp rally, quickly punished his opponent out of the ring.

13. Rallying was the order of the day with Lee; Dan put in a severe hit, and, to avoid going down, Harry caught hold of his opponent.

14. Mendoza struck his adversary, who, to the astonishment of the spectators, laid himself down as before. [Some hisses and disapprobation occurred—and cries of "foul—take him away!"]

15. Trifling away time; Lee went down without a hit—and Dan laughed at him. [Six to one against Lee.]

16. Mendoza waiting for his opponent, hit him in the throat, which more than tickled him, and he fell from its effects, to all appearance extremely weak. [The odds now were out of comparison: a guinea to half-a-crown was offered.]

17. Lee went to the ground on the first blow.

18. Here flourishing—the men closed and fell.

19. Harry, quite gay, tried what effect another rally might produce: but Mendoza's sagacity rendered the attempt futile. He gave Lee a desperate blow upon the chin, which not only cut it severely, but sent him under the ropes.

20. Mendoza laughing at the insufficiency of his opponent's attempts—who now appeared quite passionate—stopped Harry's blows with the greatest sang froid. In closing, both went to the ground.

21. Dan gave Lee so severe a body hit, that it instantly floored him. [All betters, no takers.]

22. As Mendoza made himself up to strike his opponent, Lee fell. [Cries of "foul!"]

23. Of no consequence—both closed and fell.

24. Lee, still fond of rallying, tried it on: but Mendoza hit him away easily, and Lee slipped down.

25. Mendoza, as if expecting Lee would rally again, was perfectly prepared for the attempt. Lee went in, and got punished right and left, finally going to the ground, much exhausted.

26. Dan, full of spirits and vigour, as soon as Lee stood up gave him a floorer.

27. Lee, in making a hit lost his distance and fell.

28. This was a most singular round. Harry went into his opponent, and by main force threw him down by the arm.

29. A rally on both sides—Lee, undismayed, put in several hits: in the close Mendoza was uppermost.

30. The science of Dan was truly conspicuous, he stopped every blow; but happening to slip Lee put in some faces as Mendoza was going down.

31. Of no note whatever.

32. Dan appeared rather fatigued, in making a blow he went down upon his knees.

33. Lee now endeavoured to show that his spirits were in good trim, and made the best use of his knowledge, which was by no means mediocre; but it was in vain, his heart was better than his skill, and Dan milled him down.

34. Both the combatants fought well; but the turn was in Dan's favour.

35. Mendoza sent Lee under the ropes, from a well-directed blow.

36. Dan repeated the dose.

37, 38, 39. In all these rounds the superiority of Mendoza was manifest:—Dan stopped and hit as he pleased.

40. Mendoza punished Lee's ribs severely; he fell from the effects of the blows.

41. Lee was now becoming much exhausted; he fell from a mere touch.



43. Lee began to be convinced that the chances were against him; his exertions were on the decline.—Mendoza did as he pleased, and closed the round by throwing him.  
53. For the last ten rounds Lee had met the smallest prospect of success; still his game prompted him to continue the fight in hopes that some lucky chance might offer; but having fell a second time without a blow, Mendoza was declared the conqueror.

The amateurs were completely surprised at the protraction of the above fight, for one hour and ten minutes. It is certain that Lee was not equal to the task of encountering so experienced and finished a pugilist as Mendoza; but it is equally true, that his conduct was entitled to honourable mention, and considering it his first appearance in the ring, Lee acquitted himself in a superior manner. That he was not wanting either in courage or resolution, was evident; and his scientific efforts, in several instances, were entitled to much praise; indeed he completely eradicated the prevalent idea that he was nothing more than—a sparrer!

## JOTTINGS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

BY MILES'S BOY.

**L**ONGS of London, all hail!—Right cheerfully do we greet thee; and as Miles's Boy's last ramble was by night in the gas-lighted and cabbage-strewn quadrangle of a "Garden" by courtesy, now, in cheerful day and smiling sunshine, amid opening flowers, shrubs which blossom and burgeon, glittering waters, twittering birds, stately swans, and surrounded by palatial structures, will he take his pleasure in a garden proper.

But it is not with inanimate nature, with tree or fountain, with flower or shrub, that he will spend his time; the "human form divine," in its multifarious phases, yields stronger attraction to him who devotes himself to a higher study than mere botany, ornithology, or natural history: namely, the study of *mental physiognomy*, as exhibited in his fellow-creatures. To the unobservant the population which pass before him are but as an aggregate of humanity, to be formed into tables of births, marriages, and deaths, by some "fact and figure" member of the Statistical Society. To Miles's Boy, each unit in life's grand account, each individual ripple in the human tide, has its special story—its distinctive character. To the ordinary observer, a flock of sheep presents an uniformity of physiognomy which conveys no peculiar impression: to the shepherd's eye each "woolly-faced fool" has its characteristic expression—and thus it is to the man of the world, that each two-legged wearer of lamb's-wool bears some distinctive character. But a truce to speculation.

Gentle, or ungentle reader, let us take your arm. We stand in the square of Trafalgar, and turning our backs on the "Palmer's candle-stick" whereon is placed the effigies of "Britannia's god of war," the immortal Nelson, with the two dumbwaiters mis-representing fountains, we stroll leisurely by the admirable statue of the decollated Charles, and, en-



THE SWAIN, HIS INNAMORATA, AND THE LISTENER.

tering by the Spring-garden gate, saunter into the Mall. 'Tis Sunday, and see the seats, which invitingly stand beneath the verdant shade, have already their varied occupants. Ha! here is a characteristic group.

Surely the third in this trio is a pregnant illustration of the adage that "two are company, but three is none." How say you: is the youth who "whispers soft-nothings" in the lady's ear most enamoured of her or of his own sweet self. We will wager he is no lover by his very look. A natty sempstress, uncomfortably reflective on her own finery, and some spruce "young man" from "Waterloo," "Wellington," or "Victoria" House—some "linendraper bold:" and the cunning wight—he of the ante-diluvian checks—whose 'cute phiz bespeaks the satiric glee with which (while pretending to spell some weekly pen'orth) he drinks in the cockneyisms of the swain aforesaid—who, and what is he? A penny-a-liner; some hunter up of crowners' quests; one of that little regarded race, who always "in at the death," do "dreadful accidents," "horrid outrages," "fearful catastrophes," "seduction and suicide," for the diurnal and hebdomadals at three-halfpence per line. The oracle of the coffee-shop, the orator of the "parlour," we recognise him at a glance. That man leads a strange life, if such life be living. The seediness of his tweed wrapper, and the Holywell-street gone-by-ism



A MASKED ATTACK.

of his trowsers, render him, perhaps, insignificant in the eye of the spruce counter-jumper—yet, doubtless, he is a fellow of infinite mirth, and calculated to shine where Count Dimity must needs be "writ'n down an ass." But we leave the trio and enter the enclosure.

Paradise of nursery maids and their infant charges, lounge of life-guards-men, solace to the valetudinarian, recreation to the healthful, we wish heartily that thy like were multiplied east, west, north, and south, for the disport and refreshment of all! Here lounge fools who make fashions, and wise men who follow them. Here the knave, who lives by seeming that which he is not, walks side by side with meritorious members of society, whose diffidence conceals their true merit. And here again, we have a picture. Mark yonder sexagenarian swell in apparent paternal admiration of that frightful lump of juvenile ugliness! Think you his love of childhood induces that urbane and smiling condescension, that unusual familiarity? Have you never heard of "fondling the child for the sake of the nurse?" 'Tis a ready and a facile mode, a covert and cunning way of carrying by *sap* that fortress which could not be otherwise unobservedly approached. Oh! "lean and slippered pantaloons," but ill disguised in boots of Hoby and trowsers of Curlew, whence thy newborn philoprogenitiveness? Let the arch and smiling face of that fresh and rosy nursemaid answer. Yet 'tis plain that Ruth, Rachel, Sarah, or whatever her name may be, is not so green as the turf she walks on. Alas! for poor human nature, is it to see such sights as this that we find ourselves in these pleasant places? Hie thee home ancient libertine; and "with spectacles on nose," seek other amusement. But here we have a promenader of another sort.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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# THE Sportsman's Magazine

LIFE IN LONDON

No. I. FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 24, 1845. THREE HALFPENCE.

CONDUCTED BY THE EDITOR OF "THE SPORTING WORLD."

## INTREPID.



**Winner of the Chester Cup. (Value of the Stakes £1,625).**

Rode by (Arthur).

Is a four-year-old, the property of Mr. Skerratt, and is half-bred. He is, by ACCIDENT, out of Judy Callaghan, and is a strong little horse. The time (4 min. 18 sec.), and his competitors for the Chester Cup, sufficiently tell *his style of going*: he is trained by Wadlow, in the same stable as Ironmaster, The Libel, and Sweetheart.

## ADVICE TO YOUNG SHOOTERS.

Young Sportsmen have at times the detestable habit of firing both barrels at once into a covey of partridges which rise under their feet, and that without taking aim. I have ever seen those who were in such a hurry that the ends of their barrels were actually close to the birds. This habit is vicious, blameable, and abominable: it is the surest manner not to kill, but possibly to wound several, who die far off, or are the prey to vermin. Having once succeeded in killing, and having picked up three or four birds with one shot, they hope to succeed again; but you may bet ten to one that in firing this way you will kill nothing.

A good sportsman selects a right and left shot in the covey, probably two separated from the others; aims at one, then the other, kills them both, and lets the others off, with the intention of meeting them again.

And it is not without the best intention that I advise your aiming at the birds separated from the covey. If you fire at those in the centre, their neighbours may go off wounded. At all times, when two birds cross, it is as well to fire at their meeting point, if they have not met; or, if you discover their mutual intention of approach, keep your eye on the void which separates them, and the moment they meet pull your trigger: thus I have killed doubly-double shots, but this is a rare occurrence, only such as arrives on fortunate days, such as the Romans noted with a "white stone."

In sporting, as at *ecarté*, or any other game of chance, you may have your good luck and your bad: on some days everything goes well; on others quite the contrary.

Be satisfied with the consequences without desiring to divine the cause. Besides, we are not likely to discover it; it is one of the thousand riddles of the world.

Continue your walk. Here we are in a field of potatoes: your dog ranges actively: all at once he stands firm, his nose straight, his paw elevated: he remains like a statue in the position he had when moving. His tail is stiff, a trifle arched below: his seriousness is imperturbable; he is altogether at his work: be you at yours.

Everything denotes a hare: look beneath that tuft; she is on her form there, and safe from the rays of the sun; she has chosen the best position for shade and comfort; she never dreamt of a gun. Unquestionably you might destroy her point blank; but we are sporting, not committing murder: moreover, it is a question of learning, and not the desire of having a hare in your bag. By and by I will explain to you the circumstances which may permit you to fire under the nose of your dog.

Walk on: the hare starts; aim well, and fire, but not in a hurry. Allow your dog to do his work: should the hare be wounded, her pace will be retarded; she will be taken; if not, your dog will return when satisfied that pursuit is useless.

When a hare runs straight, your aim should be between the ears when you touch the trigger; if not, you run a risk of wounding or missing her. A sportsman should not satisfy himself with breaking the leg of a hare or the wing of a partridge: when he has a fair shot, his game should be dead. At a long shot it is another question: it is then excusable to wing a partridge or wound a hare.

When a quail is on the wing, then more patience is required. The quail flies straight, and more slow than a partridge. When it rises, you have time to take a pinch of snuff and kill it; you must even be careful not to fire the moment you are ready, or have taken aim, or your bird will be destroyed. Let him fly, and do not fire less than twenty-five or thirty paces off. A good shot never misses a quail which rises from the point of his dog. This is the *pomp asinorum* of the sportsman.

As for a rabbit, it is far more difficult. They start from bushes, do not run straight, but make many zigzags, and it requires much practice to knock them over well without a good aim, and I will pardon you all the shots you may miss. But the bush-rail, the king of quails, which rises at your feet, stretches out his long hanging legs, and gives you all necessary time: the ease with which these good and innocent birds are killed always leaves me in surprise that any remain.

The pheasant rises majestically: he shows a bold front to your aim; but the noise which he makes astonishes those who are not accustomed to it. Beginners always miss them: they hurry too much—they lose their heads, and really not without excuse. You must recollect that his tail is not a portion of the animal, and that the rear-guard often saves an army.

This lesson often repeated will bring you by and by to the best results. Practice will do the rest: soon with much coolness you will see your dog at the point: a hare will start, a partridge will rise, but the pleasure will be always the same. And tell me if in regard to all other things you can say the same.

**NO RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.**—When Marshal Blucher was riding with the Duke of Wellington in his carriage, after the victory of Waterloo, "My lord duke," said the marshal, "you have beaten to-day the best troops in the world."—"I hope," replied the duke, "you except those who have had the honour of beating them."

**TRUE CIVILISATION.**—Prosecutions have already commenced against the press in Algeria. This is the strongest proof we have yet heard of the colony becoming every day more and more French.—*Punch*.

## PREVENTION OF ACCIDENTS FROM FOWLING PIECES.

I HAVE known several serious accidents arise in re-loading fowling-pieces, all of which have occurred with the use of spring-flasks—not that I think that the involuntary ignition is always caused by a spring-flask, though it be a question if they do not sometimes ignite the powder by friction caused by particles of grit getting under the stop and spring of a flask after having had a fall in the sand. This could be easily decided by those who have had the misfortune to have suffered by such accidents, providing they are sufficiently collected to remember if the explosion did take place before the nozzle of the flask touched the muzzle of the gun, and the hand and flask downward. The haste in reloading to keep up the wild *hurry-scurry* of the *battue*—an exotic that has led to many accidents both serious and regretted, and which I hope to see the day that it may return whence it came, or blast and wither in our Isle—is one great cause of this undesired ignition; though there are other apparent causes; first, from some particle of tow being left in the barrel; and, second, from very much and quick firing, that a hot scale slips from the barrel into the breech. A third may be mentioned, that of charging with paper, though this is now never done except from necessity.

Explosion by the first can be guarded against after firing, by applying the finger or thumb to the muzzle of the gun, which will act as an extinguisher, and stopping the vent holes, if any, at the same time. The second, by turning the muzzle downward, and knocking out the hot scales, and applying the finger as above directed. It is needless to say anything of the third.

Amongst the many and variety of accidents I have known, one is that of a youth having fired, and, in re-loading, an explosion of the flask shattered his hand, throwing back the thumb, and, what was worse, a ragged portion of the flask was driven into his forehead, which it required a strong effort of a surgeon to remove. The blow had not fortunately deprived him of that presence of mind to run to the nearest medical man instead of going home: happily he soon recovered, and and nowise daunted, as I met him with his gun a few months ago.

I am personally acquainted with seven or eight of these mishaps: the last was that of a worthy baronet (Sir Thomas Boughiey) in this neighbourhood, and though fortunately not so severely wounded as at first reported to be, was sufficient to create much anxiety of his friends and the laying aside of his gun for the season.

In cleaning a gun, the very best tow should be had, not what is here called *noggs*, as these *noggs* are the very worst sort, full of splints and shattered particles, which are likely to lodge in the barrels after cleaning; neither do I consider the best tow to be free entirely from particles that might lodge in the gun. Without considering mine the best, I give it as I at present know none better. First, fill the barrel with cold water three or four times, shaking to and fro the water therein, and turning it out at the muzzle. By this means, the principal part of the foulness is got rid of without being forced through the nipples, which wears them more than firing; then apply the tow and cleaning-rod in plenty of cold water until the barrel is thoroughly clean. Hot water causes oxide or rust so quickly that many a good barrel has been injured. Dry the barrel with a succession of dry tow, and make the barrel sufficiently warm, but not hotter than the hand can endure. Finish with a small portion of oil on the tow.

I forgot to say that after the barrel has been well washed with the rod, &c., I fill the barrel and shake the water about and turn it out as before described; for I think this part of the cleaning is likely to leave some material that has been used in the washing. After the first fire stop up immediately with thumb or finger the muzzle as before mentioned.

Vent-holes I think worse than useless, as a current of air passes through the barrel in consequence, and keeps the fire alight should there be any inside the tube.

The old-fashioned flask is the best after all, as only one charge can ignite from latent fire, which would certainly burn the fingers a little, but not seriously injure the person; and in *battue* he may not have quite so many notches on his stick—but this would be much better than "cutting his stick" from a more serious cause. For those that are wedded to spring-flasks, a receiver might be suspended from the button-hole of the jacket, and dropped immediately on charging, with very little loss of time. No flasks are proof against general explosion; if it were possible to make them so, a few days wear would hazard that security.—*Sporting Review*.

**A MONSTER PORTFOLIO.**—At the dinner given by the directors of the Hungerford Suspension Bridge on its opening, it was stated that the bridge had remained for six years in the portfolio of Mr. Brunel. We have heard of all sorts of things lying in a nutshell, but a bridge lying in a portfolio is something quite new, and, indeed, to us it appears very like a crammer.

**CHEAP REFRESHMENT.**—The *Birmingham Advertiser* says:—"In these days it is quite refreshing to pronounce the name of the Duke of Newcastle." We suggest, then, as the warm weather is coming on, that the name of his grace should be written up in every public thoroughfare.—*Punch*.



RICHARD HUMPHRIES,  
THE GENTLEMAN BOXER.

THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.  
PERIOD III. 1786—1798.

FROM THE TIME OF MENDOZA TO THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER.

CHAPTER I.

MENDOZA—*Concluded.*

**W**E have already had occasion to observe the rarity of men believing in the decline of their own physical capabilities, and Mendoza, unfortunately must be added to the list of those who, in the words of Godfrey when speaking of Broughton, allow their "valour" so far to get the upper hand of their "discretion" as to "trust a battle to waning age." But other men, as well as pugilists, are guilty of this mistake; we shall not therefore dwell upon it further than to say that Dan ended his career, like so many other celebrated men, in defeat, though by no means in disgrace.

In July, 1820, being fourteen years from his last appearance within the roped ring, Mendoza met Tom Owen, in a contest for fame and fifty guineas. The battle arose from an old grudge; and although no one can doubt the game of Tom Owen, as we shall duly note in our memoir of that boxer, yet the frothy outpourings of the "Historians" in honour of his friend "Tom" and at the expense of Mendoza, are as bad in taste as they are extravagant in phrase. Be that as it may, Dan was defeated, and we need hardly add it was his "last appearance upon any stage."

From this period his life no longer belongs to the public writer. He died September 3rd, 1836, in the region of which he was so long the milling star—namely, Petticoat-lane, Houndsditch—at the advanced age of 73.

As a scientific professor of the art of self-defence, it was Mendoza who trod most immediately in the steps of Broughton. His success as a professor was unrivalled; and there was scarcely a town in the kingdom where he did not exhibit his finished talents to admiring and applauding assemblages. It seems, from a work we have before us, published by Mendoza himself, and containing much forgotten squabbling between himself and Humphries, that he derived his first knowledge of the art, scientifically, from his elegant competitor, "the Gentleman Boxer." But he so rapidly improved upon his master's system, as to stand for years without a rival. No man of his time united the

theory of sparring to the practice of boxing so successfully as Daniel Mendoza, and as a distinctive feature, the "School of Mendoza" marks a period in the HISTORY OF PUGILISM.

CHAPTER II.

RICHARD HUMPHRIES,

Was popularly known by the cognomen of THE GENTLEMAN BOXER, from his prepossessing appearance and the amenity of his general deportment. His attitudes were admired (according to the taste of the old school) for their impressive grace. Altho' we doubt not some of our modern professors, as they inspect the faithful copy of a contemporary print, which heads the first page of our 8th number, will be of quite another opinion. But "times change, and men change with them," and we suppose we must admit that our progress has been improvement.

HUMPHRIES was about the middle size, strong, and well-limbed; and had studied the science with great advantage. His blows were effective. The mark, or wind, and under the ear, being the principal objects of his aim. Contrary to modern notions, he struck with his right and stopped with his left; but did not make use of both hands with equal facility. His game was unquestionable, and he was justly considered a first-rate pugilist. He was so attractive as to give a renewed impetus and increased patronage to the art of self-defence; and on its being publicly announced, that he was to fight Martin, the Bath butcher, on a stage, at Newmarket, May 3, 1786, the battle assembled their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke of Orleans, and most of the French nobility then in England. A guinea was the price of admission, which hundreds cheerfully paid, to go to the winner; between thirty and forty thousand pounds were betted upon the occasion.

Martin was a boxer of some repute, shorter than Humphries, yet a well-made man, and had seen some service in the field of honour.

The set-to was distinguished for science; Humphries parrying his adversary's attacks with great adroitness, and standing up to Martin manfully. The latter was deficient in distance, and sometimes fell; hence his blows were often ineffective. Humphries was the favourite. Martin, finding his distance wrong, went boldly in to Humphries; the contest now became spirited, and the betting equal. However, Humphries soon appeared the better man, giving his opponent a most tre-

\* Mendoza was at that period fifty-seven years of age—while Owen was nearly six years younger; an important difference—supposing all other circumstances equal—at such an advanced (we had almost said absurd) time of life for a fistie exhibition.



mendous knock down, which varied the odds in his favour. Martin, notwithstanding, appeared game and fought well, contesting every inch of ground; and it was not till after a determined combat for an hour and three quarters, (Boxiana states three quarters of an hour) that Martin declared he had had enough. The distinguished company were highly gratified, and Humphries won—"golden opinions from all sorts of men."

Numerous sporting men rallied round Pugilism, and the professors of the science were not without high and noble patrons. Royalty now frequently witnessed the display of the art, accompanied by dukes, earls, honourables, &c., and men of the first distinction did not feel ashamed of being seen in the ring, or acting as umpires at a manly boxing match.

The science, courage, and gentleman-like conduct of Humphries had secured him many friends, and, with a mind by no means destitute of intelligence, he could not fail in obtaining admiration and respect. But deservedly distinguished as Humphries stood in the boxing hemisphere, a competitor arose to share his fame and glory; if not to aspire to superiority. He was not only a daring, but a most formidable rival, as his pretensions to pugilistic excellence were known to be sound; he had been proved, and his displays of skill in trying conflicts had made a deep impression upon the best judges, and as there was also a personal jealousy and rivalry, there was little difficulty in bringing together DANIEL MENDOZA and RICHARD HUMPHRIES.

Preliminaries being agreed to, Odiham, in Hampshire, was agreed on as the place, and 400 guineas as the sum for which these masters of the art should contend. A raised twenty-four feet stage was prepared, in a paddock, and the door-money was to be divided between the combatants. On the day (Jan. 9, 1788) being announced, the anxiety which prevailed upon the decision of this tourney was unprecedented. Odiham was then "a distance" from town, it is now a steam-steed's "stride." Everybody was there, for Humphries and Mendoza were to fight. In the towns and villages near the scene of action, the country-people were equally interested, and innumerable pedestrians were seen in all directions moving towards the fight, so that within an hour previous to the battle, the multitude collected was truly astonishing. To prevent the combatants from being bilked of the door-money, (which was half-a-guinea each,) the most athletic of the milling corps were selected for the protection of the entrance, and the potent arms of Dunn, Ryan, and Tring, assisted by other powerful pugilists, kept for some time order in the crowd. But, as the time drew near for the combatants to mount the stage, John Bull's anxiety increased beyond every other thought, and with one desperate effort, the "majesty of the people," like a mighty flood swept all before it. The door-keepers were soon lost by the violence of the torrent, and thousands never gave themselves the trouble of asking the price of admission. All was noise, uproar, and confusion, for some minutes; but upon the appearance of the combatants, their attention was so completely riveted, that silence instantly prevailed.

Upon mounting the stage, Humphries was greeted with loud and repeated cheers, which he gratefully acknowledged; Tom Johnson appeared as his second, the athletic Tom Tring as his bottle-holder, and Mr. Allen as umpire. Mendoza almost instantly followed, and was greeted with the most flattering marks of approbation; a Mr. Moravia acted as his umpire, David Benjamin was his second, and Jacobs his bottle-holder. Humphries' appearance, when stripped for the fight was peculiarly attractive, and his fine manly form was seen to great advantage. His fighting costume would now-a-days excite a smile, it consisted of a pair of fine flannel drawers, white silk stockings, the clocks of which were spangled with gold, and pumps tied with ribbon! The dress of Mendoza was unpretending.

About twenty minutes after one, every thing being ready, the preliminaries of shaking hands were observed, after which (a grotesque trait of the Frenchified manners of society at the period), the combatants saluted each other with a *congé*; and the fight began. Much was expected from two such skillful artists, and the expectation was not disappointed, for the feints made by each party were elegant and scientific. Mendoza felt no terrors from the athletic frame of his antagonist, and Humphries viewed the admirable skill displayed by his opponent with firmness and composure; the parryings were numerous and varied, and the cognoscenti experienced one of the richest treats ever exhibited in this noble and manly art: at length, Mendoza put in the first blow, and, recoiling from its effects, slipped and fell upon his back, the stage being greasy from the rain which had fallen previous to the battle. The blow however, though well directed was not effective, as Humphries blocked it and retreated. In the second round, Mendoza went in vigorously to his antagonist and knocked him down: and in closing in the third round the Jew threw Humphries. The odds, which had been much in favour of Humphries, now changed rapidly upon Mendoza. Flushed with his success, Mendoza kept the game alive with unabated perseverance, and Humphries did not appear to hold his own: Dan twice or three times got through his guard, and fiercely punished him down, but the state of the stage made these falls questionable. The Jews sported their cash freely, as Humphries, it was supposed, must soon be vanquished; but the friends of the latter undismayed took the odds greedily. At one time the contest was nearly coming to a premature determination, from the cry of "Foul, foul!" by the friends of Mendoza, who, in the early part of the fight

having driven Humphries upon the rail of the stage, while the latter was upon the balance, aimed a blow at his ribs which must have finished the battle, but Johnson caught it. The umpires considered that Johnson was correct. The stage was so slippery that Humphries could scarcely stand upon his legs, and soon discharged the finery from them, for the more substantial service of worsted hose.

Humphries now felt his feet, went in with his usual confidence, and the bets became even. He was fast recovering in wind and strength; and the spectators were delighted with his undaunted courage and neatness of execution. Mendoza was thrown, and in falling pitched upon his face; his forehead was cut just above the right eye, and his nose assumed a different shape; but the Jew's pluck was good, and in the next round he gave Humphries such a facer that the betting was still alive.

Humphries was gaining ground fast. He soon put in a doubler upon the lower ribs of Mendoza, one of the Jew's most vulnerable parts, which he followed up by one in the neck: Mendoza fell with his leg under him, sprained his ankle, and was reluctantly compelled to acknowledge the superiority of Humphries. Almost immediately afterwards Mendoza fainted, and was taken from the stage.

Thus ended this truly celebrated contest, in twenty-eight minutes and fifty-four seconds, during which period it is probable a finer combination of skill and courage was never displayed. The Israelites were severe sufferers; but although Mendoza was defeated his fame and character as a pugilist were considerably increased. His style of fighting was highly spoken of by the scientific; and at close quarters and as a quick hitter, he was evidently superior to his antagonist. The advantage was also upon the side of Mendoza in strength of arm, and when struggling to obtain the throw he punished his adversary considerably by keeping down his head. His guard was excellent, and displayed a thorough knowledge of the art; in consequence of keeping it closer to his body than that of his adversary, his blows were given with more force when he hit out; and with respect to stopping, he was not inferior to Humphries. For elegance of position, cool and prompt judgment, fortitude of manner, and force of blow, however, he was thought much inferior. He wanted also that manly bearing which was so apparent in Humphries, and whose confidence rendered him so apparently indifferent of self; in throwing, too, Mendoza, to the great surprise of many, had the advantage.

Humphries attitudes were of the most manly and tasteful description, and, even in the most trying moments of the fight, his postures were considered graceful. His intellectual capacity had rendered him more acquainted with the properties of the human frame than pugilists in general; and his habits of life had tended to make him more conversant and attractive in society than fighting men perhaps think essentially necessary. His manners were conciliating; and he endeavoured through life to enact the gentleman. His friends were materially increased by such conduct.

It was extremely difficult to decide which was the neatest pugilist; so much activity, science, elegance, and courage, were displayed upon both sides, though extremely different as to character and manner: but it appeared that Humphries, in the defensive position, although he kept his adversary at a distance by extending his arms, lost that celerity and power which his hits might have possessed had his arms been nearer his body.

Mr. Bradyl was the patron of Humphries, but prevented from attending the battle by business of a private nature. He felt so anxiously for the issue of the contest that his servant was ordered to witness the conflict, and convey to him the earliest intelligence. Humphries, immediately after the fight, like the heroes of old, wrote the following laconic epistle to Mr. Bradyl:—

"Sir,—I have done the Jew, and am in good health.

RICHARD HUMPHRIES."

To trace the career of Humphries further than this contest, would be to recapitulate what we have already given in the life of Mendoza, suffice it to say that, in the two succeeding battles of May 6th, 1789, and Sept. 29th, 1790, he suffered defeat at the hands of his Israelitish pupil. Humphries lived for many years after the last named contest, and died in respectable circumstances, his pursuit being that of a coal merchant in the neighbourhood of the Strand.

**SPEAKING IN TIME.**—A buffoon at the court of Francis I. complained to the king that a great lord threatened to murder him for uttering some jokes about him. "If he does," said Francis, "he shall be hanged in five minutes after." "I wish," replied the complainant, "your majesty would hang him five minutes before."

**FLIGHTS OF GENIUS.**—We are glad to state there is no truth whatever in the rumour that Stanfield, and a number of distinguished artists, had recently sailed for America. This statement of their flight originated in a report that Prince Albert had commissioned each of the artists in question to paint a fresco for Buckingham Palace. It is said they only returned when assured that the commission had been given by the Prince to a German decorator.—*Punch*.

**PAYING FOR INFORMATION.**—A man was asked the other day, if the new Hungerford-bridge was likely to pay? "Go over it, and you'll be told," was the reply.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

B. C. C.—We will gladly communicate with you according to your preposition.  
S. ROBERTSON, junior.—We will give you our opinion of fifteen probable starters for the Derby. To reprint the list of all the nominations now would be a mere waste of space. Of course, it is a guess; but we flatter ourselves a near one.

Idea.	Alarm.	Cabin Boy.
Kedger.	Wood Pigeon.	Punter.
Weatherbit.	Pam.	Worthless.
Old England.	News-monger.	Doleful.
The Libel.	Young Eclipse.	Miss Whip Coll.

There will probably be twenty-five or starters, or thereabouts.  
R. T.—We said before that Caesar and Bonifacio's portraits were in hand  
SAMUEL R.—Yes: we should like a good many such.  
B. B. S.—The mare, Lady Hampton, has twice trotted seventeen miles in the hour; on both occasions driven by Burke, of trotting notoriety.  
SUMNER.—A raffle takes place in which there are forty-four members. A member throws 40, when A bets B that 40 will not win; in the course of the raffle three throw 40, afterwards one of the ties throws 41. Does A win.—Yes.

HOWARDS.—We extract the following from *Bell's Life in London*, of Sunday last. Praise from so competent an authority is doubly gratifying:—"THE SPORTING WORLD, a weekly periodical, in which the tastes of all classes of sportsmen are consulted, continues to preserve its reputation, and by its admirable illustrations and treatment of various topics upon which it touches, especially the HARRY OF THE RING, deserves the extensive patronage which it has obtained." Though we this week change the title of this paper, the spirit which animates and guides it is the same.

R. BROWNLOW.—Which port, London or Liverpool, receives the greatest number of tons of shipping in the course of the year?—London.  
A WATER JUMP.—Thirty-three feet are often cleared in a hunter's jump, thirty-six are often asserted as being accomplished, one of Lottery's measured leaps was thirty-four feet.

N. P.—Cribbage.—A played a 6, B a 6, and took two points; A a 4, B a 7, A a 5, B a 3. Must A take four points for the 5, and B five points for the 3?—Yes.

A NOVICE.—How do pedestrians train themselves with regard to diet, exercise, &c., in order to enable them to run?—We will give you a regular paper or two on TRAINING for Pedestrianism and Wrestling; the subject is too extensive for a mere answer in the Correspondents' Column.

BOOTHBY.—Please to direct your communications to THE EDITOR (care of the Printer), at No. 10, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

RIVINS.—Durham.—We presume the Great Bustard to be extinct as a wild bird in this country; in the absence of information to the contrary. It therefore would hardly feel within our proposed plan to give an engraving and a description.

SUMNER.—A horse with a broken knee is not therefore absolutely unsound.

BARBICA.—A stone of meat in most country places is 14 lbs.—In London a stone of meat is 8 lbs.

IDEAS.—Here is his pedigree—IDEAS, by Liverpool out of Marpessa, (the dam of Evesham) by Muley—Clare, by Marmion—Harpaloe, by Gohanna—Amazon, by Driver—Fractious, by Mercury—Woodpecker—Eversfasting, by Eclipse—Hyena, by Snap—Miss Belsea, by Regulus—Bartlett's CHILDREN—Hollywood's ABRAHAM—Dam of the Two True Blues.—What would you have better in the way of blood? Though even this, after two descents, experience tells us is but a piece of foolery, if either of the intermediate sires or dams are poor in constitution, deficient in make, and degenerate, which is often the case.

AN ENORMOUS PIKE.—If any of our friends who are clever at "winding up a Jack" wish to see a curiosity in this line, we would recommend them to look in at our friend Little's, the tackle-maker, in Peter-lane, where they may see one of the most beautiful specimens of the freshwater Shark, that it ever fell to our lot to behold, for form, size, and colour. He is indeed a splendid fish, 42 inches in length, "spotted like the pard," and of the weight of twenty-three pounds; this monster was taken about a month since spinning with the minnow, near Chertsey, and is well worth a walk to see.

CRICKET.—J. B., Gravesend.—We have forwarded your enclosure to *Bell's Life*. The penny padlock closes our columns against news within a certain date.

DEFENSOR.—Your questions might all have been decided by reference to the Rules, and as they are now published in a very inexpensive and convenient form, we should advise you to save your postage pence and our time by investing a couple of Jozeys in the purchase of Clark's "Cricketers' Handbook." You will derive from it much amusement and valuable information, and it will lie snugly in your vest pocket without causing a wrinkle there, though it will put many in your caput.

OXON.—Decidedly out. You did not have left the wicket until given out by the umpire. Your other question is ambiguously put, but the umpire at the holder's end was the most competent judge—or ought to have been. This confirms the necessity of the remarks we felt called upon to make in our last on the selection of umpires.

WATFORD BOB, J. S. C., and A. B.—Profit by the advice given to "Defensor."

F. F.—The umpire had no right to give you out unless appealed to.  
\* \* \* Press of matter, and the number of Engravings, have compelled the postponement of the conclusion of Miles's Boy's "Jottings in St. James's Park," until next week: which we were the more inclined to do, as we have in this number given a sketch of another park, that of GREENWICH, at Whitsuntide.

☞ In future all Correspondents are particularly requested to address their queries or communications to "The Editor of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE," at the Office, "10, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street."

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

## AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

SUNDAY, MAY 18.—TRINITY SUNDAY.—Cambridge Term divides midnight.  
MONDAY 19.—Prince of Wales elected Governor of the Blue-coat School, 1844. "Mind, my boys! no larks with the Governor!"—Anne Boleyn executed, 1536, and a melancholy neck or nothing affair.—ST. DUNSTON'S DAY:—

Who was a rare old fellow,  
And cooched the Devil by the nose,  
As every pious Christian knows,  
Vioh made him for to better!

TUESDAY 20.—Gorhambury Races.—Napoleon raised the siege of Acre, 1799. Sir Charles Napier knocked Acre down, 1840.—"No night till July 22nd," say the almanac-makers. What will become of Sir Peter Laurie?—Jack Langan beat McGowan, 107 m., 35 r., Curragh of Kildare, 1819.—Jack Randall beat Harry Holt, 25 m., 8 r., 35 gs., Combe Wood, 1817.—Tom Spring beat Neate of Bristol, 37 m., 8 r., 200 gs., Andover, 1823.—Columbus died, 1506.

WEDNESDAY 21.—Shrewsbury Races.—Tom Cribb beat Ike Pig, 11 r., 40 gs., Black-heath; and Richmond beat Yousop, 6 r., 20 gs., same day and place, 1805.—Molyneux beat Rimmer, 21 r., 100 gs., Moulsey, 1811.—Ned Neal (then known as the Streatham Youth) beat Deaf Davis, 100 m., 20 gs., near Woolwich, 1823.

THURSDAY 22.—Trinity Term begins.—The Derby Day, 1844, *Running Rein's* reign turns out to be mere *Walker's*; after some violent storms in Westminster, *Orlando* is hailed as safe in port. The stakes proved to be well done, and so forth, especially as regarded *Leander's* "chope."—Mr. Chisholm, the surgeon, assisted by mistake for Bernard Gregory of the *Satirist*: the errors of the press not properly corrected, 1843.—Dinner to Sir Henry Hardinge from the East India Directors. Sir Henry being away in his berth, the directors give him a good tuck in, 1844.

FRIDAY 23.—"Indifferent," says the *Antislavery Almanac*: we suppose this means a sort of Margate "Wheel of Fortune," viz., a regular blank concern.—Dick Curtis beat George Cooper (gipsy), 15 m., 7 r., 18 gs., Epsom Downs, 1822.—Victory of Ramillies, 1706, gained by the Duke of Marlborough.

SATURDAY 24.—QUEEN VICTORIA'S BIRTHDAY; born 1819; with a large golden spoon in her mouth marked J (ohn) B (ull).

*Things Worth Knowing.*—Horse-dealer's Duty.—The horse-dealer's duty is to cheat everybody he can, and take care that all "white stockings" are blacked with caustic; to warrant all knacker's backs as thoroughly sound, and express happiness at the chance of taking them back again if not approved; to speak of every vicious animal as "the sweetest mare he ever saw;" to call glanders "a cold;" and live nobody knows where.

## THE MOON IN MAY.

New Moon, 6th .. .. .	9 57 morn.
First Quarter, 14th .. ..	2 8 aft.
Full Moon, 21st .. .. .	3 58 aft.
Last Quarter, 28th .. ..	6 25 morn.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High water at London Bridge.

	morn.	aft.		morn.	aft.
Sunday, May 18th .. .. .	11 7	11 38	Thursday, May 22nd .. ..	2 9	2 28
Monday, 19th .. .. .	0 0	0 1	Friday, 23rd .. .. .	2 49	3 13
Tuesday, 20th .. .. .	0 27	0 51	Saturday, 24th .. .. .	3 37	4 0
Wednesday, 21st .. .. .	1 17	1 36			

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 24, 1845.

CIRCUMSTANCES, which it would be tedious and uninteresting to detail, have occasioned a change in the TITLE of this paper, as the reader will doubtless observe; but with the change of name it shall not be our fault if any change takes place in the quality of this publication, either in literature or embellishment. Shakspeare has said, and thousands after him,

What's in a name?

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet!  
and under his authority we shelter ourselves.

But this change is not mere caprice.

Men are the sport of circumstances, when  
Mere circumstances seem the sport of men,

and hence a change of proprietorship in this publication has induced a mutation of title. Nevertheless, we are anxious to observe that this paper is conducted by the Editor of the "Sporting World;" and hence, every one of the serial articles, the BRITISH SONGBIRDS, the succession of FISH, the rambles of MILES'S BOY, the HISTORY OF BOXING, &c., &c., in the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, will proceed from the same pens, and the illustrations from the same artists, as those in the whilom Sporting World. In fact, if any alteration takes place (for mere business arrangements, which are nobody's business but those concerned, have caused this novelty of title) it shall not be our fault if it is not for the better. With these brief observations we confidently solicit a continuance of that patronage bestowed on its predecessor for this first number of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE.

ACTIVE AND PASSIVE VERBS.—A teacher, one day, endeavouring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said—"A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as, Peter is beaten. Now, what did Peter do?" The boy, pausing a moment, with the gravest countenance imaginable, replied—"Well, I don't know, without he *hollered*."

BAPTISM.—A collier lately waited upon one of the clergymen of Dunfermline, for the purpose of obtaining baptism to his child; after some preliminary conversation, the minister asked him—"What is Baptism?"—"Joost thirteen pence ha'penny," replied he—"that's what I paid to Mr. R—, o'e know."

A ROYAL BON MOT.—When the Queen visited the Royal Academy exhibition, the fountains in Trafalgar-square were forced up to an unnatural elevation of thirty-three feet. On her Majesty being asked what she thought of them, she merely replied that "she had no idea absurdity could be carried to such a height."

THE HIGGINS' SYSTEM.—A CARD.—Doctor Higgins, Catholic Bishop of Ardagh, at present residing at Ballymahon, presents his compliments to the whole world of rascalhood and ragamuffinry, and begs to inform it that he is desirous of giving lessons in the Tongue of Billingsgate according to his own plan, known throughout Ireland as the "Higgins' System," by which discovery the pupil may in one week become a greater master of more foul words, uncharitable phrases, filthy epithets, and false assertions, than if he had studied for three years under any other master. Doctor Higgins confidently refers the public to his letters to Mr. O'Connell on the Maynooth Grant, &c. Doctor Higgins begs further to inform his readers that, being a Christian priest, he invariably precedes every lesson with a short but fervent prayer for Christian love and unity throughout the world. (Down with the "besotted" English, and hurrah for Repale!)—Punch.

## THE BELVIDERE CUP,



PRESENTED BY LORD SAYE AND SELE.  
(WON BY THE BLUE BELL.)

## BRITISH SONG BIRDS.—No. VII.

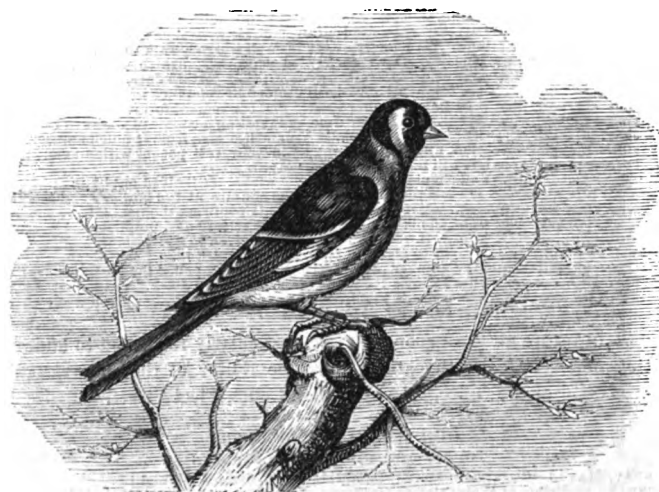
**A**MONG the most elegant and gaily attired of British Song-birds, the goldfinch, thistlefinch, or, as the naturalists term it, *Carduelis elegans*, deservedly ranks first. It is justly held in high estimation on account of its docility, teachableness, and the sweetness of its song. The plumage is blended, very soft, and slightly glossed, excepting the red feathers on the fore part of the head, which have a silky lustre. The wings are rather broad; the second quill longest, but scarcely exceeding the first, which is a little longer than the third. The primary quills are rounded, the secondary emarginate, excepting the inner two. The tail is short, and rather deeply emarginate, the difference in length between the middle and outer feathers being a quarter of an inch.

The bill is whitish, tinged with red, the point of both mandibles blackish brown. The irides brown. The feet dusky brown. The feathers marginating the bill all round, the loreal or preocular space, the top of the head, the occiput, and a semicircular band on the upper part of the neck from behind, black. Anterior to this is a broader band of white passing over the throat, and behind it a narrower of brownish white. The throat and forehead are crimson, that colour extending over the eyes. The hind neck and back are umber brown, that colour passing into ochre-yellow on the rump; the sides of the breast and flanks paler; the rest of the lower parts white. The smaller wing-coverts and alula are black, as are the primary coverts; the secondary coverts rich yellow; the proximal or basal half of the outer webs of the quills pure yellow, that of the first excepted; the other parts of the quills black, their tips pure white. The

tail-feathers are black, tipped with white; the two outer have a large white spot on the inner web.

Thus much for dry description, now for the bird in a state of nature. Let us stroll abroad on this fine autumnal day, when the sun shines brightly on the yellow fields, and the thistle-down floats along on the gentle breeze, gliding like snow-flakes over the river. There, on that old pasture, is the source of the plummy eruption, a forest of tall weeds, which the husbandman ought to have pulled up and burnt before they had time to perfect their seeds. See what tufts of down are scattered about by those little birds that seem bent on demolishing all the heads—anthodia, or capitula, as the botanists term them. How curiously they hang on the prickly stems and leaves, with what adroitness do they thrust their bills into the heart of the involucre, and how little do they regard us as they ply their pleasant pursuit, unconscious of danger, and piping their mellow call-notes! Now, some of them have perceived us; they fly off, chuckling, to a distant clump of thistles; and as we approach, others shift their stations; but as yet the main body has no thoughts of retreating. Let us stand still to observe them. They flutter over the plants, cling to the stalks, bend in various attitudes, disperse the down, already dry and easily separable, pick out the pericarps one by one, and swallow them. There comes a stray cow pursued by the herd boy. The birds suddenly intermit their labours, pause for a moment, and fly off in succession. You observe how lightly and buoyantly they cleave the air, each bird fluttering its little wings, descending in a curved line, mounting again, and speeding along. They wheel around the field, now descending almost to the ground, now springing up again. Some of them suddenly alight, when, the example thus set, all betake themselves to the tiny thicket of dried and withered weeds, and in settling display to the delighted eye the beautiful tints of their plumage, as with fluttering wings and expanded tail they hover for a moment to select a landing place amid the prickly points that seem to stand forth as if to prevent aggression.

The goldfinch usually nestles on trees, in orchards, gardens, or plantations. The nest resembles that of the chaffinch in form, but is more elaborately interwoven with wool and hair, the exterior being composed of grass, moss, and lichens, as well as occasionally thread, twigs, and other substances, the interior of the down of various plants, cotton, and such other delicate filaments as it meets with. The eggs, about five in number, are about nine-twelfths of an inch in length, six and a half in breadth, bluish-white, or pale greyish-blue, sometimes tinged with brown, and marked with a few spots of greyish-purple and brown, and in some cases a dark streak or two.



THE GOLDFINCH.

In the excellent Treatise on British Birds, published by Mr. Syme, will be found the following notice of this bird in captivity:—

"The goldfinch is easily tamed and easily taught, and its capability of learning the notes of other birds is well known; but the tricks it may be taught to perform are truly astonishing. A few years ago, the Sieur Roman exhibited his birds, which were goldfinches, linnets, and canaries. One appeared dead, and was held up by the tail or claw without exhibiting any signs of life; a second stood on its head with its claws in the air; a third imitated a Dutch milk-maid going to market, with pails on its shoulders; a fourth mimicked a Venetian girl looking out at a window; a fifth appeared as a soldier, and mounted guard as a sentinel; and the sixth acted as a cannoneer, with a cap on its head, a firelock on its shoulder, and a match in its claw, and discharged a small cannon. The same bird also acted as if it had been wounded. It was wheeled in a barrow, to convey it, as it were to the hospital; after which it flew away before the company. The seventh turned a kind of windmill; and the last bird stood in the midst of some fire-works which were discharged all round it and this without exhibiting the least symptom of fear.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## CRICKET.

HINTS TO CRICKETERS.—No. 4.  
ON THE MODERN STYLE OF BOWLING.

ALFRED MYNN, ESQ.



THIS week redeem our promise by presenting our readers with what we trust they will deem a striking likeness of the first fast bowler in the world, and a correct representation of his attitude in the act of delivering the ball.

Mr. A. Mynn was one of the first who adopted the present style of round bowling with a high delivery, and which was scarcely heard of, and seldom practised until 1827 or 1828, and even then was not formally acknowledged or sanctioned by the generality of county clubs. Its superiority over the old-fashioned under-hand bowling is too evident to all who practice the game to need any comment here; and we will merely state one instance of its usefulness, viz., that where matches once required three, and even four days to play out, they are now easily disposed of in two, notwithstanding the somewhat tedious practice, to a looker-on, of giving only *four* balls in an over. This saving of time is of greater importance than many might at first sight suppose. As far as the poor man is concerned, it prevents an excessive demand on his time, and consequently his pocket, which he could ill afford; and with respect to the gentlemen, however fond they may be of the pastime, it would in the former case not only have surfeited them of it, but would put a bar to other equally exciting and invigorating sports which in turn would demand their attention.

Let the admirers of under-hand bowling say as they will, it is certain that the bat had, under its auspices, obtained an undue and prejudicial mastery over the ball, and some change was absolutely necessary in order to keep up the balance of interest between the two grand points of the

game, batting and bowling; and as it is on all hands allowed that more science is required in the practice of *both* under the modern system, it surely cannot be denied that the game has become a far more agreeable and intellectual one. As an instance of the comparative weakness of the old style of bowling, take the following score of the once justly celebrated Hambledon club's first innings, when they played against All England, (June 18, 1777,) premising that the enormous number of runs were obtained against some of the best bowlers England could at that time produce.

HAMBLETON, FIRST INNINGS.			
Lord Tankerville, b by Wood	3	Taylor, c by Bullen	32
Lear, b by ditto	7	Aburrow, c. by Minchin	22
Veck, b by Lumpy	16	Aylward, b by Bullen	167
Small, c by White	33	Brett, not out	9
Francis, c by Wood	26	Byes, . . .	5
Nyren, b by Lumpy	37		
Sueter, b by Wood	46		403

In 1815, also, the Epsom club obtained 476 runs in one innings against the county of Middlesex, although the latter were allowed Robinson as a given player; and Mr. Ward, certainly the finest bat of his day, scored 278 off his own bat in one innings, when playing at Lord's against the county of Norfolk with some given men. In 1817, at Lord's, a match was played by the Epsom club against Sussex, when the score stood thus: Sussex, 737—Epsom, 308, the grand total being 1045!

We could, were it necessary to strengthen our argument, adduce many instances where Lord Frederick Beauclerk, Mr. Felix, Marsden, and many others made enormous scores in consequence of the mastery they had obtained over the ball; and which although showing the greatest merit on the part of the batter, did not afford equal pleasure or interest to the bowler; for even the batsmen, finding that they had obtained the master-key, were comparatively uninterested in further triumphs.

To remedy this evil the new style of bowling was introduced, and we should be the last in the world to censure any change in the laws of a sport so truly English that can render it at once more scientific and amusing. Of one of the first and fastest of our modern bowlers we have here presented our readers with a sketch, which we intend following up by some notices of his many achievements as well at the wicket as at the bowling-crease; and our artists have now in hand some spirited graphic delineations of the various hits, draws, blocks, &c., which will be given in quick succession. NED RUB.

## THE FISHER'S CREEL.

RIVER LEA AND ITS FISH.



THE RYE HOUSE.



HE celebrated Rye House has been stamped by history with everlasting fame; and old Izaak Walton has firmly hooked it on the memories of his disciples, for the tradition will be handed down to the followers (in embryo) of the gentle art, as long as the river Lea winds its silvery course through the flowery meads of Hertfordshire. The scene of the memorable Popish plot was laid here, as chronicles tell, although later times and better information has shown the whole to be a vile fiction and a foul treachery to betray good men to unworthy enemies: we all know, however, that the witty monarch, Charles the



Second, whose life, we are led to believe, was threatened, as he slept here on his return from Newmarket, reached London unscathed. Not so some of the reputed leaders of this fictitious plot; Russell and Sydney were sacrificed, as well as Rumbald, the maltster, who occupied the dwelling which heads this article.

There is enough of interest, nevertheless, whether in a historical or piscatorial point of view, to call for notice of this antiquated pile. The veriest cockney who ever graced Cheapside knows that the Rye House is situated on the river Lea, and when once on the margin of this favoured stream, he will have learnt that it is also within the parish of Stansted, and not far from Hoddesden, in Hertfordshire; and if he be poetically as well as piscatorially inclined, he will repeat or read to himself the beautifully simple pastoral which Walton carolled forth, while pursuing his innocent and healthful recreation with his pupil in the "gentle art." The most prosaic sun-inspired "Brother Bob" that ever drew breath would surely feel something akin to inspiration while reading this incomparable composition on the identical spot, endeared to all "brothers of the angle," by the recollection of the master spirit who once hallowed the surrounding scenery with his presence. In honest old Izaak's days there were fewer fishers and more fish. London then did not extend out of town, the Rye House was fairly in the country, and a jaunt to this celebrated place was esteemed something like a journey, much upon a par with a trip to York in the present day. In those good old times the scaly inhabitants of the river Lea had a quieter time of it; they were undisturbed, save by the visitations of cunning Izaak and his disciples, and these latter were few. We have all advanced in every branch of knowledge, and the Piscators have not been behind-hand in the acquirement of this fascinating art; and it is a question if "*Il gran maestro*," old Walton himself, could he be resuscitated, would not cut a sorry figure by the side of some of the crack fishermen of the nineteenth century. In the old gentleman's treatise we read of tackle which might create a smile from a school-boy; the fish were either very blind, very simple, or very plentiful, perhaps all three. Who the Bownesses and Chevaliers of those times were is not upon record. In spite of the havoc that has been committed with the finny tribe in the neighbourhood by the lovers of the craft, there is much good sport to be met with near the Rye House. The troller will find ample employment if he be skilful, for there are some well-grown pike in particular nooks and corners we could point out. The fly-fisher, also, if he angle merely for the sake of sport and care not for the quality of his fish, we can promise him it will be made up in quantity, for the chub do abound thereabouts, and great amusement will he find. There are some very good stands down the stream, where chub rise merrily at the fly in all weathers, and when they do rise freely we do not know any branch of the sport more exhilarating to the young beginner; it is a capital practice, and moreover keeps the tyro in good heart, for it is seldom the chub breaks his hold when once hooked. As an additional inducement, we can promise the angler most comfortable quarters and good cheer to boot, after his day's labour, at the renowned ale-house bearing the ever-attractive title of the Rye House.

With the fisherman it must ever be held sacred, for it is the self-same tenement honest old Izaak himself frequented, and of which he makes mention in his delightful book: he terms it the "honest ale-house," and says, "we shall find a cleanly room—lavender in the windows, twenty ballads stuck about the wall, and a hostess both cleanly, handsome and civil." The host who now rules the roast keeps up the charter; the character of the house, we can take upon ourselves to say, is in no wise changed; cleanliness and civility are the order of the day, the accommodation is excellent, and the charges moderate. The cook is a good one too—and the landlord a worthy fellow. By the Eastern Counties Rail to Broxbourne is a mere half-hour's trip; and when you have caught fish you will find the artist of the establishment fries with irreproachable skill; in short, the visitor and the sportsman will be highly gratified by a trip to the Rye House.

As a pendant to this skeleton sketch of the Rye House we will append a few "HINTS TO FLY FISHERS," and next week give the pond angler his turn by an engraving and a description of the CARP.

## HINTS FOR FLY-FISHERS. CHOICE OF FLIES.—THROWING THE LINE.

### CHOICE OF FLIES.

**VERY** angler has some favourite fancy fly, and every writer seems to have some peculiar theory on the subject. "If the water be full," says Mr. Hofland, "and somewhat discoloured, your flies may be of the larger and darker kind; if the water be low and clear, and the day bright, your fly should be dressed accordingly, i. e., it should be pale in colour, and spare in the dressing." We at first thought that we had mistaken the meaning of this author, from our want of that knowledge of the nomenclature of colours which he must possess, or from a want of precision in language on his part; but, on comparing the above with other passages of his work, it appears that he really intends to recommend dull coloured flies for discoloured water, and bright flies for clear water. Among the flies recommended by him for the Test, on ac-

count of the clearness of its stream, pp. 262, 263, are some of the very brightest description, as his No. 1, peacock herl and gold twist, with parti-ringed wing; No. 8, red squirrel's fur, red hackle, gold twist, and starling's wing; No. 13, pale yellow silk body, ribbed with crimson silk, with woodcock wing, and so on. In this particular his views are in direct opposition to those of other authors.

Mr. Stodart, author of the "*Scottish Angler*," and a gentleman of considerable practical experience on numerous rivers, lays it down, that "when a stream is small and clear, a hare's ear body, especially during spring, kills well; also the dun or mouse body, and small black hackles, at a later season," all of which are dark flies, and if the water be large and brown, a red professor, i. e., "a bright fly with orange silk body, made buzz with grouse or other hackle."

Younger, when treating of trout flies, does not expressly speak to the above point, but, in treating of salmon flies, he indicates general opinions which seem to coincide with Stodart's views, although they are not by any means clearly supported by other parts of his book. "In every case," says he, at p. 20, "of light wings, white, grey, or mottled, the shade should be darkened as the water falls into summer clearness." "I am not fond of broad tinsel in any case, except occasionally in deep dark cold winter water," p. 23; and he talks of "his principle of light colours in deep dark waters." The two last quotations seem to be contradictory of the first, and go to the very opposite extreme of Mr. Hofland, and equally wide of the true principle. A fish, as may be witnessed from a bank, when on the feed, lies with his nose peering over a stone or ledge of rock, and pointed up the stream, ready to take flies as they float downwards, provided there be nothing obtrusive in their appearance to awake his suspicions, and restrain his appetite until the fly is past. The object is not so much to awaken his appetite by a fly more attractive than the natural one, which you can hardly expect to achieve, as to avoid startling the fish when he has seen your fly, and would take it, among others, if there were nothing obtrusive in its appearance. Now the flies best suited to this object, are those which are most assimilated to the colour and character of the water. These, in clear water, are the hare's ear and blue (grey) water mouse bodies, together with pale yellow fur (not silk) bodies, which last, on examination, will be found to be very unobtrusive when wet. Silk bodies are the reverse. On the other hand, tinsel and bright colours are calculated, in a clear state of the water, to scare the fish, although, when it is dark and discoloured, they may possibly be useful, in order to engage his attention. So far as we know, therefore, it is the usual practice to use red hackles, orange bodies, and tinsel, for discoloured water, and the duller and fainter colours, for clear water. We can only account for the different theory entertained by some, by supposing them to have mistaken the inference to be drawn from a known fact, that flies altogether black take equally well in dark and in clear water. On this, the advocates for the use of dark coloured flies in these different states of the water, seem each to have founded a general and opposite rule, whereas the fact itself is, in reality, an exception. Another cause may be the want of an understood definition of the colours used by anglers, so that by "darker," may really be meant stronger colours, and by pale, not brighter, but fainter colours.

But the truth is, that the fulness or smallness of the water has not so much to do with the matter as is generally supposed. The weather is of more importance. Fine weather produces the more delicate flies, and cold weather the harder ones, and a good imitation of the fly in season at the time, whatever be the state of the water, will be taken better than any other. This last evidently seems to be Younger's rule, although his knowledge of the natural flies produced during the season, and of the best imitations of them, is but limited. He, like Stodart, recommends only three or four flies, which, although he knows nothing of their names, are evidently the March brown and blue dun, for the early part of the season, when these natural flies abound, and the little black gnat, and something like the peacock fly, for the latter end of May and June, at which season trout will hardly take any other artificial fly than the gnat, unless it be the pale yellow dun. Ronald's system is clearly reducible to the same rule as Younger's; only that, being an entomologist, he would be directed to the fly in season, by the natural history of the insect, whereas Younger would ascertain it as a fact, by looking what fly was on the water. Ronald's scientific knowledge of what flies were proper to the season, would, of course, have the advantage, if, as it often happens, no fly can be discovered on the water.

Thus the most scientific and the most simple authorities come to the same conclusion, and we think that, on a consideration of the whole subject, the following general rules may be advanced: viz.:-

1st. That the artificial fly, used for trout, ought to be an imitation of the natural fly in season.

2nd. This rule is in so far affected by the weather, as that a fine state of the atmosphere naturally favours the production of the more delicate coloured flies, and indicates the propriety of using the imitations of them; while these imitations, viz., the hare's ear, blue dun, and faint yellow dun, are, in point of fact, from their delicacy, the least startling to the fish, in a fine state of the weather and water.

3rd. The fulness of the water is not, strictly speaking, an ingredient in these principles, inasmuch as trout are found to take an imitation of the fly in season better than any other, both in discoloured and in clear water:

but it is so far a modification of them, that if the water be a good deal discoloured, it may be necessary to strengthen the colours and enlarge the size of the artificial fly, in order that it may be seen by the fish. It farther modifies their effect in this respect, that, when the water waves, the fish are on the feed, and readily seize flies of all sorts; and, at the same time, from the discolouration of the medium, they are more easily deceived, and nicety of colour in the fly is not so requisite as in clearer water.

In recommending an imitation of the natural fly in season, it is necessary to guard against a common error in beginners; viz., filling their book with every imaginable artificial fly, of which a prototype can be found at any time of the year. No such thing is requisite. Younger is nearly right when he recommends only three or four kinds; but as he resides on the river side, and never fishes but when the water and weather are favourable, his list, which does not contain even a single palmer, black or red, is too scanty for a townsman, who, after having travelled a great distance for the sport, must take matters as he finds them, however unfavourable. The latter, too, visits different localities, and thus requires a more varied selection of flies, to suit the different rivers, lakes, or pools, that he may try. The other authorities again, amid their endless store, bring forward so many repetitions of the same thing, that the difficulty is to classify them in making a selection. To aid in doing this, take the following list, which will be found to comprise almost everything useful. To facilitate the knowledge of them, we have prefixed the numbers they bear in Mr. Hofland's book, as he says all the tackle-makers are prepared to furnish them on a reference to his numbers.

No. 3. March brown.

4. Blue dun.

7. Pale yellow dun. Represents all May flies.

11. Hare's ear dun. Make it with a brown drake wing dyed olive.

15. Gravel fly. } Represent all black flies.

18. Black'gnat. }

22. Sand fly.

24. Alder fly. Represents all peacock bodies. Let it be made small.

27. Black palmer.

28. Red palmer.

To these add—August dun, No. 38 of Ronald, i. e., yellowish brown fur for body, spun on yellow silk, very spare, so as almost to show the silk, with any wing of same colour. Younger's evening moth—ginger-coloured body from behind—the hare's ear, and thrush wing. Use the two first of the above list in spring and autumn, and in cool weather throughout the season; the others after the middle of May. Winged flies, and of a large size, say No. 6, of Adlington's, are used for lakes. Palmer's and buzz flies are used on small and clear streams. When flies are dressed with hackles for legs, there should be no dubbing. Soft fur makes the best body, a little being teased out for legs, in place of a hackle. Mohair is too coarse for trout flies, and floss silk never makes a deadly fly.

Be simple in your flies; your basket will weigh the heavier. The most successful angler among the fine fishermen of Tweed, is a fisher at Innerleithen, who knows nothing about flies, and cares as little, and who, on a promising evening, having taken his rod, or borrowed one, calls, on his way to the water, at the house of a Mr. Boyd, a gentleman in his immediate neighbourhood, from whom he gets a couple of flies or so, a March brown and blue dun, for the service of the day. On one occasion, indeed, he fared better. Mr. Boyd, who himself ties a most beautiful and simple fly, had got over a few first-rate Irish flies, as a specimen of Martin Kelly's manufacture, and such as were worthy of the notice of the secretary of the St. Ronan's Fishing Club, which office he holds. One fine morning the fisher called, on his way to the river, for his usual supply, and finding that Mr. Boyd had preceded him to the sport, he, with the licence of custom, took up the first flies that attracted his notice, and carried off the far-fetched Limericks, reckless of their beauty or their cost. But his sport was not better than it had been with the plain hare's ear and water-rat.

#### THROWING THE LINE.

All the writers on angling that we have met with, avoid entering on this part of the subject, and state the art of throwing the line to be one that is only to be acquired from example, but not taught by precept. This, however, upon close consideration, will be seen to be true of the *manière*, or style of the performance, only; not of the action and movements gone through, which last are capable of being traced in this, as well as in any other art. Thus, although a correct bearing in the art of fence, and the true air, or carriage, in that of riding, will, no doubt, be best acquired from imitation (in the gymnasium or *mangée*), yet the motions of the limbs and body in making the parades of carte and tierce with the foil, or in giving the aids in horsemanship, perfectly admit of being described in words, and there are many who have learned these motions in no other way.

In now attempting to describe the action of throwing the line, we must be understood as speaking of the long line and large rod only, whether single-handed or double. The small rod for single hair fishing, is managed by little more than a jerk of the wrist, which must be checked in the midst, so as to arrest the line a few inches before it reaches the water, that the fly may drop from thence on the water with its own weight only.

The action of throwing the long line contains, properly speaking, two

movements only—the upward and the downward throw. But as each of these requires a preparatory movement, that is of the utmost importance to it, we shall include the preparatory movements in the division of the subject, and thus make four movements of it; premising that, in the whole four, the left hand supports the extreme end of the butt, as a socket or fulcrum, the right grasping the rod some thirty inches farther up, at the place where it may be found to give the greatest command.

**First Movement.**—The first movement is preparatory, and consists in getting almost all the line clear out of the water, the trail-fly only remaining on the surface to be lifted neatly off.

**Position.**—If the top of the rod be slightly elevated, the stream will carry out the line till it be free.

**Note.**—This movement, though preparatory, is essential, as, without it, the fish that may be lurking below you, in the water you have not yet passed over, would be scared by the splash of plucking the line quickly out of the water, and the rod would run a great risk of being broken by the resistance the water makes to the line, if pulled up before being extricated. If you doubt this, try.

**Second Movement.**—Raise the rod to the perpendicular, with sufficient force to throw the line to its full extent, rather over your head than behind you.

**Position.**—Turn the hands, especially the right one, with the nails inwards, and rather upwards; i. e., towards the face and head; sink the bended elbows close down by the sides, and keep them confined there throughout; keep the right wrist rigidly firm without any lateral motion whatever. The movement must not be made by any play of the joints, except the raising of the fore-arm. The force of the muscles of the arms, vigorously braced, is sufficient for the purpose, the rod being directed by the firm grasp of the right hand and thumb, which must arrest it at the perpendicular, close up by the right ear, nearly in the soldiers position of "make ready."

**Note.**—If the rod be allowed by any play of the wrist, or otherwise, to go farther back than the perpendicular, the line will infallibly strike the ground, to your loss in tackle; and the fourth movement will be marred.

**Third Movement.**—This is preparatory to the next, and consists in simply turning the hands, especially the right, so as to place the nails outwards, towards the river.

**Position.**—The perpendicular position of the last movement must be rigidly preserved; the doubled elbows still kept confined to the sides; and the wrist not thrown backwards in the least.

**Note.**—In order that the line may fully extend itself, take as much time to this movement as to the second, for which purpose we have given it a separate place. If you do not, you will crack off your fly, or bruise the gut, which will cause it to look white in the water. By degrees you will come to feel when the line is fully extended, by its weight on the hand.

**Fourth Movement.**—Throw forward the rod, so as to cast the line to its full extent in the direction across the river.

**Position.**—Extend the arms vigorously towards, or athwart, the river; the elbows being no longer kept confined to the sides, but freely opened out; and give the rod, by means of the right wrist and thumb, a circular motion round the butt, as a pivot.

**Note.**—These two motions, by practice, become in some degree, blended together, so as to give the true movement, which is exactly as if you were laying the extended rod gradually from butt to top across the river, in order to measure its breadth. The force required is proportioned to the stiffness of the rod; a stiff rod requiring considerable force, a supple one very little. Aim the fly at an imaginary point a few inches above the water, from which it should drop with its own weight only, so as to make no splash. Let as little of the line as possible fall in the water; not more than to the highest drop-fly.

Having got the fly into the water, it may be useful to some, to remark generally, that the trail fly should float down the water before any part of the line. If it has not fallen in a position to do so, hold the rod a little up the water until the stream take it down, so as it may be presented first to the notice of the fish, else you will hardly catch many. Let the line hang in an easy curve from the rod, without dragging in the least. The weight of the line will slowly bring round the fly to the side for another cast. Let the rod follow, not lead, the line downwards, and round to the side. In fishing in running water, if you draw the fly in the least, or let it be dragged by the line, so as to make the smallest ripple, you will catch none but small fish. In lakes, and still parts of rivers, the fly must be drawn slowly along the water. It is peculiar to the native anglers on the Lochy, and most of the large rivers on the western coast of Scotland, that, in fishing for large trout, they move the fly in the same manner as if they were fishing for salmon. But we are not aware that any but sea trout are caught in this way.

#### MORE DID-YOU-EVER.

Did you ever hear of a young lady taking the veil who was not described as possessing great personal attractions?

Did you ever know a new member second the Address, whose opening remarks were not reported as inaudible in the gallery?

Did you ever know a man who did not tell the point of a story twice over?



## AN IRISH METHOD OF "EMBALMING" A HOUSE.

"There was one person I didn't like to let the house to," says Larry, "I didn't like the cut of his jib, but however, the wife got over me, and I was coaxed to let them have it, and sorry enough I was for it afther—for by my sowl they embalmed it in right earnest."

"What do you mean by embalming a house, my man?" "Och! it's just another word for gutting it, sir, and the devil a grate, or windy-sash, or a ha'porth they left in it before a month was about."

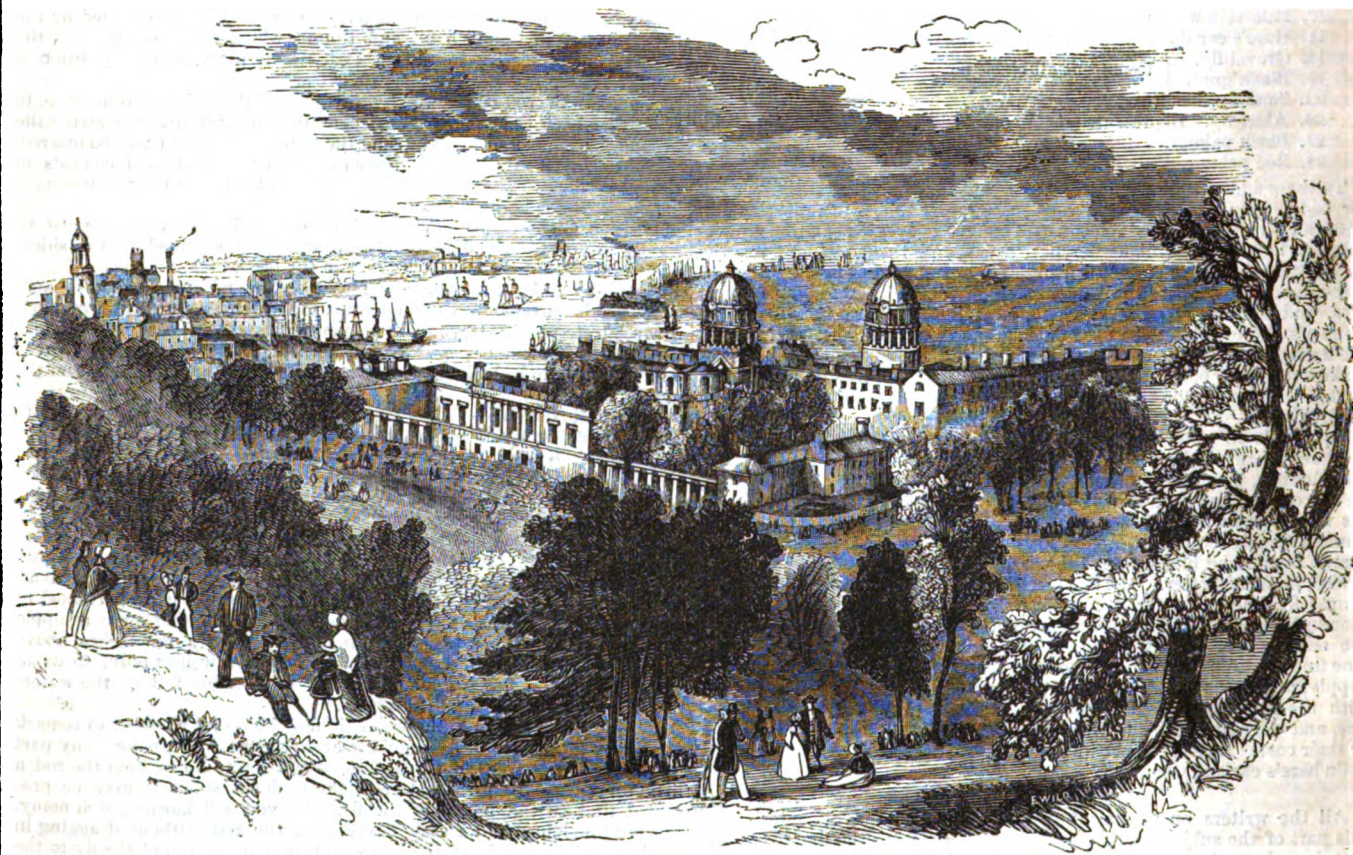
"How came you by that fine word, Larry?" "Why, sir, you see my master was a young man, and he was not long out of Trinity College, and when he was well to do, he used to have a lot of the collaygens wid him drinking an' eating Poolbeg oysters, till there was no end to it,—and he towld me the Ayyipshins, whoever the devil they wor,—when they used to embalm the dead bodies—God presarve us!—used to scoop out all the inside, an' that was the rayson they called gutting a house embalming it—as if a christian an' a house was all the same—Anyhow, when I'm dead, I hope they'll let the worms get their natural diet, and not deprive them of their perquisites. Thim was dam queer chaps, thim Ayyipshins, to keep a fellow crayther from what they're entitled to."

**LIABILITIES OF AN EDITOR.**—Lord Denman has laid down the law recently, that an editor has no right to insert any paragraph before he has ascertained "that the assertion made in it is absolutely true." So then, in the case of the late discoveries made by the Earl of Rosse's telescope, an editor ought to have proceeded to the different planets mentioned before he inserted any statement respecting them. According to Lord Denman, the man in the moon and orion would both recover swinging damages from almost every editor in the United Kingdom for the reflections cast by the earl's telescope on their characters as planets.—*Punch*.

**A USEFUL HORSE.**—A gentleman having a horse that started and broke his wife's neck, a neighbouring squire told him he wished to buy it for his wife, to ride upon. "No," said the other, "I will not sell it, I intend to marry again myself."

**DANGER OF UPRIGHTNESS.**—Baron Platt going the western circuit the other day, had a great stone thrown at his head; but, from the circumstance of his stooping very much, it passed over him. "You see," said he to his friends, "that had I been an upright judge, I might have been killed."

What's the best way to stop a woman's crying? To dam(n) her eyes, to be sure.



GREENWICH HOSPITAL, THE RIVER, &amp;c., FROM THE PARK.

## A COCKNEY TALE FOR WHITSUNTIDE.

BY MILES'S BOY.

**R.** TIMOTHY SNUGSBY and Miss Caroline Jinks had long known, and almost as long loved each other. Timothy was a journeyman cabinet-maker by trade; his adorable Caroline plied the needle. With respect to their pecuniary resources, we do not think we shall be running wide of the mark, when we say that Timothy's earnings averaged thirty shillings a week, Caroline's about fifteen. Both lived in the suburbs; and it was their custom to frequently go out together—especially on fine Sundays, and on summer evenings. There were extraordinary occasions also for their public appearance—Greenwich fair, for instance; and as it is our intention to show them there, we will here now conclude this brief but necessary preface.

Whit-Monday morn broke dull and cloudy, but towards the afternoon old Sol shone out in splendour. It had been arranged that Timothy should call at the residence of the all-beauteous Caroline, and have his breakfast there. He did so—and, oh, ye gods! how was he charmed at the appearance of his bride that *was to be*! She had arrayed herself in a bran new purple silk dress, shot with orange, with ever so many flowers in her hair, in which there was also exhibited a profusion of bows and ribbons; pink silk stockings embraced her pedal extremities, and her feet (she had very pretty feet) were charmingly encased in a pair of patent leather shoes. To crown all, a shawl, many coloured as the rainbow, gloves of brimstone hue, and a shot-silk bonnet, surrounded by a wreath of brimstone-coloured leaves interspersed with blue bullaces, lay on the sofa.

Timothy had not been careless with regard to his personal appearance. He always so contrived matters as to have a new coat at that particular season of the year; blue was the invariable colour, and treble-gilt but-

tons the never-neglected ornaments. On the Whit-Monday in question he had donned a most brilliant waistcoat, white ducks, a new six-and-three, Wellingtons, and so forth, and had not forgotten a black cane with a silver top. Dull and drearily the clouds yet hung about the horizon: and to while the time they fell into converse sweet, in the course of which Timothy prevailed on the yielding Caroline to confess to a "mooted flame," as he phrased it, and finally to breathe a soft consent that they would be married so soon as the industrious Timothy had "accommodated a room o' things," and the other indispensables to committing "the sin that they call matrimony."

At length, the walkin cleared; and right joyously and proudly, for he was "a haccpected young man arter two years keeping o' company," Timothy marched forth towards the Borough terminus of the "Grinnidge Railway," supporting on his dexter arm the lovely and simpering Caroline Jinks.

Gaily the interesting couple walked along, arm-in-arm, much envied and much admired, and quickly arriving at the terminus they hurried to secure seats in the starting train. Off it went; and Timothy had scarcely time to exclaim, "Well, this here is quick!" ere he found himself in Greenwich. He could hardly believe his senses, and had he not been in Greenwich before, he would perhaps have played the same part as the honest Jack tar, who would insist that the company had some grudge against him, and wanted to get his *sixpence* for taking him no distance at all.

Who has not been in Greenwich on Whit Monday? Let those who have not assure themselves that they have lost a sight. What bustling about there is to be sure—what bucks from town—what pretty girls—what noise, rattle, and agreeable confusion! When Snugsby and the divine Caroline arrived there were hundreds in the Park, and hundreds making their way towards it; many, too, were boosting in the parlours of the various taverns. Now, it was through going into one of these, that Timothy—but we are anticipating.

"It's wery warm, Carry," remarked our delectable friend Tim, addressing his lady-love.

"It is," acquiesced Caroline, who shrewdly guessed this assertion was the prologue to a wet.

"I think we'd better have a drop of something short afore we goes further," said Tim.

"Oh, by all manner of means," replied Caroline; and the twain entered the public-house.

"What's it to be?" asked Timothy, gallantly.

"I don't mind a little g-i-in," returned Caroline, letting the word slip out of her mouth by fragments.

"A glass of gin and water—hot, with," said the journeyman cabinet-maker, with a sharp emphasis; and as he gazed down at his high-heeled Wellingtons, (none of your Miss Fitz Clarence at 8s. 6d.) he positively thought he looked military.

The gin and water came, and was discussed—in a style of dignity by Timothy—amiably and sippingly by Caroline.

It so happened that a soldier sat beside them—a strapping six-foot specimen of humanity—a real living life-guardsmen. Tim cast an eye of admiration at the trooper's accoutrements; and the latter soon got into conversation with Caroline and Tim. He asked them if they meant to take a turn in the Park—they replied, "Yes;" well, by a strange coincidence, he was going there too; and as he knew the road thither would be very much crowded, and as a delicate female could not be too well protected under such circumstances perhaps the lady and gentleman would permit him to accompany them—the former accepting the temporary aid of his arm.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Caroline, flattered. "Thank'ee;" mumbled Tim, for he hadn't pluck to decline the offer. Was it strange that they should do so? was it strange that Timothy should do so, even allowing the consent of Caroline to be a thing of course? It must be confessed that the former had had various qualms touching the Park. He remembered very well the last time he had visited Greenwich—when, manfully striving to clear a path for his adorable and himself, some Goth shouted out, "Never mind little Short-legs;" indeed, to speak the truth, Tim was apprehensive of the insult being repeated. But now that the office of pioneer would be chiefly sustained by a tall guardsman, he felt as though eased of a load. We have omitted to mention that Timothy was not more than five-foot four in height: the reader will therefore very naturally conclude that he had taken the term "Short-legs" in the light of a gross personality.

In the crowded fair, through which the wily guardsman purposely led them, (well knowing that in a throng there are many opportunities for sly squeezes, nudges, slight pressures, &c., which would be indecorous and particular elsewhere,) the services of their strapping protector proved so evidently useful that Tim made a third in the diagonal rank of which Caroline was the middle with much pleasure; and on they pushed, the guardsman leading, Caroline close up, and little Tim towing astern. At length they made their way to the Park; the son of Mars having, as he thought, by this time made some advances in the fair bonnet-builder's good graces. They climbed slowly and tediously to its summit, and gazing down on the merry groups, the majestic trees, and the green-sward slopes, their eyes were greeted by the view presented to the reader's eye on the opposite page.

To their right, amid umbrageous trees, stood the palace-like asylum for the brave tars who have "braved the battle and the breeze" in all climes, and in every peril, for the safeguard, the glory, and the wealth of this "tight little island." Before them was the Naval School, where they train the youth, one day perhaps to be time-honoured veterans beneath the shadow of the neighbouring walls. Beyond, spread the noble river, a prominent object on the waters of which is the bulky DREADNOUGHT, now devoted, after years of chasing or facing Britannia's foes, to the peaceful purpose of a seaman's hospital. But see, a cloud overspreads the Essex shore, and the soldier-companion of Tim proposes an adjournment to the town, where shelter may be easily found enforcing his proposition with two cogent reasons; one, the dampness of the grass, which, (he said, with a leer at Carry's small and neatly-shod feet,) might give the young lady cold; and secondly, he was fearful that as the evening drew on the air might affect the *young lady*. Carry perfectly coincided with all the guardsman said; accordingly the adjournment was carried *non con*.

Seated in the parlour of a neighbouring tavern, which commanded a fine view of the water, the trio "quaffed the rosy," not forgetting to accompany it with the more substantial. The soldier laughed, joked, and talked; but, strange to say, did not, for the first hour, awaken jealousy in the bosom of Timothy. At length, however, the little cabinet-maker *did* feel some unpleasant twinges, more especially as, to his thinking—for Timothy was a young man of strict moral propriety—Caroline laughed longer and louder than she need have done at every word, jocular or otherwise, which the soldier said.

"My fine fellow, Snugsby, you had better pay the shot," said the soldier, with the coolness of the colonel of "the Blues;" "I'm out of change, at present: make it all right, my boy, by-and-by."

"Y-e-s," returned Snugsby: he called the bill—"Twelve-and-eightpence, sir."

"T-t-twelve and eightpence, sir?" gasped Tim. The swallow of his military friend had certainly been prodigious. Tim threw down a sovereign with a half-groan. He would not have minded had it been for Caroline, but he was fast losing his good feeling towards her over-attentive friend the guardsman. "Well thought of," said the latter, rising and stretching his long legs, and squaring his elbows to adjust the sit of his padded coat. "He's going, the Lord be praised," internally ejaculated the simple Timothy. Not a bit of it. "Well thought of," my fine fellow, said the soldier; "I've a huncle in the orriginal here—King Charles's ward—did you ever see it inside?" "No," gasped Tim. "Then come along of me," said the soldier. Caroline was already on her feet adjusting the skirt of her shot-silk, which she had carefully turned up to avoid soiling it with the form on which they sat, and with what Tim thought unseemly alacrity, had taken possession of the guardsman's arm. There was no resource but to grin and bear it, for Tim had not the moral courage to break off the dangerous acquaintance. They reached the hospital in a few seconds. Turning to the left towards the river, on entering the quadrangle, the trio entered a doorway, ascended a broad stone-staircase, and came into a long gallery filled with queer-looking hutchies, something between ship's cabins and landmen's bed-chambers, this was King Charles's Ward.

Ben Boosey, a wooden legged pensioner, the uncle of the guardsman, was quickly discovered dozing in a sort of settle. "Ah! Ben, my jolly old tar," cried the lobster to his avuncular relative; "how's all that's left of ye? Here's a 'quaintance o'mine from Town (Tim thought this much more familiar than mannerly) as wouldn't rest till he'd stood a stiff glass of grog, for he hadmires beyond everything the defenders of his country." Astonishment fairly struck Tim dumb. True, in the course of conversation he had expressed himself "rayther" patriotically at the view of the hospital; hoping thereby to attract some portion of Caroline's attention to himself. But as to this offer of grog (Tim thought of the 12s. 8d., and 2d. to the waiter, with a sigh), such a thing had never entered his brain. Tim stared up at the guardsman, but his tongue clave to the roof his mouth as he reflected on the probable consequences of contradicting such a fellow. The soldier winked his eye patronisingly at Tim. Old Bob Boosey, whom the mention of grog had suddenly rejuvenated, stumped off dot-and-go-one toward the staircase-door by which they had entered. "Best leg foremost," said the soldier, laughing, as he ostentatiously put forth his foot: and Caroline doing the same, the soldier and Tim's lady-love followed Ben Boosey, keeping step with military precision; the long fellow accommodating his stride to Carry, who somewhat lengthened hers; while Tim, with a sigh, brought up the rear.

We shall not dwell on the justice which Ben Boosey did to about five shillings worth of stiff rum-and-water, with lashings of backey; the soldier gallantly declining to smoke "on account of the lady." Caroline, too, imbibed enough to make her exceedingly lively—indeed Tim thought indecently so. Ten shillings was again called for from the meshes of Tim's purse. "What would ha' becom o'me if I hadn't a bin well blunted," thought he: "I shouldn't never have been able to get home." Night fell, and they walked from the tavern into the street; for the house became momentarily more crowded, and Caroline complained of the heat and smoke. "We're agoin' to Town," said Tim, with a desperate effort, hoping to shake off his scarlet nightmare.



"Well, we shan't part yet," remarked the soldier; "for I'm going to Town as well as yourselves."

He had still one of the arms of Caroline in his, and poor Timothy knew it to his sorrow; the arm he nursed hung listlessly, the other closely squeezed the elbow of the guardsman, who, in return, pressed tightly the kidded hand of Caroline within his monstrous paw.

They entered the office of the terminus.

"Tickets, gentlemen!" said the policeman.

"All right — there — first class — pay for three!" said the son of Mars, leading Caroline towards the narrow turnstile, while Timothy's half-crown was impounded for two shillings, and he hastened through after them with his sixpence and three bits of bilious-looking paper, to which his complexion was fast assimilating.

The platform is reached: the bell rings: the guardsman hands Caroline into the farthest seat, follows immediately, and Snugsby is on the "near side" of the guardsman.

"Cuss me," muttered the cabinet-maker; "but that's cheeky!"

"Here we are," said the son of Mars when the train stopped.

"Going your way," said the soldier; and he, Snugsby, and Caroline, walked in the direction of the last-named's residence.

"Ahem, 14," said the soldier, looking at the number; "and now, good night!" He added this to Caroline, whose hand he shook very familiarly. Then, turning to Timothy, he said, "a parting glass, old fellow, if it's only to drink to our better acquaintance."

"Y-e-s," said Snugsby; he thought that he should get the money owing to him; that forlorn hope saved him from utter madness.



"Gone!" exclaimed the former.

"Yes, to be married," replied the latter.

"To be m-m-married?" stammered Snugsby—"to be married to whom?"

"A hossifer," returned the girl, bridleing up;—"a hossifer in the hoss-guards."

Poor Snugsby! he saw his fate before him. The "hossifer" was his late companion. Here was a situation for a susceptible journeyman cabinet-maker! all gone at one fell swoop! a sweetheart and twenty-seven shillings!

Timothy Snugsby swore an oath, and he kept it.—Never, never was he again seen at Greenwich Fair.

H. M.

### EFFECT OF WEIGHT ON HORSES.

I believe it is quite an allowed fact by heavy weights, that a horse which has carried them one season well, will (supposing him to continue well and sound) carry them the next season better. This is easily accounted for. The power of carrying heavy burdens is very much increased by being accustomed to do it; those parts of the frame, whether belonging to man or quadruped, that are most called upon under weight acquire additional strength from practice, as the arm of the smith does by using his sledge-hammer: but, independent of this, the horse learns by experience that style of going which enables him to get along with the most ease to himself. It may appear to some persons a singular assertion on my part, that numbers of horses go (particularly on the road) much safer under a very heavy man than under a light one; it is nevertheless the case, and is easily explained. A horse, to go safely on the road, should step short and quick, for in so doing, supposing him to make a false step, the succeeding leg comes so quickly to his support, that he is right again in a moment; but if he walks with the long lounging stride of the race-horse, and make a mistake, or treads on a stone, he rolls forward on his head before he can bring the other leg in a place to act as a prop to his body; independent of which, dwelling so long a time on each leg fatigues both muscles and sinews. Let any person try the truth of this by measuring only half a mile by striding it in yards; he will be more fatigued than by walking four times the distance at moderate short steps. Comparatively speaking, race-horses tire very soon in walking. Set one to walk from here to Edinburgh by the side of a butcher's hack; why little Cutlets would wear him out; and the chances are the Leger or Derby nag would have been on his hose half a dozen times during the journey. No horse with a long stride either in his walk or gallop can carry weight. I never saw even one that could. If any person doubts this, I can assure them a horse does not (after he has carried weight a few times), and will be found in a very short time to alter his gait. Desire a man to walk fifty yards, and observe his way of walking; then clap a sack of oats on his back; I will answer for his taking three steps where before he only took two. So it is with a horse; with 8st. on him he walks lazily and loungingly along; he can do so: put 18st. on him, he, like the man, will shorten his steps, and will make fewer blunders in consequence of so doing. He must do the same thing in his gallop before he can live under great weight; he has sense enough to learn this and many other ways of saving himself, and this

is the great reason why, when put to carry weight, he does it better the second season than the first. If I had a hack that was clever in every way but in taking long strides in his walk, I would lend him to an 18st. man. I will answer for it he cures him of that fault at all events.

HARRY HIE'OVER, in the *Sporting Magazine*.

### GOOD FOR THE LIVER, AND BAD FOR THE LIGHTS.

Bob, taken by Tom his new mansion to view, Observed, though 'twas large, it had windows too few. "As for that," replied Tom, "I'm the builder's forgiver, For taxes 'twill save, and that's good for the liver." "True," says Bob, "as you live upon farthings and mites, For the liver 'tis good, but d—d bad for the lights."

A SLY FOX.—In Ireland a sharp fellow is said to be "as cute as Power's fox of Ballybother'em," which used to read the papers every morning to find out where the hounds were to meet."

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# THE Sportsman's Magazine

LIFE IN LONDON

No. 2. FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 31, 1845. THREE HALFPENCE.

CONDUCTED BY THE EDITOR OF "THE SPORTING WORLD."



## "BURNING THE WATER." LEISTERING SALMON ON THE TWEED

**A**MONG the various modes of capturing the "monarch of the stream," the silversided Salmon, though others may be more elegant, yet for picturesque boldness, strength of arm, and steadiness of nerve, and that kind of wild adventure which sets the blood bounding through the veins, we know none more excitingly pleasant than a leistering excursion. The "Wizard of the North," we mean Sir Walter Scott, not the card conjurer of "that ilk," has left on record some serio-comic adventures, involving duckings, upsets, hits, misses and casualties attending leistering excursions, wherein in the "days of his youth" he bore a part. When practised by day, which in adventure and sport may be termed "alow work" in comparison to torch-light, it is termed "sunning;" by night "burning the water;" of the latter it is our cue to speak.

Before we describe what is called "burning the water" we will make an observation that may be of service to the rod-fisher. It is that salmon which have been disturbed in the night with boats and lights, will draw into the streams above, and take the fly all the better for this disturbance the following morning; and as burning always takes place when the water is very low, they probably will not be found far from the place of the nocturnal operations.

The boat in general used for burning at night is larger than the rod fishing boats, as more room and steadiness is required. In the centre of it, close to the side on which the leister strikes the fish, is a pole fixed vertically, with a frame at the top of it formed of ribs of iron to contain the combustibles. In our engraving the boatman holds in his right hand the torch with which he burns the water. Three men are

sufficient to man the boat; one at the head, another at the stern, as boatmen, and the third at the centre to kill the fish, and train the fire. But it will contain more men if necessary.

The salmon spear at present in use, resembles a trident in its general appearance; but has five prongs instead of three, made of very stout iron; there is only one barb to each prong, as two would tear the fish too much in extricating them. This weapon is fastened to the end of a pole, more or less long; according to the depth of the water in which it is intended to be used; sixteen feet is the general length, and it is not easy to see or strike a fish at a greater depth. In *burning* (which we shall describe hereafter) the boat is managed with this leister; but no one can make use of it in this way who has not learned to work it with a pole—which art is termed *canting*, and is little understood, except in the Tweed; in the Tay and Annan, they know nothing of the matter. Now the pole is not used as in punting; but the man who manages the boat instead of shifting his place, stands up or sits down at the stern; he keeps his eye upon her head, and forces her straight up the rapids, pressing the pole in the direction in which he would steer with a rudder. This is in a great measure effected with a twist of the body. If he does not keep her straight in her course, the current takes her at the side, whips her round in an instant, and down she goes, the deuce knows where, head foremost; nor can you resume your position till you again bring her head up the stream. In forcing your boat up very strong water, at every fresh thrust you must catch up the pole and put it in again quickly; for when you are not pushing the boat will recede, if the rapids are heavy, and thus you may lose way. This can be done better by sitting than standing, as you are nearer your



work. In this manner you may thrust your little craft where no oars could take hold of the water.

Having described the method of managing the boat, we will endeavour to explain the manner in which the salmon is struck. The leister should not be held firmly in the grasp, but sent loosely through the hands, as its own weight in falling, will be more effective than any force you can give it with a thrust. Should you hold the weapon firmly and determinedly, and the water proves deeper than you had calculated upon, and not touching the bottom with your spear, in you go as a matter of course, your head taking the lead, and the rest of your members following the playful example.

Strike your fish over the shoulders, if you can, and bring your boat in such a position as to make the stroke as vertical as possible. When you have fixed him, hold him to the ground space: then run your hands down the pole, making the distance between them and the fish as short as you conveniently can; lift the animal with his head uppermost, by which means he will come out lighter, and such action as he may make with his tail will assist you rather than himself. The late Lord Staffa, before he came to his title, was once drawing the Pavilion Water with John, Lord Somerville, and perceiving that the fisherman in their boat had struck a salmon that was likely to get off the spear when he might attempt to lift him; in the true spirit of a Highlander, and without saying a word to any one, plunged at once into the Tweed with his clothes on, dived down to the fish, and brought him into the boat with his hands. "A Highlander can never pass a seal, a deer, or a salmon, without having a trial of skill with him."

Having premised thus much by way of explanation, we will now give a slight sketch of "life" by night on a Scottish river, which we will call

#### THE BURNING.

"—All being now ready, a light was struck, and the spark being applied to rags steeped in pitch, and to fragments of tar barrels, they blazed up at once amidst the gloom, like the sudden flash from the crater of a volcano. The ruddy light glared on the rough features and dark dresses of the leisters in cutting flames directly met by black shadows. Extending itself, it reddened the shelving rocks above, and glanced upon the blasted arms of the trees, slowly perishing in their struggle for existence among the stony crevices; it glowed upon the hanging wood, on fir, birch, broom, and bracken, half veiled, or half revealed, as they were more or less prominent. The form of things remote from the concentrated light was dark and dubious; even the trees on the summit of the brae, sunk in obscurity.

The principals now sprung into the boat. Harry Otter stood at the head, and Charlie Purdie at the stern. These men regulated the course of the craft with their leisters: the auxiliaries were stationed before them, and the light was on the centre by the boat-side. The logs, steeped as they were in pitch, crackled and burned fiercely, sending up a column of black smoke. As the rude forms of the men rose up in their dark attire, wielding their long leisters, with the streaks of light that partially glared upon them, and surrounded as they were by the shades of night, you might almost have fancied yourself in the realms below with Pluto and his grim associates, embarked on the Stygian lake; but as the sports began, and as the Scotch accent prevailed, the illusion passed away.

"Now, my lads," says the master, "take your places. Tom, stand next to me; Sandy, go on the other side of Tom; and do you, Jamie, keep in the middle, and take tent to cap the boats well over the rapids. Rob, do you and Tom Purdie keep good lights and fell the fish. Halloo, Tom! you have smuggled a leister into the boat for your own use."

"Ay, ay, that have I, joust for mine ain diversion, ye ken."

"Well, work, you may just keep it, for you are a stout chiel, and it would be hard well to get it from you; besides, no one can use it more dexterously than yourself. Now, then, we will push the boat up the chuk of the stream till we come to the head of it. That will do. Now shoot her across the gorge, and down she goes merrily, broadside foremost, according to rule. Cap, Charlie, cap, man, we are drifting down like mad; keep back your end of the boat."

"Aweel, aweel, she gangs cannily now; look, uncle, a muckle fish before ye; or ever ye kent the maister's leister gaed through him and played auld life. That side, that side, Jamie; he's running up to get past. Od, ye have him; and I hae anither and anither. Keep a gude light, Tom. Now, let us tak' up the boat to the head of the stream, or ever we look the stanes, for there war a muckle fish ganged by that none o' ye gomrells ever saw. There we are high enuch now; hand yer hand and let her faw doon again: hey, but I see him the nod afore me;—on, what an awfie' beast."

So saying, Charlie drove his leister furiously at him; but whether one of the prongs struck against the edge of the rock above him, which prevented its descent to the bottom, or from whatever other cause the stroke was unsuccessful, and as he lifted the barren weapon out of the water there arose a merry shout and guffaw from the spectators on shore.

"Cap, cap," cried Charlie, "now hand your hand; gie me up the boat; od, but I hae him yet; he's gone amangst the hedding stanes." So saying, Charlie brought the head of the boat to the stream, pushed her higher up, and pulled her ashore; he then landed, and seizing a brand out of the fire, put it into Jamieson's hands, who preceded his eager steps like a male Thais, or one of the Eumenides in pantaloons. He now stood

upon a rock which hung over the river, and from that eminence, and with the assistance of the firebrand, examined the bottom of it carefully. His body was bent over the water, and his ready leister held almost vertically; as the light glared on his face, you might see the keen glancing of his eye. In an instant he raised up his leister, and down he sprang from the rock right into the river, and with that wild bound nailed the salmon to the channel. There was a struggle with his arms for a few seconds; he then passed his hands down the pole of the weapon a little way, brought himself vertically over the fish, and lifted him aloft, cheered by shouts of applause from his friends on the shore.

Two or three more fish were taken amongst the stones at the tail of the cant; and the sport in the curry-wheel being now ended, the fish were stowed in the hole of the boat, the crew jumped ashore, and a right hearty appeal was made to the whiskey bottle.

#### A FOX HUNTER, A JUMBLE OF PARADOXES.

He sets forth clean, though he comes out of a kennel, and returns home dirty. He cares not for cards, yet strives to be always with the pack. He loves fencing, but without *carte* or *terce*; and delights in a steeple-chase, though he does not follow the church. He is anything but litigious, yet is fond of a certain suit, and retains scarlet. He keeps a running account with Horse, Dog, Fox, and Co., but objects to a check. As to cards, in choosing a pack, he prefers Hunt's. In theatricals, he favours Miss Somerville, because her namesake wrote "The Chase," though he never read it. He is no great dancer, though he is fond of casting off twenty couple; and no great painter, though he draws covers, and seeks for a brush. He is no musician, though he is fond of five bars. He despises doctors, though he follows a course of bark. He professes to love his country, but is perpetually crossing it. He is fond of strong ale and beer, but dislikes any purl. He is good tempered, yet so far a Tartar as to prefer a saddle of horse to a saddle of mutton. He is somewhat tough and bearish himself, but insists on good breeding in horses and dogs. He professes the Church Catechism, and countenances heathen dogmas, by naming his hounds after Jupiter, Juno, Mars, Diana, and Vulcan. He cares not for violets, but he doats on a good scent. He says his wife is a shrew, but objects to destroying a vixen. In politics he inclines to Pitt, and runs after Fox. He is no milk-sop, but he loves to tally. He protects poultry and preserves foxes. He follows but one business, yet has many pursuits. He pretends to be knowing, yet a dog leads him by the nose. He is as honest a fellow as needs be, yet his neck is often in danger than a thief's. He swears he can clear anything, but is beaten by a fog. He esteems himself prosperous, and is always going to the dogs. He delights in the Hunters' Stakes, but takes care not to stake his hunter. He praises discretion, but would rather let the cat out of the bag than a fox. To conclude, he runs as long as he can, and then runs to earth, and his heir is in at his death; but his heir does not stand in his shoes, for he never wore anything but boots.—*The late Thomas Hood.*

**ECCENTRICITIES OF NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.**—Newspaper advertisements are avowedly strange things, but the last week has been productive of some still more extraordinary than usual. The first one that met our eye was the following:—"To builders, &c.—To be sold by auction, on Wednesday next, the uncleared *apertunances* of the late Mr. Borthwick, comprising capital building materials in fir, Portland stone, &c." Now, if this be really a true description of Mr. Borthwick's "apertunances," he must have been a complete curiosity. In the *Times*, of Tuesday, we find—"A lady who has just dismissed her nurse, wishes to obtain for her a *similar situation*." It does not appear that the said nurse has any situation at all, so what a *similar one* would be, we confess our inability to discover. A Sunday paper recently gave the following:—"MATRIMONY.—A gentleman, having £400 per annum, arising from the private exercise of a genteel profession, five feet eleven inches in height, and of prepossessing manners, is desirous of an alliance with a lady having the same qualifications as himself, &c." Here is a gentleman who must have an odd taste to choose a wife "five feet eleven," but what the "genteel profession" is which she is required "*privately to exercise*," deponent saith not. In the *Post*, of Monday, we read of "a gentleman, about to leave London for the benefit of his wife's health, &c.," why he should leave London for the benefit of his wife's health, we cannot conceive, unless indeed he has nursed serious designs of poisoning her; but these morning broadsheets do concoct most extraordinary things.

**AMERICAN MARRIAGES.**—A green, good natured, money-making, up country Jonathan, who said every thing drily, got things fixed and struck up a bargain for matrimony; having no particular regard for appearances, the parties agreed to employ a green-horn country justice to put on the tackling. He commenced the ceremony by remarking that "It was customary on such occasions to commence with a prayer, but he believed he would omit that." After tying the knot, he said it was customary to give the married couple some advice, but he would omit that also; it was customary to kiss the bride, but he would omit that." The ceremony being ended, Jonathan took the squire by the button-hole, and clapping his finger on his nose, said, "Squire, it is customary to give the magistrate five dollars, but I'll omit that."



MR. JOHN JACKSON.

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME. PERIOD III. 1786—1798.

FROM THE TIME OF MENDOZA TO THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER.

### CHAPTER III. MR. JOHN JACKSON.

**I**N penning the HISTORY OF PUGILISM, one object has been our polestar—a desire on the one hand to avoid fulsome adulation, and on the other never to cast undeserved censure: to “nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice,” but to speak of men as they were, and as their actions proved them.

These remarks appear appropriate to a notice of John Jackson, inasmuch as, blinded by early prejudices, which no after-information has tended to dispel, and imposed upon by the contemptible sophisms and paltry libels of lily-livered scribes, who “earn their dirty-pay” by pandering to what they suppose the taste of the reading public, no small proportion of that public has taken it for granted that pugilism and black-guardism are synonyms. It is as an antidote to these slanderers, that we pen a candid History of Pugilism; and taking the general habits of men of humble origin (elevated by their *courage* and *bodily gifts* to be the associates of those more fortunate in worldly position), we fearlessly maintain, that the *best* of our boxers (we take no account of *outsiders*, inasmuch as they have no claim to the designation), present as good samples of honesty, generosity of spirit, goodness of heart, and humanity, as an equal number of men of any class of society. But the Manly Art of Self-defence—one of the most generous, noble, and national traits of the English character has never lacked detractors. The mean-spirited, the treacherous, and the cruel can never be its admirers. But does it appear that the *mind* is debased from witnessing such public displays? would the usages of society be infringed upon if such exhibitions were legalised? Are the feelings of men so blunted from these specimens of hardihood and valour, as to prevent them from fulfilling those public situations in life which many are called upon to perform, with fidelity, justice, and reputation? We reply, no! and experience corroborates our assertion. Were it otherwise, we should admit pugilism to be a disgrace to the country where it is permitted, and boxers obnoxious to society.

It is an incontrovertible fact, that one of the most celebrated public characters of the early part of the century, whose patriotic attention to the preservation and due administration of the laws; whose firmness in supporting, upon all occasions, the liberty of the subject; whose dignity and consistency of conduct in representing the first city in the

world in Parliament; and who fulfilled the high office of Lord Mayor of London, with honour to himself, and advantage to the first city of the world, was an ardent and firm patron of Pugilism. We allude to Harvey Christian Coombe, Esq., whose name never suffered the slightest tarnish from his patronage of the Old English custom of Boxing in the early part of his life, but through a long and distinguished career, proved his pretensions so clearly to the character of a real Englishman, an honest citizen, and an independent senator, that in 1816, he was returned a fourth time as member for the City of London.

We will now pass to another member of the senate whose enlightened mind, classical acquirements, and transcendent talents, shone even at a time when wits and orators were rife in St. Stephen's Chapel—to a mind stored with ancient and modern literature, conversant with popular recreations in all their gradations, from the rusticity of a cudgelling bout at a country fair to an *assaut d'armes* in the aristocratic fencing-school—the Rt. Hon. Wm. Windham added a true English spirit of fair play, when he thus publicly declared his sentiments:—

“A smart contest, this, between Maddox and Richmond! Why are we to boast so much of the native valour of our troops, as shown at Talavera, at Vimiera, and at Malaga, yet to discourage all the practices and habits which tend to keep alive the same sentiments and feelings? The sentiments that filled the minds of the three thousand spectators who witnessed those two Pugilists, were the same in kind as those which inspired the higher combatants on that occasion.—It is the circumstances only in which they are displayed that make the difference.

“He that the world subdued, had been  
But the best wrestler on the green.”

There is no sense in the answer always made to this, “Are no men brave but boxers?” Bravery is found in all habits, classes, circumstances, and conditions. But have habits and institutions of one sort no tendency to form it more than of another?—Longevity is found in persons of habits the most opposite; but are not certain habits more favourable to it than others? The courage does not arise from mere boxing, from the mere beating, or being beat: but from the sentiments excited by the contemplation and cultivation of such practices. Will it make no difference in the mass of people, whether their amusements are all of a pacific, pleasurable, and effeminate nature; or whether they are of a sort that calls forth a continued admiration of prowess and hardihood?”

We cannot but think the reader will consider these slight notices of how our fathers viewed the science of self-defence—now for a season only, as we trust, “fallen into the sear and yellow leaf,”—as a fitting preface for the life of Jackson, who flourished in these palmy days of pugilism; a gentleman who not only supplanted Mendoza, but took a higher position in the social scale than any boxer who preceded or followed him, no less from the firmness and urbanity of his manners, than the high requisites he possessed for shining as an athlete.

Mr. Jackson was born in London, in 1768, and was the son of an



eminent builder, by whom the arch was thrown over the old Fleet Ditch. His uncles were farmers and tenants of the Duke of Bedford and the Marquis of Hertford. Nature had bestowed upon him all those athletic requisites which constitute the *beau idéal* of perfect manhood. There was a happy combination of muscular development, with proportionate symmetry in his frame (his height was five feet eleven, and his weight fourteen stone), which rendered him a fitting model for the sculptor, and excited the admiration of all those by whom these qualities are appreciated. At the age of nineteen he became a frequenter of the sparring schools, and displayed such talents as proved that he was destined to eclipse the more favoured of his contemporaries; added to which, possessing as he did the *suaviter in modo*, as well as the *fortiter in re*, he soon found patrons of the highest grade.

Mr. Jackson's first public contest, under the patronage of the Hon. Harvey Aston, was with Fewterel, a Birmingham hero, on the 9th of June, 1788, in a roped ring near Brighton, which was honoured by the presence of the Prince of Wales. Fewterel, had a high provincial reputation, having proved victorious in many battles. The contest came off the 9th of June, 1788, at Smitham Bottom, near Croydon, in Surrey. Fewterel was attended by Warr and Dunn; and Jackson had for his second Tom Johnson, Dick Humphries officiating as his bottle-holder. It was apprehended that Jackson would never be able to knock Fewterel down, as the latter was a man of great bulk and uncommon strength; but the fallacy of this opinion was proved by Jackson knocking him down in the second round, and repeating it several times in the course of the fight. Fewterel had recourse to shifting, and several times without a blow. The contest lasted an hour and seven minutes; and Fewterel was considerably punished.

The Prince of Wales was much pleased with the intrepidity displayed by Jackson, and acknowledged it to the latter by a gratifying token of his approbation.

Jackson's next battle was with George Ingleston, the brewer, at Ingatestone, in Essex, on March 12, 1793, for fifty guineas a-side. Ingleston was seconded by Tring, Jackson by Big Ben. Superior art was manifested by Jackson, and in the first round Jackson levelled the Brewer. In the second and third, several good blows were exchanged; but the science of Jackson was so evident to the spectators, that the odds were high in his favour. In the fourth round, they were nearly two to one, when, unfortunately, owing to the slippery state of the stage, from the rain that had fallen, and its faulty construction, he fell, dislocated his ankle, and broke the small bone of his leg. In consequence of this accident there was no alternative left for him but to give in, it being impossible for a man to continue the fight who could not stand. In other respects Jackson was in full vigour. The report of the day states, that, to prevent disappointment to the numerous spectators, Jackson offered to be fastened down in a chair, in a manner similar to the sailors, who seat themselves on their chests for pugilistic encounters—provided Ingleston would do the like, and thus fight it out. This the Brewer, who had become entitled to the stakes, very properly refused; as also to consent to another meeting.

His next contest was one of the most general interest of any for many years. His antagonist was no other than the conqueror of Humphries, the deservedly celebrated Daniel Mendoza. The stakes were 200 guineas a-side; and the battle was decided upon a twenty-four feet stage, erected at Hornchurch, in Essex, on April 15, 1796. Mendoza was seconded by Harry Lee, Symonds officiating as bottle-holder; and Jackson was attended by Tom Johnson and Bill Wood. Both the combatants were loudly cheered upon their appearance. The betting was in favour of Mendoza.

Round 1. Judgment was not wanting on either side, and a fine display of the art was witnessed. After several feints, parries, and stops, at the end of one minute, Jackson put in a straight right-handed hit, so well distanced, that Mendoza was laid prostrate on the stage.

2. In this round Mendoza exhibited the most finished science, he stopped the blows of his antagonist with great neatness, and returned several good hits.

3. Both on the alert, pelting away with little ceremony—Jackson put in several severe hits, and Mendoza was not behind in returning the compliment; but at the end of the round Dan was down. Notwithstanding this, the odds rose two to one on Mendoza.

4. This was the hottest part of the battle—caution seemed cast aside, and the combatants lost to everything but victory. Jackson, confident of his powers and knowledge, kept at close quarters; severe half-arm fighting, in which Jackson set at naught the science of Mendoza, punishing him most terribly. Dan fell from a severe blow on the right eye, which bled profusely. The odds turning upon Jackson.

5. The scene was now changed, and loud disapprobation expressed by the friends of Mendoza, Jackson caught his opponent by the hair, with his left, and punished him with the right till he got down. An appeal was made to the umpires upon the propriety of this, but it was declared consistent with the rules of fighting, and the battle proceeded. [The odds now changed to two to one on Jackson.]

6 to 8. Mendoza was getting rather exhausted, and endeavoured to merge his strength and wind, by acting on the defensive; but he could make no head against the superiority of Jackson.

9 and last. Mendoza's chance was clearly gone. Jackson appeared in full activity and vigour; he hit away his man with great ease. Dan suffered considerably, and after falling completely exhausted, acknowledged he had met his superior.

For the time it lasted (ten minutes and a half,) this battle was never exceeded in severity. Jackson was little the worse for it, and jumped from the stage with great activity. It was far otherwise with Mendoza, who was severely punished. But it must be remembered that Mendoza's competitor had not only the advantage of youth, but that he had the physical disproportion to contend with of 5 feet 8 against 5 feet 11, and eleven stone against thirteen! This common justice calls upon us to record, as it has been omitted by every previous writer. Numerous patrons of pugilism were present upon this occasion, among whom

were the Duke of Hamilton, and many noblemen and gentlemen amateurs.

A gay paragraph, near seven years after the above combat, appearing in the newspapers, announcing that a fight would take place between Mendoza and Jackson; the latter, by way of a farewell to the public, informing them of his determination, inserted the following letter to the Editor of the *Oracle and Daily Advertiser*, of Wednesday, Dec. 1, 1801.

SIR,—I was somewhat astonished, on my return to town on Saturday, to learn that a challenge was inserted in your paper on Thursday last, as if from Mr. Mendoza. Should I be right in my conclusion, by believing that it comes from that celebrated pugilist, I beg you will inform the public through the medium of your paper, that for some years I have entirely withdrawn from a public life, and am more and more convinced of the propriety of my conduct by the happiness which I enjoy in private, among many friends of great respectability, with whom it is my pride to be received on terms of familiarity and friendship: goaded, however, as I am to a petty conflict, I hope that it will not be considered as too much arrogance on my part simply to observe, that, after waiting for more than three years to accept the challenge of any pugilist, however dexterous in the science, and however highly flattered by his friends, I think it rather extraordinary that Mr. Mendoza should add a silence of four years to those three, it being nearly seven years since I had the satisfaction of chastising him; but Mr. Mendoza derived one great good from the issue of that contest—he was taught to be less hasty in forming his resolutions, more slow in carrying them into effect.

This cautious and wise principle of action deserves much commendation; and having served an apprenticeship of seven years to learn a certain portion of artificial courage, he now comes forward with a stock of impudence (the only capital which during that time he seems to have acquired) to force me to appear once more in that situation which I have for years cheerfully avoided.

Reluctant, however, as I am to attract again even for a moment the public attention, I shall have no objection to vindicate my character by a meeting with Mr. Mendoza when and where he pleases, provided he'll promise to fight, and provided he'll also promise not to give previous information to the magistrates of Bow street, or elsewhere.

I am, Sir, yours and the public's most respectfully,

Nov. 20, 1801.

JOHN JACKSON.

Need we say that this was on the part of Mendoza a mere piece of that absurd system of gagging then so much in vogue, and on which we have elsewhere commented.

This was the last appearance of Mr. Jackson in the prize ring.

Independent of his pugilistic prowess, Mr. Jackson was distinguished for his extraordinary powers as a runner of a short distance, and as a leaper no man of his day was equal to him at a standing jump, of which many extraordinary feats are on record. His muscular strength was equal to his bodily activity, and in the presence of Mr. Harvey Combe, a never shrinking advocate for the national sports of his countrymen, he lifted ten hundredweight and a quarter, and with eighty-four pounds' weight on his little finger, wrote his own name.

It would be improper to pass over his patriotic and generous conduct in procuring a benefit at the Fives' Court, in Saint Martin's-street, in 1811, towards aiding the public subscription tending to assist the suffering Portuguese, whose towns had been destroyed by the French. This benefit produced the sum of one hundred and fourteen pounds, and was paid to the committee.

In thus paying attention to the wants of our suffering allies, Jackson's humanity encouraged the pugilists to get up a similar benefit in aid of the British prisoners in France. This took place in the beginning of the year 1812, when the sum of one hundred and thirty-two pounds six shillings was the sum handed over in aid of that laudable purpose. To the credit of the pugilists be it remembered, that on the first intimation of such a plan, they cheerfully volunteered their services.

(To be continued in our next).

ADVERTISEMENT.—From the *Daily Advertiser*, Dec 8, 1797.—Wanted for a wine-merchant's house in the city, as porter, an athletic man, of a serious countenance, a good character, and the Lady Huntingdon's persuasion; must attend prayers twice a day, and divine service four times on Sunday; be able to bear confinement; have the fear of God before his eyes; and be able to carry two hundred weight. Wages, fourteen shillings a week, and find himself.—N.B. A Yorkshireman will not be objected to, but no Irishman will be accepted.—Apply to-morrow at one o'clock, to S. D., at No. —, Philpot-lane.

FOR THE COURT CIRCULAR.—Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli didn't take out Master Robert Peel for an airing last week, but will do so on the very first opportunity. Master Robert is anxiously looking out for the promised holiday.

HOW TO SAVE ONE'S BACON.—A gentleman near Limerick, a blood descendant of Sir Boyle Roche, having heard that the newly-invented galvanic rings would cure anything, ordered a number of them to be used as snout-rings for his pigs, expecting to have his bacon cured that way.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

**A. VOTUM.**—Says, "I was induced by a hotel keeper of this town to become a subscriber to his Derby Sweep, in 1844, and my chance turned up Orlando. Hearing of the disqualification of the horse named Running Rein, I gave notice to the landlord not to pay the first prize to the person holding that horse. He told me he should retain the money until the case was decided between Running Rein and Orlando; but now declares he will pay nobody, and that if an action is brought against him for the amount, he would plead the illegality of the whole transaction."—If our correspondent will look into the *Derby Life*, or the *Sunday Times*, of last Sunday, (May 18th) he will see his case decided by the action of TOMBS against WARR.

**JUVENIS.**—Apply to Mr. Little, of Fetter Lane, he will put you in the way.

**SAMPER IDEM.**—The canine mange, according to the best authority (Blaine) is a chronic inflammation of the skin, arising from a morbid constitutional action.—It is both infectious and contagious.—It is the red mange with which your dog is afflicted: use the following ointment:—

Powdered charcoal	2 oz.
Sulphur (powdered)	4 oz.
Potash	1 dr.
Lard	6 oz.
Venice Turpentine	1 oz.
Mild Mercurial ointment	1 oz.
Use this one day, and the next alternate it with the following wash:—	Mix.
Decoction of tobacco	2 oz.
Decoction of white hellebore	2 oz.
Corrosive sublimate	5 gr.

Dissolve the corrosive sublimate (called oxymuriate of quicksilver) in the decoctions, and add two drachms of powdered aloes, to render it nauseous, and prevent the dog from licking it off: you should also put on him a fine net muzzle.

**A. FANCIER.**—The name *Bantam* is derived from that of a kingdom so-called in India, whence these diminutive, prolific, and courageous little fowls originally came.

**QUIZZICAL.**—To back a horse, means in stable phraseology, to mount him; it is also used for breaking him. Your objection is hypercritical, as there is no reason to confine the term to compelling him to go backwards.

**S. ROWORTH, Manchester.**—Who told you so? Antimony is a metal.—We will give some engravings of pigeons in due time. But we must see Epsom over, before we make any promises in the way of illustrations.

**RING.**—"N. G."—Barney Aaron fought Dick Curtis but once. Cannon fought Dolly Smith in May, 1817.

**PREDSTRIANISM.**—"B. SAMSON."—If two persons agree to run a mile with their clothes on, and one takes off his coat during the race, he loses, as in horse-racing, it is throwing away weight. If no such agreement were made, then the taking off the coat does not vitiate the race. Fuller walked forty miles in seven hours, one minute, and five seconds.

**W. J. MARIE.**—This paper is conducted by the Editor of the "SPORTING WORLD," as stated in its leader and on its heading; the name of the change of title was a mere matter of business, which is not worth the space its explanation would occupy; change of proprietorship rendered it necessary, or rather advisable. You will observe, that all the serial articles are continued by the same writers. To your Cribbage question, they count twelve.

**W. BARNES.**—The martin is a large kind of weasel; its fur is much valued. It inhabits trees, and is very destructive to pheasants and roosting birds. The pine martin in Canada and other parts of North America is the animal which supplies what in common parlance are called "sables," and which are pretended to be the skins of a description of Russian fox.

**CRICKET.**—W. H., Portsmouth.—We are glad to find that you and your friends approve of our remarks on bowling. The subject will be resumed.

**W. F. B. Sherbourne.**—We shall be glad to hear again from you; your request is complied with as regards the newspaper.

**A. Z.**—It must have been negligence on the part of your newsmen, as no delay took place in the publication. To your first question, not out; to the second, some part of the foot or bat must be behind the crease.

**TARTER.**—Apply to Caldecott, Townsend-road, St. John's Wood.

**A. L. B.**—Of what avail are the Rules if they are not abided by? The umpire acted in a fair and proper spirit.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

SUNDAY, May 26.—FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

**FRUIT.**—Prune what trees you have neglected. Remove all suckers, except selected ones of raspberries. Pinch off strawberry runners. Destroy insects, especially snails and caterpillars. On the first symptoms of the leaves rolling up unroll them and pick out the grub.

**MONDAY 26.**—Cambridge Easter Term divides midnight.—The Irish Attorneys resolve to reduce the fees to barristers one half. This is not only reducing the Wigwags to half-and-half, but compelling them to take "something short at the bar." This joke is "above proof."—Ladette died, 1844.

**A Proverb reversed.**—"His money makes the mare to go," is now exploded; in its stead say the parishioners of Walbrook, "Tis the mayor makes the money to go."

**TUESDAY 27.**—EPSOM RACES.—"Venerable Bedes" say all the almanacks: this we take to be part of some old necktie.—Discovery of coin. An eminent artist having left a painting with Moon, finds in his pocket three silver and two copper coins of the reigns of Vict. and Geo. IV.—Faganall died, 1840.—Prince George of Cumberland born, 1819.

**WEDNESDAY 28.**—THE DERBY DAY.—Look out for our EPSOM NUMBER, for MILES's Boy is "down the road," and will tell you all about it.—"The moon's last quarter," says the Almanack: what shall we do o' nights when she's left the premises she has so long occupied?—ERON MONTEN:—

"And a begging will go-o, go-o, go!"

"And a begging will go-o, go-o, go!"—Ancient Ballad.

**THURSDAY 29.**—King Charles II. restored, 1660.—A piece of plate presented to Alfred Bunn, Esq., for his patronage of the Drama. Oh Lord!—this plate must have originated in a few spoons.

**FRIDAY 30.**—THE OARS DAY.—"General Peace, 1814," say all the almanacks: who was he? Some feather-bed officer on the home-service, surely, if that was his birthday.—How to get a coat.—The Royal Humane Society sharpen the points of their drags, that they may ensure a good hold in the carcass of any unfortunate bather who may remain more than half an hour under water. A capital time for finding unknown vestments in Hyde-park, before 6 a.m. and after 6 p.m.

**SATURDAY 31.**—Bingham Fair—Talgarth Fair.—Anne Boleyn, mother of Queen Elizabeth, crowned, 1533.

## THE MOON IN MAY.

New Moon, 6th	..	..	..	..	5 57 morn.
First Quarter, 14th	..	..	..	..	2 8 aft.
Full Moon, 21st	..	..	..	..	3 58 aft.
Last Quarter, 28th	..	..	..	..	6 25 morn.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High water at London Bridge.

		morn.		aft.				morn.		aft.	
Sunday, May 25th	..	..	4 26	4 50	Thursday, May 29th	..	..	8 6	8 28		
Monday, 26th	..	..	5 15	5 42	Friday, 30th	..	..	9 17	9 48		
Tuesday, 27th	..	..	6 7	6 28	Saturday, 31st	..	..	10 20	10 52		
Wednesday, 28th	..	..	7 4	7 36							

## Life Sportsman's Magazine.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY, 31, 1845.

MILES's BOY AND HIS PAPA HAVE A TALK WHICH ENDS IN NOTHING.

**HE** near approach of the EPSOM DERBY calls on us to sound the note of preparation. MILES's Boy will most assuredly be down the road there, with his friend GEORGE CRATON, the Sketcher, accompanied by old Miles, his venerable and venerated papa. And while a faithful picture of "Life" in all its phases is transferred to the sketchbook of the artist, to be transferred to wood for the amusement of the ten thousand readers of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE; MILES the elder will do the reminiscences and the descriptive. He will tell, (for his memory is far better than that frequently quoted personage, "the oldest inhabitant") how, "sixty-six years ago, namely in 1777, the late Lady Derby—formerly Lady Elizabeth Hamilton—had a grand fête champêtre on her wedding day to the Earl, thereupon originated (in 1780) the great public race, which on this day so many thousands"—"There that will do old Miles, as a sample," interrupts his dutiful son: "don't you know that it is Life, not the histories of deceased generations that we want?"

Old Miles "humphed," and muttered something about "young people thinking old people fools; but old people knowing young people, &c." It was clear the old un's dander was up: so we changed the subject remonstratively, as the yankees say to prevent his "riling and turnin' sour."

"But don't you know, dad, that our Epsom Number is to be full of cuts, right and left, and that I, your own dutiful son, have undertaken to picture, with point of pen, all sorts of cockneys, countrymen, counts, cadgers, costermongers, cardsellers, and chummies, greenhorns, gammoners, go-cart-men, gipsies, and guplins, jehus, jockeys, joskins, and jews, viscounts, and vitt'lers, barons, baronets, beersellers, barrow-women, barneys, bumpkins, and betting-men, swells, swindlers, spooneys, and sharps, marquises, muffs, and mutton pie-men, prigs, peers, pensioners, pimps, and pretty women, how then in the name of common-sense, dear dad, can we spare space for your historical and topographical details?"

"Bah!" replied our respected progenitor. "I dare say you think that rope o' words very cleverly paid out; but life presented more picturesque variety, more character when I was young, than now. Then (if you didn't sleep at Epsom, which prudent people did), mayhap a mounted man—if so be you stayed to take a parting glass, would ride up on Putney, or Barnes Common, or thereabouts,—ah, I see you grin, jackanapes; I'm speaking of times when Vauxhall-bridge wasn't built, and half the westenders went over that of Putney,—well, a particular friend o' mine, a saddler, in Swallow-street—"

"My dear Dad; when I began scribbling, I meant our conversation to be a sort of programme of what we intended to do next week; but if you will gossip and tell stories—"

"Tilly vally, boy," we are ourselves on the shady side of forty-five; "you shouldn't tell your mind; do the thing and don't talk about it: take 'em by surprise, and—"

"Well, we will. Here, devil, carry the copy to the printer."

## THE CORN CRAKE, OR LANDRAIL.

To the Editor of the "SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE."

**SIR.**—Among the few "Summer Sports" of which the fowler can avail himself, and one which has afforded me a great deal of amusement at times, is that of "Corn Crake Shooting;" and as the period of its commencement is at hand, I trust the few subjoined remarks on this subject may not be inapplicable at present in your valuable pages.

The Corn Crake (known also by the names of the Landrail and Daker Hen) may be regarded as the harbinger of summer, and is remarkable as a bird of passage; since with apparently very inadequate powers of wing, it nevertheless makes its way over a trackless ocean for hundreds of miles. It generally makes itself heard in this country about the middle of May, but is seldom seen, as it avoids human observation as much as possible. It continues amongst the grass and corn till they are out, when it seeks shelter in the stubbles and amongst the turnip and potato crops, till the month of October, when it quits these shores in search of more genial latitudes.

The Corn Crake lays from ten to sixteen eggs of a dull white color, marked with a few yellow spots, and larger than those of a quail. The nest is negligently constructed with a little moss or dry grass, and usually placed in some little hollow amongst the thickest grass, but much oftener among the wheat crops. Like the partridge and pheasant the young of these birds leave the nest as soon as they are hatched and follow the mother. Of all birds known in this country, not one is equal

in pedestrian speed to the Corn Crake; its legs are longer than those of the partridge, and it runs in a very different form.

In the middle of last summer, while walking with a friend, a young Corn Crake had by some means got upon the turnpike road in a part of Derbyshire, near which I was then residing, where the height of wall on each side opposed an insurmountable barrier to its regaining the shelter of the meadow, out of which it had evidently issued, at the gate-place about two hundred yards distant. It was tolerably well fledged, but could not fly over the top of the wall, which it several times tried to accomplish. On our approach, it turned in the direction for the gate, and it required our best speed to overtake it. The circumstance afforded us an opportunity of observing its progressive motion. The partridge, as is well known, runs with its head erect; the Corn Crake, on the contrary, thrusts forward its head in such a manner, that its crown, neck, and back form a straight line; and thus as it runs, it seems about to fall forward on its bill.

These birds are found in great plenty near the banks of the river Trent in Staffordshire and Derbyshire, in Cumberland and the north west coasts of the kingdom; in the Isle of Anglessea they are particularly so, as well as in Ireland, where it has been thought many of them pass the winter. They abound also in the county of Caithness, in Scotland, and are found in most of the Hebrides and Orkneys. Few places in England are destitute of them in summer, but they never winter here.

The best time I have found for pursuing this sport, and the most likely to prove profitable, is the first hour or two after daybreak, and an hour before sunset till dusk; indeed, I have killed more during the short interval of twilight than at any other time: the call of its courtship, the *crik, crik*, of the rail, being then oftener heard. The shot I have generally used has been No. 3 (common shot), that mostly in vogue during the middle of the partridge season; but some sportsmen recommend No. 1, which I consider too large and likely to mutilate the object too much, the bird generally rising but a short distance off. It is easily known when a dog (I have always found a pointer the



THE CORN CRAKE, OR LANDRAIL.

best for this sport) scents a landrail, and the obstinacy with which the bird keeps the ground; it often stops short and squats; the dog pushing eagerly forward, overshoots the spot, and loses the track; the rail, it is said, profiting by his blunder, retraces its path; nor will it spring till driven to its last extremity, when it flies heavily, and generally with its legs hanging down, but never far at a flight: when it alights it runs off, nor is it sprung a second time without great difficulty. Indeed, I have followed a rail across two or three large meadows, the bird running and dodging about before the dog, and not rising until nearly trod upon, and dropping again a few yards off. It is however easily shot, as it rises heavily, flies low, and generally gets up within gun-shot. How, from the nature of its flight, it contrives to cross the sea, must for ever remain inscrutable to the limited faculties of man. Its weight is from six to eight ounces, and its flesh is reckoned by some a great delicacy; but I have uniformly found it a mere lump of fat, and could never persuade myself to consider it as the finest flavoured dish in the world.

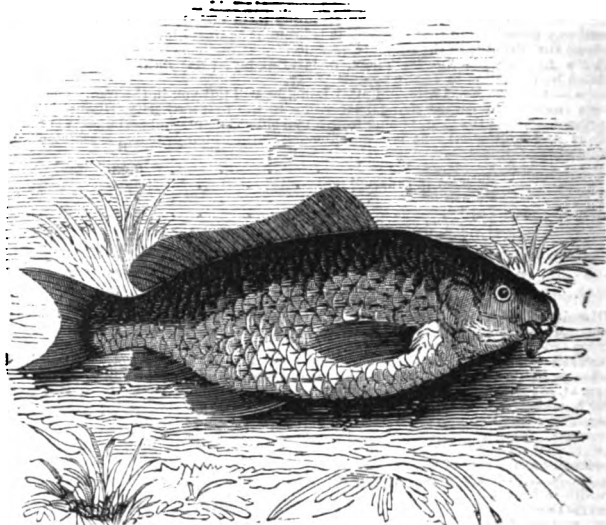
In conclusion, I beg to remark that the common idea, that where quails are met with the Corn-crake is found in abundance is erroneous, and which I well know from experience to be the case; though the former bird makes its appearance about the same time as the latter, and leaves this country in like manner.

I am, sir, yours obliged,

Matlock, Derbyshire,  
May 12, 1845.

LONGGRASS.

## THE FISHER'S CREEL.



THE CARP.



THE CARP, styled by Walton, "the queen of rivers," will here be treated of in his more ordinary character of a pond-fish. With water-room, good feed, in warm, weedy, and soft bottomed ponds, it lives long, and attains a goodly size. The author of the *Angler's Sure Guide* says he has taken them above 26 inches long, but Walton says he has never seen one above 23 inches, and this is a noble fish. The carp is leather-mouthed, and is seldom lost, when once hooked, by breaking his hold; and in ponds this fish cannot, with propriety, be said to have any particular haunt or retiring place, thriving in a fat rich soil, but never in cold, clear and hungry waters. They breed three or four times in the year, their first spawning time being in the month of May. They live longest out of water of any fish: and it is stated by Sir John Hawkins that in Holland he has seen them kept alive for three or four weeks, by hanging them up in a net, in a cool place, surrounded by wet moss, and feeding them with bread and milk. The carp appears to be an omnivorous gourmand, inasmuch as green peas, old cheese, ox-brains, the spinal marrow of the same animal, red or black cherries with the stones out, earthworms, gentles, dung-hill worms, grasshoppers, and various pastes have been severally vaunted as possessing high attractions for his palate.

That amusing and fluent writer, "Ephemera," whose papers from time to time appear in *Bell's Life*, has given so neat, pleasant, and terse a resumé of the art of bottom fishing that we cannot resist the temptation of extracting it *vice* (as the *Gazettes* say) anything we could indite on the subject.

"The art of angling is divided into three general branches, to wit, fishing at the top, fishing at the middle, and fishing at the bottom. Fishing at the top means fly-fishing, fishing at the middle comprehends trolling in all its branches, and bottom fishing signifies angling with live or dead baits sunk close or to the bottom. Fly-fishing and trolling require a good share of the alertness and activity unimpaired or barely impaired "thaws and sinews" give. Bottom fishing is satisfied with the watchfulness, the quiet attention and placid perseverance of old age. 'Tis the special out-door sport, therefore, of the sobered-down temperament of the man of "sere and yellow leaf." Patience chiefly suffices for its successful practice. It is an immobile, so to speak, pastime. It can be practised from an easy chair.

By the side of a murmuring stream  
An elderly gentleman sat,  
In the grasp of his hand was his rod,  
And sunk in the brook was his plat.

"Tis the oldest branch of the art—the strong, steady trunk of it; the two others are brilliant out-shoots—children of more restlessness than their sire. No artificial baits will do for bottom fishing; they must be real edible ones, and not apparently so. One rod, one line, one hook, one bait will do for bottom fishing. Like all primitive practices, simplicity is its characteristic. 'Tis a thing that suggests itself at once, an invention of necessity. The cunninger branches of the art are inventions of the luxury civilization knowingly craveth for. 'Tis a thing that delighteth in still waters; its children thrive best in the current and the wave.

"We have defined it; let us teach it. Buy a general rod, which will enable you to bottom fish, and your children or friends both to do that,

and to fly-fish, and to troll. Buy it, and with it reel line, and bottom lines, and hooks at any of the shops indicated in the advertising columns of this journal. You will want moreover floats, shooting shot of various sizes, plumbing lines and other minor paraphernalia, which your tackle merchant will not fail, for the sake of his own profit and reputation, to point out for your purchase. Your reel lines must have more of hair in them than of silk, and your bottom lines be of silkworm gut of different degrees of fineness, and sometimes of a single horsehair even. As in fly fishing so in bottom fishing, he who can angle with the finest tackle will take the greatest number of fish, and what is still better the largest ones. You are by the river or pond side. Put the joints of your rod together, then put on your reel or winch, and pass the line through the rings placed at different distances along your rod. Having done so, loop to the end of your reel line your bottom line, having previously placed on the former your float. Next plumb the depth of your water—a sort of piscatorial heaving of the lead. This is done in order to ascertain the exact position at which you are to place your float—lest your length of line immersed in the water may be too long or too short. If too long your bait drags upon the bottom, which it ought never absolutely to do; if too short it will be higher up in the water than the spot at which feed the fish that are the object of the bottom fisher's pursuit. Your float properly placed, put on your hook whatever bait you intend to angle with. A sinking more or less of your float tells that a fish is at your bait, and in order that he may not eat it off with impunity, snatch it pretty quickly, though not rudely from him, that the hook may enter some portion of his mouth. This is what is called striking or hooking your fish, and on the manner you do it much of your success will depend. It is done by chucking your wrist in an oblique direction upwards. The carp proper must be more quickly struck at than any of its species, and to its species most of our coarser river fish belong. The uninitiated reader has here a general outline of the mode the bottom fisher must adopt. That mode varies according to the sort of fish you angle for, and when I shall speak of fishing for each particular sort, I'll point out the precise variation.

"The most general bait for angling at the bottom is the worm, for I believe not a single river fish refuses to eat it. 'Tis a standing dish, a plain piscatorial joint, relished when fish are satisfied with homely food; but sometimes, nay, very often, they are dainty, and have, like mortals, spoiled appetites, and then, carrying on the comparison, they vastly prefer *entremets* and far-fetched made dishes. Monsieur Carême himself must frequently cook for them. These made dishes generally consist of cured salmon roe, various sorts of pastes, prepared greaves, and cheese. Next to the worm, the gentle or maggot is the most general and best bait. Of worms, the different species are many; but those used for angling are the dew or lob-worm for large fish, such as the chub and barbel, the bluehead and brandling, the best worms known, for the former will take salmon, and the latter most of the salmonidæ, besides eels, and all the carp tribe. Though a little thing, it is full of life and death. Worms must be scoured, the larger species particularly, to the end that expelling the earth that fills them, they may become tough, not break in the action of putting them on the hook, and live longer in the water. The common way, and common sense recommends no other, of scouring worms, is to place them in an earthen pot, with a light mould, and fresh gathered moss. In two or three days they will be sufficiently scoured for use. If you wish them to live long, let them have fresh mould and moss every third or fourth day, and whenever you look at them, if you find any dead or sickly, throw them away. The best paste is made of the crumb of bread. 'Tis the "magic paste" of Mr. Mechi, the best angler with paste, perhaps, in England. Composite and scented pastes are quack recipes, not the regular prescriptions of fishing physicians. Some persons recommend green peas parboiled, raw beef cut into long thin slips, grubs and snails, for bottom fishing, but they belong to the experimental school, and the searchers after novelty may use them if they like.

To be to any great extent successful in bottom fishing, you must have recourse certainly to one thing, viz., to using ground bait, which means throwing into the river at the spot and thereabouts at which you propose to fish, a large quantity of the different sorts of baits you propose to use. If worms, throw in large quantities of them chopped up—if gentles, large numbers of them surrounded with clay, so as to form balls as big as one's fist—if cheese or greaves, plenty of those commodities must be flung in. Balls made of a mixture of bran, bread, and clay, well kneaded together, are good when you fish for roach, dace, and carp. Brewers' grains are used when angling for the lesser sort of river fish. If you can bait your ground over-night, and if you do so for a week together, your success will be the greater. Now, you may ask what is the rationale of ground baiting? You shall be answered. As the hungry are drawn to the workhouse to be fed, and there remain for a time, so fish are drawn to your baited ground, and there remain as long as you feed them. Whilst they are waiting for a fresh supply come with your rod and baited hook, and as the fish have been already so long feeding with impunity, they will expect no injury to your *appât*, and swallow it *gulement*, like aldermen just recovered from sea-sickness. I am fond of boasting—most individuals and nations that have nothing to boast of are—and I now vaunt me of having written, in the shortest

possible compass, as complete a treatise on bottom fishing as ever has been written since—I wrote last. Read it, ye cosy codgers of the city who are about retiring from active life into the green fields, and I promise you will never feel an inkling to return to hides, hemp, tallow, and tar again."

Thus far "Ephemeræ," from whose pleasant generalizations on bottom-fishing we return to our carp in particular; who may be fished for at top in the following manner. Throw a few slices of bread to be carried by the wind, and it is a chance but in a short time you will see many fish feeding on them. If not, crumble some small, and cast it in near where the slices float, which will draw them to where the slices swim at top. When they have fed in quiet on these for some little time, take a very long rod, a strong line, a middle-sized hook, with one shot fixed a little above the hook, and baited with a piece of French roll about the size of a horse-bean, taken from the upper crust, and well rasped. You will find, if you have a good eye and a steady hand, that you may thus pick out what size and quantity you wish by dropping your baited hook before the largest fish as he is feeding on the floating slices on the surface. This fish, as we have already said, is very cautious, therefore your float must be very small, and you must keep out of sight; and as when hooked he struggles violently, and is extraordinarily strong, your tackle must be good, or he will break away.

We shall shortly (after dispatching Erson), give the Pike, with an engraving, and several smaller cuts displaying the mode of baiting with the minnow to take the "tyrant of the stream."

## JOTTINGS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

BY MILES'S BOY.

(Concluded from No. 9, page 108 of the "SPORTING WORLD").



HEN compelled abruptly to break off, the eye of Miles's Boy (which is worth a Jew's-eye in detecting the finer and less obvious lines of character), had just fallen on a specimen of "the human form divine," which presented a strong contrast to the sexagenarian Lothario who figured in that page. Ha! this is indeed "a full-private" in the Lifeguards. The "cousin," who, on Sunday, "when missis is out," visits Mary the cook, or Sarah the nursery-maid, and who divides with A. 999 the admiration of the servant wenches. Fine fellows those guardamen, and dreadfully "insinuating," as Rebecca declares: "And so 'ansome too," replies Susan; "for my part, I don't think there's a ossifer in the ridgement as is a patch on 'em." And of this opinion is Private Pipeclay himself, as any one with "half an eye" may see, who is just physiognomist enough to translate into plain English the nonchalant look he casts over his left shoulder, to ascertain whether Rebecca or Susan aforesaid, are just then observing his gait



and person. 'Tis a problem not yet solved, why women and turkey-cocks, mackerel, and monkeys, should run, hop, swim, and jump after scarlet rags. Yet so it is; and if some one of the twelve hundred members of the British Society for the Advancement of Science, would

[Concluded on page 130.]



## ON THE DECLINE OF HORSE EXERCISE,

WITH HINTS TO ELDERLY STOUT GENTLEMEN IN PURCHASING A NAG.

BY RINGWOOD.

**N**D is there aught left unwritten, unsaid, or unsung touching that noble animal the horse? Verily, we believe that amidst an accumulated mass of "the knowledge of horse-flesh" in possession of the Equestrian Order of the British Isles, there is still some rubbish to be swept away, some old-fashioned notions still suffered to lie about unheeded, merely forsooth because their removal has not been deemed indispensably necessary in the advancement of the main object of the present day—pace. "Do you know a horse that will suit me or my friend such-a-one?" is a question, alas! too often proposed to our imputed *connaissance* in such matters, and as assuredly answered in the negative. Trite and true is the advice, "never choose a wife or a horse for a friend." If you have troublesome or disagreeable neighbours or acquaintances that you wish to get rid of (and who does not?), should they seek your assistance, purchase with their money by all means; the thing is a certainty. Now, although we will not venture to choose horses for our friends, yet, we feel quite sure that knowledge such as we possess, founded on observation and experience, coupled with advice, may be safely offered to the public for adoption or rejection; and to those who dare to think for themselves the following "Hints" are addressed.

Our opinions respecting "carrying weight" in the field or over the course, recorded in these pages, we happen to know were subjected to the severest scrutiny, and accepted; it may therefore not be deemed presumptuous in attempting the easier task of recommending means suited to the end, by which heavy and elderly men may (under less hazardous circumstances) be carried on horseback safely and pleasantly. A peep at a fashionable watering-place will point out the class of persons for whom this prescription, "take horse exercise," is written. Here you see men, who, after spending the heat of their days in accumulating money, are seeking for health to enjoy it. Sedentary habits and high feeding have done their work; muscular power, from disuse, is unable to offer to the patient dying of too much health strong invigorating pedestrian exercise; and therefore instead of enjoying in a green old age the evening of his days after the mid-day toil, he sinks into the grave sodden with medicinal waters, pills, and potions, "used-up" before his time, possessing all things, enjoying nothing.

"My medical man has ordered me to take horse exercise," said an indolent dyspeptic of somewhat unfair proportions. "I wish he sold horses with his physic. Where am I?" said he, with a sigh, measuring his redundancy of form, "to find an animal to carry me? Why, 'tis of all things that which I used so much to enjoy, and only relinquished it because I could not find horses to carry me." And is not this the complaint to be heard from Johnny Groat's house to the Land's End? What subject regarding man's comfort, improvement, or well-being, that has not been thoroughly sifted, investigated, and practically illustrated in this nineteenth century? yet circumstances have combined nearly to drive horse-exercise from our land, one of the most invigorating and luxurious gifts presented to man by an all-bountiful Providence. Let any one who can carry his recollections five-and-twenty years back enter the metropolis by one of the public thoroughfares in the spring of the year at about 5 P.M., and then let him draw comparisons as to the mode of transit used by the "well to do" in the mercantile world in returning to their respective country-houses in the days to which I advert and now. No one, I say, who has such recollections but must call to mind the numbers of well-mounted gentlemen returning homewards after the business of the day. From twelve to twenty miles per diem were performed by hundreds in this delightful and healthy exercise, recruiting both bodies and minds, and enabling them fully to enjoy the good things which the gods had placed before them. Now, "look upon this picture!" a nasty stinking bus takes them up, and drops them down for inebriety; livery-stable-keepers are running to seed; whilst cases of apoplexy are rife, and coroners have no sinecures.

And after this little digression, let us return to those who affirm they would ride if they could get horses to carry them. In the first place, let us look at the difficulty complained of, divested of prejudices, in favour of opinions that we believe have little more to recommend them than their antiquity. Secondly, let us inquire what is required of the animal to be purchased into a gentleman's stable, and begging our readers to remember that we are now treating only of horses intended to carry heavy men upon the road, so as to render muscular and nervous exercise a pleasure, not a toil. And that the opinions and advice offered may have fair play, examples and illustrations will be produced that may tend to induce some persons to try horse-exercise who have only been deterred by the assurance that a horse could not be found fit to carry them; and if any one human being, by attending to these suggestions, should try the experiment, and restore a vitiated appetite to a healthy state with good digestion, his blessings will be upon our labours a sufficient reward.

Now the grand mistake which is daily made, the rock upon which common sense has been split, or for a time stranded and rendered useless, is the received opinion (one of modern date, and rendered conventional by the countenance of horse-dealers) that nothing but a thing called a *Cos* (I hate the name and the thing too, with very few exceptions) can carry

a heavy quietly-disposed gentleman, and thus, when a purveyor of horse-flesh gets an order to procure a good hack for a man of the above description, in nine cases out of ten the animal brought for trial and inspection is the counterpart of his rider that is to be; as if there could not by possibility exist the remotest analogy between the exercise of muscular power and activity in a biped and a quadruped. I have now in my mind's eye a short squabby man moving from his hall-door upon a *cos*, whose only recommendation was that he had three times as much fat and flesh upon his body as a proper sort of riding-horse ought to have, and whose great bony hairy legs have been mistaken for strong ones. These are the nags that have thrown horse-exercise into the shade: they tire the rider long before the time given to exercise is over. A springing elasticity of action, and a lightheartiness, if I may be allowed such an expression touching a riding-horse, is almost always wanting after the first half hour, the *sine qua non* of an agreeable hackney. Now, instead of relying upon the apparent powers of these unsightly brutes, let heavy gentlemen desirous of taking exercise on horseback, purchase low well-bred horses, having regard to sound legs and feet and good shoulders; let them keep them in good condition; let them shut their eyes the first time they mount them, and throw away prejudice; and then let them declare whether they believe, from what they feel, the animal can carry them. They must be deaf to the gratuitous opinions of their acquaintances whom they may meet in their first trial—such, for instance, as "that animal is just fit to carry your daughter" (Miss in her teens); or "it is not strong enough to carry a pair of boots;" with a variety of other deprecatory comments equally wise and equally threadbare. Let them take heed that they fall not into the common error, that clumsiness is strength; and let them remember that strength without activity (for the end they are seeking) is nothing worth. Good action, commonly the combined result of symmetry without, and a right spirit within, is the "*animus bonum*," the thing never to be lost sight of.

Is an invalid ordered to take carriage exercise—do they place him on a brewer's dray or a turnip tumbrel? Certainly not; but upon a well-built vehicle, light and elastic in its motions, that bodily and mental comforts may move in unison. But nothing is more common in the mass of men than acting upon received opinions, without examining their soundness or unsoundness; and thus thousands are hourly deceived, contrary to the evidence of their own senses. An elderly gentleman of our acquaintance began life in this much-beaten path, but became timely wise by thinking for himself. However, during his noviciate, and whilst under the delusion of opinion, he now confesses, and to this hour regrets the parting with the first animal, and perhaps the very best of the horse tribe, out of the scores that he has since been owner of, that he ever possessed. But, as out of evil will sometimes come good, this mistake erected a beacon in his memory that he never afterwards lost sight of.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## THE STANDING JOKES OF LONDON.

PERHAPS there is no city in the world so rich in works of comic art as London. We do not allude to the caricatures in the print-shops, or even to the paintings of Hogarth in the National Gallery: we rather contemplate that gallery itself than any pictures in it. Our remark, in fact, has reference to the various buildings, statues, and structures erected of late years in different parts of the metropolis. We may specify, for instance, the Fountains in Trafalgar-square, and the adjacent image of GEORGE THE FOURTH riding his horse to water. The revered father of that monarch, with his pigtail, a little further west, may also exemplify our observation. We consider these objects to stand in much the same relation to their respective localities as that which a wafer on the end of the human nose would hold to that organ; or we might compare them to those effigies which are sometimes exhibited in corn-fields for the preservation of the crop. The authorities are greatly to be commended for thus catering to the amusement of the public, in providing the passenger at almost every step with an object calculated to promote mirth; but yet it is a pity that they do not go the whole hog, or Goth, in a spirit of true British burlesque.

Why not, for the future, select designs for "improvements" by a competition somewhat on the principle of a donkey-race, preference being given to the most absurd and tasteless? Who knows but that some humourist may conceive an eye-sore even more ridiculous than the squirting dumb-waiters—Trafalgar fountains—above mentioned? There are no limits to human whimsicality. At the same time we should be thankful for what we have got. Butts were formerly erected for the encouragement of archery; and these decorations being a sort of butts at which all manner of persons may aim their jokes, indicate a revival of the good old times. And perhaps, since the oddities in question are seriously meant to be ornamental, they create more diversion on the whole than they would had they been intended to be funny. In these embellishments the public is provided with standing jokes—cut, however, we must add, at its own expense.

"DELIGHTFUL NOVELTY."—"We are charmed to see in the shops a new portrait of Prince Albert." It was very much wanted; and makes, we think, the forty-fifth this year.

## BRITISH SONG BIRDS.—No. VII.

## THE GOLDFINCH.

(Concluded from page 114.)

"They may also be taught to draw up little buckets or cups with food and water. To teach them this, there must be put round them a narrow, soft leather belt, in which there must be four holes, two for the wings, and two for the feet. The belt is joined a little below the breast, where there is a ring, to which the chain is attached, that supports the little bucket or cup."

**MODE OF TAKING.**—In spring these birds are taken on a lure bush, with a decoy bird of their own species. They will also enter the area, or barn-floor trap, with chaffinches, if bundles of thistles are placed there; but it is not without difficulty, for they are very watchful to avoid nets and lime-twigs. In the winter, by building up bundles of thistles, and placing snares and traps on them, several may be caught; but in autumn and spring lime-twigs should be placed on them in preference. It is a still better plan to place bundles of thistles in a tree stuck about with lime-twigs.

These birds do not like hopping about the upper part, as they would be forced to do, if in a bell-shaped cage, and also inclined to swing round. When they run on the floor they should be given a small artificial tree for a roost; for they like to perch on this whilst singing as well as sleeping.

**FOOD.**—Their food, when wild, consists of all kinds of small seeds, such as lettuce, goats-beard, thistle, milk, and canary seed.

With us, in the house, they are principally fed on poppy, hemp seed, properly varied with lettuce, rape, and canary seed. If allowed to range, the second universal paste agrees very well with them. I have a goldfinch which appears in good health, and eats not only of all the vegetables brought to table, but also meat, though, in their wild state, these birds never touch insects. They must have green food occasionally, such as chick-weed, water-cresses, lettuce, or endive. These birds feed largely, when loose in the room, rarely leaving the food-dish, and driving off, if they can, with loud cries, any of their companions who wish to approach. They will allow those birds, however, to feed peaceably with them, that bear some analogy to their species, at least, in the nature of the stomach, such as the canary, siskin, and especially the lesser redpole, without distinction of male or female.

**BREEDING.**—The goldfinch prefers building in large orchards, at the tops of trees, on weak and terminal branches. It makes the most beautiful nest of any of our birds, except the chaffinch, it being finely rounded, very elegant and firm. The outer part is constructed of fine moss, lichens, stalks of grass, and slender twigs; the whole being interwoven with the greatest nicety. The interior is lined with wool, horse-hair, and the cotton or down of the thistle, or willow. The female has rarely more than one brood in the year, unless she has been disturbed, and, in this case, the number of eggs is always diminished; on this account goldfinches never appear to increase in number. On a sea-green ground, the eggs have pale red spots and speckles, mingled with streaks of reddish black, which often form a circle at the large end. The parent birds disgorge the food into the young ones' throats. Before the first moulting the heads of the young birds are grey. If it is only wished to take male birds from the nest, all that have a whitish ring round the root of the beak, must be left. They must be brought up on poppy-seed and the crumb of white bread, soaked in milk or water. Of all the natural songs of birds, they imitate most easily and perfectly that of the canary; they also pair with the canary, and produce together fruitful young ones. For this purpose, a male goldfinch is paired with one or two female canaries, which succeeds better than by placing a male canary with a female goldfinch; the former being more amorous, most favours this union, particularly if educated from youth. The fruit of this union are not less distinguished for the beauty of their plumage, often yellow, with the head, wings, and tail, of the goldfinch, than for the sweetness of their song, whether natural or acquired.

If you are afraid that a pair of canaries you value may not hatch their eggs as you wish, place them in the nest of a goldfinch in your orchard, and you may be certain that they will be properly matured, and the young ones brought up in the best manner. When they are ready to fly, place them in a cage, and suspend it by the side of the nest till they can feed themselves. By this means you will have no trouble with their education.

**DISEASES.**—Epilepsy is one of the commonest disorders of this bird. If the eyes are weak and swollen, anoint them with fresh butter. Stupor and giddiness being very properly attributed to too great a use of hemp seed, it is best to suppress it entirely, and supply its place with the seed of lettuce and thistles. This latter is so beneficial, that it would be well to give them, from time to time, a head to pluck the seeds for themselves.

Old age makes them blind, and deprives them of their beautiful colour; yet, notwithstanding all the evils with which they are afflicted, in a cage a goldfinch has been known to live sixteen years, and even twenty, or twenty-four years.

The goldfinch is taught to go and come at command, without any danger of losing it, much sooner than the linnet, though the latter learns quite as soon to build in the room. To accomplish this feat the

winter should be chosen, and the cage, containing a goldfinch that has not been rendered tender by having been too long accustomed to the heat of the room, must be placed on the outside of the window every day, or on a shelf intended for it, and where the mice cannot reach it. Hemp seed must be scattered round, and a bunch of thistle heads fastened by the side, the seeds of which should be mixed with the hemp seed. Presently one or more goldfinches, attracted by the call of the prisoner, collect, to take advantage of the scattered food; as soon as you have succeeded so far it is useless to let the decoy remain any longer exposed to the cold, which may injure it. It will be quite sufficient to place the cage within the window, and to put on the outside a cage as a trap, not for the sake of catching these birds, but to scare away the sparrows, that would soon eat up all the seed unless thus prevented; and in order that the trap may only close when you wish, the door should be supported by a string, passing into the room, and loosened, to catch the sparrows, but the goldfinches should be allowed to go in and out at pleasure, till the snow is on the point of disappearing, then close the trap on those you wish to keep: the bird thus captured should be placed in a cage, where they will soon grow tame, and learn to go and return to it.

## THE ENGLISH, A SPORTING NATION.

"With early dawn he mounted gay,  
The hunter stood, exulting o'er the tale,  
And drew the rosy breath of orient day;  
Sometimes retiring to the secret vale,  
Y'clad in steel, and bright with barbed mail,  
He strained the bow, or loosed the sounding spear,  
Or, darting on the goal, outstripped the gale,  
Or strenuous, wrestled hard with many a tough compeer."

ONE of our sporting writers, in his talented "Piscatorial Passages," very justly observes that the inhabitants of the Britannic Isles are the hardiest, the healthiest, the most powerful in mind and body, and the longest lived of all nations, and there is but one cause for it, viz., their general love of rural sports and athletic exercises. From their cradle, our rural population are taught to give themselves up to out-of-door amusements. The grand difference between us and all other civilized people is in no one thing so marked, so widely distinct, so diametrically opposed, as in our respective pastimes. Amusements practised on the mountain and the plain, in woodland and upon water—upon every surface, rugged or smooth, of the wonderful rind that covers the earth. The early initiation into the practice of sports produces a race of men capable of bearing the rigours of every climate, and living hearty and hale far beyond the natural term allotted to man. The mass of the inhabitants of other countries are old at the age which bespeaks the Englishman's prime. Man, in other countries, is in a state of decrepitude when the Englishman, daring in everything, but most daring in this most daring of acts, takes to himself a third, or perchance, a fourth wife, in years young enough to be his grandchild, and procreates the finest children that ever gambolled on the green sward, with bright eyes twinkling in the sun. What's the cause of this? Out-door amusements. Cricket, quoits, foot-ball, rowing, rackets, riding, hunting, shooting, fishing, eternal energetic exercise in their boyhood, their adolescence and early manhood have done it all—have tempered and toughened their thighs and sinews, so as to render them proof almost against the hard handicuffs of that deadly hitter, old Time. The hand that prostrates, in central Africa or Asia, with unerring rifle, the springing tiger, first learnt its fatal cunning in its early exercises upon the timid hare or beautiful pheasant; the hand that steers amid the tempest and dangerous breakers that gallant frigate, was first taught the art in sailing matches on the waters of the Thames; and the hand that hurls that harpoon deep into the sides of the leviathan of water animals, first caught its steady aim in spearing the bounding salmon at the weirs and waterfalls of the Tay, the Tweed, or the Shannon. The effects of our native rural sports on the health and character of our country are manifest and manifold.

## SOOTHSAYER'S AUGURY FOR THE DERBY OF 1845.

In ancient times Soothsayers and Oracles were much consulted; but all the credit now due to a lucky prophecy is simply, that a man can see a long way, or has an eye which will go through a deal-board. The answers of the Oracle were sometimes given in verse, or written on tablets, but their meaning was mostly obscure, and often the cause of disaster to such as consulted. On the contrary, our Derby "prophets" of late years have been too positive; and for 1844, "Ratan" was prophesied, but did not perform, much to the chagrin of the uninitiated and credulous. My observations, allow me only to express myself equivocally; and my answer to the consultants is, as of old, obscure. It is threefold:

"ENGLAND! with all thy faults, I LOVE THEE STILL."—SHAKESPEARE.

prologue Aphareia Lynceus,

Et celest Idas."—OVID. Met. 8, v. 305.

"You are rather low, P—," said the Goodwood peer, as he poured out the champagne to his friend, who had betted largely against the Mitchell-grove lot; "By Jove," cried S—, after a pause, "only think of Daddy Forth having gone and done it."—*D'Israeli's "Sybil"* literally altered.

just write a "monograph" as they call it, on this interesting fact in physiology, we will back it against any one of the essays on "Moon-stones," "Miasma," "Maybugs," or "Megatherium," to be read at the next meeting, for interest, amusement, or utility. And "talking of pundits," as Caleb Quotem would say, "puts one in mind of policemen."

We have already said (that is, in our plural individuality, for Miles's Boy, like all editors, is a noun of multitude) that the policeman is a formidable rival to the dashing guardsman in the good graces of the wenches: but this, as we shall show, is from circumstances. Did he of the red coat possess the numerous advantages of the semi-civilian in blue, the scarlet would carry it all to nothing against his cerulean competitor: but no! the subject of the sketch before us is "cabined, cribbed, confined," Susan must, in most instances, come to see him, while A 999—but we pause. Is there not the front area, near which his sounding heels echo from the vocal pavement, crying, "Mary, I am going as far as the corner of the square, can you come out?" Then, is there not always a something a-wanting from the greengrocer's, or the public-house, or "down the mews," or—? We fear the public force (we like that term) have sadly superseded the soldiery in the private walks of life; but here, here in St. James's Park, he is on his own ground. Here the policeman is indeed insignificant, and the same passion which raises a sigh in the breast of a heiress for the Honourable Captain Fitzflunkey, of the Fusiliers, finds it echo in the bosom of the nursery-maid for Corporal Cartouche, of the Carabineers. But we have done with the guardsman; and again on gravel, not of our meditations, but of the broad walk by the waterside.

Ah! here is another episode! what story doth this tell? We "guess," as Jonathan would have it, that there is much more in that book than meets the eye, at least of the young lady who pretends to be perusing its pages. Think you, she came here to read? Green, green as the turf beneath her pretty feet must he be who believes it. Mark you the air of abandon?

(Excuse a foreign slip-slop now and then,  
If but to show we've travell'd;  
For after all, what is the use of travel,  
Except to teach one how to quote and cavil.)

Mark you how *déagé* the style in which the parasol swings on the tiniest finger of her tiny right hand? And last, but not least, observe how her eyes—sweet eyes—rolling in liquid lustre, are pertinaciously directed "over the left," while her smitten *innamorato* is on the right, which here seems the *wrong* side in love, as well as in driving? Thus much is, as the advertisers say of puzzling school-books "perfectly clear to the meanest capacity;" but Miles's Boy sees deeper: think you she knows

not that he *would* be there, that he *is* there? Of course; and when mamma (for mothers are lynx-eyed when "detrimentals," *alias* younger brothers, are in the way) heard that her darling Antonia-Theresa (Eng-



THE SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY.

lish names being voted vulgar, especially as papa was at her birth attached to the embassy at Naples, or some other dirty Italian court) was anxious to walk in the enclosure, she readily consented, never dreaming that in that resort of nursery-maids and their charges, yonder penniless



adorer was watching the golden fruit. Well, she is a nice girl; and if Thomas Trefusis Trevelyan, Esq., whose pedigree is longer than his purse, has her heart, "happy man be his dole," says Miles's Boy: for myself,

I should like exceedingly to be the man  
On whom her reveries celestial ran,  
or terrestrial either, for that matter. But it is evident she is bespoken;

we read it in her look, we see it in her tendril-like lovelocks, and in her gracefully-neglected shawl; she is determined to create a sensation; and when a pretty woman resolves on that, she is sure to do it. Let us turn then from the "bespoke" young lady, to a couple, who, we suspect would fain be so.

We have turned the sweep of the walk opposite the Horseguards, cleared the pretty little cottage of the Ornithological Society, and here

is another group. Their occupation or amusement is too grateful, kind, compassionate, and feminine to call even for a line of criticism. Shakspeare has made Romeo say,

Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand

That I might touch thy cheek!

but if the Venetian wished himself a glove, how often might an "unfeathered bibed" like Miles's Boy wish himself a goose to attain such privileges as the silly birds here before us. But by'r lady "our geese are swans," as they've often been reckoned without being so; so having nothing better to do than to stroll seaward towards the palace of Buckingham, we here, after this most insulting mistake (so far as the artist is concerned) quit the dangerous vicinity of the syrens depicted above, make our bow till "time and the humour" again set us Jotting in St. James's Park.

## FELIX FOYLE AND THE HORSE-STEALER.

A TALE OF YANKEE 'OUTNESS.

(From the New Series of Sam Slick.)



SOMETIME how I have often laughed at that story of Felix Foyle and the horse-stealer! Did I ever tell you that contrivance of his to do the Governor of Canada?"

"No," I replied, "I never heard of it." Sam then related the story, with as much glee as if the moral delinquency of the act, was excusable in a case of such ingenuity.

"It beats all," he said. "Felix Foyle lived in the back part of the State of New York, and carried on a smart chance of business in the provision line. Beef, and pork, and flour was his staples, and he did a great stroke in 'em. Perhaps he did to the tune of four hundred thousand dollars a-year, more or less. Well, in course, in such a trade as that, he had to employ a good many folks, as clerks, and salters, and agents, and what not, and among them was his book-keeper, Sossipater Cuddy. Sossipater (or Sassy, as folks used to call him, for he was rather high in the instep, and was Sassy by name and Sassy by natur' too,)—well, Sassy was a 'cute man, a good judge of cattle, a grand hand at a bargain, and a most an excellent scholar at figures. He was generally allowed to be a first-rate business man. Only to give you an idee, now, of that man's smartness, how ready and up to the notch he was at all times, I must jist stop fust, and tell you the story of the cigar."

"In some of our towns we don't allow smokin' in the streets, though in most on 'em we do, and where it is agin law it is two dollars fine in a general way. Well, Sassy went down to Bosten to do a little chore of business there, where this law was, only he didn't know it. So, as soon as he gets off the coach, he outs with his case, takes a cigar, lights it, and walks on smokin' like a furnace flue. No sooner said than done. Up steps constable, and says, 'I'll trouble you for two dollars for smokin' agin law in the streets.' Sassy was as quick as wink on him. 'Smokin'!' says he, 'I warnt a-smokin'.' 'Oh, my!' says constable, 'how you talk, man. I won't say you lie, 'cause it aint polite, but it's very like the way I talk when I lie. Didn't I see you with my own eyes?' 'No,' says Sassy, 'you didn't. It don't do always to believe your own eyes, they can't be depended on more nor other people's. I never trust mine, I can tell you. I own I had a cigar in my mouth, but it was because I like the flavour of the tobacco, but not to smoke. I take it it don't convene with the dignity of a free and enlightened citizen of our almighty nation to break the law, seein' that he makes the law himself, and is his own sovereign, and his own subject too. No, I warnt a-smokin', and if you don't believe me, try this cigar yourself, and see if it aint so. It hante got no fire in it.' Well, constable takes the cigar, puts it into his mug, and draws away at it, and out comes the smoke like anythin'."

"I'll trouble you for two dollars, Mr. High Sheriff devil," says Sassy, 'for smokin' in the streets; do you understand, my old 'coon?' Well, constable was all taken aback, he was finely bit. 'Stranger,' says he, 'where was you raised?' 'To Canady line,' says Sassy. 'Well,' says he, 'your a credit to your broghtens up. Well, let the fine drop, for we are about even I guess. Let's liquor,' and he took him into a bar and treated him to a mint julep. It was generally considered a great bite that, and I must say I don't think it was bad—do you? But to get back to where I started from. Sassy, as I was a-sayin', was the book-keeper of old Felix Foyle. The old gentleman sot great store by him, and couldn't do without him, on no account, he was so ready like, and always on hand. But Sassy thought he could do without him, tho'. So, one fine day, he ab-squittled with four thousand dollars in his pocket of Felix's, and cut dirt for Canady as hard as he could clip. Felix Foyle was actilly in a most beautiful frizzle of a fix. He knew who he had to deal with, and that he might as well follow a fox a'most as Sassy, he was so everlastin' cunning', and that the British wouldn't give up a debtor to us, but only felons; so he thought the fust loss was the best, and was about givin' it up as a bad job, when an idee struck him, and off he started in chase with all steam on. Felix was the clear grit when his dander was up, and he never slept night or day till he reached Canady, too; got on the trail of Sassy, and came up to where he was airted at Niagara. When he arrived it was about noon, so as he enters the tavern he sees Sassy standin' with his face to the fire and his back to the door, and what does he do but slip into the meal-room and hide himself till night. Jist as it was dark in comes old Bambrick,

the inn-keeper, with a light in his hand, and Felix slips behind him, and shuts too the door, and tells him the whole story from beginnin' to end; how Sassy had sarved him; and lists the old fellow in his service, and off they set to a magistrate and get out a warrant, and then they goes to the deputy-sheriff and gets Sassy arrested. Sassy was so taken aback he was hardly able to speak for the matter of a minit or so, for he never expected Felix would follow him into Canady at all, seein' that if he onct reached British aide he was safe. But he soon come too agin, so he ups and bullies. 'Pray, sir,' says he, 'what do you mean by this?' 'Nothin' above particular,' says Felix, quite cool, only I guess I want the pleasure of your company back, that's all, and then turnin' to the onder sheriff, 'Squire,' says he, 'will you take a turn or two in the entry, while Sassy and I settle a little matter of business together,' and out goes Nab. 'Mr. Foyle,' says Sassy, 'I have no business to settle with you—arrest me, sir, at your peril, and I'll action you in law for false imprisonment.' 'Where's my money?' says Felix—'where's my four thousand dollars?' 'What do I know about your money?' says Sassy. 'Well,' says Felix, 'it is your business to know, and I paid you as my book-keeper to know, and if you don't know you must jist return with me and find out, that's all—so come, let's us be a-movin'.' Well, Sassy larted right out in his face; 'Why, you ousned fool,' says he, 'don't you know I can't be taken out o' this colony State, but only for crime, what a rael soft horn you be to have done so much business and not know that?' 'I guess I got a warrant that will take you out tho', says Felix—read that,' a-handin' of the paper to him. 'Now I shall swear to that agin, and send it to Governor, and down will come the marchin' order in quick stick. I'm soft I know, but I ain't sticky for all that, I ginerally come off clear without leavin' no part behind. The moment Sassy read the warrant his face fell, and the cold perspiration rose out like rain-drops, and his colour went and came, and his knees shook like anythin'. 'Hoss-stealin'!' says he, aloud to himself—'hoss-stealin'!—Heavens and airth, what parjury!! Why, Felix,' says he, 'you know devilish well I never stole your hoss, man; how could you go and swear to such an infernal lie as that?' 'Why, I'm nothin' but a cussed fool' and a 'rael soft horn,' you know,' says Felix, 'as you said jist now, and if I had gone and sworn to the debt, why you'd a kept the money, gone to jail, and swore out, and I'd a-had my trouble for my pains. So you see I swore you stole my hoss, for that's a crime, though ab-squittilation aint, and that will force the British Governor to deliver you up, and when I get you into New York state, why, you settle with me for my four thousand dollars, and I will settle with you for stealin' my hoss,' and he put his finger to the tip eend of his nose, and winked and said, 'young folks think old folks is fools, but old folks know young folks is fools. I warnt a-born yesterday, and had my eye teeth sharpened before you'n were through the gums, I guess—you hante got the Bosten constable to deal with now, I can tell you, but old Felix Foyle himself, and he aint so blind but what he can feel his way along I guess—do you take my meanin', my young 'coon?' 'I'm sold,' says Sassy, and he sot down, put both elbows on the table, and covered his face with his hands, and fairly cried like a child. 'I'm sold,' says he. 'Buy your pardon, then,' says Felix, 'pay down the four thousand dollars and you are a free and enlightened citizen once more.' Sassy got up, unlocked his portmanteau, and counted it out all in paper rolls, jist as he received it. 'There it is,' says he, 'and I must say you deserve it; that was a great stroke of your'n.' 'Stup a bit,' says Felix, seein more money there, all his savin's for years, 'we aint done yet, I must have five hundred dollars for expenses.' 'There, d—n you,' says Sassy, throwin' another roll at him, 'there it is; are you done yet?' 'No,' says Felix, 'not yet; now you have done me justice, I must do you the same, and clear your character. Call in that gentleman, the constable, from the entry, and I will go a treat of half a pint of brandy.—Mr. Officer,' says Felix,—'here is some mistake, this gentleman has convinced me he was only follerin', as my clerk, a debtor of mine here, and when he transacts his business, will return, havin' left his hoss at the lines, where I can get him if I choose; and I must say I am glad on't for the credit of the nation abroad. Fill your glass, here's a five dollar bill for your fees, and here's to your good health. If you want provision to ship off in the way of trade, I'm Felix Foyle, and shall be happy to accommodate you.'

"Now," said Mr. Slick, "that is what I call a rael clever trick, a great card that, warn't it? He deserves credit, does Felix, it aint every one would a-been up to trap that way, is it?"

**CHANGING COLOUR.**—An extravagant young gentleman having for a few days sported a pair of beautiful grey horses, asked a friend of his, who happened to be of a more serious cast, what he thought of his greys. "Why, I confess, Ned," replied the other, "they look extremely beautiful, but take my word for it, your greys will very soon be converted into duns."

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**IMPUDENCE.**—Fitzroy Kelly, examining a very young lady, who was a witness in a case of assault, asked her if the person who was assaulted did not give the defendant very ill language, and utter other words so bad that he, the learned counsel, had not *impudence* enough to repeat them; she replied in the affirmative. "Will you, madam, be kind enough, then," said he, "to tell the court what these words were?"—"Why, sir," replied she, "if you have not *impudence* enough to speak them, how can you suppose that I have?"

**REAL MODESTY.**—A young lady, with her eldest sister, was in company where stories of gallantry were told with very minute details. The eldest girl took her sister aside, and said, "Are you able to hear such stories with so much attention, and not blush?" "Indeed, sister," said the younger vestal, somewhat archly, "indeed I see nothing to blush at; but you may understand the stories better than I, perhaps."

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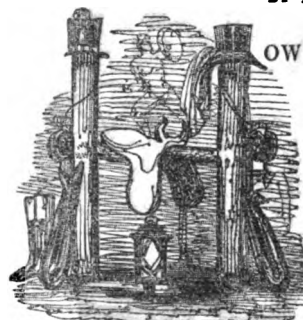
# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 3. FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 7, 1845. THREE HALFPENCE.

CONDUCTED BY THE EDITOR OF "THE SPORTING WORLD."

## AN EXCURSION TO EPSOM.

BY MILES'S BOY.



NOW shall Miles's Boy begin his chronicle of the casualties and circumstances of his Epsom Excursion!

Nothing so difficult as a *beginning*  
Except perhaps to *end*,

says Byron and so say we "my bo-o-y!" as Jolly Paul Bedford hath it. And now, as according to the old school philosophy of our venerable papa, who devoutly believes in "Nicholas Culpepper's Complete Herbal," and the prognostications of "Francis Moore, physician," the virtue of all

flowers and simples depends on their being gathered while the dew is on the leaf, so must Miles's Boy eul the recollections of the road, while yet their memory is green and fresh, and catching the manners "living as they rise," scarcely let the sun go down upon his reminiscences.

Doth not the opening of an article into which one has to transfer the pencillings of an artist—to interweave with the texture of one's text the pictured thoughts of another—marvellously resemble the opening round of a fight. All is scientific manœuvring, dodging to see where you shall plant the first blow—eighteen pencillings for as many wood blocks lie before us—Egad, we've got *back*, gentle reader, before we've set out!

To begin then with the beginning—a rule eschewed and scouted by Homer, Horace, and the (h)ancients, but found marvellously convenient by the moderns, we would ask you, reader, how you liked Wednesday morning last, provided you were going to the Derby? For ourselves dad was grumpy, and an American friend (who "wished he might be smashed to everlasting squash if he didn't *destine* himself to see a Darby afore he absquoterlated from Britishers' land") swore a collection of oaths not to be found even in the big dictionary of Citizen Noah Webster; though that work, as we were assured by the same gentleman, "contains all the words as Johnson ever heard on, and an almighty number as he never thought on." Yet there was no remedy. Rain, rain, ceaseless, pitiless rain. "Suppose we stay at home?" suggested the old gentleman: "stay, I'll read you what Nimrod said about it: for surely this rushing off on an Epsom party, despite the elements, is like party in politics, 'the madness of the many for the gain of a few,' and those few extortionate tavern-keepers and jobmasters: mere spoiling of good—"

"Hold, dearest dad, we know you are wise, but pray spare the infliction of your wisdom for some other day than the Derby."

"Boys will be self-sufficient," muttered the old 'un; "well, as you will not hear what I have to say, hear Nimrod, whom you often try to quote:—'What madness, thought I, pervades all the human London race on this day. Thousands on thousands simultaneously rush sixteen miles on the wings of the wind, to see ten or twelve shrivelled little human beings in coloured silk, try which can get *over* a mile and a half hard ground and white rails, and show himself first to a corpulent gentleman who sits under an elevated round *o* in a watch-box.'"

"It won't do, dad; smart, irrelevant, flippant, and what's more garbled. Nimrod, than whom none 'did the *Turf* more service,' was writing in the assumed role of a Sentimental Gentleman when he penned that sentence, which may take its place by the side of Swift's definition of an Angler, Johnson's of a Foxhunter, Byron's silly sneer at old Izaak Walton, and—"

"Very good, boy; but as it still *pelte* down, and after all the sport may prove anything but pleasant, I'll tell you something about this same Derby you're proposing to witness. You recollect you interrupted me last week, graceless?"

Miles's Boy nodded an ungracious affirmative, the wet of the weather was damping his spirits. He consulted the weather-glass while his dad went on, with the precision and prosiness of an F. A. S. "I well remember that the late Lady Derby, formerly Lady Elizabeth Hamilton, gave an absolute refusal to proposals of marriage from the present lord, in hopes of winning the heart of his Grace of Dorset; but no sooner were they baffled, than she brought about a renewal of those addresses she had rejected, and yielded to them. However, to compensate in some degree for not being a duchess, she was resolved to signalise her nuptials with a scene of pleasure and entertainment unparalleled in expense and elegance. A *fête champêtre* was contrived, which astonished the curiosity of the whole nation. The Duchess of Hamilton, her mother, was much blamed for not exerting her authority to prevent such an enormous expense; but her grace found an excuse in that maternal vanity which, as it is generally supposed to be mingled with affection, softens the language of censure. A little ostentation also checked General Burgoyne's prudence on the occasion: *it was that of his muse*; for the darling pleasure of figuring as a man of taste and literary character, suppressed every other consideration. I well remember that the preparations for this festivity astonished even the most extravagant. However, the extent of the proposed plan of operations was kept a profound secret from the earl's father, who, having been informed that something of a *fête* was to grace the nuptials, greatly approved of it, and declared to everybody that he should give a couple of hundreds towards the expense. Poor old man! if he had known how many thousands were unprofitably lavished away on the occasion, he would, in all probability, have new-modelled his will, and not have left him the keys of his coffers! Well, the earl was married in June, 1777; and at the *fête champêtre*, a musical drama (written by General Burgoyne, of Saratoga celebrity) was produced. This sketch was entitled the 'Maid of the Oaks.' Hence the Oaks race, in 1779; and, by the reciprocity of the lady, the Derby, of which we are now talking, was established in 1780, its first winner being Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed."

"Bravo, dad; that deserves a rosin!" but the old gentleman declined: he was on his hobby, and off he cantered.

"That Epsom was once celebrated for its spa everybody knows. George, Prince of Denmark (Queen Anne's consort), made it a fashionable resort. Seats, villas, &c., &c., sprung up in vast and beautiful variety; amid them, the Durdans. This was formerly in the possession of Lord Guildford; its present owner is Sir Gilbert Heathcote, one of the stewards: a fine, true-hearted English gentleman; a sportsman, in the best sense of that word."

"Colonel O'Kelly too lived at Epsom; and on its Downs, Eclipse (the wonder of the turf) made his first appearance as a racer. Eclipse was the first horse ever vanned. "By-the-bye, Elnathan, do you van in America? because, though I approve—"

"I'm darned if this won't fix into a fine afternoon, or there's no snakes in Virginny. Here's eleven struck, and the Britaka at the door."

"Then off we go together,  
Despite of wind or weather,  
To see the Derby run;

Now dad, to go, or not to go, that is the question."

"Why, boy," replied the venerable, who had powdered his "bladder of lard" till it looked quite aristocratic, and screwed up his pigtail in new silk galloon; "I'll go to the course, of course." Ha, ha, thought we, the old 'un's philosophy, like the fox's reflections on the high hanging grapes, is, after all, but a bam, like most other philosophy; the old 'un, like many a canter, saint, and preacher, merely rails at diversions when they are out of the reach of his participation or enjoyment.

And now we're off; gaily we rattle towards the converging roads, where stands the Obelisk, and as merrily rattles down the rain.

"How do you call this location?" inquired Elnathan Coon; "why here's no cend o' traps, of all sorts, shapes, and sizes as you can calculate, and a few over."

"'Tis the Elephant and Castle, *vulgo* the 'Pig and Tinder-box,' from a

large white animal of the porcine race with a round tower on its back, bearing a striking resemblance to that obsolete article of kitchen economy, which, in times of yore, did duty for a sign. But see the road—there's

life for you; use your eyes and your ears, and you may furnish your brain with knowledge by four passages at once." Need we say, that despite the drizzle, vehicles of all sorts, shapes and



THE ROAD.

sizes, were on the road, four-in-hands, tandems, cabs, omnibuses, and every stage-coach in and out of the metropolis; all pressed in for the Epsom Course.

Vans, waggons, go-carts, with horses that had no go in them, chaise-carts, with eight fellows in each, stern-foremost to the spectators; the "original" ginger-beer fountain multiplied by sixteen, yet each still maintaining its own originality—the splendid drags of the nobility, and the squalid dregs of the mob-lity, all jostled together, nobs and snobs, cobs and cabs, presented to Elnathan Coon, a subject for a scanning fire of queries.

"Ah, here's Kennington-gate," observed Dad.

"What are we sticking at now?" inquired Elkanah, loud enough to provoke a reply from a cabman, who had edged up his "vehicle" till he had overlapped our near wheeler. "The gemman a-head with the moke vouts change for a fl'-pun note at the 'pike, sir. See vot a line on 'em there is."

"It's the 'stationary line' we're in at present," observed we; "and yet it's like an angler's line."

"How do you reckon that up?" inquired Coon.

"Because there's a pike at the end on't." Elnathan burst a button off his "Berdoe."

At length we moved on: received a call to the bar, and passed.

'Twas indeed a moving scene: all sorts, though unassorted. Here's a turn out.

Don't he look spiky; "out for the day," seems written on both his blinkers; those appendages however are in this case useless, inasmuch as it is easy to see that

"There is no speculation in those eyes,"

of wall; although it must have been no bad speculation of the "yard-keeper," who let him out for 40 shillings for the day, which, with another 40 would about sum up his value. Can't you see the daylight under his girth! I'll warrant he's more corns on his feet than corn in

his digester, and that he would much rather "join the League" than go one.



TRYING TO TOOL A TIT.



"Hullo! I'm teetotally conflobgisticated if here aint a case of DRAWING LOTS in a Derby Club, with all the pull against the drawer, (see cut). Surely they ain't 'going down?'"



DRAWING LOTS.

"Of course they are. See Long ears has gone to his devotions already There's a case of mudlark."

"Now, gentlemen, draw yer Jerusalem on one side, or you'll tie a knot in our line. If you want as-sistance you'll find plenty of donkeys on the road," cries a natty bagman, in a light trap and fast trotter. "Yeh-yeh," sneered "one of the mighty fallen," "twig that 'ere stay-maker, in his valebone veskit."

"Egs-ac-ly," replies the chaffee; "but I leaves the shop at home, while you come out and make stays in the highway. Ha! ha! St-st—st—" and away flew the fast trotter.

"Hullo! hello! hooroosh! here he comes! there he goes! he's a rare goer, that he is!" and here's



A PAIR OF BOLTERS.

If the quadruped will keep going that pace—and it's the pace that kills, as Mr. Sarsnet, his rider just now most especially feels—who knows but the noble hanimal, in another week may, after undergoing a mysterious metamorphosis into 'Kidgeney puddin', or 'weal or mutton pie,' make as rapid a bolt down the throat of that wide-mouthed consumer of peripatetic luxuries!

"That's the road to Brixton," observed dad: "before your New Model Prisons, solitary confinement, houses of reformation, and so forth, we used to think that treadmill establishment the *ne plus ultra* of corrective discipline. Oft to that place in days of yore have I seen an unpleasant party got up for the Derby day. (See opposite.)"

But all that's over now. The county omnibuses, and the railroads—"Hullo! halloo!" exclaims a red-faced licensed witler, with a broad green shawl spotted with yellow, round his bull-like neck: "where are you a driving to? I'll pull yer up: you're a polling me!"

"Come, that ere is a good 'un, mister," replies the driver of the furniture van (whereon the public is informed that music, furniture, and glass, are carefully removed, a fact proven by the contents, which consist of a Kent-bugle player, a long deal table, sundry tumblers and baskets, thirteen chairs, and a like number of *behinds* to sit in them)—"that is a good 'un, mister; vy, you've scratched my pole with the back o' your shay!"

Now we go-ahead agen. The rain has given us a slight intermission. "Twill be a fine afternoon" is on every tongue.

On we rattle, "through meadows tended like a garden," till Fig's Marshgate is reached.



THE Derby DAY.

What a delightful thing's a turnpike road!

So smooth, so level, such a mode of shaving

The earth, as scarce the eagle in the broad

Air can accomplish, with his wide wings waving.

Had such been cut in Phaeton's time, the god

Had told his son to satisfy his craving

With a smart four: but onward as we roll,

*Surgit amari aliquid*—the toll!

Still on we go, high and low, lords of high degree, and ladies of no degree, men of character and women of none, dustmen and dandies, piers and prigs, jugglers and higglers, cabmen (with their plates off) as they're beyond the nine miles, gentlemen in carriages, and many gentlemen on horseback, who have no idea of 'carriage' at all. "Give a poor boy a ha'penny! Give a poor boy a ha'penny!" shouts a chorus of young barefooted chawbacons, as they run after your carriage, with their naked legs and feet stained with ruddle, to make them look as if cut and bleeding, another corroboration of the axiom that stern Necessity is the mamma of sharpwitted Invention. And here is one of the world's outcasts, one who has been born into it without his own consent, and who has a right to be



DISCONTENTED WITH HIS LOT.

"Here's a shilling for you, and may all who can well spare one do the same, and you and they will be happier men to-morrow."

"That's rayther a *fast 'oss o' yours*," observes the driver of a four-horse 'bus, to a fellow who had got his chaise-cart with six insiders into a wayside ditch, out of which the jibbing animal defied both plait and whipcord to stir him. "Werry," replied the vegetable-dealer, grinning horribly a ghastly smile.

And now come in sight the groups of gallant cavaliers: the sun shines gloriously, the chalky roads are dry, and we wind up the long, long hill, towards the Cock at Sutton. And there, in full running twig, a suit of white, and buckskin running shoes, goes Jem Tierney, the runner—an old soldier of the 66th, who has covered the distance between here and Bow-street in an hour and forty minutes: pretty smart running for a veteran. But here we are at mine host Lumley's.

"Ha, ha! how do, how do!" and the greeting of cordiality is exchanged. Does it seem a year since we last entered this subscription room, where 'metallic' in hand, many a good man bent on becoming a better, leaves off the worse for the experiment. No! it seems but as a thing of yesterday, since these comparative degrees of the turfite's progress flitted through our brains at the last sight of these book-ish characters. And here an

[Continued on page 138.]



## LONDON VAGABONDS.

## THE MOUNTBANKS.

"A vagabond leads a jovial life,  
 Ever changing his home—  
 Ever changing his wife;  
 What matter, if all the world meet and scoff?  
 He ne'er has a sorrow,  
 Or care for the morrow,  
 But lets every day bring the fruit thereof."—*Old Ballad.*

THE greatest vagabonds that ever existed are to be found among the ancient philosophers; and the most unmitigated sample of the whole lot, was that extraordinary specimen of humanity, Diogenes, whose peripatetic propensity was so strong, that, doubtless, because he had become tired of all other objects of vagabondism, he went poking about with an old lantern, picking up, at night, pieces of wood and iron, under the facitious, though somewhat cynical pretence of "looking for an honest man." Had he lived in the present day, there is no doubt that he would have done the peripatetic with lucifer matches at a halfpenny a box, "each box warranted to contain fifty matches, and each match warranted to ignite with the utmost facility." Aye, he would have done more; he would not only have helped us to raise a blaze on our hearths with his matches, but he would have made his lucifer boxes illumine our understandings, by the bright little scraps of philosophy which would have adorned the labels. And then, had he fallen into the clutches of some ignorant policeman, and become compelled to make an awkward bow to the beak in his chair at Bow-street, what a glorious defence he would have made, and what a feature the newspapers would have made of him in return! But, alas! the vagabondism of the present day is not of such a noble cast, though it displays great cleverness, humour, and ingenuity, and that, we suppose, is the reason why we are disposed to regard it with a sort of sneaking kindness—a feeling of sympathy, which has induced us, knight errantly, to wield our magic wand in its favour, and picture forth, in our mirror of LIFE IN LONDON, a few of what may be called the *facities vagabondianæ Londinensis*. There, there's a high-sounding, classic title to begin with, by way of giving the subject an air of respectability. And now to begin.

The most conspicuous among the London vagabonds are the mountebanks; under which denomination we class tumblers, posture-masters, and jugglers. These are the very butterflies of vagabondism, sporting gossamer finery of all colours, embroidered with tinsel, and having their limbs and feet encased in tight fleshings and sandals. They generally form a sort of peripatetic company, consisting of three or four, in the hope that a combination of talent will bring an increased supply of *tin* to the treasury. They are all clever at tumbling, having, as it were, a facility for that kind of exercise by the extraordinary pranks that Fortune has played with them; but, although at times sadly distressed and jaded by the buffeting they received, and the over-head-and-heels tumbles, and seemingly break-neck falls they have to endure, yet they are sound in wind and limb still. They have learnt, like most of their brethren, to regard the pleasures, pains, and penalties of human life with the most stoical indifference, though they will not refuse good living when it falls in their way. Their only weakness—and it is one of a very pardonable kind—consists in rather too great an attachment to gin, beer, and tobacco; but the fact is that the nature of their profession requires some strong stimulant. It is not at all times that a man can so far overcome his modesty as to exhibit his talent in the streets, and though sometimes the want of a breakfast or dinner, or, perhaps, a night's lodging, may goad him on to the required display, still, it must be universally admitted, there is nothing like gin for wetting (or whetting) a poor devil's mind, and enabling him to give it such a good hard dab as will at once fix it tightly to the sticking-place, however rough, dirty, or otherwise repulsive the same may be. Gin is their mental stimulant, beer their physical stimulant, and tobacco is the only source of solace they have, enabling them to

"Revel in day dreams—puff away care,  
 And blow ev'ry trouble into thin air."

Their vivacity and facitiousness are partly forced and partly natural, for they almost all possess an intense perception and display of humour, though they are not always in the humour to court these qualities. Like butterflies, they seem to revel in the sunshine, and like them too, they commonly frequent such spots as are somewhat of a secluded nature. In London, they are most commonly seen in squares and open places, where they can have plenty of room for display. We last saw them in Leicester-square, and there we fancy that we now see them—a trio of tumblers, attended by a sort of master of the ceremonies, who is the head of the troop; a fellow with a drum and a set of Pandean pipes, and a grotesque looking being, who reminds us somewhat of one of the old chimney-sweeps on May-day. Here they come, led on by the black and his master. They are enveloped in draggle-tailed great coats, partly open, and displaying underneath the flimsy fleshings in which they are encased. The black carries a mysterious looking bag, containing certain professional articles called properties, which, with the dresses, are the joint stock property of all and each—the only sort of property, by-the-bye, that any of them are ever likely to possess.

Now they choose an eligible spot for their performance, and the black, who wears a tawdry cocked hat, which like his coat, is profusely

trimmed with gilt tinsel, proceeds to pull from the bag a piece of carpet that his master very graciously condescends to help him spread upon the ground, while the rest of the troop are divesting themselves of their great coats and hats, which are piled up together in an out-of-the-way spot. Now the overture begins, the drum and the pipes playing a confused medley of comic airs; "Paddy will you now," "Jim Crow," and "Don't I love my Mother?" or some such enlivening musical gems, that are highly popular at the Mogul, and all the cheap concert-rooms in the least fashionable parts of the metropolis. Now a crowd have assembled, and formed a sort of arena, and "Jim Crow proceeds to make them a speech upon the merits of his companions—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—you are going to behold de wonderful performances of de Circassian cousins, such wonderful performances as you neber saw before, not eben in a teatre, where dey ask you for de browns before dey begin, and you sometimes find you've been done brown by paying to see what was good for nuffin. Now, here you see we likes to do de ting in a much genteeler way; we lets you take just what places you like, and we charges nuffin for 'em, 'cos we can rely upon de spectability of our audience, and we know that we shall get summit handsome out of you before you go away."

MOUNTBANK.—What are you about, sir? playing the fool as usual!

JIM CROW (half-whisper)—Quite t'oder, massa; playing de wise man—making fool of oder people.

MOUNTBANK.—You can't do it, sir; people are too wide awake; they won't be made fools of now, even by the prime minister or members of Parliament. Go along to your place, sir, and let the company see the performances.

And accordingly Jim Crow retires, the drum and pipes strike up a lively air, and the exhibition commences. It consists chiefly of a series of gymnastic feats and posturing, in the course of which the performers take flying leaps over each others' heads, throw themselves into the most extraordinary and most uncomfortable positions, and sometimes make a pillar, or pedestal of themselves, that you see one man walking about and presenting the appearance of three gentlemen at once, there being one on each shoulder. To give a variety to the entertainments, another of the mountebanks, one whose nerves have not been excited by taking part in these athletic exercises, proceeds to make certain displays of manual dexterity with plates, wash-hand basins, &c.; all of which feats, though you have seen them repeatedly before, invariably possess a certain degree of interest, arising, not so much from the cleverness displayed, as from a sort of sneaking fear every one of the spectators entertains, that each time the exhibitor sends a plate or wash-hand basin whirling into the air, and prepares to catch it on the point of his stick, he may fail, and suffer the unfortunate crockery to be smashed to atoms at his feet. But that is a catastrophe we never witnessed. The performances commonly conclude with a display of chin-balancing—a stick with something balanced on the top of it, or an enormous cart wheel, which, if it happened to fall, would probably for ever put an end to the unfortunate mountebank's cleverness. While this is going on, some one of the troop walks round with the cap, and Jim Crow announces that he shall be happy to pick up any browns that may be thrown into the ring, particularly requesting that gentlemen will not be afraid of throwing in too many at once. And then he begins roaring out a piece of doggerl something like the following:—

Now when I was in Americay,  
 The browns came in so fast,  
 We were all obliged to run away,  
 It was too good luck to last!  
 So I turned about,  
 And wheeled about,  
 And did just so,—(Thank'ee, sir.)  
 And every time I turned about  
 I got a brown or two.

And so he does now; and the mountebanks in the ring keep up a slight display of performance just to make their audience believe that the performances are not over, but finding they have got all the money they can, they very coolly proceed to put on their hats and great coats, and depart to some other locality.

In addition to this class of mountebanks, there may occasionally be seen about London slack-rope dancers exhibiting on a stage, besides a couple of flaxen-headed girls who go about on stilts; but owing to the interference of the police, they seldom venture into any but the very lowest neighbourhoods.

A novel kind of performance has recently sprung up among our juvenile mountebanks, who go about at night, in twos and threes, attracting an audience by singing songs while standing on their heads, and beating time to the chorus by striking together the soles of their naked feet. The exhibition is too absurd and revolting to be tolerated, and we wonder that people can be so silly as to find any amusement in witnessing it.

LONGEVITY OF A PONY.—A grey pony, the property of Mr. Robinson greengrocer, of Windsor, near Manchester, recently died at the extraordinary age of 50 years and 8 months, it having been foaled in July, 1795.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

**J. SURTHER.**—Your perfect ignorance is a sufficient excuse for your mistakes, but none for your impertinence. When we say "shortly" for a subject with three or four engravings (which will cost us £5, and a man a week's labour), we don't mean the very next number: if we did, we should say so. As to your observation about "a few shillings' worth of type and wood-blocks," we are sorry for you: will you pay our printer, engraver's, and stationer's bills, and take thirty pounds a week? we'll give it you, and be glad of the bargain, and throw the Editorial labour in.

**SANDOVAL.**—You must not shoot rabbits on your own grounds without a certificate, unless you wish to be fined: it is unjust, certainly, but it is the law.

**L. M. N.**—We suppose, as you are a "constant subscriber," you have read the earlier chapters of the "History of British Boxing," contained in the "Sporting World," of which this is a continuation; if so, your memory must be very treacherous. The battles of Mendoza and Humphries are there given. If you mean you are a "constant subscriber" to the *SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE*, of which but one number has appeared at the date of your letter, your constancy has not been much tried.

**GEORGE, Poplar.**—There is *BRITISH BOXING*, a little handbook, similar to *CLARK'S CRICKETER*, at the same price. The sale is a matter of business—say about 3,000—try and make it larger if you wish us well.

**EMERICUS.**—The next fish will be the Pike; we will also give an article on trolling for pike in a week or two, with four engravings of baited hooks, &c.; at present, Erson has thrown us "out of gear."

**SIMMON.** Nottingham.—The term "give-and-take plates," may be thus explained: perhaps this will relieve your doubts:—Give-and-take plates are fourteen hands, to carry stated weights, according to age; all horses above, or under fourteen hands, to carry extra, or be allowed the proportion of seven pounds to an inch. For example, suppose a horse measuring fourteen hands is to carry six stone, and A and B, of the same age, are entered for a give-and-take plate: A measures fourteen hands one inch and a half, and B measures thirteen hands two inches and a half; A will have to carry nine stone ten pounds eight ounces; and B will carry only eight stone three pounds eight ounces; the former being one inch and a half above the fourteen hands, the other one inch and a half below it; the weight is, therefore, added or diminished by the eighth of every inch, higher or lower weight in proportion.

**R. WALLER.**—Pray is not horse-racing illegal, and also gambling?—We don't understand your question, from the ambiguity of its wording: horse-racing is not illegal, neither is it gambling, but betting upon it is.

**G. B.**—The articles will appear in two or three successive numbers; this week it is out of the question. There were no stamps in your letter; but to do as you request would, if acted upon generally, impose as much writing upon us as twenty secretaries could get through. To give you anything like precise and regular instructions for a course of training, would take us best part of a day, and we have not a quarter of an hour to spare. You will receive them in common with 10,000 other readers; we will, however, hasten them forward, to comply with your request as far as in us lies.

**W. ROBERTS.**—If, as we understand your letter, you have made the bet, you have lost. It is "the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland;" Great Britain therefore is England, Scotland, and Wales; and does not, strictly speaking, include Ireland.

**ENTERPRISE.**—Send us the article; if suitable and meritorious, in it shall go.

**B. YOUNGHOUSE.**—The title was changed because it might have involved litigation and expense, when the paper changed hands. It is conducted by the same Editor. Portraits of Cant and Bendigo, with brief sketches of their careers, are in hand. The *Irony or Boxer* will (as its title states) be brought down to the present time. But we have a volume of it to come yet, with details of every noted fight, and portraits of every celebrated pugilist. Your brother must not be backward in coming forward, if he expects to shine in such a pursuit; but he must learn and endure a good deal in his novice before he can hope to shine as a professor. Let him try it on with some of the public second or even third-raters, and perhaps he will arrive at a fair estimate of his own abilities; for without long practice and skill, he has little or no chance.

**ORNTHER.**—The *BULLFINCH* will come next, with a *cut*.

**S. M. Hoxton.**—A and B had a difference of opinion, A told B that he had no money; B said that he had a £5 note at home and could show it to him in ten minutes; A said he would bet him (B) a sovereign that he could not. B accepted the bet, and the two sovereigns were put in his hands; that B was to produce the £5 note in ten minutes on the table in the presence of Who? B went out to fetch the £5 note; A went out also; B returned with the note in five minutes, but A did not return for half an hour. A dispute arose. A says he won the bet, B denies it. Please which am I to give the stake to?—To B; and A deserves to be scouted into the bargain: he is not fit for a respectable man to bet with. He betted that B could not produce the note, he could and did, and A cannot set up his own wilful absence as a proof that B did not produce the note: it is the old contemptible bubble of shutting one's eyes, with a slight difference.

**P. REMINGTON.**—Tom Spring's fighting weight was a little over 13st.—He fought and beat Bill Neate, "the Bristol Champion."—Bendigo beat Deaf Burke, Feb. 18, 1839: Burke was ruptured; of course he wore his truss.

**CRICKET.**—J. BUTCHER, Gravesend.—We think the absence of Mr. A. Mynn on the part of the Bearded gent a great point in your favour. Be moderate, therefore, in the hour of victory, that you may be respected in defeat.

**W. F. B.**—We have received three letters after more than a week's delay. In future, be more circumspect in the address. The match alluded to as being played at the Breck-rack Arms last week, was not lost by the Eagle Club: our contemporary was doubtless misled by the fact that some of the Eagle gentlemen played on that occasion.

**A COUNTRY PLAYER.**—Ought not to have assumed that name until he was aware of two such simple facts as that a wide ball does not count one in addition to runs obtained from it, and that no catch can possibly be made off a ball wide of the striker's reach! Much less should he dictate to a journalist of so high a standing.

**STUMP, Redbourne.**—Twenty-seven inches out of the ground.

**J. S., Cobham.**—Mr. A. Mynn is over 6 feet in height, and considerably more than thirteen stone in weight.—Circumference of a ball, from 9 to 9 and a half inches.

**PHILOS.**—Purchase Clark's "Cricketeer's Handbook," and—read it.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

**SUNDAY, JUNE 1st.**—Second Sunday after Trinity.—Lord Howe's victory, 1794.—Brilliant action between the Shannon and Chesapeake, 1813.

**Musical.**—In June, the concert of singing-birds begins to fall short. That delicious soprano, the nightingale, makes his last appearance for the season, but that very high tenor, the skylark, is still ready to oblige any gentleman with a song.

**MONDAY 2.**—Thames Angling commences.

**Hints to Thames Fishermen.**—Roach and barbel-fishing commences, a sport abhorred by the "gentle," but much relished by the "simple." Read the Book of Job, and hire a punt. Lay in a stock of nightcaps and cough lozenges. Go to Crooked-lane, and fully replenish your fishing-tackle stores, and hear for the hundredth time, the solemn assurance of the owner, that the stuffed pike, weighing thirty pounds, was taken with a single hair line and—a hook! Be careful to get your punt moored over the exact spot you have ground-baited the last five years, as the dence is in it if the fish haven't found it out by this time. Contract with the fisherman who has always supplied you for the daily two dozen you take home to show your friends; then bait your lines, and draw your bottled porter. The great amusement consists in taking your line out of the water at the end of every swim; which exciting operation may be performed some hundred times in the course of a good day, and constitutes the sport, though now and then you and the fish may be enlivened by the sight of a rowing-match.—Great Riot of London, 1780: About this period the I. O. way Indians who are riding about town (1844) are greatly struck by the Duke of York's column, who they declare to be a great friend of their tribe, having always been strongly addicted to I. O. ways.

**TUESDAY 3rd.**—The Emperor of Morocco and Abd-el-kader meet, and a joint war is waged

upon the French, 1844; but the French step in, and in return butcher the Moors.

**WEDNESDAY 4.**—Winslow Races.

**To Choose Meats.**—The cheapest and best will be found at all times the most advantageous. Joints, like secrets, are worth little when they are blown; and, like children, should be washed and dressed before appearing at table; occasionally *basting* them will also be found to improve them both.

**THURSDAY 5.**—Extraordinary hot weather, 1844, thermometer 120 in sun: in this "heat," a sporting gent. observes, "he'll pound it that Butter ran first." This is a slippery joke.

**FRIDAY 6.**—Hungerford Races.—Numerous experiments to put down the smoke nuisance, 1844; why didn't they try the Talacre coal?

**SATURDAY 7.**—Royal Exchange first opened, 1566, by Queen Elizabeth.—Reform Bill passed, 1832.

**Literary.**—June is Nature's publishing season, when she sends forth several of her periodicals. That splendid annual the strawberry begins to appear in parts, and the gooseberry comes forth in numbers. Some apples and pears may also be expected, as specimens of some early editions of those beautiful standard works in Nature's library.

## THE MOON IN JUNE.

New Moon, 5th .. .. .	1	7 morn.
First Quarter, 12th .. .. .	3	43 morn.
Full Moon, 19th .. .. .	11	18 aft.
Last Quarter, 26th .. .. .	3	27 aft.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High water at London Bridge.

	morn.	aft.		morn.	aft.
Sunday, June 1st .. .. .	11 23	11 55	Thursday, May 5th .. .. .	2 12	2 30
Monday, 2nd .. .. .	0 22	0 22	Friday, 6th .. .. .	2 49	3 5
Tuesday, 3rd .. .. .	0 46	1 10	Saturday, 7th .. .. .	3 25	3 40
Wednesday, 4th .. .. .	1 31	1 53			

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

## FOR THE WEEK ENDING, JUNE 7.

**W**E are short of a leader this week, our EPSOM DRAG having monopolised all our space, time, and nags. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with observing in this place, that our promise of FIFTEEN engravings is redeemed by TWENTY; and that next week we will pull up with our regularly embellished subjects, as by that time the "stiffness" will be out of our joints, and we shall fall into our regular pace.

## A NEW CABINET LIBRARY.

Ministers intend shortly, we understand, issuing a series of volumes on various subjects, for the purpose of enlightening the people, to be called the "New Cabinet Library." The work will be written chiefly by the ministers themselves, so that there will be great variety in the style, and in the mode of treating the various topics handled.

The following will be a few of the volumes that will shortly appear:—  
1. The curiosities of Literature, chiefly selected from intercepted correspondence. By Sir James Graham.

2. How to Live on Fourteen Thousand a year. By the Lord Chancellor.

3. Three Experiments of Living; or, Three Livings at Once, by way of Experiment. By the Bishop of Exeter.

4. The Outcast; The Exile's Return; and other Poems. By Lord Ellenborough.

5. Natural Magic, including several new tricks; with an Essay on Gammon and Backgammon. By Sir Robert Peel.

6. Miscellaneous Essays. By Lord Brougham.

7. The Pauper's Cookery Book; including ten thousand economical recipes, amongst which will be found five hundred different modes of dressing oatmeal, and a plan for roasting a fowl before the fire, in such a way as to make chicken-broth of the shadow. By the Poor Law Commissioners.

8. Confessions of an English Opium-Eater. By one who has swallowed all the dull speeches that have been spoken in the House of Commons for the last ten years.—*Punch*.

**A GENTLE HINT.**—A captain, chattering with his hostess, in an amorous humour, was resolved to give her a hint of his wishes. He placed a guinea upon one of his eyes, and with the other performed most significant optics. The landlady, not unused to such sparks, soon guessed his meaning, and replied, "Captain, you have forgotten your learning: you know Love was blind in both eyes."

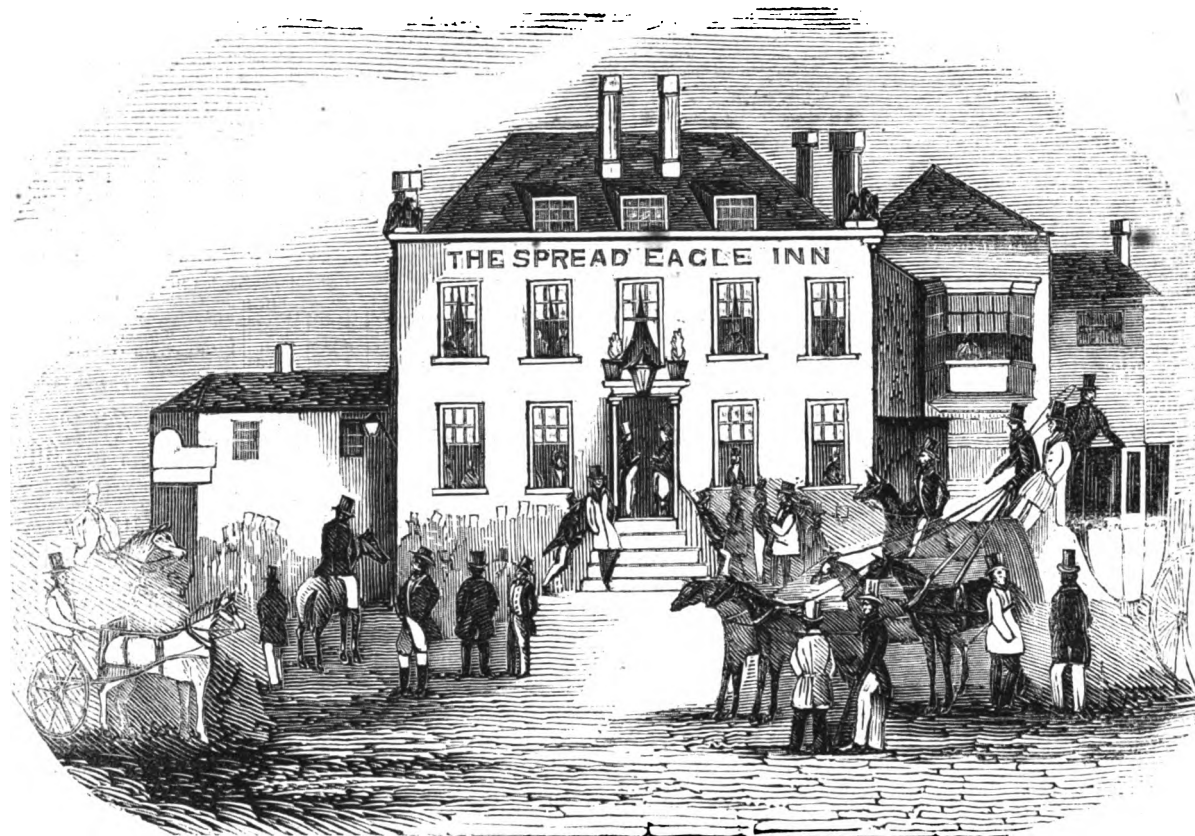
**A SLIGHT MISTAKE.**—The late Duchess Dowager of Bedford meeting once a Cambridge student, asked him how her noble relation did. "Truly, madam," says he, "he is a brave fellow, and sticks close to Catherine Hall." (The name of a college there). "I vow," said her grace, "I feared as much, for he had always an hankering after the wenches."

**MORE NOVELTY.**—ROYAL ACADEMY.—"The finest miniature in the room at the Academy is Thorburn's new picture of Field Marshal His Royal Highness Prince Albert. This must be, in consequence, the forty-sixth.—*Punch*."

apropos of the general production of note-books, and the prevalent jotting down of memoranda.

When the Persian Princes were in London, among other Lions they went to Tatt's, where, among the many observable things, the tame fox (we don't mean Richard T., but the quadruped chained in the Temple), old Tattersall himself, and the various two and four-legged curiosities of the place, none seemed to fix their attention so much as the frequent

appearance of the *little books*, in the course of what seemed to them conversation. After some cogitation during the drive home, Mirza thus declared himself:—"Oh, mighty and enlightened nation, where they never go to meet each other on the daily concerns of life without the materials of writing in their pockets, so that they may take down, ere they perish from the tablets of the brain, the wise sayings and learned treasures, which, like honey and rubies, and pearls of price, drop from the lips of their sages.



THE SPREAD EAGLE.

Verily wise are they, for I beheld this day a venerable sage with the snows of venerable age upon his head, eagerly perpetuating with a pencil of adamant point, the sayings of one who seemed scarcely gifted with the beard of man—oh, wise & humble are they, endowed with wisdom: for they care not who or what is the speaker, if he speaketh the words of truth!" The princes had been struck by the late Mr. Tanfield's eagerness in booking a heavy bet with some "young Rapid" of the day.\*

Such were the thoughts that flitted through Miles's Boy's peri. as he rolled his optics round "the room" of mine host of the Expanded Eagle: than whom a better fellow never trod leather, while his wife—but we must leave one of the best specimens of a buxom, obliging, and admirable best half to some better pen. Now, boys, onward again, let us leave the Spread Eagle, and on to the course.

"Well," exclaimed Elnathan, "I'm a gone coon! Here is a sight!" And truly it would be almost *l'ère Majesté*, and an insult to the *manes* of England's first sporting writer, Charles Apperley, to attempt a description of THE DOWNS after his achievement. And lo here it is, as though written for the very occasion; for at "the wee short hour ayont the twal" of noon old Sol shone forth with burnished radiance, checked but for moments by flying clouds.

"The day was lustrous, healthy, invigorating. The sun basked on the Downs, yet there was a fresh and inspiring breeze that wanted with the blue, white, and red flags of the marquees, and flung luxuriant coolness round, fanning, as it were, the sitting sunshine. I took off my hat as I crossed the Course towards the Hill, and dedicated myself, heart and soul, to the sunshine, the air, the turf, and the sky. On a race-course all these assemble as in Congress. The short, well-shorn grass extends widely around you; the white rails which mark the way to victory; the murmur of the crowd is instinct with life; the air careers like a wild and

\* If any sceptic doubt the authenticity of the above anecdote, Miles's Boy replies, that it is good as most well authenticated anecdotes of public characters, which are, as he confesses this to be, made expressly to suit the occasion.

loosened steed; and oh! how the mottled sky bends over all! I could not but become meditative as I wandered on but my meditations were continually broken in upon by the gallop of a passer-by, or the expensive benedictions of some persevering gipsy. The eye of this wandering tribe are indeed enough to 'charm a bird from the trees.' And I gave an extra half crown to an olive minx of seventeen, not of my own free will, but because she positively looked it clean out of my pocket. Not all the deepest dye extracted from all the hazel nuts\* that all the copses of this earth ever produced could have stained those inimitable orbs. But I am wandering—I could almost sigh—for oh!

"Her eyes dark charm 'twere vain to tell  
But gaze on that of the gazelle,  
It will assist thy fancy well;  
As large as languishingly dark,  
But soul beamed forth in every spark  
That darted from beneath the lid,  
Bright as the jewel of Jamschid."

But farewell to poetry, fancy, and fiction; here are prose, facts, and figures; this is THE BETTING RING. (*See opposite.*)

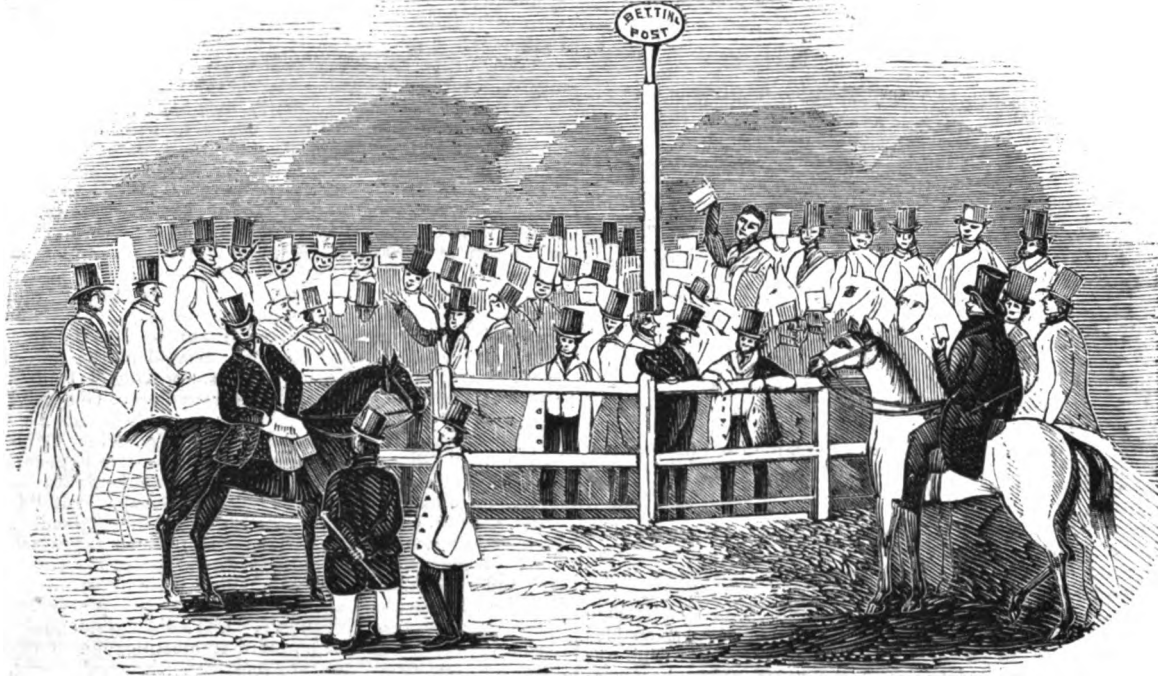
Here's a row, a rumpus, and a rioting! what a Babel of confusion! do they transact business here! Egad, that's what they do, and to a pretty tune too. Everybody that has a taste for bookmaking (we don't mean authorship) is there, speculating and peculating; the pedestrians in the interior, the equestrian order grouped around. But see the company breaks up; some stream off towards the starting post, others to the Grand Stand, or to join their several parties—the great—the eventful two minutes is at hand. And hark to that warning bell; forth come the finely bred creatures, all swathed in clothing, walking lightly on the greensward as the fawn.

"Perhaps nothing in the world" says Nimrod in his matchless prose,

\* Nimrod is here sadly out. It is not the hazel nut, which yields no colour that produces the stain; but the outer fleshy covering of the walnut, or a wild berry.—MILES'S BOY.



"surpasses the beauty of the racehorse, whether in or out of his clothes. The quiet grace with which he moves under his heavy garmenting—the wise radiance of his eye, as seen through his hood—his temporary pause and haughty stare, when roused by some strange sound, or the presence of some too inquisitive stranger—and his easy lapsing again into passive and gentle obedience to the trifle of humanity in loose brown gaiters, seated on his back and hinting with kicks. He walks—wooing the light to dance upon the glossy mirror of his skin—as though



THE BETTING RING.

he could walk before admiring eyes for ever. Looking at the racehorse, you are irresistibly carried back to "Araby the blest!" The desert—the turban—the tents—the cloudless sun, are spelled up before you—and you may fancy you hear the tinkling bells of the caravan, and see the fleet courser of the purest caste, go like an arrow over the sands. To return;—if the passing colt be the favourite—that is, the hoped-for winner in the minds of the sanguine and speculative—every part of his frame is studied like a picture of an old master by a connoisseur; defects are in vain hunted for—beauties start into life at every glance—and victory seems already to have shed its halo around the gallant creature's head. The *goal* winner is looked upon—just searched out in the correct card—his name perhaps ingeniously and carefully mis-pronounced—and his appearance scarcely heeded. The race, however,—the minute speed,—past, and the followed favourite is regarded no more, except where, by one or two, his faults are learnedly detected, and his bleeding sides termed "light;" while crowds follow the haughty breathing winner, extolling his beauty, marvelling at his speed, and as Dennis Bulgruderry says, indulging in that wise prophesy which "foretells a thing after it has happened." Now he is impeded by a burly blue back of a policeman clearing the way—and now he is flattered by the light touch of a violet kid glove, which starts from the crowd like the tongue of a snake, to fall upon the passing victor.

"Time hastens on. The jockeys, with their toy-saddles girted around their waists, begin to cluster, amid their cluster of friends. Though men of first-rate importance, they are in truth

And now anxiety lights up the eyes of thousands—crowds press onwards—and all marks, as the doctors phrase it, a determination of blood to the course;—when that sound breaks simply on the ear of the quiet observer, which strikes like a hammer upon the nerves, and maddens in an instant the pulses of thousands. The bell for saddling! The desperate gambler hears it, in the shuddering inward consciousness that it is

— The knell,

That summons him to heaven or to hell!"

"I could but in my silent mind modernise, and, to my purpose, distort a beautiful passage in Marmion:

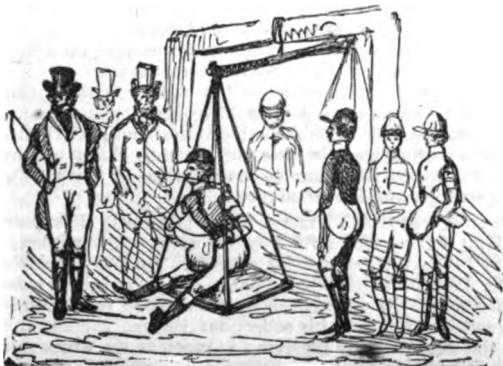
Slow o'er the mid-day wave it swung,  
The Warren dells in answer rung;  
To Ashted lone the echoes roll'd,  
Her beads the listening barmaid told;  
The Banstead gipsy raised his head,  
But slept ere half a curse he said;—  
So far the sound had urged its speed,  
The steed sprung up on Ewell mead,  
Spread his broad nostrils to the wind,  
Listed before, aside, behind,  
Then crouched him down among his kind,  
And quaked as though there were a spell  
Of terror in that dismal bell!"

How varying (to dismount to prose) is the effect of that monotonous sound upon those who hear it. Ladies quit for a brief moment their coquetry, adjust their curls, and look out for the horses; peers and grooms take a final sigh as they gallop to the side ropes; the jockeys, in silence and nervousness, unveil their silken jackets and prepare for the flight! The creatures of the wind are led into the open space, and their clothes are smoothed backwards over their glossy hides—and, in all the beauty of strength, pride, and restlessness, they are saddled and mounted. Quietly are they led down to the hollow of the course. They are quiet, because they know what they have to do.

"The sight of the horses before the start is indeed a beautiful one. Here goes a bright chesnut—his warming gallop up the hill—meeting a powerful and gentle brown slowly returning, his jockey knotting his rein! Two or three bays pass like arrows—and the favourite canters before all eyes, as though he knew he was 'the observed of all observers!' The horses pass and repass—walking, galloping, cantering—but at length they all collect. After some manœuvring, they get into a straightish line.

THEY'RE OFF!

[For cut and continuation see page 142.]



"A SCALY LOT."



## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD III. 1786—1798.

FROM THE TIME OF MENDOZA TO THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER.

### CHAPTER III.

MR. JOHN JACKSON. (Continued.)

We resume the memoir of Mr. John Jackson in the words of the author of *FISTIANA*.

"The high reputation which Mr. Jackson had now attained, and the universal esteem in which he was held as a teacher of his art, led him to establish rooms at No. 13, Bond Street, not only for giving lessons to his numerous pupils, but for the introduction of such men as had either distinguished themselves in combat, or were desirous of seeking fame in the pugilistic arena. Here all the *élites* of the fashionable world—men who have since distinguished themselves in the senate, at the bar, and in the field, and viewed boxing as a national game pregnant with the best consequences, where the manly vigour of their countrymen was to be encouraged and promoted—were daily assembled; noblemen and gentlemen of the highest rank did not disdain to take the gloves with the accomplished Jackson, and the "sets to," even among themselves evinced a knowledge of the science, a power of endurance and a degree of vigour equal, if not in many instances superior, to the public pugilists of the time, with whom they often "tried their hands," and came off victorious; qualities, the value of which, in after life they acknowledged, when the roar of battle, or the death-struggle with the foes of their country, by land or by sea, required the exercise of those energies which the preparative practice of Jackson's Rooms had nurtured and developed. In these associations there was none of the finikin foppery of modern times; there were no apprehensions of the derangement of well curled locks or pretty faces; men, and noblemen too, met foot to foot and fist to fist, regardless of consequences, dealing such blows on each other's heads as often deprived them of momentary self-possession."

To Mr. Jackson did the ring for many years owe much of its high patronage. Associating with the wealthy and the titled, he was enabled to forward the interests of the manly science. A Pugilistic Club was formed, a commissary appointed, to whom the ropes and stakes were committed, and who pitched the ring, chose the ground, and formed the lists, occasionally regulating the mode of admission to the inner and outer circles; he was paid out of the funds of the club for his labours, in which he always found willing assistants.

The Pugilistic Club held its first meeting at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's-street, on the 22nd May, 1814, Sir Henry Smith, Bart., in the chair. Upwards of fifty members sat down to a sumptuous dinner, to which Mr. Jackson, Mr. Gully, Tom Cribb, Tom Belcher, Oliver, and others, were invited. The scene was altogether most gratifying; and Lord Yarmouth (the present Marquis of Hertford), who was present, in a speech distinguished for sound reasoning and manly eloquence, expatiated on the great advantage of pugilism in a national point of view.

These may be considered as the palmy days of the ring; but previous to this date, and subsequent to the defeat of Mendoza by Mr. Jackson, a great number of pugilists were introduced to the notice of the amateurs, all of whom repeatedly fought, and attracted the attention and received the countenance of men of rank, including the Dukes of York and Clarence, the Duke of Queensbury, the Earl of Albemarle, the Earl of Sefton, the Marquis of Worcester (the present Duke of Beaufort), Sir W. W. Wynne, the Marquis of Tweeddale, Lords Byron, Craven, Somerville, Barrymore, Pomfret, and Fife, Colonel Berkeley, Harvey Combe, Squire Harrison, and others too numerous to mention, but all tending to show the high auspices under which the sports of the Ring flourished and were encouraged.

We must not attempt to disguise, that even in those times strong prejudices existed in the minds of some against pugilistic displays. Fights were often interrupted by the magistrates, many of the professors were arrested and prosecuted, and among so many battles some lives were occasionally sacrificed. These occurrences were purely accidental, and arising from the casualties inseparable from the nature of "the game;" but we doubt whether in other sports more peaceable, such as hunting, shooting, cricket, wrestling, and horse-racing, the proportion of fatal accidents were not at least as numerous, if not much more so, and would have furnished as strong an argument for the suppression of the one sport as the other; for as far as malice was concerned, it must have been known that two men entering "the ring" in fair competition for fame, had as little malice towards each other as two jockeys in a race, or any other two competitors in the exciting sports of our country.

In referring to the descriptions of the doings of the men and their contemporaries, to whom we have alluded, some of the most remarkable battles were fought upon "Moulsey Hurst," which, from its proximity to town and local advantages, being as it were isolated from all habitations, was much frequented; and as an additional reason for this choice, we may mention the proximity of "Bushey," the residence of the Duke of Clarence, under whose fostering wing, for he was frequently present, freedom from interruption was more probable.

The formation of the Pugilistic Club may be said to have commenced a new era, in which there was a combination of order and regularity in the proceedings of "the Fancy," as the followers of the Ring were called, which was productive of great advantage; and although all matches did not originate with the club, their countenance and sanction were sought, and their ropes and stakes, under the guidance of "the commissary," were invariably brought into use.

In 1814, an event occurred which gave additional lustre to pugilism. In that year, during the short peace previous to the return of Buonaparte from Elba, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and other illustrious foreigners, paid a visit to the Prince Regent. Among other sports characteristic of our country, they had heard much of our "boxing fame," and expressed a strong desire to witness a sparring display among some of the most celebrated professors of the day. This wish was at once gratified by Lord Lowther, who applied to Mr. Jackson to select the *dramatis personæ*, and a day was fixed for their assemblage at Lord Lowther's house in Pall-mall. On this occasion the Emperor of Russia and Generals Platoff and Blucher were present. This was on the 18th of June, 1814. The setting-to was among some of the best men of the day; and the rules of British boxing were explained in so clear and satisfactory a manner to the distinguished group, that they expressed their warm approbation at so manly and generous a manner of settling personal quarrels; and indeed were so delighted, that they requested the exhibition might be repeated on the following Friday, when, in addition to the above visitors, the King of Prussia, the Prince Royal of Prussia, the Prince of Mecklenburgh, General D'York, and several others were present. Some admirable specimens of the Art of Self-defence were displayed by Mr. Jackson, Belcher, Cribb, Richmond, Ned Painter, Oliver, and others; the sets-to were in general excellent; and the skill of Mr. Jackson excited general admiration, while the symmetry of his figure and fine muscular development did not pass unnoticed. Tom Cribb, then "the Champion of England," also had his share of observation, and particularly attracted the notice of Blucher. The royal guests and their attendants expressed the great gratification they had experienced, and upon taking their departure complimented Lord Lowther as the patron of so manly and praiseworthy a trait of the national sports of his country. Little did this splendid group foresee that, on the first anniversary of that meeting, one of that very class (Shaw), whose evolutions they had then witnessed, would, in the field of Waterloo, and almost under the eye of Blucher, afford an additional illustration of the great advantage to be derived from the preparatory inductions of the prize-ring. We may here remark, that similar exhibitions were subsequently got up for the amusement of other of our foreign visitors; and that a very few years back, at Mr. Angelo's Rooms in St. James's-street, the Prince of Orange and his two sons, at their own particular request, were similarly gratified, and were not less warm in their expressions of approval and acknowledgments of the great advantages to be derived from the promulgation and encouragement of such sports with their noble and manly principles.

To the credit of the professors and patrons of boxing, they were never "backward in coming forward" to aid the work of charity, or to answer those appeals to public sympathy which the ravages of war, the visitations of Providence, the distresses of trade and commerce, or the afflictions of private calamity, frequently excited. Under the active auspices of Mr. Jackson, who was ever foremost in drawing forth the brighter features of his "companions in arms," benefits were frequently got up to meet existing exigencies: thus—"the starving Irish," "the suffering families of the heroes who had fallen and bled on the plains of Waterloo," "the famishing weavers, and the claims of widows, wives, and children, whose misfortunes had been occasioned or aggravated by the casualties of the Ring," with other instances too numerous to detail, afforded opportunities for appeals which were never made in vain. It was then that the generous spirit which warmed the heart of a true British boxer shone forth with its sterling brilliancy; then all selfishness was set aside, and no sooner was the "standard of charity" unfurled, than every man who could wield a fist, from the olden veteran to the youngest practitioner, rushed forward, anxious and ardent to evince the feelings of his soul, and to lend his hand to the work of benevolence. There were then no skulkers, no humbugging apologies; and the difficulty only was to keep within compass the host of talent which stood forth nerved at all points to "do battle" in aid of such purposes. Hundreds and hundreds of pounds have been thus raised, large sums have been handed over to public subscriptions, and in private the tears of the widowed mother and the cries of starving children have thus been dried and hushed by the generous contributions of the boxers of England and their staunch and liberal admirers.

In granting rewards to merit, equal generosity has been displayed. The valiant but unsuccessful pugilist never went without "a healing salve" to his bodily and mental wounds. At the conclusion of every fight, Mr. Jackson went round, "hat in hand," to raise a subscription for the beaten man. Never was this appeal made in vain; and in proportion to the qualities exhibited, his collections became successful, in many instances the loser actually receiving as much as the winner—a proof that honest valour never went without its consideration. Even Mr. Jackson himself participated in this noble trait in the character of pugilistic ama-

teurs, for in the year 1820 a service of plate of the most magnificent description was presented to him, of the value of 300 guineas, to which all ranks contributed, from the prince to the prize-fighter. In like manner were silver cups subscribed for, and presented to the leading members of the Ring, including Tom Cribb, Tom Spring, Ned Neal, Josh. Hudson, and others, which, on all public festivals, at their respective houses, stand prominent in the decorations of their tables, and are often filled with generous wine, and emptied to the ever-welcome toast—"Success to British boxing and its honest and honourable principles!"

From 1814 to 1820, the Pugilistic Club increased in influence and stability, fresh members were constantly enrolling, and Jackson's Rooms were still the most attractive lounge at the West-end of the town. Fight followed fight in quick succession; and the lively scenes and extraordinary display of Corinthian equipages which followed to the scenes of action, gave a brilliancy and a tone to the sport truly English—at once overwhelming the fastidious prejudices of those who "decried but dared not interfere," although occasional informations, laid before magistrates, imposed upon those gentlemen, however reluctant, the duty of interposing, with a view of "preserving the peace" in "this county,"—well knowing that in "the next county" that peace would be broken in spite of them, and often under their own observation; for, dropping "the toga of justice," in their ordinary character, as lovers of British sports, they crowded to witness that which their official duties forbade, but which their good sense told them was doing more to civilize the lower orders, than all the hypocritical twaddle that the ingenuity of sectarians could devise.

It has been already stated, that the Prince of Wales in his youthful days was a staunch patron of boxing; and although he discontinued, by his presence, to give countenance to the sport, yet frequent indications of his desire for its promotion were observable. He was a constant reader of the sporting papers, and was familiar with the names of all the men who in succession obtained celebrity or notoriety, and upon many occasions it was known that contributions came indirectly from him, either to reward the exertions of unsuccessful valour, or to soothe the distresses of those upon whom the hand of misfortune had cast its afflictions. Mr. Jackson was ever remembered with a kindly feeling, and, when seen, honoured with a recognition. If confirmation of these facts were wanting, it was amply furnished at the period of his majesty's coronation in July, 1821. At this ceremonial, the splendour of which admitted of no parallel, an extraordinary degree of excitement prevailed in the public mind, not only from its novelty—upwards of fifty years having elapsed since a similar exhibition had been witnessed—but from an apprehension that the friends of Queen Caroline, who, it will be remembered, was excluded from the throne, might imprudently display their feelings in a way to mar the joyous character of the festival. Independent of these considerations, it was felt, from the vast multitude which would be assembled, and the amount of valuable property exposed, that more than usual care would be necessary to preserve order and restrain the lawless. Of the zeal and loyalty of the military no doubt was entertained; but, as their duties were confined to the exterior of Westminster Hall, it was deemed important to select such men to guard the avenues leading to the interior, as combined firmness and courage with a personal knowledge of the parties (who it was foreseen would seek admission either surreptitiously, or by means of tickets improperly obtained), and whose presence would check unwelcome or designing intruders. For this purpose, under his majesty's sanction, it was determined to employ eighteen of the most distinguished prize-fighters of the day, upon whose humanity, integrity, and loyalty, his majesty was pleased to say, he felt every reliance. To Lord Gwydyr, the lord great chamberlain, the task of making this arrangement was deputed, who immediately sent for Mr. Jackson, to whom his majesty's pleasure was made known. Mr. Jackson lost no time in calling in the aid of Mr. Watson, a well-known amateur, and since the host of the Castle Tavern, at Moorgate, and the following men were selected for the duty, which they undertook with proud alacrity:—Cribb, Spring, Tom Belcher, Carter, Richmond, Ben Burn, Harmer, H. Lee, Tom Owen, Josh. Hudson, Tom Oliver, H. Holt, Crawley, Curtis, Medley, Purcell, Sampson, and Bill Eales. These men were all provided with the dresses of pages, and were stationed at the different entrances, Mr. Jackson, Tom Cribb, and Tom Spring, being at the great doors of the hall, where the former received a condescending notice from his majesty as he passed to the platform on his way to Westminster Hall.

The admirable conduct of these men from first to last, not only during the ceremony, but on the subsequent day, on which the hall was thrown open to the public, when their courage and humanity were prominently exemplified, was universally acknowledged, and letters of thanks were afterwards addressed individually to each man engaged by Lord Gwydyr, his lordship adding a golden coronation medal, which he said he had received from the hands of his majesty expressly for the boxers, and which, after a dinner also provided at his lordship's expense, was raffled for and won by Tom Belcher, who has ever since retained it as a trophy of royal favour, with which he declares he will not part till death forces him to leave all his worldly goods behind.

We here close our memoir of Mr. John Jackson, with the acknowledgment, (for we would render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's,) that this admirable resumé of the history of the ring during the period of Mr.

Jackson's fostering assistance, is condensed from the introductory pages of *FISTIANA*; which we have chosen here to introduce as a fitting episode on the career of Mr. John Jackson, its principal and most active supporter during those years.

Mr. Jackson's mode of instruction was at once philosophical and practical. Himself the most accomplished boxer of his day, he knew the principles upon which attack or defence should be conducted; and by combining conciliatory and prepossessing manners with a good temper, indefatigable practice, a fine athletic frame and first-rate nerve and courage, he for many years maintained the position of the first teacher of the Art, and when he retired in 1820, he carried with him the respect and esteem of those who had the privilege of his acquaintance, which he still enjoys in a green old age.

\* \* Our next memoir will be Tom Owen, with a portrait.

#### ON THE DECLINE OF HORSE EXERCISE, WITH HINTS TO ELDERLY STOUT GENTLEMEN IN PURCHASING A NAG.

BY RINGWOOD.

(Concluded from page 138.)

The tale runs thus:—He left school at the age of seventeen, and entered his father's counting-house: the house had extensive country dealings, and it fell to his lot to visit their different correspondents periodically, and for this purpose he was presented with a four-year-old (to all appearances) thorough-bred mare, about 14 hands high. To use his own words, "she was as elegant and as delicate in appearance as a fawn, and just master of my weight, at that time, 10st. in the saddle: the mare, by good stable management and judicious riding, furnished considerably without losing her blood-like looks, and as my journeys were taken partly through Essex, my mare soon attracted the lynx-eye of old Tom Heskin, the celebrated horse-dealer. Various were the tempting offers he made me to part with her, but to no purpose; so, finding me wedded to my pony, he gave up offering me gold in exchange, but extorted from me a promise that if I ever did part with her he should have the refusal. Two or three years passed away, and whenever I happened to see old Heskin, nothing passed between us but an exulting chuckle from me of 'not quite yet, Tommy.' Now it so happened that I was confined by illness about two months, and on my getting out again and recovering my strength, I began to get enormously stout, till in about three years from this time I went to scale with saddle and bridle very close to 14st. The moment I ascertained my weight, my favourite was condemned, notwithstanding I had constantly ridden her up to the very day without having found out the slightest difference on her part. She had never had a day's illness, never refused a feed of corn, and was still as playful and active as a kitten; but I hated myself for my cruelty, and almost trembled the next time I got upon her. Now I wished to get her into a good berth, and regretted that I had ever promised her to a horse-dealer; but I thought to get out of that scrape (not very honestly perhaps) by asking such a price as would prevent my favourite passing into his hands. But here again I was mistaken. I did not know her value; so, meeting old Tom, I told him I came to make good my promise as I had determined to sell the pony. The apparent apathy with which he received the intelligence after what had passed between us somewhat took me aback (I was young then); and thinking his great desire was somewhat cooled, and that he did not care to purchase her, I asked him a much less sum than I had intended on entering his yard, but still, as I then imagined, an enormous price. He jumped at my proposal in a moment, and the mare was his: and when I received the money from him the same evening over a bottle of wine—for all bargains of this kind in the days to which I allude were in this way completed—Tom thus addressed me: 'Now as our business is settled, pray, young gentleman, will you tell me why you have sold your pony?' The reason, I answered, I 'must, one would suppose, be obvious enough to any one, much more to such a judge as yourself: she can't carry me.'—'And pray, how have you found that out?' said my shrewd inquirer: 'has the pony told you so?'—This interrogation was put in rather a sarcastic tone, and as he coolly lifted a bumper to his lips, he added, 'Your good health, sir.' The colour no doubt mounted quickly up to my eyes, and I answered sharply, 'look at me.'—'I do, sir,' said Tom in the same imperturbable manner; 'and as there is no accounting for the difference in men's opinions, I have bought your mare to carry a gentleman who walks two stone more than you ride.' And she did it with apparent ease to the end of her days, which were long in the land.'

Once more in illustration, look at her Majesty's cavalry. Take, for instance, a light dragoon or a hussar regiment. Have our readers in general any idea of the average weight that these horses have to carry on a march or on regular service? Look the animals over—(the price allowed by government for the purchase of each horse not exceeding *twenty-three pounds*)—and then say, do they look as if they carry 18st., horseman's weight? Yet, as every soldier knows, this is the task imposed upon them; and, comparatively speaking, how few broken-knee'd ones we see in the ranks!

To conclude, we only say, throw away the long-received opinion that nothing but a clumsy fleshy horse can carry a fleshy man. Our principles place before you—on one side, blood, action, and symmetry in a small compass; on the other, a mass of horseflesh, hair, and superfluous bone—*Utrum horum mavis accipere?*—*Sporting Magazine for April.*



THEY'RE OFF! THEY'RE OFF!

bursts from ten times ten thousand tongues! and ere the echo of the full diapason of that vast myriad-piped organ has returned, multiplied from the opposing hill, the brilliant crowd of straining steeds and tulip-coloured riders is half way up the hill—a flight of brilliant insects—a flying rainbow—brilliance, speed, and sound—a human earthquake!

And now, as on they come, the roar deepens into an awful *oneness*; while near at hand you hear—"Ha! the crack's in trouble!—Yes! No! 'tis all up! where's the light blue? (and echo answers, where)?—Ha! there 'tis! green sleeves and cap—no, 'tis crimson and green cap!—no—yes—yes—no! Hurra!"—and here's the winner! (*See opposite.*) In he comes, steered by BELL, who, this day, 'bears the Bell!' In he goes,—and

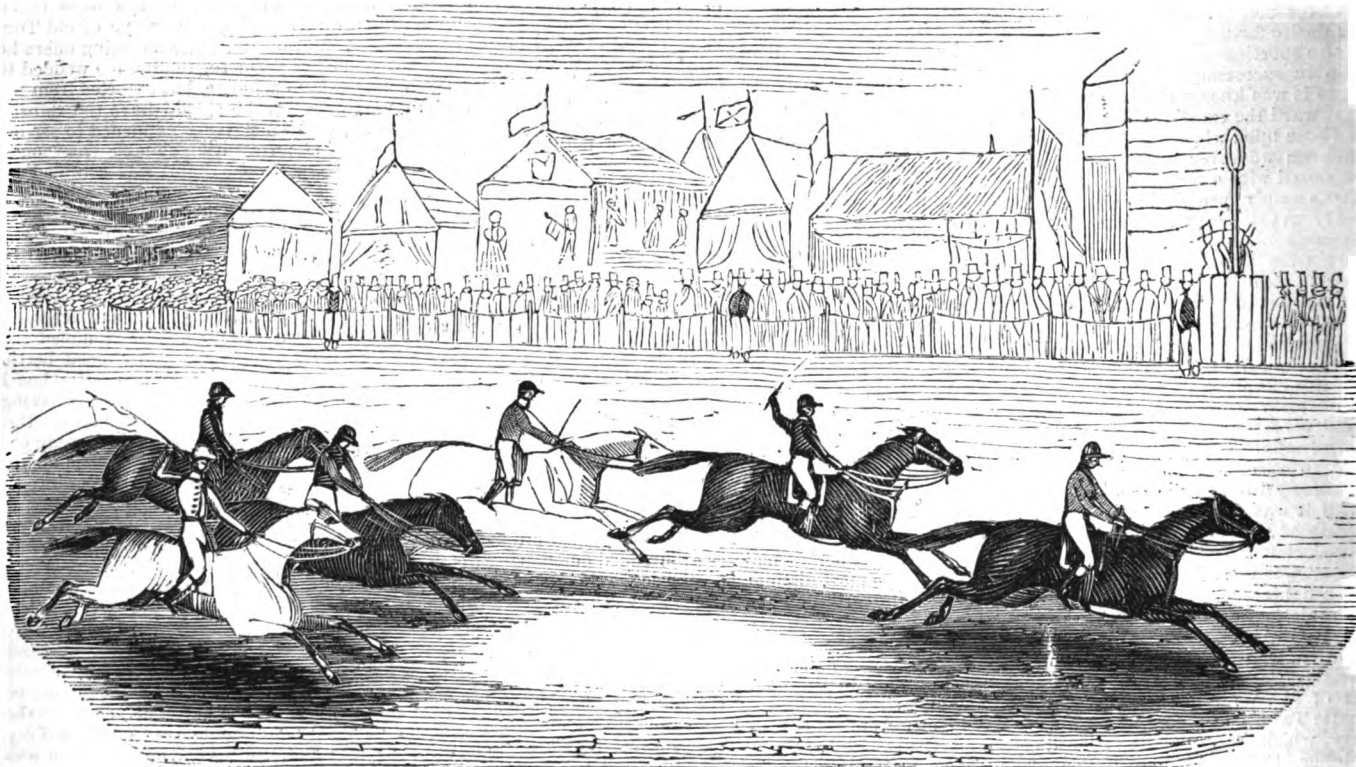
"— Oh! just such a yell was there,  
Of sudden and portentous birth;  
As if men fought upon the earth,  
And fiends in the upper air,  
Oh life and death were in the shout,  
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,  
And triumph and despair!"

The murmur subsides. See, yonder is the victor steed! And now for a sonnet from Nimrod, for how can prose do justice to such a form of beauty?

## SONNET,

ON MEETING THE WINNER OF THE DERBY AT EPSOM, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE RACE.

Lo! stand aside! see with what deer-like pace  
The lithe and glowing racer steps along!  
Following his urchin guide with easy grace,  
Just fresh from conquest through that mighty throng!  
Mark his proud neck, his nostrils started wide,  
His full veins, gorged with high ancestral blood!  
His eye dilated, and the embossed stud  
Of silver foam, upon his golden hide!



"HERE THEY COME!"

The strife is over—the wild shout no more  
Thrills in those glancing ears,—but glory throws  
A consciousness his limbs of radiance o'er,  
And in proud idleness he gazing goes;—  
Strange the wind's rival should become thus mild,  
Following its stripling leader like a child.

To say that the winner of the Derby was all unconscious of his triumph, would be to deny intelligence to perfect beauty; and without mind there is no perfection in beauty. He steps like a Wellington after a Waterloo! The intellect of a race-horse, however, is beyond dispute. Holcroft tells us an interesting anecdote of Old Forester; and who can read it without owning a truth and not a satire in Swift's intellectual country of the Houynms! I am not satisfied but that, to be properly represented, Yorkshire ought to return two horses out of its four members to parliament. The other two may be of the usual *genus*, and *Balaam* it as they please. But of Forester; let me revive the anecdote in the wholesome clean English of Holcroft.

"I have mentioned a vicious horse of the name of Forester, that would obey no boy but Tom Watson; he was about ten or eleven years old, and had been a horse of some repute, but, unfortunately, his feet foundered, for the cure of which he was suffered to remain a great part of his time at grass. However, when I had been about a year and a half at Newmarket, Captain Vernon thought proper to match him against Elephant, a horse belonging to Sir Jennison Shafto, who, by-the-by, I saw ride this famous match. Forester, therefore, had been taken up, and kept in training a sufficient time to qualify him to run this match; but it was evident that his legs and feet were far from being in that sound state which such an exertion required, so that we concluded he must be beaten, for the reputation of Elephant arose out of his power rather than his speed. Either I mistake, or the match was a four-mile heat over a straight course; and the abilities of Forester were such, that he passed the flat and ascended the hill as far as the distance post, nose to nose with Elephant; so that Tom Watson, who rode him, began to conceive hopes. Between this and the chair, Elephant, in consequence of hard





THE MERRY MONARCH (Mr. Gratwicke's).

THE WINNER OF THE DERBY, 1845.

Look when a painter would surpass the life,  
In limning out a well-proportioned steed,  
His art, with Nature's workmanship at strife,

As if the dead the living should exceed:  
So did this horse excel a common one  
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone. SHAKSPERE.

whipping, got some little way before him, while Forester exerted every possible power to recover at least his lost equality; till finding all his efforts ineffectual, he made one sudden spring, and caught Elephant by the under jaw, which he gripped so violently as to hold him back; nor was it without the utmost difficulty that he could be forced to quit his hold. Poor Forester! he lost; but he lost most honourably! Every experienced groom, we were told, thought it a most extraordinary circumstance. Tom Watson declared he had never in his life been more surprised by the behaviour of a horse."

The Derby race is over, the course swarms with living human insects,—

"Gay beings,—born to flutter through a day!"

There was, however, an evident decrease of excited anxious horsemen; the fortunate and the unfortunate—the instant wealthy—and the ruined of a moment, were off for lodging or home, to bear success or sadness as best they might. We paced the course, wandered amongst the carriages, and saw feasting going on in all its glory. To us it was clearly manifested that eating and drinking had set in with severity. Nothing was now heard but the loud laugh bursting from the flushed cheek, through the light straw-coloured silk bonnet, the minute-guns of the champagne bottle, and the voices of sturdy vagrants thrown, like well-directed bombs, into the barouches. Our favourite friends, "the souls made of fire, and children of the sun"—the gipsies—were well intermixed with the general crowd, and foretelling, or asking to foretell, the fortune of many a gentle, innocent, and lovely coquette. One thing must not be omitted with the scarlet-robed sibyls; and that is, you must "*tip them with silver*," or your prospects will be sadly clouded by these gifted arbiters of light and shade in the varied and ever-varying landscape of life.

Why dwell upon the minors, when the *one* great actor has left the scene? The Derby for '45 is remembered among the things that were. And now

Once more upon the road, my steed once more,  
and the fun begins again. All are on the move: bottles are cast away hampers corded, the paper waistcoats of sandwiches, the slight and dappled shells of plovers' eggs, dismantled legs of chickens, and "cards in curses torn," lay scattered o'er the turf! Disinterested horse-keepers

in the zeal of generosity and gin, are putting wrong harnesses upon wrong horses, whilst drunken post-boys balance themselves with difficulty, in blue jackets, waiting for their foggy and fearful departure. But where's Elnathan Coon—gone—off—abiquatulated, as he terms it. Well, we can't stand here in the way, for all the vehicles crowd towards the cross road which leads from the course to Sutton. He'll come up doubtless. And now we seek to form three deep on a road-way calculated for two—here and there a reckless driver insists on cutting in. Crash! smash! crash! "Hallo! you sir, your pole's through the back of my trap!"

"Can't help it sir, this waggonbone behind, he's got his'n into my consarn, and that makes it even."

"Does it? Well, I can't see that."

"Now then, old stick in the mud! slip yer tile over yer left ear and pay into the ribs o' that hanimated bit o' cats' meat o' yours; vill yer?" "Vot can I do? you wouldn't have me drive right inter that ere van, would yer?"

"Not a ha'porth on it; you'll never get into the van, your knacker's delight's only fit for the rear division. Kim-aup, vill yer! kl-k, kl-k, kl-k! shove along there;" "Hallo feller, you've grazed my carriage!" "If I'd grazed your nags it 'ud ha' been worry servicable," laughs out the offender.

And now those riding on the off-side line of coaches, as they descend the hill, furnish merriment for those on the near, as the Scotch pines, which here overhang the road, sweep hats and bonnets from the heads of their wearers; in some cases tearing the canopies from the light spring vans. Ha! what have we here?—"a croaker," as I'm alive! Poor beast, a brute, who should have known thy powers, but cared not to overtax them, has wantonly sacrificed thee! Sterne was sentimental over a dead ass—a dead horse is surely more dignified. There he lies, stretched, a stiff and unsightly corpse, his last gasp sent forth with the blood from his ruptured lungs, which lies in a pool beneath his distorted jaws and bloodstained and grinning teeth. But hallo! here's a nag with too much life in him; here he is, by no means a *la Chiffney*, or Jem Robinson,

[Concluded on page 146.]



## CRICKET.

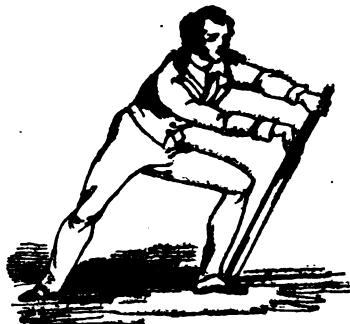
## HINTS TO CRICKETERS.—No. 5.

## ON BATTING, OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE.



of playing

N pursuance of the plan laid down, we this week give two sketches to illustrate the positions assumed, or which ought to be so, by those who aspire to the name of graceful and successful players; confident that more can be shown by this means, than half a page of description could convey. The first figure correctly represents the batsman in the act



FORWARD,

at a length ball straight at the wicket, and is, perhaps, one of the most free and natural positions assumed throughout the game; yet, strange to say, considerable difficulty is experienced by instructors in inculcating this almost fundamental lesson. To a beginner, the upward-turned position of the inside of the right wrist, and the advance of the left elbow, feels cramped and uncomfortable, and he experiences a consciousness of weakness, and want of power over the bat; but with a little practice he will get over this difficulty, which wholly arises from his not loosening his shoulders, elbows, wrists, and knees, which should all work easily together. Besides, he should recollect that when playing a good length and straight ball forward, he is doing well to stop it, without hitting it away for runs. The above position should be assumed at once, and with decision, or at least as soon as possible after perceiving the necessity of it. The learner cannot be too careful in keeping his left hand well forward, with the under or inner part of his wrist inclined outwards, and the elbow so elevated as to incline the handle of the bat towards the bowler, and the face towards the ground. Should he play with an upright bat—or, worse still, with his right hand advanced instead of the left—he must not be surprised if he elevates the ball, and places it in the bowler's hand somewhat sooner than he could wish, and without the intervention of the wicket-keeper; for it is a natural consequence that in such a position the ball must be *hit up*, whereas if the proper one be adhered to, it will be found that it will be played on to the ground, thus avoiding all danger of a catch. This is a principal point as regards the *DEFENCE* of the wicket, and we cannot too strenuously urge its adoption and sedulous practice. We would recommend the hands to be somewhat closer to each other than our artist has depicted them above, as a far greater degree of power will be obtained thereby.

Our next figure is intended to illustrate that effective, but somewhat difficult point,



THE DRAW,

and may be said to belong more to the system of OFFENCE than DEFENCE, inasmuch that it never should be attempted with a ball straight at the

wicket. It will easily be seen that the wrist is the principal agent in giving effect to the draw, guided, as is almost indispensable, by a correct eye, and a steady nerve. Practice alone can bestow excellence in this respect. Especial care should be taken that your bat is not too flat, or too round on the face: if the former, your best attempts will be comparatively abortive, and if the latter, you will be very likely to "draw" the ball into the hands of wicket-keeper, long-stop, or even square-leg, if there be one placed there to save the single run, which is now frequently the case. We shall enter more fully into the subject at another opportunity, the importance of some proposed alterations in the laws of the game now under discussion by the Committee of the Marylebone Club calling for a considerable portion of our allotted space. NED RUB.

## MARYLEBONE CRICKET CLUB.

## PROPOSED ALTERATION OF THE PRESENT LAWS.

At a meeting of the committee recently held, the following propositions were brought under their notice, and will shortly be discussed. As regards their merits we can only say that we look favourably on any alteration that will tend to equalise the power of the ball and the bat, or more distinctly define any point that at present is left too much at the discretion of an umpire. His duties are arduous and onerous in the extreme, and unless protected by strictly defined laws he never can discharge them with satisfaction to himself or his employers; and this is the reason why we cannot altogether concur with the proposed amendment of the tenth law, which would, in our opinion, leave too much power in an umpire's hands, and add considerably to his already heavy responsibility. When a *doubt* has hitherto arisen in the mind of an umpire, he has generally followed the venerable Old Bailey practice, and "given the offender the benefit of that doubt," but here that rule is reversed. We, however, in common with every lover and follower of cricket, have the most implicit reliance on the knowledge and experience of those noblemen and gentlemen with whom the affair rests, and shall certainly not embarrass them with such wise suggestions as those alluded to in our "Correspondence," and that of a gentleman who advises the *enlargement of the wicket*! He would make it a perfect wicket to the Giant's Causeway. We subjoin the proposed amendments:—

Proposed by Sir John Bayley, Bart., and seconded by Lord Charles Russell, that the 10th law stand thus:—

"The ball must be bowled, not thrown or jerked, and the hand must not be above the shoulder in delivery; and whenever the bowler shall so closely infringe on this rule in either of the above particulars, as to make it difficult for the umpire at the bowler's wicket to judge whether the ball has been delivered within the true intent and meaning of this rule or not, the umpire shall call 'no ball.'"

Proposed by the Hon. F. Ponsonby, and seconded by R. Kynaston, Esq., that the following law be substituted for the 12th:—

"If the bowler shall toss the ball over the striker's head, or bowl it so wide that in the opinion of the umpire it shall not be fairly within the reach of the batsman, he shall adjudge one run to the parties receiving the innings, either with or without an appeal, which shall be put down to the score of wide balls; such ball shall not be reckoned as one of the four balls, but if the batsman shall by any means bring himself within reach of the ball, the run shall not be adjudged."

Proposed by Lord Charles Russell, and seconded by the Hon. F. Ponsonby, that the following addition be made to the 37th law:—

"The umpires shall change wickets after each party has had one innings."

Proposed by Sir John Bayley, and seconded by Lord Charles Russell,

"That a general meeting of the club be summoned for Monday, the 2nd of June, at five o'clock, to be held in the Pavilion, to take the above alterations into consideration."

ROGER KYNASTON, Jun., Hon. Sec.

## RAILROAD MELODY.

AIR—"The harp that once through Tara's halls."

The coach that once from Charing-cross  
To distant counties sped,  
Unvarnished now bewails its loss—  
Both guard and coachmen fled.  
So falls the pride of Chaplin's team;  
No crowds his coaches cram,  
Since all the world now goes by steam  
To visit Birmingham.

No more fat dames, with parcels light,  
The drags of Nelson fill;  
The horn which used to sound by night,  
Is now for ever still.  
Post-horses now are voted slow;  
The only work they get  
Is, when some boiler bursts, to show,  
The coaches are upset.

**WEAK LEGS, KNEES, and ANKLES.**

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COMING IN WITH A RUSH.

Thus wiling away time with hearing chaff, and seeing casualties—for every calamity that horseflesh is heir to is food for mirth upon the road from the races—we crawl down that seemingly interminable hill. Although many of the prads were quite *knocked up*, their drivers were remarkably *fresh*, and hence fun and disasters, synonyms on a Derby-day, were multiplied. The Babel ceased as the road slightly cleared, and taking a bye-road, we avoided the throng till we again came on them at the Cock at Sutton. Here our venerated dad got learnedly into a discussion upon the folly of fancying this, that, or the other horse; proceeding to discuss the favourites of every year since 1780, and throwing away a vast quantity of good advice against



LAYING THE (H)ODDS ON THE FAVOURITE.

Laying the (h) odds on the FAVORITE: a subject which I told him, in my point of view, had better be discussed at the *Bricklayers' Arms*, for which the above conceit might serve as a sign. The ould 'un also commented upon the running: telling how this horse was a winner by a head, how that was



A LOSER BY A NECK.

while we quietly blew a fragrant cloud from our Woodville in deep meditation as to what could have become of brother Jonathan. "He'll turn up," quoth dad, as we reached Sam Holden's White Hart, where we changed our steeds, looking meanwhile at the fun of the road. A cab stopped, and out stepped our "absquoterlated" Yankee friend, Elnathan Coon.

"I've had an adventure, if I ain't, split me into shingles, and tile a meeting-house with my rivings. I've jist chopped on to the first-cousin of Pickwick's cab-man. I've read Dickens, d'ye see, but that was afore he dared to say crooked things about the smartest nation in all crea-

tion and a large piece to spare.' Well, as I was gaping about, I lost sight of the spot where I'd left our carriage; so I strayed into a booth. I was out off from supplies, and felt wolfish, so I dropped into some lobster-salad. Coming out I saw Cabby, who asked if I wanted a cast back, we agreed; and as I was in no hurry, he went into a more humble booth, where I treated him to a feed: he had a plate of beef, washed down with the usuals. 'What's to pay?' said I. 'Half-a-crown,' said the dirty-looking waiter. Cabby protested against the extortion, but the charge was made, and must be paid—and so it was. We took to the road, and now came the cream of the jest. We had done three miles, when our horse, who had been dropping his ears and carrying his head in a studious manner, as if reading something on the gravel, suddenly stopped. 'Ah, the blessed creatur,' he knows the distance, sir, you see!

"What distance?" says I. 'Three mile,' says the fellow, 'the blessed cretur knows as well as I do, that he's done my distance for a drain.' Cabby roined and he went on, his 'blessed cretur' certainly pulling out with increased activity, as though aware of his master's refresher. 'May I be so bold as to ax, sir, whether you *did* pay half-a-bull for that bit o' cat's meat I bolted, sir?' 'To be sure I did,' replied I. 'Vell, it vos a shameful himposition, sir, acos they seed a svelt vos a goin' to pay. I vish your half-bull, sir, had been a bad 'un.' 'But why perplex yourself about it so much; I've paid it, and don't grumble.' 'Vell, sir, I *hates* himposition; they sticked it into us, sir, and I'll maintain it. I can't bear anything as is wrong, so I vas determined as *ve* wouldn't come off second best, so,' said he, popping his hand under the seat of his vehicle—'here it is; this 'ill make us sqvare with them; I've nailed the booth cove's dandy (dandriff) brush, and that's worth *three bob*, any day.' That was 'cute, wasn't it?' observed Elnathan. We could not refuse a laugh to Elnathan's characteristic cabman, for there was full as much in the matter as the manner of his anecdote. He joined us, we were again *en route*;—but why repeat a thrice-told tale? The Kennington stoppage, the rows of gleaming gas, as day sunk into the shades of night, and lastly the cheerful home, where over a tumbler of right cognac, we discussed the merits of give-and-take plates, of weight for age, of running two-year-olds, of that much-decried description of race, a handicap. Then came Scott's lot, the merits of



JOHN DAY,

and lastly we talked of the certainty with which the rolling hours must soon bring round that ominous period, the



SETTLING DAY.

And here we paused for lack of argument: having come to the conclusion, from the best information we had been able to obtain, that the result had so utterly floored the knowing ones, that *everybody had lost money*, therefore *nobody could* have won!

The old gentleman's pigtail hung listlessly and limp on the collar of his coat, and an occasional grunt, a dubious compromise between an affirmative and a snore, was his sole reply to various interrogatory boostings of Elnathan, who was maundering about 'mint juleps' and 'sherry cobbles'; so MILES's BOY called for his chamber-candlestick, and retired to dream of

THE DERBY DAY.

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# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 4. FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 14, 1845. THREE HALFPENCE

## HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES OF EPSOM.

BY OLD MILES.

**B**EDE, the Venerable, who got that name few know how or why, tells us that Epsom, was so called in honour of EBBA, the abbess of the nunnery there, who, to save her chastity, "with all her sisterhood, cut off their noses and lips, lest they might attract the lustful desire of the Danish invaders, who notwithstanding this did burn both themselves and their house." "In memory of whyche they do call the place Ebbesham, Ebbisham, or Epsome," says another old file. Now, though virtue is a great treasure, Old Miles cannot help thinking that "cutting off your nose to be revenged of your face," has not in these more modern times been thought worthy of high honour; perhaps these ladies thought differently. Whether this anti-Taliacotian operation\* was efficacious in preserving their virtue or not does not appear on record; but it is clear they did not save their "sticks," for they were obliged to "cut them," and, in honour of this cut-nose foolery, was Ebbesham named, or else—which is much more probable—tradition lies.

Jumping from Ebba and her noseless nuns, we come from the purification of the soul to the purification of the body. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the mineral spring, situated on the common about half a mile west of the village, became a place of fashionable resort. In a "Ramble through the Rookery," in a former number of this publication, my Boy has made some observations on the scrofulous memory of Tory Queen Anne, which, to say the least, were unbecoming and flippant. Whether he is right or not I care not; but certain is the fact that Queen Anne was a terrible patroness of all sorts of stinking sulphates and soapy carbonates wherever she could find them, and so was her husband, Prince George. According to the best—and bad in these matters is the best—account, the spring was discovered in 1618, yet it has since been found out by some poring F.A.S. that the water was mentioned in Elizabeth's reign; now, as Elizabeth (*vide Almanac*), died in 1603, the discovery, I take it, must have been before 1618; but this I leave to the chronologists and antiquaries; for me it suffices that it has been found out—to the high disgust, doubtless, of many a wry-faced urchin.

Strangers were quickly attracted, and the lord of the manor, "for their accommodation," (says the history writer) and his own profit, "erected a building and enclosed the pond formed by the spring." What funny fellows these "historians" are: he enclosed the pond for "the accommodation of the public!" Well, about 1640 the fame of these waters had spread into France, Germany, and other countries; and from them were prepared salts, for which, though sold at "five skillings an ounce," (doubtless also "for the benefit of the public") the demand was greater than could be supplied. About 1692, the concourse of families and foreigners resorting to the well was so great, that Mr. Parkhurst, the then Lord of the Manor, enlarged the first building, by erecting a ball-room, and planted a long walk of elms from the London-road with avenues leading in various directions. The village increased, many lodging-houses were erected, and yet the place would not contain all the company; so that neither Bath nor Tunbridge exceeded it at that time in splendour, or could boast of more distinguished visitors. About the beginning of the last century, these waters gradually lost their reputation, through the *knavery* (?) of one Levingston, an apothecary, (we should like to hear Levingston's defence), who, having purchased a piece of land here, built a large house, with an assembly-room, and sunk a well. By means of concerts, balls, and other diversions, he contrived to allure the company from the old well; and at length getting the lease of the latter into his hands, he locked the place up. The new water, however, was found not to possess the virtue of the old, and Epsom began to be deserted. At the expiration of the lease, Mr. Parkhurst repaired the buildings of the old well; and if the town was not

so much visited by strangers, it was, at least, frequented by the neighbouring gentry, and had a public breakfast here every Monday in the summer. This practice was, at length, wholly superseded by the new fashion of sea-bathing. In 1804, the old building was pulled down, and a dwelling-house erected on its site. The well is preserved.

The Manor of Ebbisham belonged, at the time of the Domesday survey, to the abbey of Chertsey, the monks of which were licensed to have a park here, shut up whenever they pleased. This is supposed to be what is now called "Woodcote Park," about a mile southward of the village. It was long the residence of the Lord of the Manor, till given, towards the conclusion of the seventeenth century, by Mrs. Evelyn to Lord Baltimore. The last possessor of that family led a dissolute life, and in March, 1768, was tried at Kingston for a rape on Sarah Woodcock, a milliner, whom he had sent to his house here. He narrowly escaped being convicted; soon afterwards he sold his estate at this place, went abroad, and died at Naples, in 1771.

Respecting this nobleman, the following anecdotes are given in a periodical, entitled "Olla Podrida for 1785:"—"Lord Baltimore, who published 'Remarks on Constantinople and the Turks in 1768,' and 'A Tour in the Levant in 1669,' determined to keep constantly travelling that, as he said, he might not know where he should be buried. In 1769 he travelled with eight women, a physician, and two blacks, who were entrusted with the superintendence of his little seraglio. With the assistance of his Esculapius, he made some singular experiments upon his hours; feeding such as were inclined to be fat on acid aliments alone, and those of a contrary disposition with milk, soups, and nutritious diet. On his arrival with this retinue at Vienna, the inspector of police begged to be informed which of the eight ladies was his wife? He returned this message, that 'he was an Englishman, and wherever he was called to account about his marriage he immediately left the place, unless an opportunity was afforded him of fighting it out.'"

The mansion and park of Woodcote were purchased by the late Lewis de Tessier, Esq., and his descendant, the Baron de Tessier, is the present liberal and excellent steward of the races.

"Durdans" (the seat of the worthy Sir Gilbert Heathcote, whose nags and stables are identified with the name of Epsom) is said by Aubrey to have been built by the Earl of Berkeley, with the materials of "Nonsuch Palace," when it was demolished by the Duchess of Cleveland, but is erroneously stated by him to have been the scene of the intrigue of Lord Grey of Werk, and his wife's sister; which was not carried on at Durdans, but at another house of the Berkeley's, at the west end of the town, where the workhouse now stands. Durdans was once inhabited by the father of King George III.; being destroyed by fire, a new mansion was erected by Mr. Dalbiac.

In the church is interred Sir Robert, eldest son of the celebrated lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, who died in 1653; and Robert Coke, Esq., whose father was the sixth son of the Lord Chief Justice. Here are several monuments by Flaxman: among the rest that of the Rev. John Parkhurst, author of a Greek and Hebrew Lexicon, who resided at Epsom, and died in 1797. On the tombstone of one of the same family, in the church-yard, is the following whimsical inscription:—

"Here lies the carcase  
Of honest Charles Parkhurst,  
Who ne'er could dance or sing,  
But was always true to  
His Sovereign Lord the King,  
Charles the First."

Ob. Dec. XX., MDCCIV. Etat. LXXXVI.

And here I bid farewell to Epsom, its antiquities, and remembrances; having for the year of grace, 1846, the next say concerning this dull, quiet village, which so seldom awakes from its lethargy, that the quarian fever of its four days meeting is now proposed to be reduced to a tertian, and that three days should restrict its annual excitement—the Derby crisis being on the first Tuesday. "So mote it be; unless," as the Yankees say, "they can fix it 'better' with the Home Secretary as to the amusements to be offered on the course."

[Concluded on page 159.]

\* See Hudibras, Canto I:—

"So learned Taliacotius, from  
The brawny part of porter's —," &c., &c.



## CRICKET.

Then since we yet have cricket left, in which we can rejoice,  
Let's sing its praises cheerily, as with a cricket's voice;  
And if your critic catch me out, I've only this to say—  
My hand though worn by many years, is ready to make play,  
To guard my wicket merrily, and boldly bowl away.—THOMAS DIRDIN.

## HINTS TO CRICKETERS.—No. 6.

LILLYWHITE.—JOHN NYREN V. ROUND BOWLING.—HIS INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG BATSMEN.

THE truly English game of Cricket has the strongest claim on the esteem of every admirer of popular sports, for it is in every sense a game of the people generally, from the prince to the peasant. The annals of the sport we have again chosen for illustration, can count royalty in its records. George the Fourth formed a cricket-ground adjoining the Pavilion at Brighton, in which he often figured both as batsman and fieldsmen; and in which the original of the subjoined sketch,



LILLYWHITE,

the pride of the Sussex bowlers, often displayed his prowess. It cannot be controverted that he has been the most successful bowler of his day, despite the querulous croakings and deeply-rooted prejudices of John Nyren and others, who have stigmatised all our modern professors as *throwers* and *jerkers*. Great allowance must be made for a man, who like John Nyren, had been one of the chief ornaments of the olden style; and who naturally looked on the modern innovation as the means of plucking the hard-earned laurels from his brow, and that at an age, too, that left him no chance of regaining them. We shall not enter into the comparative merits of the two styles here, as it is our intention to lay before our readers an elaborate article on the subject. The triumphs of our little hero have been many and great, in every quarter of the kingdom, and

though many good judges have expressed a doubt as to his occasionally limiting his hand to the prescribed height in the delivery, but few umpires have been found hardy enough to "call him." He is an excellent judge of the game, hale and active even for a youth, and one who can be ill spared from that *sphere* (we intend no pun) in which he so long and so successfully laboured.

In reference to the royal and noble patronage our sport has enjoyed, we may instance the late William the Fourth, to whom the Royal Clarence Cricket Club, at Hampton, owes its birth and name. The Duke of Richmond and the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Dorset, the Earls of Tankerville, Verulam, and Winterton, Lords Frederick Beauclerc, Grimstone and his noble brothers, and Glamis, with an almost interminable list of the best and noblest in the land, were and are not only admirers of the game, but most of them first rate practitioners; and the late Duke of Bedford patronised it as a sport calculated to keep up the manly vigour and character of the people; his opinion was worthy of his patriotism and his discernment. We know of no game better calculated than cricket to bring together the ardent, the active, and the dexterous of every grade, and to encourage and foster the best of feelings between every rank, from the peer to the ploughboy.

The southern counties of England were formerly pre-eminent in their practice of this delightful game, but its attractions have spread it through most parts of England (more especially the north), Ireland, and Scotland. Nay, we have lately heard of its triumphs in France, among our countrymen; and even on the burning soil of India the vigorous sons of Albion have pitched their wickets, and shown their deep-rooted love of their national game in the tangible forms of bats, balls, batters, bowlers, and scouts.

As an addenda to the instructions given in our last with respect to "forward play," we quote John Nyren on the subject, who with all his prejudices against modern bowling, was a most excellent preceptor at all points of his dearly cherished pastime.

## TO STOP A LENGTH-BALL STRAIGHT TO THE WICKET.

"Place the bat down, upright, on the mark made to cover the middle stump, and the feet in their proper situation. Immediately before the ball is delivered, raise the bat steadily till you see where the ball will pitch. Then move the left foot forward, about three feet, keeping the right foot behind the popping-crease. Now move the bat as far forward as you can reach, so as to present its full face to meet the ball; keeping the bat upright, or rather, slanting the *handle* towards the bowler to an angle of about twenty-two degrees. In order to maintain an upright position of the bat, the *left elbow* must be turned up. Let me urge the *young* young batsman not to neglect this direction of turning up the left elbow, for he cannot play his bat upright without doing so. It is likewise the best and safest way for hitting, as well as stopping; for, if a stroke be made with the left elbow in the position stated, and the bat at the same time well upright, the ball cannot rise. I need not point out the advantage of this. The reaching in to stop a length-ball will prevent it from rising or twisting. It will also save the hands, and, better than all, prevent the batter from being caught out. In reaching in, too, be especially careful that the right foot remain firmly in its place *behind* the popping-crease; for, in the eagerness of playing at these balls, the foot will unconsciously draw in. Be careful, therefore, as to this point, for should you miss the ball, a clever wicket-keeper will surely stump you out."

Here is food for reflection and practice for a whole season, and he makes no slight progress in the science who masters thus much in so short a time.

## CRICKETERS' EPITAPHS.

## ON A BOWLER.

SILENT and lonely, 'neath this sacred mound,  
Lies one who erst within these shades was known;  
The finest bowler in the country round,  
From whose strong arm the leathern sphere has flown.

Long had he been his native hamlet's pride,  
Yet scarce had manhood o'er his temples past,  
When Death with envy his green laurels eyed,  
Seized on the ball, and bowled him down at last.

## ON A BATSMAN.

HERE lies a batsman who each ball could nick it,  
Till Death turn'd bowler, and put down his wicket;  
A good long-stop, too, though it doth appear,  
Death would not let him make a *long stop* here.

## ON OLD J. BURDEN, A SOUTHGATE CRICKETER.

Earth and I were both even from birth,  
As any full plainly may see;  
I once was a *Burden* on earth,  
Now earth is a *burden* on me.

NED RUB.

# REFRACTION,

WINNER OF THE OAKS.



**The Property of the Duke of Richmond; trained by Kent, and rode by H. Bell.**

## PEDIGREE OF THE WINNER.

REFRACTION is a brown filly by Glaucus, out of Prism. Her performances are as follows:—In 1844, at Goodwood, when two years old, carrying 8st 4lb, she won the Ham Stakes by two lengths, beating Winchelsea, 8st 10lb; Hersey, 8st 7lb; and the following not placed:—Colt by Bay Middleton, out of Miss Whip, 8st 7lb; the Merry Monarch, 8st 4lb; Bastion, 8st 10lb; Jezail, 8st 4lb; As-you-like-it, 8st 7lb; Stitch, 8st 11lb; and Nightcap, 8st 4lb. Same day ran third to Maid of Orleans; and, carrying 5lb extra, ran second to Nutbourne, beating Tisiphone, Pulci, Stitch, Plaudit, Bretwalda, the Rasher filly by Elis and Hersey, and same meeting divided a stakes with Maid of Orleans. At the Newmarket Second October Meeting, won the Clearwell Stakes by a neck, beating Hersey, Sir Francis, and the following not placed:—Arthur, Plaudit, Prologue, Energy, and Tunic. In 1845, when three years old, Refraction ran third to Lyons, Prologue being second, for the Coffee-room Stakes, in the Newmarket First Spring Meeting. At Epsom won the Oaks, beating 20 others.

## THE FISHER'S CREEL.

## THE HALF WATER.

## A SKETCH.

THERE are about two miles of water running by the side of the Long Meadows, in which the right of fishery is divided between us and the Laughton's. It is the finest pike fishery I know. The water is about eight feet deep, well weeded, with here and there a deep hole and gull, followed by good gravelly scours and swift shallows; where, of course, there is excellent casting for roach, dace, and gudgeon. The stream is not so swift, neither is it so dull: for lying between Penn Stauch and Alanford, every day, and frequently oftener, there comes down a staunch water which sets the fish on the move and ensures us excellent sport. Well, we always fish the Half Water for the first time the first Monday in July, for several reasons. Pike never bite well at trimmers until July. The water is best calculated for trimmering and ill-adapted for trolling from the same cause,—the weeds: which, while they form the finest and surest haunts for large pike, and being cut in holes, afford splendid sport for a trimmer, but effectually block the troller from doing much good, fish with whatever hook he may. I do not mean to say that the arrow-gorge—the common old gorge-hook, and several modern hooks, may not be worked, and well worked, and with good success too, amongst weeds; but in the Half Water they are so thickly bedded and so interminable—that we always trimmer here and troll elsewhere in summer. A hint which may not be amiss in regard to many other waters.

Now, the old and excellent method of trimmering among weeds is to cut holes with a small hook or sithe at about twenty yards asunder, and then fixing the living bait with a good sized bullet, and sinking the roller with a stone, to set a mile or half of a mile of water on one side or both once a fortnight. Perhaps there is no better method, but there is another plan which a trial will speak for better than I can. It is to cut several runs through the weeds, about three feet in width and thirty or forty feet in length, making a circular cut at each end, and there placing a trimmer. We had an enormous pike in Half Water last August, and as his haunt was as well known to us as possible, we had several set for him, but all failed. At length I thought of this mode of fishing; and no sooner thought than done, I got the boat and weed-hook, and cutting a lane through the weeds, made two good sized holes at each end. I then left the place quiet for three weeks. One Thursday morning there was a fine southerly wind and very little sun, and the governor having a party that day I told him what was up and went to work. With a moderate roach baited in either hole I fixed myself waiting on the shore, waiting patiently while angling for perch, the issue of my manœuvre. About an hour had elapsed and I heard him strike—five minutes more and he flung out of water a yard, if he sprung an inch. The hook was in his gullet; he was mine! I had never taken my eye from the spot after I heard the strike until I saw his plunge, and then packing up my perch tackle, and gathering my fish together, I got into the boat and went in quest of my prize. About a quarter of an hour had elapsed, and I knew he was mine, unless some untoward event had spoilt all. "To the boat and row steady, Ned," quoth I; "and where's the line?" The first grope with the sprit missed it, but it came the second, taught as a cable. He had run far in the weeds; it is astonishing how a large pike imbeds himself in weeds when he is deeply hooked; but quietly and cautiously clearing them from the line and coiling it carefully in the boat, by-and-bye we came up with him, and after the usual plunge, splash, and struggle, he was safe in the punt thirty-two inches from eye to fork. Since that day, whenever I mean mischief, I cut a dozen lanes or weed paths, and then, after giving a week or ten days to the pike to use them in security, with two dozen trimmers, am safe of a splendid day's sport. Thus, if all's well, I figure in print, while he is quietly at work in the Half Water amongst my lanes and holes. A kind of "city of the sea" is thus around me, broad street and ample squares for the habitants of the waters, and I the architect of all. And so the love of fields and flowers, and waters, which belongs to country life, and lends to fishing and shooting half their zest and enjoyment, may find a fresh fund of pleasure and amusement in the mimic scene of artificial towns in the Nene, the Welland, and the Cam.

May 26th, 1845.

GEORGE AUSTIN, JUN.

## PIKE FISHING IN CANADA.

I HAD heard much of the muskanungee, a kind of mammoth pike, in the Canadian lakes and rivers, and I subsequently discovered that my old shipmate had kindly requested his brother officer to organize a day's sport in honour of my visit. Of strong and excellent tackle there was no lack; our rods short and stiff, such as are generally used for dead snap fishing; one or two of the lines of plaited silk, the rest of whipcord; our bait consisted of small trout, very large minnows, and a bright little fish something between a dace and a bleak, which some urchins of the village had been deputed to catch in the brooks. As soon as we were in deep water, and had approached the spot where our cicerone had predicted we should be sure of "a run," our rods and lines (wound on large salmon reels) were put together, and the live bait impaled *secundum artem*. Acting under Captain Browne's advice, I selected one of the captivating and lively white fish for my bait, and had good cause to thank him for the judicious recommendation, for my hook and

gym had not been lowered to the prescribed depth (about seven or eight yards) more than two or three minutes, ere my reel was spinning like a Manchester jenny. "Strike now," called out Captain Browne; and strike I did, and then came "the tug of war." I have hooked and played a shark many a time on the broad Atlantic in calm weather, but my arms never ached more from exertion than on the occasion I am recording. Having incautiously handled my rod after the European fashion, my fingers were cruelly cut by the line being whisked through them with such extraordinary velocity; the excitement as well as the novelty of the affair prevented my noticing the inconvenience at the time. I shall never forget the sensation I experienced on feeling such a monster at the end of my line. "Gently does it"—"now wind up"—"now let him go," were the alternate cautions given me by the experienced troller at my elbow. "By the powers! he's a big fish, and I'm right glad you've got him," continued Captain Browne; "he'll give us some trouble yet; he's a forty pounder at least." Many minutes elapsed before I caught a glimpse even at my splendid prize; but at length this fresh-water monster, having been exhausted by the resolute game I had played, came within view of our party in the boat; three hearty cheers greeted the aldermanic pike, which vociferous compliment by the way, was not received with a very good grace, for the disgusted captive abruptly turned tail, carrying with him as many yards of line as I could well afford him. He tried all sorts of dodges; but the tackle was too stout, and he had been too firmly hooked to admit of his giving us the slip. Having run to the end of his tether, my friend remained quiet for a minute or two. "He's sulking now," said Captain Browne; "give a pull at him before he gets his second wind." Following my monitor's instructions, I went to work after the fashion of an Italian boy with a hurdy-gurdy, and wound away to some tune. For the succeeding quarter of an hour, we kept up a very animated game of "pull devil pull baker;" but as I had the best of it, I felt but little inclination to show any quarter—the race of the muskanungee was run; the sand of his piscatorial existence was ebbing fast, thanks to the stout gym and honest steel that held him fast by his formidable jaws. A fiercer or more resolute customer I never battled with; he fought nobly, and died, as all well-conditioned pike of Patagonian dimensions should do—game to the last, and snapping at every object, animate or inanimate, within reach of his molars. My experienced coadjutor gaffed my prize most dextrously, as soon as the colossal fish was brought to the surface, and in a trice he was floundering in the boat, lashing right and left with his ponderous tail, much to the discomfiture of the cornet, whose immaculate ducks and polished boots were awfully bespattered.—*The Sportsman in Canada, by F. Tolfrey, Esq.*

## THE FORTHCOMING FIGHT FOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

TUNE—"Betsy Martin."

The fistic world's alive  
For that grand day to arrive,  
When Bendigo and Ben Caunt in the ring will strip,  
To display their art and mettle,  
And their disputes to settle,  
And to show who's most entitled to the championship.  
It's twice they've fought  
Together, and show'd sport;  
When into each other they most gallantly did slip.  
They alternate victors were,  
So now it is but fair  
That they should see who's most entitled to the championship.  
In eight hundred thirty-five  
They first met in fight to strive,  
When Ben Caunt rushed in rather wild and quick,  
And his own chance he did brown,  
Striking Bendigo while down;  
But then they were not fighting for the championship.  
The next fight you must know,  
Was lost by Bendigo,  
Who without exchange of blows to the ground did slip;  
Let us hope, when next they fight,  
That it will go on all right,  
And end more satisfactorily for the championship.  
A twelve stone man is Bendigo,  
Caunt some two stone more or so;  
September's the month when these pugs will strip,  
Most bravely to contest,  
And see who is the best,  
And the most entitled to the championship.  
In age they're 'bout a par,  
In the prime of life they are,  
And when they go to battle may they have a pleasant trip,  
Let's hope in this affray  
The best man may gain the day,  
And prove himself worthy of the championship.  
Old-street, St. Luke's, May 30th, 1845.

S. MUSGRAVE,

## THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON,

UNDER THE COMMAND OF THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES ANDERSON PELHAM, EARL OF YARBOROUGH, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Boast not of the fields we have won,  
The glory we there have acquired,  
The feats that our soldiers have done,  
Although by the million admired:  
Those fields might undoubtedly claim  
A warm panegyric from me;  
But ENGLAND if wealth be thy aim,  
*I'd have thee look well to the sea!*

Fine troops in their "gorgeous array,"  
And mounted on proud "barbed steeds,"  
Are things that, I'll venture to say,  
No right-thinking Englishman heeds,  
'Tis all very pleasant to prate  
Of being from slavery free;  
But ENGLAND! if thou would'st be great,  
*I'd have thee look well to the sea!*

Thy foes, my dear country, are strong,  
Ambitious, rebellious, and shrewd;  
And may, peradventure, ere long,  
Thy vigilant spirit elude:  
They hate thee for curbing their sway—  
For making their myrmidons flee;  
Then if thou would'st keep them at bay,  
*I'd have thee look well to the sea!*

Be, therefore, the friend of the school,  
Distinguish'd by Yarrow's name;  
For that serves to strengthen thy rule,  
And add to thy maritime fame:  
Fine soldiers are baubles for kings  
To play with; but if thou would'st be  
Surrounded by more useful things,  
*I'd have thee look well to the sea!*

'Twas there we first gather'd renown—  
'Twas there we extended our fame—  
And, but for its tenure, the Crown  
Would long since have been a mere name!  
'Tis that foils our enemies' spite,  
However terrific it be—  
And, therefore, to baffle their might,  
*I'd have thee look well to the sea!*

What nursery then can compare  
With that to which Pelham belongs—  
What heroes may still be rear'd there,  
To match with their Nelsons and Strachans!  
'Twas men of their valour that gave  
Such greatness, my country, to thee!  
And if thou would'st not be a slave,  
*I'd have thee look well to the sea!*

How many fine spirits adorn  
The Squadron that Yarrow leads—  
How many that yet are unborn  
Will there learn what gallantry needs!  
There, formed to make insolence quail  
New Duncan's and Nelsons shall be—  
Hence, England! if thou would'st prevail,  
*I'd have thee look well to the sea!*

That gave us the strength we possess—  
Without it we quickly must fall—  
Our soldiers have had some success,  
But tars are the men after all!  
Encourage then, Yarrow's fleet,  
Though slight in its structure it be,  
For that will do much that is meet  
*To keep thee the Queen of the Sea!*

**WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF COIN.**—A penny, of the reign of Victoria, was discovered last week in the toll-box of the Waterloo Bridge. The toll-keeper is quite puzzled to explain how it could have got there, as he does not recollect ever seeing anything of the kind since he has had the exclusive possession of the bridge. The supposition is, the penny must have been dropped into the toll-box by some charitable individual who had mistaken it for a poor-box. However, we congratulate the shareholders upon their sudden accession of property.

**A ROYAL HEIR LOOM.**—At the dinner recently given by the Goldsmith's Company to Prince Albert, His Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge remarked, "That it would always afford him the greatest satisfaction to meet his fellow-citizens at their hospitable board." It is by little touches of this sort, that we recognise in the son all the genius of the father!

## NEW BANK FOR STEALINGS.

IMPORTANT TO ROGUES AND VAGABONDS.

THERE is a by no means inconsiderable class of persons whose interests have, for a long time, been very grievously neglected—we allude to the disreputable portion of society. This has been partly the fault of the body in question; for it is an old-established maxim that when good men unite, characters of an opposite description should combine; whereas lamentable disunion has existed among the furtive community. It has long been a reproach to roguery that it never prospers; a fact which is owing to the improvidence which generally accompanies want of principle. Numerous examples in Church and State, as well as in the commercial world, prove that it is possible for a prudent rogue to get on as well as anybody else. Organisation is as necessary as honour among thieves; and an eminent pickpocket has accordingly suggested the propriety of establishing a Stealings' Bank to be conducted on the principle of Savings' Bank, for the accumulation of the earnings of dishonest industry, as a provision for the depredator's declining years. The direction of the Stealings' Bank will be vested in a chairman, whose name, for obvious reasons, it were inexpedient to publish, as he is the greatest rogue in England. This gentleman (if we are justified in using that expression) will be assisted by an unlimited number of vices of the lowest grade. The smallest deposits will be admissible; and plunder in kind will be regarded as an investment, and receive a fair monied equivalent; whereby it is hoped an end will be put to the extortions of marine-store dealers. The Bank will be open to yards of ribbons and bits of tape, and even to rags and bones. To sharp shop-boys having access to tills, no less than to the footpad and highwayman, this institution will be available, and will receive any amount of booty, from the smallest theft to the highest burglary, swindling, or forgery transaction. No distinction will be made between common thieves, sharpers, and pickpockets, and speculators in Government or other official situations, so that to all dishonestly-disposed persons holding ministerial appointments, or berths in the Excise and Customs, the Stealings' Bank holds out peculiar temptations; as also to individuals of the same description, in positions of trust, having the control of corporate or parochial affairs; magistrates' clerks, also, and officers of certain law courts, whose fees come decidedly under the head of impositions, will find an appropriate receptacle for their gains in the Stealings' Bank. Open from ten o'clock at night till four in the morning. Further particulars will be duly announced.

## GREAT FOOT RACE.

(From Punch.)

THE great event in the political sporting world has been the match between little Jack Russell and Bob Peel, the former known as the Whig Pet, and the latter as the Carlton Slasher. The subject of the contest was a race to decide the speed of the two men, in getting to Free Trade, which was fixed upon as the winning-post. Considerable interest had been excited by the announcement of the match, for, though the parties had often sparred together in the Parliamentary prize ring, a race in the same direction between the two men was a bit of sport which none but the very knowing ones had ever dreamt of witnessing.

Before the match, betting was in favour of Jack Russell, who knew something of the ground, and had been over a part of it before, though he had never had the courage to try his powers to any extent, so that it was really difficult to say how he would get along over it. Bob Peel, on the contrary, had invariably walked in quite an opposite direction, and the ground was so new to him, that many wondered at his boldness in undertaking a match where every step must be quite out of the track he had all his life been accustomed to. What, however, he wanted in the way of habit, was more than compensated by his hardihood—or, as it is technically termed, "pluck;" and as Jack Russell had sometimes shown himself timid in going on when he had once started, his antagonist became rather the favourite. At a given signal the men went away, but the Carlton Slasher made one or two false starts, and it was for some time doubtful whether he was really in earnest, and intended to complete the match, or whether he had been merely trifling. At length, however, he slipped off, and though the Whig Pet was a little beforehand with him, the Carlton Slasher struck away at such an unexpected speed that his own backers were more surprised than any one. Jack Russell now began to step out, and managed to get side by side with Peel for some little time, but the latter soon distanced the former, who was allowed by his own friends to have been fairly beaten in the Free Trade foot-race by the Slasher.

## REMARKS.

The race was on the whole a very good one, and Jack Russell might have had the best of it if he had gone fairly and honestly to work at once, instead of wavering, as he did in several instances. Bob Peel showed considerable game, and a good deal of tact, for he evinced consummate skill in getting to the right side at the right time, and turning so as to make the very best of his ground that was possible.

**CRUEL EXERTION.**—The cream-coloured horses of the royal sttd have been practising every day for the last week with several pieces of ordnance placed inside the state carriage, so that they may be strong enough to carry down to Parliament the QUEEN'S Speech.



## CORRESPONDENTS.

- R. DENNISON.—You ask for a brown cornish. The best we know, but it should not be put on anything that is oiled, is: spirits of wine half a pint, seed lac an ounce and a quarter; dissolve the lac two days in the spirits, keeping it most part of the first day within a moderate distance of the fire.
- A. YOUNGSTER.—The fieldfare is only a visitor in these islands. It makes its appearance about the beginning of October, to avoid the rigorous winter of the north, and leaves us about the end of February or the beginning of March, according to the forwardness of the season.
- B. TODRUNKER.—Firing is the application of a red-hot iron to the skin, so as to burn it without penetrating it: cauterising a horse's legs in this manner rouses the absorbents into action, and hence callosities, and even bony swellings are sometimes dispersed.
- R. BAWELL.—There is an excellent Latin phrase, which has passed into a proverb; it says, "*Festus lente*," which interpreted, meaneth, it is safest to "make haste slowly." R. S. will understand this hint: if he be not "a blind horse," to which "a nod is as good as (and no better than) a wink," as another proverb saith.
- HARRY.—We once heard a stage-struck wight, who ambitioned histrionic laurels, thus deliver himself while playing the "Distract Dane":—"Where be your gibes now? Your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a more?" We trust "Harry" has no such intention through the medium of these columns.—*Perb. sap.*
- J. W., Gosport.—Spring and Langan fought twice; first, at Worcester, Jan. 7th, 1824; 2nd, near Chichester, June 8th, 1824. Both men are living now. Ned Painter beat Spring in their second and last fight. Ned Neale beat Ned Baldwin (Whiteheaded Bob) Oct. 19th, 1824; fought a drawn battle with the same, in April, 1828; and finally was beaten by him in May of the same year. Your former letter never came to hand.
- F. B., Cheltenham.—This is the first time we have seen your handwriting. The first number of the "*Sportsman*" was never been out of print. If your newsmen addresses him order to Mr. Clark, he can have No. 1 directly; it has always been on sale.
- G. R. C.—There is sparring at Owen Swift's on certain nights, which you will find advertised in *Bell's Life*, under the head of "The Ring," towards its conclusion. We should be liable to a charge from the Stamp-office for evading the advertisement duty, if we told you the terms and the hours. A glass of brandy-and-water will about frank you.
- W. T.—Your friend has deceived you, either intentionally or ignorantly. Lord Brougham's Act only limits the number of weeks' rent recoverable from a weekly tenant who has been duly declared insolvent or bankrupt. The fact of your paying your rent by a weekly sum, constitutes you a weekly tenant in law; and therefore your landlord can demand extra rent after giving you a weeks' notice, but not until the expiry of the week following.
- P. B.—The subject of recipes for distemper is a wide one. Perhaps *Cecil's* remarks in an extract you will find in another page, may be found serviceable. In the meantime if your case is urgent take the following:—So soon as you are convinced by the symptoms of the disorder, give an ounce of castor oil, and so soon as its operation has ceased, the following powder, mixed with butter, every two hours, keeping the dog warm, and supplying him frequently with warm milk, or water-gruel. Should the medicine occasion sickness or purging, the quantity and frequency of the doses to be reduced.
- White antimonial powder, 6 grains  
Crocus metallorum 6 grains  
Calx of antimony 10 grains
- for each dose. This is enough for a pointer or fox-hound. Vary accordingly to suit size of dog. Another remedy is one grain and a half of calomel, and five grains of rhubarb, repeated every other day. Turpith's mineral is the keeper's pet remedy, but the medicines for distemper are "*Legion*," the specific none.—We will give you a say on this subject, more at large, anon. Emetics and sulphur, and emetics and jalap, have our own strong favour.—The second question is easily answered; the complete obliteration of one testicle, though it does not always entirely destroy desire, invariably produces impotency. The Plute will be some weeks before it will be in a state even to announce, for when the announcement is made, we intend to be punctual.
- ROBERTUS.—Ingils, (the featherbed-maker) who beat Ned Turner, but was in turn defeated by him, was called "the Phenomenon," as well as the late Young Dutch Sam.—You are confounding O'Neal (with the big O), with Ned Neal, (once the Streatham Youth), Jem Burn never beat Ned Neal, but was beaten twice by him.
- "SCAWDRIVER."—Harry Holt was never deficient in pluck, but he was beaten in his last three fights by Randall, D. Hudson, and Scroggins.
- CRICKET.—By an oversight of the compositor the circumference of the ball was stated to be from 9 inches to 9 and a half—its extreme girth is nine inches and a quarter.
- C. FENSHUR.—There are several clubs within easy access of the point you mention, but Lord's, at St. John's Wood, is the only one directly within that locality, where two or three juvenile clubs are held. Apply for the other points of information to Mr. Dark, on the ground. Highgate, Hampstead, Islington, and Camden Town, all give upon the point you mention, and boast some very excellent clubs. Should these suit, apply to Mr. Garratt, Copenhagen House, or Mr. H. Bromley, Brecknock Arms, Camden Road, Camden Town.
- S. P. Q.—We dislike anything in the shape of a quibble. Give up the point; it will gain you much esteem at little cost.
- G. BELL.—Out: you had no right to go off your ground.
- WICKET.—Had you attended to our suggestions on the selection of umpires, such an unpleasant occurrence would have been avoided.
- BOS, Watford.—The Stanmore bowler alluded to is occasionally given to "throwing," but we should not call him an unfair bowler altogether. Many very celebrated men have, unfortunately, set a bad example in this respect.
- NED CON.—We shall be glad to hear from you, old fellow. Your Essay is *con-nect*.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

SUNDAY, JUNE 8th.—Third Sunday after Trinity.—Mrs. Siddons died, 1831.

JUNE.  
The mowers now bend o'er the bearded grass—  
The ploughman sweats along the fallow vales—  
The shepherd's leisure hours are over now,  
No more he litters 'neath the hedge-row bough;  
With whistle, barking dogs, and chiding scold,  
He drives the bleating sheep from fallow fold  
To wash-pools, where the willow shadows lean,  
Dashing them in, their stained coats to clean;  
Then on the sunny sward, when dry again,  
He brings them homeward to the clipping pen.

CLARENCE'S Shepherd's Calendar.

MONDAY 9.—Swallowfield Fair.—Lilly the Astrologer died, 1821.

Anything.—In June, roach, dace, minnow, bleak, gudgeons, eels, barbel, ruffe, perch, pike, and trout, are in season. Carp, tench, bream, and gudgeons spawn. The white gnat, cock-tail, gold spinner, governor, blue gnat, whirling dun, hares' ear, and kingdom flies, make their entrance. The gold-spinner, governor, and kingdom flies continue till August; the blue gnat for about a fortnight, and the other flies in this month's list, during the summer.

TUESDAY, 10.—ABOUT RACES.—Oxford, the pot-boy, shot at the Queen, 1840;—for which he has been taken care of like a gentleman ever since, instead of bread and water and a good whipping once a year.

WEDNESDAY 11.—St. Barnabas' week—this is a standing line in all almanacks.—Shrewsbury Fair.—Wat Tyler killed in Smithfield, 1381.—*Historical questions for youth.*—*What Tyler was stated by a Lord Mayor?*—And what Mayor unlaid St. Stephen's, Walbrook?THURSDAY 12.—The Ascot Cup Day.—Many *sable legs* stagger from the effects of a *cup* too much.—Trinity Term ends.FRIDAY, 13.—We publish our Ascot Number, with the Winner and the Cups.—We hope by this *cupping* to bleed our subscribers.—The British take the Bogus Ports in the Canton River, 1841.SATURDAY, 14.—Battle of Marengo 1800.—Electrical Rods affixed to the Duke of York's Column, 1844: *arithmetical question for youngsters*—"how many of

these rods go to his Royal Highness's perch?"—Mr. Mazzini and Mr. Thomas Duncombe complain to the House that Sir James Graham has been peeping into their letters, 1844: this occasions Sir Peter Laurie to make a con—"as follows:—Why is the Home Secretary like Ould Ireland, as described by Mr. Daniel O'Connell? D'ye give it up?—Because he's "First Jim of the sec."—We can hardly see the joke, it is decidedly C. D.

## THE MOON IN JUNE.

New Moon, 6th .. .. .	1	7 morn.
First Quarter, 13th .. .. .	3	43 morn.
Full Moon, 19th .. .. .	11	18 aft.
Last Quarter, 26th .. .. .	3	27 aft.

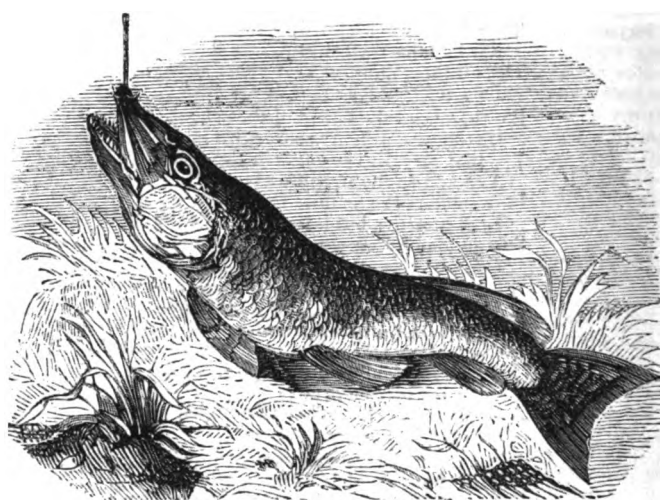
## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High water at London Bridge.

	morn.	aft.		morn.	aft.
Sunday, June 8th .. .. .	3 58	4 14	Thursday, 12th .. .. .	6 24	6 47
Monday, 9th .. .. .	4 30	4 48	Friday, 13th .. .. .	7 11	7 38
Tuesday, 10th .. .. .	5 6	5 25	Saturday, 14th .. .. .	8 6	8 40
Wednesday, 11th .. .. .	5 43	6 3			

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING, JUNE 14.



THE PIKE.



OW can we better devote the space of the Leader, in these, our crowded columns, than by occupying its place with the "fresh-water shark," the tyrant of the flood? Let this, then, be our apology for dashing at once in *medias res*, in preference to dilating *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, for so true as "Jack's alive," the pike will bite, if you attend, tyro, to these plain observations and directions.

## SEASONS AND HAUNTS OF PIKE.

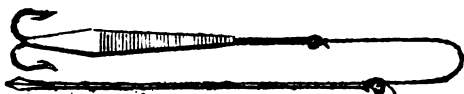
Captain Williamson informs us that "the pike generally spawns in March, though sometimes in the last week of February, or in the early days of April, according as the weather may be more or less mild. At this period the female retires among the heavy masses of weed generally growing at the edges of the waters in shallow places, where she casts her spawn, the male attending her with apparent solicitude. So soon as the spawning is over, both return for a few days to the deep water, and during the middle of the day lie on the surface, basking in a state of torpidity, enjoying the warmth, and for the most part with their faces towards the sun. In this state they are frequently taken by what is called 'halter-ing' or 'snaring.'"

The pike is fond of quiet, shady, unfrequented water, and lurks in the midst of weeds, flags, or bulrushes; yet he often makes excursions from these, and ranges about in search of prey. In winter and cold weather he lies deep, and near the bottom, but as the weather grows warm he frequents the shallows. In a very hot, clear, sultry day, he may be seen lying on the surface of the water, but then you cannot tempt him with any bait. It is observable that pike generally swim single, as they prey upon each other, and all other fish, except the perch, fly from them. His best biting-time is early in the morning and late in the evening, when there is a brisk wind, and where the water is clear.

## TROLLING FOR PIKE.

The mode of angling named *trolling* (which is derived from the old French, *troller*, to walk) is precisely similar to minnow-fishing for trout. The trolling-rod has several small rings fixed on every one of its joints; upon the butt-joint is fitted a reel with its winch. On the reel are wound twenty, thirty, or forty yards of silk line, which pass through the rings on the rod, and are then fastened to the gimp with which the hook is

armed. The hook itself is a compound of two small perch-hooks put back to back. Between the hooks hangs a little chain, and at the end of the chain a small plummet. The plummet is to be sewn into the mouth of a dead fish, roach or gudgeon, the hooks being left without, exposed to sight.



Gorge hook and baiting needle.

To bait a gorge hook, take a baiting needle, and hook the curved end to the top of the gimp, to which the hook is tied; then introduce the point of the needle into a dead-bait's mouth, and bring it out at the middle of the fork of the tail, by which means the piece of lead which covers the shank of the hook, and part of the connecting wire, will lay concealed in the interior of the bait: the shank will be in the middle of its mouth, and the barbs on the outside turning upwards. To keep the bait steady on the hook, fasten the tail part just above the fork to the gimp, with a silk or cotton thread; or a neater method is, to pass the needle and thread through the side of the bait, about half an inch above the tail, so as to encircle the gimp in the interior. The baits used vary in weight from one to four ounces, and the hooks must be proportioned to the size of fish with which they are to be baited. The barbs of the hook ought not to project much beyond the sides of the mouth, because, as the pike generally seizes his prey sideways, and turns it before it is pouched or swallowed, if he feels the points of the hooks, he may cast it out entirely.

The bait, thus fastened, is to be kept in constant motion in the water, sometimes suffered to sink, then gradually raised; now drawn with the stream and now against it, the better to counterfeit life. "After trying closely," says Salter, "make your next throw further in the water, and draw and sink the baited hook, drawing it straight upwards near to the surface of the water, and also to right and left, searching carefully every foot of water, and draw your bait with the stream, because you must know that the jack and pike lie in waiting for their food with their heads and eyes pointing up the stream, to catch what may be coming down; therefore experienced trollers fish a river down, or obliquely across; but the inconsiderate as frequently troll against the stream, which is improper, because they then draw their baited hook behind either jack or pike when it is stationary, instead of bringing it before his eyes or mouth to tempt."

#### SPINNING.

A clever writer who signs "Titus" in Blackwood's Magazine, says, "you may spin if you please instead of trolling; and, where you have a wide water, not more than six or eight feet deep, and a great extent, so that the fish do not haunt particular little spots, but rove abroad, especially towards mid-day, spin by all means; it is the most killing style of fishing in the world. Here, again, you use the dead-bait, but not exactly as you do in trolling; and, if the weather be warm, and the season early, if any thing attracts jack, or a large trout, you seduce them in this way. Put on two swivels at least. Your bait you must be taught to fix upon the hook by an adept. Newton could not give the figure of it on paper. Let your fish spin rapidly, and as evenly as if it turned upon a spit put through it, not swerving and wabbling from side to side as it passes through the water. Throw twenty yards of line or you do nothing. So!—from the bank here—right over, under the osiers (or, as the cockneys call them "hosiers," on the other side! now draw diagonally—half against, half across, the stream towards you! See how it spins;—if there is a jack—a trout—a chub within forty yards either side—if he has but as many eyes as a tailor's needle, he cannot miss it."

#### SNAP-FISHING.

Though pike is one of the most voracious fishes, it is found sometimes that it will play with the bait rather than swallow it, in which case, the snap is to be used. The snap tackle may consist of a single hook, larger and stouter than any within the register, which being fastened to strong gimp, is inserted at the mouth of a gudgeon, or other small fish, (the smaller, indeed, the more certain,) and brought out either at the middle of its side, or just before the vent.

But the treble-snap is by far the best; being made of three such hooks tied fast together, and secured to a piece of gimp; which being inserted by means of a baiting needle, at the vent, and carried out at the mouth, which is afterwards sewed up and perforated by a lip-hook, the three hooks being spread into different directions, it is a thousand to one but that the pike is hooked.

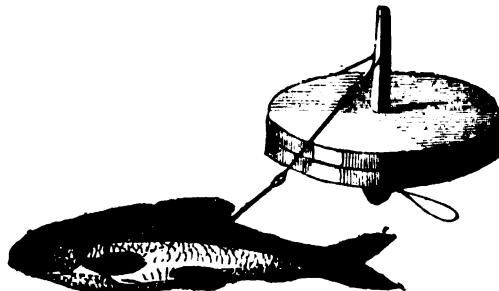


a, dead snap with three hooks; b, the same baited.

Let the hook thus baited swim down the current, and when you perceive the float to be drawn under water, you may conclude the pike has laid hold of it; therefore give it a small jerk, and without allowing him time to play, keep your line always straight, drawing him towards the shore as soon as you can without breaking your tackle, and then with your landing-net throw him out of the water. It will always be the most prudent method to have gimp or brass wire next your hook, and your line to be rather shorter than the rod.

Whatever may be the length or thickness of your line, you will always find it useful to have a small swivel on it; if within a yard of the hook the better. Without this it will not be easy to manage the line properly.

#### TRIMMING FOR PIKE.



Trimmer baited.

There are several sorts of trimmers. One is made of flat cork, or any light wood painted, seven or eight inches in diameter, turned round, with a groove in the edge large enough to receive a fine whipcord or silk-line twelve or fourteen yards, or, at least, five yards longer than the depth of the water: a small peg, two inches long, is fixed in the centre, with the end slit; a small double hook fixed to a brass-wire link. Insert the baiting needle under the side-fin of the bait, (for which gudgeons of an ounce weight or more are superior to all others), and keep it just within the skin of the side; bring it out beyond the back-fin, drawing the wire after it, and the hook, when drawn home, will be partly covered by the side-fin. This method, performed carefully, will preserve the fish alive for many hours longer than any other; one end of the line is of course fixed to the cork, the other to the loop in the wire; the line is slightly put into the slit of the peg to keep the bait at a proper depth (from three to four feet), and to prevent its untwisting the line out of the groove. The trimmer should always be started on the windward side of the pond, and the rougher the water the better sport; if not seized in one trip, it must be taken up and re-started from the windward side again.

Other trimmers are also of cork, and are to be baited and used as above; their form is triangular, this being best adopted to go easily through weeds when taken by the pike; after the line is run off they will follow in the shape of a wedge, and will not long be kept from appearing on the surface in the weediest places: a hole is burnt through one corner of the cork, by which with a cord it may be made stationary to the side of any water; and which method is sometimes preferred where a boat cannot be readily commanded. No species of fishing does more execution than this: in windy weather, at all seasons of the year, and both day and night, the trimmer presents itself as the pike's most deadly foe.

#### LIVE BAIT FISHING.

"You cannot be supposed," says Titus in Blackwood, "to be in the middle of all the brightest and fairest of the creation, and yet be contented to go spooning on, dipping in and out, groping the bottom of the river without an eye for a whole day together, without attending for a moment to any of them: why, you should use the 'Live Bait,' make a good gudgeon fish for you, while you look on and take the credit of his exertions: that's the way! Now this is to me your real style of fishing, when fishing is worth having; that is, when the water is just half bright, just grey, just the colour of a quaker girl's frock, and on a quiet, half frosty morning."



Live bait fixed on a hook.

The bait may be, for clear water, either a dace or a tolerable sized gudgeon; but, when the water is rather coloured, a roach with its silvery gloss is most attractive. When a single hook is used, and one is enough, either pass the point and barb of the hook through the lips of the bait, toward the side of the mouth, or through beneath the base of the fore portion of the back-fin. When a double hook is used take a baiting needle, hook its curved end into the loop of the gimp, and pass its point beneath the skin of the bait from behind the gills upwards in a sloping direction, bringing it out behind the extremity of the back-fin; then draw the gimp till the bends of the hooks are brought to the place where the needle entered, and attach the loop to the trolling line.

## TOO NEAR TO BE PLEASANT.

**T**HE Bundlunds may justly be styled the wilderness of India. No human hand has ever endeavoured to recover the jungle-covered land from its primitive wildness, overgrown with closely-tangled brushwood. Its swampy soil is reckoned so unhealthy, that few wretches, however poor, have as yet been found hardy enough to settle here. Through this district, however, the military officer is sometimes compelled to pass to arrive at the head-quarters of his regiment. Such was the fate of Arthur Mactavish, who related to me the following adventure, which there befel him.

Mac, having grown dreadfully weary of his long confinement on board the little boat in which he was slowly voyaging through the Bundlunds, determined on landing near the first spot which should present to his eye the agreeable view of a human habitation. Aware that the whole country around him was swarming with ferocious wild animals, he wisely refrained from going on shore on many of the beautiful but solitary spots by which he passed. At length he came to a little knot of Indian hovels, which stood some half a mile from the banks. Arthur here desired his head dandy (boatman) to *lugow* (the act of fastening the boat to the shore), and instantly shouldering his Manton, started for the native village. On his approach being perceived, a couple of Indians, divested of every strip of clothes except their small *lungotes* (the very smallest rag which decency requires), hastened to meet him, and warn him of the many pitfalls around him. From these men he learnt that their only occupation was that of digging holes, resembling human graves, about eight feet deep, which they covered with small branches of trees and brushwood. By these means they ensnared the wild animals, who, unconscious of the trap thus artfully set, would often tread on the seeming firm ground, and in the next instant find themselves prisoners at the mercy of their captors, who instantly despatched them, selling the skins of some, and claiming from the authorities the price set upon every tiger's head. Of these animals they had captured above twenty during the preceding twelvemonths. Two of their party, it is true, had been destroyed by these ferocious beasts; but as the natives considered that it must have been their *nusseed* (pre-ordained fate), they appeared little affected by the circumstance. It was now late in the day; so, desiring them to go and fetch his sleeping mats, he determined on remaining in one of these huts for the night, as they promised him, in this case, that at break of day they would point out some splendid sport to him. To obtain what they described, he would willingly have gone half round the world, so he unhesitatingly accepted their offer, and determined on passing the night there.

After partaking of some rice and ghee, having cleaned his gun (one barrel of which he always charged with ball, the other with shot), and arranged his ammunition and shooting apparatus for the following morning (in places where we have few companions to divert us, this is half the sport), he laid himself down to rest, taking care, however, to bar the door as well as he could, for he rather disliked the manner of one of the villagers, and already began to repent that he had thus left himself completely in their power. His servants, whom he now regretted not having brought with him, were full half a mile off. The few natives around him were strong athletic men, accustomed to struggle with wild beasts, and almost as ferocious in their natures as the animals they were in the habit of hunting. At liberty to change from spot to spot, enabled in the fastnesses of the Bundlunds to elude the most diligent search, proverbially avaricious, thinking little of the sacrifice of life, why should not these men fall on him, and murder him? He had foolishly displayed his purse to them, filled with rupees, and had vaunted the goodness of his gun, an object to them more precious than gold itself. What, then, was to prevent their making themselves masters of all these? Nothing. He felt this, and revolving it in his mind, fell into a light, uneasy slumber.

It must have been about one o'clock in the morning, when he was awakened by hearing several voices conversing in suppressed tones close to the little window of the hut, which was ill-blocked up by a *cuskos tattio* (a blind or shutter made of dried grass.) Mactavish stealthily crept towards it, and, to his utter consternation, heard them thus explain their bloodthirsty intentions.

"How long," demanded a strange voice, "is it since you got him in?"

"Just before nightfall."

"Have you since listened, to ascertain if he is stirring?"

"I have, and suspect he is fast asleep."

"Then this is the best time to fall on him. But as you say he is powerful, we had better go prudently to work. How do you propose to attack him?"

"I think," replied one of his entertainers, "the best way will be to fire at him through the crevices with poisoned arrows."

"But, suppose he bursts forth!"

"Oh! then we'll despatch him with our knives."

"Have you got them with you?"

"Not yet."

"Well, then, be quick," said the apparent leader; "be off and fetch them, and we'll get the job over as soon as possible. I'll return in five minutes," and Mactavish heard them suddenly go off in different directions.

With a panting heart Mac listened as their footsteps died away; then, seizing his gun, he determined to endeavour to escape, or, at all events, to sell his life as dearly as possible in the open air, whence the report of his fowling-piece might be heard by those on board his budgerow. In another instant he was out of the door, and with the speed of lightning he started off in the direction (at least so he supposed) of the place of anchorage, where his boat was lying.

The moon was brightly shining as poor Arthur rushed along, heedless of any danger but that of being followed by the inhospitable murderers amongst whom he had thus unluckily fallen.

The cries of the jackal and the fayo, the roar of the larger animals, and the screams of wild birds, suddenly disturbed from their roosting-places, lent additional horrors to the scene as Arthur flew madly along. Presently a sudden bound was perceptible amongst the jungle. The crackling underwood was heard to yield beneath the pressure of some weighty beast of prey. A savage growl, accompanied with a peculiar cat-like, hissing noise, a pair of flashing eyes, gleaming brightly even through the darkness, at once told the unfortunate fugitive that a tiger was springing after him. Poor Mactavish gave himself up as lost. For about twenty yards he kept ahead of his fearful pursuer. Another bound, however, would place him in his power; he had no time even to offer up a prayer. He gave one spring in despairing energy, and, as he did so, he felt a violent shock; bright sparks of fire appeared to flash from his eyes; every joint seemed dislocated. Arthur had fallen into one of the pit-falls, over which, as he fell, the tiger leaped safely.

Relieved for the moment from his fears, Mactavish now ventured to look up. By the light of the moon, which shone brightly, he perceived the tiger crouching down at the edge of the pit, watching with savage wakefulness the wretched being, he evidently seemed to think now within his power. His glaring eyes were steadily fixed on his victim, who crouched down as low as possible, to be out of the reach of the monster's destructive paw.

As Mactavish's eyesight began to get accustomed to the place, he perceived, to his horror, a long black snake attempting to crawl up the sides. Foiled in this, the serpent seemed to hesitate whether he would renew his endeavours to escape, or turn upon the intruder, who now sat trembling before him. At last it seemed to determine on the latter; for it suddenly began to rear itself, and fixing its eyes, which seemed to be of fire, upon poor Mac, prepared to spring. Arthur started up. As he did so, he suddenly felt the flesh torn from his shoulder, which he had unthinkingly exposed to the claws of the tiger by raising himself within reach of his outstretched limb. The animal, in making the movement, had disturbed the branches at the edge of the trap. The gun had dropped through, and now fell into the pit at the feet of Mactavish, who, bleeding and in agony, had yet sufficient presence of mind to catch it up, and instantly discharging it, destroyed the serpent as it kept moving about, preparatory to its final dart. The report seemed to render the tiger more ferocious, who now even attempted to creep down into the trap. Poor Arthur began seriously to consider whether it were not better to yield himself at once to the jaws of the animal, than remain to die a lingering death by starvation in this living grave. His head reeled; desperation seemed almost about to drive him to madness. Well he knew that the snake's mate would probably ere long return to its consort. Already the earth began to crumble down under the scraping paws of the impatient tiger. Human nature could last out little longer, when suddenly a dying roar is heard! the savage animal turns over in the agonies of death, transfixed by several poisoned arrows! In another moment poor Mactavish's late host and his friends appear, and lift him out of the pit. They shout with joy at again seeing him safe. They welcome him, and express their delight at saving him. What, then, could their previous conduct mean? The mystery was soon cleared up; as they conducted Arthur back to his budgerow, they explained to him that they had been engaged in destroying a leopard which had fallen into one of their pit-falls, and about which they were conversing when he overheard them. They were returning from this expedition when they heard the report of his gun, and, rushing to the spot whence the sound had proceeded, had happily succeeded, as I have related, in saving him, and restoring him to the service, in which he has since risen to high rank and honours.—*From Hours in Hindostan, by H. R. Addison.*

**PROPER RETRIBUTION.**—Prince Albert has been very harshly condemned for visiting the Royal Academy on a Sunday, when that particular day was chosen by him, we have been told, with the kindest motive. It was the wish of his royal highness, knowing the alarm it would create among the artists who had pictures at the Exhibition, to keep the circumstance of his visit a profound secret. The circumstance, however, having most indelicately transpired, and been commented upon in a most ungracious spirit, Prince Albert has thrown aside all further consideration for the artists, and has since made one or two purchases. We hope this will be a timely warning to the ungrateful R.A.'s.—*Punch.*

## MATHEMATICAL EXAMINATION PAPER.

Q. What is an eccentric angle?

A. To fish for salt herrings in soda water.

Q. If 114 D represent a member of a force, required how long will he have a constant area?

A. As long as Betty smuggles joints from the kitchen.

## A HINT ABOUT HORSE-DEALING.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

IN some Repositories (but certainly never in respectable ones) many a man is mounted for a ride, who, if seen, is riding the horse on trial, or trying to ride. I can mention an instance. One of these on-trial fellows had a horse out, and it was known he would not be back for some time: the owner unexpectedly and unfortunately (for the Nick'em of the place) came in. A fool or an honest man, if he had been induced to do wrong, would be taken aback on such an occasion: not so Nick'em: the Gentleman was told at once "his horse was sold and gone," and that the next day he might have his money. He came, but the money did not: "the horse had shied, thrown and nearly killed the Gentleman; but supposing he did recover, Nick'em would lose one of his best customers: the Gentleman was a capital horseman, but no one could sit a horse that reared and fell backwards."

No man can deny the truth of the latter truism: it is a summary sort of ejection of an unpleasant occupant of the back, which, if horses were oftener to adopt, would be much to their advantage, and not unfrequently give society a fair chance of reaping advantage also. Besides it would save a vast deal of trouble in plunging, kicking, &c., which does not always succeed: the retrograde manœuvre always does. People, like horses, often take a great deal of trouble to do that which might be done by some most simple process. I have seen a terrible scuffle made to get a troublesome fellow out of a house: this is bad taste and bad tact: how easy the thing is to be done! Put the poker into the fire (if it is not there already); wait till it is a fine glowing white heat; present it within a foot of the to-be-ejectee's nose, quietly and in a courteous manner follow him, keeping your poker at the charge (no charge will be required); my life on it my Gentleman makes off in any direction.

This reminds me of an anecdote of a servant of mine: it may on a similar occasion be useful to ladies, so I will mention it. My wife had once been so long tormented by a milliner as to finishing a bonnet, that she determined to have it home finished or unfinished: she sent a note to this purpose by George (Old George as he was called), acquainted him with its purport, with directions not to return without the bonnet. On handing in the note, a written answer was handed to him: Old George knew a bonnet could not be contained in a small note, so demanded the former: as an accompaniment he was told to "go about his business"—this, to do him justice, was a useless order, for he never neglected it.—He considered his business in this case was to get the bonnet, and have it he would if any human being could get it. This his mistress well knew, and this he took upon himself verbally to let Mademoiselle know. He then quietly sat down in the passage: he was of course ordered out: Old George only grinned a ghastly grin (I never knew him laugh). He was threatened with expulsion by some man to be called in: Old George only grinned more ghastly than before, for he was one who would have made most men grin who had tried this with him. He was at last told to "sit there till he was tired:" he only grinned at this either. Now George (whenever he could indulge in it) was a smoker, not one of your small Thames smokers; no, he was a regular Great Western, Great Liverpool, nay Great Britain herself, and always went provided for a cloud. Presently Mademoiselle and half her coterie came running down. There was Old George quietly but energetically puffing away, nearly invisible in the dense cloud, which had ascended, till, as a hive of bees, he had fairly smoked them out. Words were useless, excuses were equally so: he "only waited for Missus's bonnet." To send it home unfinished was annoying to Mademoiselle, but the smoke was intolerable; so of course the bonnet was produced, and Old George gratuitously gave one of his best Sunday grins by way of a *dormez vous bien, Mademoiselles!* Poor George! if I was to direct or advise any man how to be most faithful and most honest, I would say follow thy example: a grateful master offers this small tribute to thy memory.

I am free to confess I have made tolerably free hitherto with Master Nick'em, notwithstanding I had the law of libel before my eyes; but like many men professing heroic feelings, I am heroic when no danger threatens; for who is Nick'em? If any man or men choose to stand up and defend him, why then I say, "Bucks, have at ye all." Honest men will not: they will say, "let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung." Poor Nick'em! sometimes, like the never-to-be-forgotten pack of Osbaldeston, with the immortal (would that he was!) Squire at their side, we have rattled thee along at the pace "that kills;" when at others, like the old Southern Bluemottles of Dorking or Leatherhead notoriety, true to the scent, we have followed thee through many of the doubles thou hast made in any particular chasé we have alluded to: but where the shifts of all sorts of game are combined in one, I know not the kind of hound adapted to the sport.—*Sporting Magazine.*

**A TARNATION FIX.**—America, it is reported, is desirous of settling the Oregon question by the simple and pacific process of tossing up, and is only, we understand, prevented from making a proposition to the British Government to that effect, by the fear of having to borrow a dollar for the purpose.

**MAIDS AND MAGNETS.**—The onion, it is said, destroys the attractive property of the magnet. It has the same effect with young ladies.

## THE HORSE WHISPERER OF MALLOW.

A horse-trainer of this town claims some notice, not so much from his own as his father's fame. He is Sullivan, son to the celebrated whisperer, and inherits a portion, at least, of his father's mysterious power over the horse, which I saw him exercise on the Fermoy racecourse. The father was a farrier, and acquired such an influence in subduing the spirit of the most vicious and refractory horse, as to become a celebrated character, and obtained the *sobriquet* of "The Whisperer." He is described as an awkward, ignorant rustic of the lowest class, and was paid generally according to the distance he was summoned to tame a vicious beast. When he reached his destination, he performed the operation in secret, causing himself and the animal to be shut up together in the stable, the door not to be opened until he had given a signal to. After a *tete a tete* of a half hour's duration, during which little or no noise was heard by those anxiously listening, or "airing their eye at the keyhole," the signal made, the door opened, presented the horse lying down and the man by his side, familiarly playing with him, like a child with a young dog. The spirit, hitherto so untractable as to defy the ordinary rough riders, was completely broken; the steed, from which the boldest rider shrank as dangerous to mount, a child might ride in safety. The Rev. H. Townsend relates:—"I once saw his skill tried on a horse which never before could be brought for a smith to shoe. The day after Sullivan's half-hour lecture, I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith's shop with many other curious spectators, when we were eye witnesses of the complete success of his art. This, too, had been a troop horse, and it was supposed, not without reason, that after regimental discipline had failed, no other would be found availing." Another gentleman mentions a horse of his so thoroughly and irreclaimably vicious, that he would have taken five pounds willingly to get rid of him, though a noble figure, and of great powers of action. He heard of Sullivan, and sent for him. This was an opportunity of testing the accuracy of the stories told respecting his mysterious power, as the horse was quite wild and unbroken. Two guineas fee being agreed on in case of success—no *puisque*, no pay—the pair were left *tete a tete* in the stable. At the expiration of some fifteen or twenty minutes, the door was opened, and the horse utterly changed in temper and deportment. The skittish and fiery brute had disappeared, and a patient tractable animal, fit for a middle aged gentleman, was led forth. When exposed to view he was in a profuse perspiration, as if he had been galloped, and seemed to tremble as through fear. The fame of the whisperer was realised; he placed a child on the horse's back, and the light hand curbed him; nay, more; he placed the boy under the animal's feet, and he neither kicked nor stirred while the child lay within reach. The gentleman kept the horse in use, riding him without danger, and disposed of him for fifty pounds. Sullivan would have realized quite a fortune if he had been prudent, but affection for hunting and love of whiskey were his ruin.

## RAILWAY SHARE HOLDERS.

The night was stormy and dark. The town was shut up in sleep; Only those were abroad who were out on a lark, Or those who'd no beds to keep.

I pass'd through the lonely street, The wind did sing and blow; I could hear the policeman's feet Clapping to and fro.

There stood a potato-man In the midst of all the wet; He stood with his 'tato-can In the lonely Haymarket.

Two gents of dismal mien, And dank and greasy rags, Came out of a shop for gin, Swaggering over the flags:

Swaggering over the stones, These shabby bucks did walk; And I went and followed those seedy ones, And listened to their talk.

Was I sober or awake? Could I believe my ears! Those dismal beggars spake Of nothing but railroad shares.

I wondered more and more: Says one—"Good friend of mine, How many shares have you wrote for? In the Diddlesex Junction line?"

"I wrote for twenty," says Jim, "But they wouldn't give me one;" His comrade straight rebuked him For the folly he had done;

"O Jim, you are unawares Of the ways of this bad town; I always write for five hundred shares, And then they put me down."

"And yet you got no shares," Says Jim, "for all your boast;" "I would have wrote," says Jack, "but where Was the penny to pay the post?"

"I lost, for I couldn't pay That first instalment up; But here's taters smoking hot—I say Let's stop my boy and sup."

And at this simple feast The while they did regale, I drew each ragged capitalist Down on my left thumb-nail.

Their talk did me perplex, All night I tumbled and tost, And thought of railroad specs, And how money was won and lost.

"Bless railroads everywhere," I said, "and the world's advance; Bless every railroad share In Italy, Ireland, France; For never a beggar need now despair, And every rogue has a chance."—*Punch.* SREC.

KILTS.—"I shall be off to the Highlands this fall; but cuss'em they hante got no woods there; nothin' but heather, and that's only high enough to tear your clothes. That's the reason the Scotch don't wear no breeches, they don't like to get'em ragged up that way for everlastingly, they can't afford it; so they let'em scratch and tear their skin, for that will grow agin, and trousers won't."—*Sam Slick in England.*



## BRITISH SONG BIRDS.—No. VIII.



THE BULLFINCH.

**T**HOUGH pretty generally distributed throughout Britain, it is not as a wild songster that the bullfinch generally attracts notice: it is as the educated cage-bird that he holds the high place to which his docility, affection, and soft flute-like voice fully entitles him.

The bullfinch, in its wild state, seldom associates with other birds, but keeps in small flocks of a single family. Its flight is quick and undulated, its ordinary note a soft plaintive whistle, its song short and mellow; and during the greater part of the year it lives in the thickets, hedges, and woods, betaking itself occasionally to the fields in their neighbourhood, in search of seeds, and in spring and the early part of summer to gardens and orchards, where it commits great havoc among the flower-buds of the fruit-trees and gooseberry-bushes. The substances generally found in its crop and stomach are small seeds of various kinds, and particles of quartz; indeed it has not been clearly ascertained whether, in destroying buds and flowers, the bird is searching for insects, or feeding on these substances. Judging from the structure of its digestive organs, it is doubtful whether such crude vegetable matters as buds could afford it sufficient nourishment.

The flight of the bullfinch is undulated, and capable of being protracted on occasion; but it seldom flies to a great distance when pursued, and in winter may sometimes be seen flitting along the hedges and roads, scarcely evincing more shyness than the chaffinch. At the same time, it is an active and lively bird, and on account of the beauty of its plumage is a general favourite.

About the beginning of May, it begins to construct its nest, which is rather loosely formed of small dry twigs, with a lining of fibrous roots, and is placed at no great height in a bush, frequently of hawthorn, or on the horizontal branch of a spruce. The eggs, four or five in number, are of a rather broad oval form, nine and a half-twelfths long, seven and a half-twelfths in their greatest diameter, of a bluish or purplish-white colour, spotted and streaked with purplish-grey and reddish-brown.

As the Germans are most celebrated for training these little warblers, having in Hesse and Fulda express schools for teaching these feathered musicians, which form at certain seasons a profitable article of inland commerce and of export, we shall here quote from Dr. Bechstein's book on CAGE-BIRDS, the account of this interesting process:—

"There are some of these little birds which can whistle distinctly three different airs, without spoiling or confusing them in the least. Added to this attraction the bullfinch becomes exceedingly tame, sings whenever it is told to do so, and is susceptible of a most tender and lasting attachment, which it shows by its endearing actions; it balances its body, moves its tail from right to left, and spreads it like a fan. It will even repeat words, with an accent and tone which indicates sensibility, if one could believe that it understood them; but its memory must not be overloaded. A single air, with a prelude or a short flourish to begin with, is as much as the bird can learn and remember, and this it will execute to the greatest perfection. These little prodigies would be more interesting and agreeable, if their Hessian instructors possessed a little musical taste, but these are generally tradespeople, employed about the house with their different occupations and trades; and hymns, airs, and minuets of a hundred years old, public-house songs, or some learnt of their apprentices, in general compose the whole of their music.

"The bullfinch can also imitate the songs of other birds; but in general it is not permitted to do so, that it may only learn to repeat the airs which are taught it.

"Different degrees of capacity are shown here, as well as in other ani-

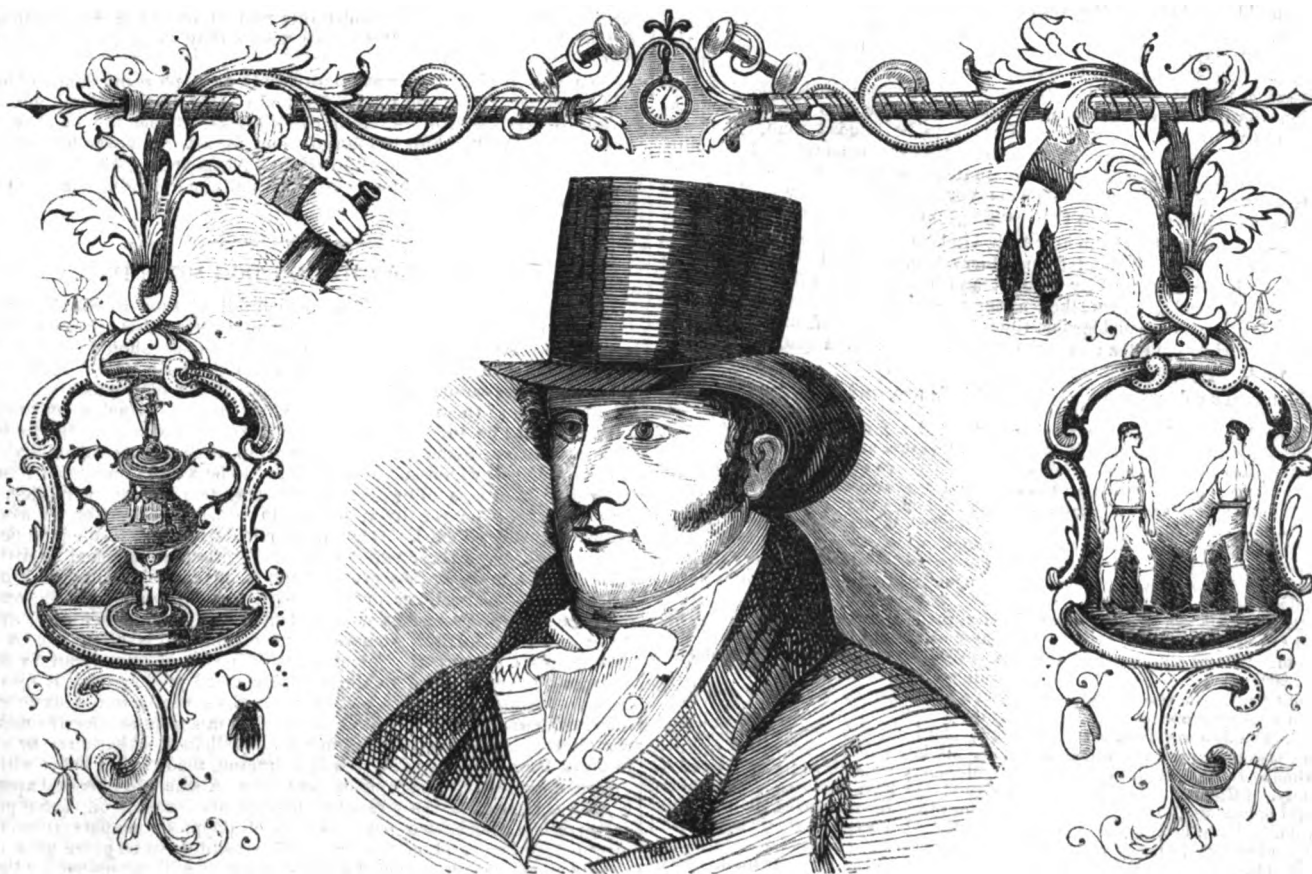
mals. One young bullfinch learns with ease and quickness, another with difficulty and slowly; the former will repeat, without hesitation several parts of a song; the latter will be hardly able to whistle one, after nine months' uninterrupted teaching. But it has been remarked that those birds which learn with most difficulty remember the songs, which have once been well learnt, better and longer, and rarely forget them, even when moulting. Mr. Thiem, bird-seller, at Waltershausen, near Gotha, sends annually to Berlin and London one or two hundred bullfinches, instructed in this manner, at from one to several pounds sterling a-piece, according as they are more or less accomplished, whilst a wild one would cost only two or three pence. These, however, are also kept in the room and prized, both on account of their beauty and the great ease with which they are tamed; they soon learn to fly on the hand, to receive their food, or will even take it from the mouth, and become at last as familiar as if they had been reared from the nest. The following are the means which are employed to tame them:—As soon as a bullfinch is caught and brought into the room, it must be put into a cage with food sufficient for the first day only; for the loss of its liberty does not prevent its eating as soon as it is disengaged from the lime twigs or noose. The next day a band must be put round the body and wings, like that which bird-catchers put round a decoy bird, which they let run about out of doors; by means of this band the bullfinch may be fastened by a piece of packthread, a foot in length, to some place from which it cannot fall; this will prevent its beating itself to death with its wings; a little bell may be fastened to a box, which when filled with food must be given to the bird, at the same time ringing the bell; it must be then left that it may eat; this must be repeated several times in the day; the same must be done when it is given anything to drink. The poor little captive will not at first either eat or drink in any one's presence; it is therefore necessary to retire for the two first days after having given it the box, and only approach it by degrees, till it is accustomed to eat in the presence of its master, which it will soon be, for generally on the third day, as soon as it hears the bell and sees the box, it hops forward, and eats without the least shyness. Then the distance must be increased by degrees to make it come farther and farther, when, as soon as it has eaten, it may be taken on the hand and carried here and there, though it may seem a little frightened, but not being able to escape it will soon become used to this treatment, and will even begin to come to eat on the hand by continuing to do this for the third and fourth days; it will fly of itself at the sound of the bell to the hand which holds the box; after this the fastening may be loosened, and if one only moves from the bird gradually, it will fearlessly approach and perch on the hand. Should it escape, however, it must be again confined and left without food for some hours. By this means a wild bullfinch will in eight days become accustomed to fly immediately to the hand, or wherever it hears the bell; in order to finish its education, it is well to increase the difficulty of getting at his food, by putting it in a small bag with a very little opening; it must also only have rape seed in the cage, keeping the hemp seed, which it likes best, for the hand or little bag. It may be taught to drink out of one's mouth by keeping it without water for five or six hours. It may even be accustomed to go and return, provided the house is not too near a wood. The surest means of preventing too long an absence is to put a female bullfinch in a cage in the window, or to leave her in the room with her wing clipped; its affection will soon bring it back to her, and it will certainly never abandon her altogether.

"Tame bullfinches have been known (says Buffon) to escape from the aviary, and live at liberty in the woods for a whole year, and then to recollect the voice of the person who had reared them, return to her, never more to leave her. Others have been known, when forced to leave their first master, have died of grief. These birds remember very well, and often too well, any one who has injured them. One of them having been thrown down, with its cage, by some of the lowest order of people, did not seem at first much disturbed by it, but afterwards it would fall into convulsions as soon as it saw any shabbily dressed person, and it died it one of these fits eight months after the first accident."

"Although they do not warble before they can feed themselves, one need not wait for this to begin their instruction, for it will succeed better, if one may say so, when infused with their food; since experience proves that they learn those airs more quickly, and remember them better, which they have been taught just after eating. It has been observed several times, that these birds, like the parrots, are never more attentive than during digestion. Nine months of regular and continued instruction are necessary before the bird acquires what amateurs call firmness, for if one ceases before this time, they spoil the air, by suppressing or displacing the different parts, and they often forget it entirely at their first moulting. In general it is a good thing to separate them from the other birds, even after they are perfect; because, owing to their great quickness in learning, they would spoil the air entirely by introducing wrong passages; they must be helped to continue the song when they stop, and the lesson must always be repeated whilst they are moulting, otherwise they will become mere chatters, which would be doubly vexatious after having had much trouble in teaching them."

Thus much by way of generalization, in our next number we shall proceed to detail the MODE OF TAKING, BREEDING, DISEASES, AND FOOD of this favourite cage-bird.

(To be concluded in our next.)



TOM OWEN.

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD III. 1786—1798.

FROM THE TIME OF MENDOZA TO THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER.

## CHAPTER IV.

**T**OM OWEN, though living only in the memory of the present generation as a landlord combining liquor and literature, some fancy, more fun, a certain amount of old-school pugilism and much pretence, deserves a niche in the third period of the History of British Boxing.

True it is the clumsy bespattering of praise with which, in bad English and worse taste, his name is loaded in Boxiana, may induce many of better judgment to turn from his biography, yet is there enough to furnish matter well worthy the pen of the chronicler of deeds of courage and of skill.

Tom Owen, was a native of Hampshire, being born at Portsea, on the 21st December, 1768.

Of the apocryphal rigmaroles which disfigure BOXIANA we shall not condescend to take any account, suffice it to say, that after several provincial encounters with the Smiths, Joneses, Greens, and Browns of his vicinity, Tom Owen came to London, where he followed the occupation of an oilman; a calling which the reader will perhaps condescend to remember was much more followed than now; for, as Byron says, "in those days we had not got to gas."

Well, a casual turn up, caused an introduction to Mr. Jackson, who, perceiving the germ of future greatness in Tom, took him in hand, and fancying his style, he was matched against the then celebrated BULLY HOOPER, for 100 guineas.

On the 14th of November, 1796, he for the first time met his formidable antagonist, who it must be remembered (with the exception of his fight with Big Ben) was hitherto unconquered. The battlefield was near Harrow; Owen was seconded by Joe Ward and Jack Bartholomew, and Hooper by Symonds and Paddington Jones. The battle lasted one hour and four minutes, occupying fifty rounds. Owen won it with moderate advantage; his hands being the most hurt.

Some ten weeks after, Hooper not being satisfied with the result, another match for 100 guineas was made, the battle coming off, transposed within half-a-mile of Harrow. Joe Ward and Bill Warr se-

conded Owen; Symonds attending upon Hooper. Owen won this battle in equally good style.

The fame of Owen now spread, and a match for 25 guineas a-side was made between Jack Bartholomew and Tom, which took place at Moulsey-hurst, August 22, 1797. George Maddox and Goff seconded Owen upon this occasion. It was a desperate battle, and highly spoken of at the time, for the courage displayed on both sides; but here Tom was forced to succumb; Bartholomew overfought him, both at close quarters and out-fighting, and the contest was finished by Owen being hit out of time.

On September 2, 1799, Tom entered the lists with one Houssa, a Jew, for 10 guineas a-side, on the race-ground, at Enfield. Joe Ward was second to Owen. But here again Owen was so desperately beaten, that, after a struggle of 40 minutes, he was incapable of coming to the scratch, and the Jew was the conqueror.

At the Surrey Sessions, in January, 1805, Owen was indicted for a riot and conspiracy, on Putney common, in aiding and abetting Bourke and Pearce to fight a pitched battle. The Jury found Owen guilty, and he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, in Horse-monger-lane.

From this period Tom figured as a trainer and second, and his judgment was generally considered good in all matters pugilistic; he also figured immensely in the benefit-taking line, and was, as "the historian" terms him, "fly to every movement on the board."

We shall decline transferring the trash of "the historian," of whose apocrypha of Boxing no trace is to be found in the "canonical books" which we take to be, the journals of the time. Leaving him, therefore, as a blind guide, we proceed to the contest with Mendoza, which, although, a very foolish affair, as the follies of great men, even in pugilism, outweigh in interest the wiser doings of lesser ones, is our only reason for giving Owen a place in the History of Pugilism, despite the immense, intense, and absurd gaggery of his injudicious admirer.

In 1820 (Tom being no bad judge at match-making) he proposed to Daniel Mendoza a "passage at arms" to settle an old grudge. Dan,

like an old war-horse at the sound of the trumpet, though physically but a shadow of his former self, met the 12st. Tom Owen. Thirty-three years had elapsed since the "Star of the East" had first peeped in the lists, and fourteen since his last appearance. Although, however, his deeds were even to the existing generation of ring-goers, rather matter of tradition than evidence, the fame of Mendoza made him the favourite at six and five to four. Owen was known to be a good man, but it was thought he had not science enough to oppose the accomplished Israelite. Hence a great number of the oldest amateurs were induced to be present. It is worthy of note, that Sir Thomas Apreece, Bart., who was Mendoza's umpire at Odiham, acted in that capacity on this occasion.

Owen, attended by Cribb and Josh. Hudson, threw up his hat first; and Mendoza, followed by Randall and Harry Lee, repeated the token of defiance. Mendoza was loudly cheered, and backed five to four. Mendoza was quickly ready, and walked about the ring with a coat thrown over him. Owen was a considerable time preparing himself, and in making his shoes right; instead of drawers, he fought in a pair of nankeen breeches.

Mendoza's colours were a blue silk bird's eye, and tied over Owen's.

Round 1. Mendoza, on stripping, exhibited a fine manly bust; his eyes sparkled with confidence, and there was altogether an appearance about him that seldom characterises an individual of fifty-five years of age. Owen, on the contrary, looked thin; and his general appearance was rather meagre than otherwise. On setting-to, both the old ones were extremely cautious, and a minute elapsed before a hit was made. Owen at length let fly, but without any effect. Some exchanges took place, when they closed at the ropes, and after an attempt to fib on the part of Mendoza, which was frustrated by Owen, a struggle for throw ensued: in going down Dan was the undermost.

2. Mendoza ran in with great alacrity, made a sort of push forward, and got Owen on the ropes; the latter went down, and his neck got scored from them. [Great applause for Mendoza. While Tom was on the knee of Josh. the latter said, "Master!" Owen, smiling—"What says my boy?" "Have you brought the pepper castor with you?" "Yes, my lad, and the mustard and vinegar cruet too!"]

3. The Jew behaved very handsomely, and showed some good fighting; but Owen planted a tremendous hit on his left cheek, just under the eye, whence the claret flowed copiously: Mendoza went down, yet jumped up gaily. [Randall told Mendoza he should not have done so. "Let these old ones alone," said Josh.; "they know more about fighting than you and I do." Even betting, but Owen for choice. "I say, Master," says Josh., "you furnished Danny with some sour crout then!"]

4. Owen now showed the spectators that he was the younger man. Mendoza was again nobbed, and the claret profusely running down his cheek. In going down Owen was undermost. ["When am I to have the tobacco-stopper, master?" cries Josh. "Leave it all to the cook yet!" Owen smilingly observed.]

5. Mendoza now showed he was completely gone by as to any superiority of fighting, and Tom Owen displayed talents that astonished the ring. Mendoza received a dreadful fall.

6. Owen, in retreating from his antagonist, ran against the stakes, but the latter again planted a heavy facer. In struggling, both went down.

7. Here Tom was the hero of the tale. He nobbed Mendoza, and got away with all the dexterity of a youth: it was now only Mendoza by name; his excellence as a fighter had evaporated, and his hits were generally short. Owen, in a close at the ropes, held Mendoza as firm as if the latter had been screwed in a vice, and pummelled him at the back of the neck so dreadfully, that Dan at length fell exhausted.

8. Mendoza came to the scratch bleeding, and almost in a state of stupor, from the severity of the last round. Owen planted such a tremendous hit on Dan's face, that he went back, and slipped down at the corner of the ring. The Jews were still backing Mendoza with confidence.

9. Long sparring: Owen convinced the spectators that he was a perfect master of the art. He hit Mendoza in the eye, jobbed him also in the face, and at the end of the ropes held Mendoza by the arm, and punished him till he went down. [Two to one on Owen.]

10. The appearance of Mendoza's face was much changed; his left eye was encircled in claret. Owen got away from his antagonist in good style. Mendoza was punished all over the ring; Owen threw his opponent, and fell heavily upon him.—[3 to 1. Indeed, it was any odds.]

11. Owen was determined not to give a chance away; and he also appeared determined not to have any more body blows. He accordingly kept at out-fighting. A short but sharp rally occurred, when Owen fell; and Mendoza, likewise, at about two yards' distance, came heavily down upon his face on the turf.

12th and last. Mendoza was quite abroad, and hit short, and at the ropes he was again held by Owen and fibbed down. Mendoza said he would not fight any more, as he could not win it. He was terribly punished, and defeated in fourteen minutes and twenty-seven seconds and a quarter; while, on the contrary, Owen had not a scratch on his face. The latter was carried out of the ring by Cribb and Hudson, amidst the cheers of the spectators.

Mendoza, while being dressed, seemed sensibly affected at his defeat. He had not the least idea of losing the battle.

Mr. Jackson collected 20*l.* on the ground for Mendoza, who was put into a coach. Owen soon returned to the ring, decorated in all the paraphernalia attendant upon conquest. Mendoza's blue trophy was hung round Owen's neck, surmounted by the yellow-man of Hooper; now doubly won.

This battle hardly deserves comment, after the observations we have

already given under the memoir of Mendoza: yet is it valuable as a warning. The merits of the combatants remain, except in the balderdash of "the historian" of the P. R., just where they stood previous to the fight.

From this period Tom was known only as a pleasant companion, a good convivial singer, and the landlord of a house on the ground now occupied by the basin of St. Katharine's Docks, whence the hand of improvement compelled him to migrate; and for several years he was well known as the landlord of the Shipwright's Arms at Northfleet, where the fancy of all grades found him a civil, pleasant, and obliging host. Owen died at Plumstead in 1843.

#### A FEW THOUGHTS ON DOG-MEDICINES.

The numbers of valuable dogs which fall victims to the distemper, urge the necessity of resorting to every precaution that can possibly be thought of. At the age of three months, puppies should have gentle doses of physic administered to them, and a similar course persevered in at intervals of two months, or thereabouts; it is a plan which will most effectually cause them to thrive, and when they are attacked by the distemper, it will be in a much slighter degree. Various medicines have their advocates. Some persons prefer jalap, with the occasional addition of some calomel; which last drug I believe to be a most important remedy for worms, and as an alternative when the system appears deranged. It acts powerfully on the liver, which, in cases of distemper, is always sympathetically affected. Dogs are particularly liable to the jaundice or yellows, especially those which have been seriously attacked by distemper. I must, however, observe that, not being capable of undertaking to write on the medical treatment of dogs, I cannot go beyond the recommendation of such remedies as are calculated to prevent acute disorders. As a purgative, jalap is sometimes uncertain, and is often violent and drastic in its operation. Calomel should never be given but in small doses, not exceeding two or three grains, and I prefer giving it by itself in the morning, and working it off with aloes administered six or eight hours afterwards; this is, I am convinced, a much more effective method than that of combining it with purgative medicines. Aloes may be given in doses from fifteen grains to half a drachm, made into a bolus with ten grains of ginger and a scruple of hard soap. A safe and effectual aperient is also composed of the following ingredients:—castor oil, three parts; syrup of buckthorn, two parts; syrup of poppies, one part; these to be mixed together, and one or two table-spoonfuls to be given as a dose. Castor oil and syrup of buckthorn are aperients well calculated for the canine species, whose intestines are easily susceptible of the irritating properties of many drugs. Calomel is a dangerous medicine in large quantities; a man will take as much at one dose without experiencing inconvenience as would destroy two large dogs, and yet a dog will take twice as much aloes as would prove to be highly dangerous, if not fatal, to a strong constitutioned man; such are the peculiarities in the bowels of men and dogs.—*Cecil, in Sporting Review for June.*

**WATERLOO BRIDGE REPORT.**—This document is more than usually encouraging. It states that there has been a distribution of three-and-twopence amongst the annuitants, and a division as usual among the proprietors—as to the mode of managing the affairs of the company—being the only division of which they have yet had the benefit. An allusion was made to the Hungerford concern, and it was suggested they should now buckle on their armour; upon which a proprietor wished to know whether it was meant by buckling on their armour to put the man at the toll-gate in a helmet and breastplate, in order to attract passengers. A proposition was also brought forward on the subject of toting; and it was under discussion for some time, whether men should be employed to hoot all persons going over Hungerford Bridge, and "chaff" the tollkeeper of the rival concern. It was, however, agreed, that the Suspension affair would only be brought into notice by this sort of thing, and it would therefore be better to leave it alone, so that it would be better to leave it alone, so that it might "hang itself in its own chains," as a mortgagee of ten shares in Waterloo prettily expressed it.

**MORTALITY AT PARIS.**—Died, last month, at her residence in the Jardin des Plantes, the Giraffe. A too plentiful repast of gingerbread nuts is supposed to have hastened her death. She has left a large number of cakewomen, whom she maintained by her appetite, to deplore her loss. The Giraffe is to have the honour of stuffing paid to her remains, and will shortly be laid out in straw in the *Musée d'Histoire Naturelle*.

**TOO CIVIL BY HALF.**—The Duke of Grafton being fox-hunting, near Newmarket, a Quaker, standing upon an adjoining eminence, pulled off his hat and gave a "view halloo!" The hounds immediately ran to him, and being drawn off the scent, were consequently at fault, which so enraged the duke, that, galloping up to the offender, he asked, in an angry tone, "Art thou a Quaker?" "I am a friend," replied Broad-brim. "Well, then," rejoined his grace, "as you never pull off your hat to a Christian, I will thank you in future not to pay that compliment to a fox."



## WINNERS OF THE DERBY FROM ITS INSTITUTION IN 1780.

Yr.	Owner.	Winner.	Rider.
1780	Sir C. Bunbury	Diomed	S. Arnall
1781	Mr. O'Kelly	Young Eclipse	Hindley
1782	Lord Egremont	Assassin	S. Arnall
1783	Mr. Parker	Saltram	Hindley
1784	Mr. O'Kelly	Serjeant	J. Arnall
1785	Lord Claremont	Aimwell	Hindley
1786	Mr. Panton	Noble	J. White
1787	Lord Derby	Sir Peter Teazle	S. Arnall
1788	Prince of Wales	Sir Thomas	W. South
1789	Duke of Bedford	Skyscraper	Chifney, sen.
1790	Lord Grosvenor	Rhadamanthus	J. Arnall
1791	Duke of Bedford	Eager	Stephenson
1792	Lord Grosvenor	John Bull	Buckle
1793	Sir F. Poole	Waxy	Clift
1794	Lord Grosvenor	Dædalus	Buckle
1795	Sir F. Standish	Spread Eagle	A. Wheatley
1796	Sir F. Standish	Didelot	J. Arnall
1797	Duke of Bedford	Br c by Fidget	J. Singleton
1798	Mr. Cookson	Sir Harry	S. Arnall
1799	Sir F. Standish	Archduke	J. Arnall
1800	Mr. Wilson	Champion	Clift
1801	Sir C. Bunbury	Eleanor	Saunders
1802	Duke of Grafton	Tyrant	Buckle
1803	Sir H. Williamson	Ditto	Clift
1804	Lord Egremont	Hannibal	W. Arnall
1805	Lord Egremont	Cardinal Beaufort	Fitzpatrick
1806	Lord Foley	Paris	Shepherd
1807	Lord Egremont	Election	J. Arnall
1808	Sir H. Williamson	Pan	Colinson
1809	Duke of Grafton	Pope	Goodison
1810	Duke of Grafton	Whalebone	Clift
1811	Sir J. Shelley	Phantom	Buckle
1812	Mr. Ladbroke	Octavius	Arnall
1813	Sir C. Bunbury	Smolenske	Goodison
1814	Lord Stawell	Blucher	W. Arnall
1815	Duke of Grafton	Whisker	Goodison
1816	Duke of York	Prince Leopold	Wheatley
1817	Mr. Payne	Azor	Robinson
1818	Mr. Thornhill	Sam	S. Chifney
1819	Duke of Portland	Tiresias	Clift
1820	Mr. Thornhill	Sailor	S. Chifney
1821	Mr. Hunter	Gustavus	S. Day
1822	Duke of York	Moses	Goodison
1823	Mr. Udny	Emilius	Buckle
1824	Sir J. Shelley	Cedric	Robinson
1825	Lord Jersey	Middleton	Robinson
1826	Lord Egremont	Lapdog	Dockeray
1827	Lord Jersey	Mameluke	Robinson
1828	Duke of Rutland	Cadland	Robinson
1829	Mr. Gratwicke	Frederick	Forth
1830	Mr. Chifney	Priam	S. Day
1831	Lord Lowther	Spaniel	Wheatley
1832	Mr. Ridsdale	St. Giles	Scott
1833	Mr. Sadler	Dangerous	Chapple
1834	Mr. Batson	Plenipotentiary	Conolly
1835	Mr. Bowes	Mundig	Scott
1836	Lord Jersey	Bay Middleton	Robinson
1837	Lord Berners	Phosphorus	G. Edwards
1838	Sir G. Heathcote	Amato	Chapple
1839	Mr. W. Ridsdale	Bloomsbury	Templeman
1840	Mr. Robertson	Little Wonder	Macdonald
1841	Mr. Rawlinson	Coronation	Conolly
1842	Colonel Anson	Atila	Scott
1843	Mr. Bowes	Cotherstone	Scott
1844	Colonel Peel	* Orlando	Flatman
1845	Mr. Gratwicke	Merry Monarch	F. Bell

## WINNERS OF THE OAKS FROM ITS INSTITUTION IN 1779.

Yr.	Owner.	Winner.	Rider.
1779	Lord Derby	Bridget	R. Goodison
1780	Mr. Douglas	Tetotum	—
1781	Lord Grosvenor	Faith	—
1782	Lord Grosvenor	Ceres	Chifney, sen.
1783	Lord Grosvenor	Maid of the Oaks	Chifney, sen.
1784	Mr. Buriton	Stella	C. Hindley
1785	Lord Clermont	Trifle	J. Bird
1786	Sir F. Standish	Perdita Filly	J. Edwards
1787	Mr. Vernon	Annette	Fitzpatrick

\* A horse, falsely described as "Running Rein, by The Saddler, out of Mab, by Duncan Grey," came in first, but was subsequently proved to be a four-year-old colt, called *Maecabeus* (now *Zanoni*), by *Gladiator*, dam by *Capicium*, and was disqualified.

Yr.	Owner.	Winner.	Rider.
1788	Lord Egremont	Nightshade	Fitzpatrick
1789	Lord Egremont	Tag	Chifney, sen.
1790	Duke of Bedford	Hippolyta	Chifney, sen.
1791	Duke of Bedford	Portia	J. Singleton
1792	Lord Clermont	Violante	C. Hindley
1793	Duke of Bedford	Celia	J. Singleton
1794	Lord Derby	Hermione	Sam Arnall
1795	Lord Egremont	Platina	Fitzpatrick
1796	Sir F. Standish	Parisot	John Arnall
1797	Lord Grosvenor	Nike	F. Buckle
1798	Mr. Durand	Bellissima	F. Buckle
1799	Lord Grosvenor	Bellina	F. Buckle
1800	Lord Egremont	Ephemeria	Fitzpatrick
1801	Sir C. Bunbury	Eleanor	Saunders
1802	Mr. Wastell	Scotia	Buckle
1803	Sir T. Gascoigne	Theophania	Buckle
1804	Duke of Grafton	Pelisse	Clift
1805	Lord Grosvenor	Meteora	Buckle
1806	Mr. Craven	Bronze	Edwards
1807	Gen. Grosvenor	Briseis	Chifney, jun.
1808	Duke of Grafton	Morel	Clift
1809	Gen. Gower	Maid of Orleans	John Moss
1810	Sir W. Gerard	Oriana	W. Pierce
1811	Duke of Rutland	Sorcery	Goffrey
1812	Mr. Hewett	Manuella	W. Pierce
1813	Duke of Grafton	Music	Robinson
1814	Duke of Rutland	Medora	Barnard
1815	Duke of Grafton	Minuet	Goodison
1816	Gen. Gower	Landscape	S. Day
1817	Mr. Watson	Neva	Buckle
1818	Mr. Udny	Corinne	Buckle
1819	Mr. Thornhill	Shoveller	S. Chifney
1820	Lord Egremont	Caroline	H. Edwards
1821	Lord Exeter	Augusta	J. Robinson
1822	Duke of Grafton	Pastille	G. Edwards
1823	Duke of Grafton	Zinc	Buckle
1824	Lord Jersey	Cobweb	Robinson
1825	Gen. Grosvenor	Wings	S. Chifney
1826	Mr. Forth	Lilias	T. Lye
1827	Duke of Richmond	Gulnare	F. Boyce
1828	Duke of Grafton	Turquoise	John Day
1829	Lord Exeter	Green Mantle	Dockeray
1830	Mr. Stonehewer	Variation	H. Edwards
1831	Duke of Grafton	Oxygen	John Day
1832	Lord Exeter	Galata	Conolly
1833	Sir M. Wood	Vespa	Chapple
1834	Mr. Cosby	Pussy	John Day
1835	Mr. Mostyn	Queen of Trumps	T. Lye
1836	Mr. Scott	Cyprian	Scott
1837	Mr. Powlett	Miss Letty	Holmes
1838	Lord Chesterfield	Industry	W. Scott
1839	Mr. Craven	Deception	John Day
1840	Lord G. Bentinck	Crucifix	John Day
1841	Lord Westminster	Ghuznee	W. Scott
1842	Mr. Marshall	Our Nell	T. Lye
1843	Mr. Ford	Poison	Butler
1844	Colonel Anson	The Princess	Butler
1845	Duke of Richmond	Refraction	H. Bell

GOOD MANNERS.—Sir Edward Bulwer, being in conversation with a gentleman in a street in the city of New York, returned the salute of a negro who was passing. "Sir," said the gentleman, "do you descend so far as to salute a slave?" "Why yes," replied Sir Edward, "I cannot suffer a man of his condition to exceed me in good manners."

"BENEFITS OF A BAZAAR."—The gals in Parson Longtext's church got up a rag fair last fall, for the benefit of the poor. Made up a whole lot of odd contraptions; hearts stuck full of pins, paper baskets, and other queer notions; the consarnedest lot of trash you ever did see. Then you see the chaps all went a shopping; paid a dollar for sixpence-worth, and had a stare in the bargain. It's a positive fact that forty-nine matches (not locofocos, but genuine love ones) were concluded on the strength of that 'ere fair. Joe Lutestring, a dreadful nice young man in the dry goods line, fastened on old Sall Sparks kase he disklivered she had a slick way of taking the flats in. They do say her dad thought the same thing, for the piece of goods had got kinder shop worn, and the old man thought he'd never get her off his hands; but, gals, keep up your hearts, gals, every Jack has his Jill.—*Sam Slick*.

THE COUNTRY FIDDLER.—A rustic Paganini was so fond of accompanying his performance on the violin *con spirito*, that it frequently brought him into many *scrapes*, as well as distress. A gentleman meeting him one day, looking very *dobro*, said, "Why, Jack, what ails you, isn't your fiddle in tune?" "No, Zur," replied Jack, "It be in *pown*!"



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Under the Patronage of our GRACIOUS QUEEN, and the ROYAL FAMILY; and the several SOVEREIGNS and COURTS OF EUROPE, together with the whole "elite" of the ARISTOCRACY and "HAUT-TON."

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\* \* BEWARE OF SPURIOUS COMPOUNDS under the same names, some under the implied sanction of Royalty. It is highly necessary to see that the word "ROWLAND'S" is on the Wrapper of each Article. All others are FRAUDULENT IMITATIONS. The Genuine Preparations are sold by the Proprietors as above, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

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## TAILORING, WOOLLEN DRAPERY,

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We will now state in what the novelty consists, though simple in its details, it is most beneficial to the public in its operation, and is neither more nor less than this.—Every customer will be enabled to ascertain the Value and Quantity of material required for every variety of Garment. Each and every Cloth, Cassimere, Doeskin, &c., being marked in plain figures at the price per yard, such price being the same as would be charged upon the purchase of the material by wholesale. We shall explain to our Patrons the exact quantity that will be necessary for the particular article of dress wanted, and we shall charge separately for the making and trimmings. This system (as a trial of its operation will abundantly demonstrate) will effect a saving of fully one-third of the expense in the articles required in Gentlemen's dress. Our unlimited command of Capital secures to us the advantage of making our purchases for Cash—our knowledge of the best Markets—our connexion with the most respectable and extensive Manufacturers—our position in the estimation of our friends—our anxious desire to merit more extended patronage—the enormous expense we have incurred in rendering our Stock as varied and complete as that of any House in London, are so many distinct and certain pledges to the public of the fidelity, ability, and zeal, which will be manifested in the conduct of our Establishment, and as our system thus empowers us to supply the very best Goods at a lower price than has hitherto been deemed practicable, as our Customers will be enabled to select their own Cloth at Wholesale prices, from a most varied and extensive stock, we doubt not that our efforts will meet with unequalled success. The peculiar advantages of the system of SAMUEL, BROTHERS, may be practically exemplified as follows:—The average quantity of Cloth for a Coat is 13 yards; suppose that

selected be 8s. per yard, the material would cost 104s., our charge for making and trimmings would be 18s., thus a really good serviceable Coat, completed in the best style, will be made to measure for 32s. Again, suppose the Cloth selected to be 12s. per yard, the material would cost 156s., our charge would be 20s. for making and trimmings, and thus a first-rate Coat made to measure and completed in the best style will be obtained for 41s., few, if any, charge less than 50s. or 52s. for the same article. The same saving will be effected in every description of Clothing. The extensiveness of our stock enables us to offer Cloths at from 5s. to 21s. per yard. Our charge for making and trimmings for Cloths under 10s. per yard is 18s., and for the higher price Cloths 20s. We have entered into arrangements with the first Manufacturers of Wool Dyed Black Cloths for a regular supply, the wear of which we can guarantee to be superior to any yet made, as they are finished on an entirely new principle. Artists of the First Talent in the Empire are engaged to superintend the Cutting Department, so that we feel certain of pleasing the most fastidious, who will have such superior fitting garments, that they will pronounce them faultless. The greatest attention will be paid to the Workmanship, as well as style of all articles. In quality of Cloths, variety of patterns for Trousers—richness and novelty in designs of Vestings, we flatter ourselves that we have a stock that will please every beholder. Noblemen and Gentlemen on inspecting our mode of transacting business, will be astonished at the saving they may effect in their Liveries,—in many instances nearly one-half. We beg to remind our Friends that the smallness of our profits will not allow us to run the least risk in giving credit, our system compelling us strictly to adhere to Ready Money, but in order to give every satisfaction, we promise that, should an Article (after it has been paid for, not please, we will exchange it, or return the Money without demur.

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# THE Sportsman's Magazine

LIFE IN LONDON

No. 5. FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 21, 1845. THREE HALFPENCE

## THE FISHER'S CREEL.

### A FEW ODDMENTS.

BY PISCATOR.

SOME HINTS TO THOSE WHO TRIM THEIR OWN FLIES.

The chief thing to be attended to in trimming flies is to get the proper colours, which is not so much attended to as neatness in the formation of the fly itself, though the latter is by no means to be neglected. The fault I have generally discovered in the flies purchased at the fishing-tackle shops is, that a sufficient difference is not made in the proportions of the different insects they are intended to represent, as we not unfrequently see a cow-dung fly and blue dun with bodies of the same proportions, and wings of the same form; whereas the former has, as we all know, a short thick body with flat wings, like the common blue-bottle, and the latter a remarkably slight body, with the wings erect, like those of a butterfly. Most indeed of the artificial flies sold in the shops are made by persons who not only have never fished, but who in fact have never cast their eyes upon the flies they attempt to imitate, which are merely taken from artificial patterns, each copy becoming less like nature, till at last they bear about as much resemblance to the original insects, as the shipping we sometimes see in young ladies' drawing-books bear to the originals they purport to represent.

"When sailing o'er the boundless deep."

HOOKS.

Speaking of the form of the hooks on which the flies are to be trimmed, all ephemeral flies should be made on Limerick hooks, as the insects can be better imitated by them than on any other; the reason of this is, that the sharp extremity of the Limerick hook, if the wings are tied far enough back, gives an admirable imitation of the two fore feet of flies of this description, which it seems they only employ as arms, never making use of them in walking or to rest upon, but usually projecting them forward in a kind of praying attitude before their heads; which forms so distinguishing a feature in the general character of insects of this kind, that unless this effect can be produced, the imitation can never be a close one."

THE ROD.

But minute matters are oft of great importance, and depend upon it a well-ringed rod is almost as essential to an angler's success as to his comfort; for as a valuable horse may be ruined outright for the want of one nail only in his shoe, so may the enjoyment of a good day's sport be utterly frustrated by the loss of one ring only on a fly-rod, particularly when it occurs on the top, as the uneven strain caused by the wide gap between the rings may enable the first weighty fish to snap it asunder, which perhaps may prove irreparable, as the greater number of persons who style themselves anglers are as capable of repairing a fracture of this kind as they are of discovering the longitude; and yet the greater part of these sportsmen never dream of the result of inattention to these minute matters till they suffer the inconvenience incurred in consequence of it. Whenever, indeed, I have inspected the fishing rods of my acquaintance I have generally found that, after the first shine is taken out of them, it is as rare to see one possessing a complete equipment of rings as to meet with a fading beauty who has retained her full complement of teeth; though the deficiencies in both these instances, if only to a limited extent, frequently escape the notice of casual observers. Rods, after the shine is rubbed out of them, do indeed sometimes retain all their rings, and beauties on the wane sometimes all their teeth, but these are rare occurrences, and therefore, the more remarkable when they happen.

TAKING A TROUT.

Now we will suppose ourselves by the river side attentively watching the manœuvres of two anglers, both duly rigged out, and with an

apparently but a tyro: the other undoubtedly a cunning adept in the mysteries of angling. The day is, upon the whole, a favourable one for their purpose; the sky slightly overcast, though sometimes the sun peeps out, but only soon again to be obscured by a passing cloud; a brisk breeze ruffles the more open waters, whilst every now and then a fresh burst flits over the more sheltered deeps, for a short interval casting a dull ripple over their glassy surface, but as transiently it passes away, and they again become calm and tranquil as the face of a polished mirror. We will also suppose the river on whose banks our fishermen are standing contains a fair supply of lusty trouts; one of which we may even now detect in the act of poking his greedy nose above the water to devour a little ill-fated ephemeral fly that was floating gladly down the stream, having but a moment or two before cast off its grub-like slough, emerging full of grace and beauty into its new and perfect state of existence, and preparing to wing its flight to join in the joyful gambols of its fellows in the air; no more anticipating its untimely doom than is its fell destroyer that a lure, as like it as the skill of man can put together, beneath whose attractive form there lies the fatal hook, is at this very moment held in the bend of the left hand between the finger and thumb of the tyro—whom we will call the scholar—and is, pursuant to the directions of the cunning adept—whom we will distinguish as the old angler—to be cast most temptingly before his (Mr. Trout's) eyes, as soon as that dark cloud shall have obscured the glaring rays of the sun, and the fleeting breeze that already agitates the adjacent foliage shall have crisped the water sufficiently, to hide the fall of the line by which he is designed to be secured. 'Now's your time!' exclaims the old angler. The deceitful lure drops on the rippling waters, 'What a splash you make, but I'll have you for all that,' says the trout to himself as he closes his jaws upon his supposed prize, when he discovers its utter worthlessness, and at the very self-same instant feels the sharp prick of the hook as it is driven beyond the barb into his flesh, and becomes firmly fixed in his tongue. In vain does he attempt to eject the deceitful morsel from his mouth, or to free himself from the line to which it is attached. In very fury he tears and plunges, hopelessly striving to rend the line asunder, when he suddenly catches a view of the powerful monster he has to contend with, and actuated by extreme terror, he rushes on with mad impetuosity he knows not where, but finds his course impeded by a power which, though apparently yielding to his force, yet speedily exhausts his strength. He then endeavours to make for the bottom to hide himself amongst the weeds and stones, but still the same power keeps him in check; and as he looks hopelessly around for succour, he encounters the eye of his foe gazing intently upon him; he can read no mercy there—it is, indeed, fearful; far too fearful to look upon, and he tries in vain to avoid a gaze so dreadful; but there is no escaping from it—all his efforts are fruitless—the pliant rod has subdued all his energies, and he is dragged passively down the current, so exhausted as to be unable to resist being drawn to the surface of the stream, whose waters rushing rapidly through his mouth and gills produce a feeling of suffocation; a faint and sickly dizziness obscures his senses, and he is hauled powerless towards the bank. A hand is extended, and roughly seizes on the line to guide him towards the fatal landing-net. The dead strain causes the barbed steel to penetrate more deeply into the lacerated wound, the pain of which again awakens him to consciousness; he makes one weak effort in very desperation from the agony—he feels the flesh torn away—he is FREE! and is borne safely onwards by the friendly current, far beyond the power of the relentless monster who so lately held him captive. 'I tell you what, my fine fellow,' says the old angler, who still holds the unwetted landing-net, 'if you hadn't touched the line, the chances are you would have caught that fish.'

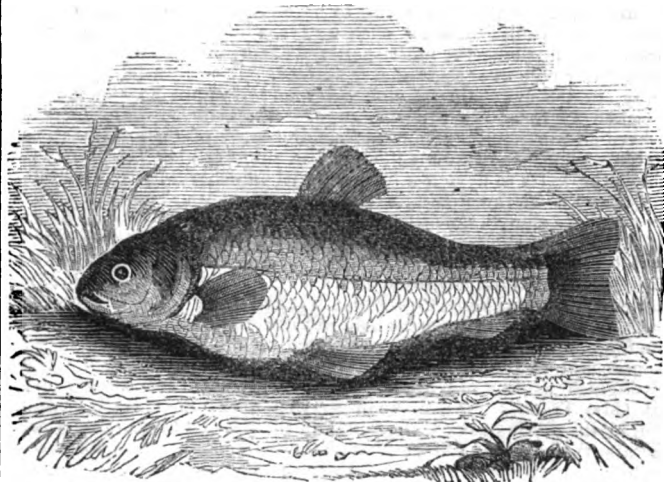
BAIT-FISHING.

Though not a fashionable mode of angling, is one by no means to be despised, and a great deal of the unmerited disrepute into which it is fallen is owing more to the narrow-minded prejudices of those who have never practised it, than to any want of success in this branch of the art.

followed or understood, except by a few cunning old anglers, who keep the secret to themselves, and profit by it accordingly.

#### HOW TO CLEAR YOUR LINE.

Should your hook get entangled in the bottom or side of a river, don't stamp your foot on the ground, or swear, after the manner of some who shall be nameless; nor drive the spike of your rod furiously into the earth, as I have known others do, smashing their reels to pieces with the concussion; neither take off your hat and dash it forcibly to the ground—for none of these things can avail you anything. But if you feel angry at the occurrence, count ten—if very angry, twenty: count the numbers in a solemn and distinct manner, and whilst so employed, look around you to see where you can cut a forked stick (if not already provided with one), which, having made fit in the upper ferrule of your rod, having first unshipped the top for that purpose, holding your line in your left hand, run the cleft of the forked stick down with your right, till it reaches the hook, then give a gentle push forwards, and unless the hook has had a turn round, or is otherwise entangled, you will at once clear it; and if it is entangled, by pushing with a little more force you may break off the gut close to the hook, and so save the greater part of your tackle.



THE TENCH.

**T**he second of pond fishes, we give the tench a place next to the carp. "He is," says quaint old Izaak, "the physician of fishes, and is observed to love ponds better than rivers, and to love pits better than either." This pithy remark will serve the observant angler as a direction where to fish for him, as well as a volume of observations. The tench is considered to be a wholesome and nutritive fish. When found in rivers, he prefers weedy pools, and such as are overhung by trees; the spawning time is from June till September. It is best in season from the end of September till the end of May. The tench is leather-mouthed, and will bite at a well scoured red-worm, a maggot, a young wasp-grub boiled in milk, or a green worm from the boughs of trees.

His best season for biting is from the beginning of April till the end of May. The hook, from No. 3 to No. 6, should be whipped on silk-worm gut, with two or three shots on the line, for pond-fishing, with a goose-quill float.

His hours of feeding are eight, twelve, and four. Be sure to throw in a few maggots at the taking of each fish, which will keep them together.

As these are all the directions for the tench which we think necessary, we shall stand excused doubtless for a little extension of this article by a few samples of the amusing credulity of our forefathers relative to this fish, in common with most other objects, natural history then but little explored.

In every tench's head there are two little stones which foreign physicians make great use of, but he is not commended for wholesome meat, though there be very much use made of them for outward applications. Rondeletius says, that at his being at Rome, he saw a great cure done by applying a tench to the feet of a very sick man. This, he says, was done after an unusual manner, by certain Jews. And it is observed that many of those people have many secrets yet unknown to Christians; secrets that have never yet been written, but have been since the days of their Solomon, who knew the nature of all things, even from the cedar to the shrub, delivered by tradition, from the father to the son, and so from generation to generation, without writing; or, unless it were casually, without the least communicating them to any other nation or tribe; for to do

that they account a profanation. And yet, it is thought that they, or some spirit worse than they, first told us that lice swallowed alive were a certain cure for the yellow jaundice. This, and many other medicines, were discovered by them, or by revelation; for, doubtless, we attained them not by study.

Well, this fish, besides his eating, is very useful, both dead and alive, for the good of mankind. But I will meddle no more with that—my honest humble art teaches no such boldness; there are too many foolish meddlers in physic and divinity that think themselves fit to meddle with hidden secrets, and so bring destruction to their followers. But I'll not meddle with them any farther than to wish them wiser; and shall tell you next, (for I hope I may be so bold,) that the Tench is the physician of fishes, for the pike especially; and that the pike being either sick or hurt, is cured by the touch of the tench.\* And it is observed that the tyrant pike will not be a wolf to his physician, but forbears to devour him, though he be never so hungry.

And here we take leave of the Tench, premising, that against next week we will prepare another "dish of fish" for the reader.

#### RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE.

We have much pleasure in laying before the public a prospectus of a new railroad scheme, which bids fair to open out quite a new era in railroad annals. The intelligence has reached us from a correspondent who "begs leave to trouble us with a line," the merits of which will be best understood by the following—

##### PROSPECTUS

*Of the Grand Antipodean and Hemispherical Junction Railway, between Glasgow and Sydney.*

The projectors of this railway have determined on carrying out the recommendations of the Board of Trade in favour of the most direct lines, and on taking a terrestrial globe—such as those used at schools—it will be found that an iron rod stuck into it at Glasgow and driven completely through, will come out at Sydney. It is, therefore, obvious that the most direct road to the antipodes would be a straight tunnel carried through the centre of the world direct—forming a great truck line, from which branches might be carried to all the mines in every part of the earth, so that gold could be brought straight from Golconda to Glasgow, and thence by railway to the London market.

The benefit to the potteries can only be conceived by those who know the value of clay brought up in its pure state from the centre of the earth. While the chance of all the precious metals which may be come upon in the course of the cuttings will be another of the peculiar advantages of this undertaking. It is obvious that the principle of gravitation will cause the trains to travel at a rate hitherto wholly unattainable, as far as the centre of gravity, to which point it is proposed to carry the line at present. There will consequently be a succession of down trains only, in the first instance, but the up trains will be put on as soon as a magnetic apparatus, now under consideration by the provisional committee, has been completely organised.

It will be seen that no steam being necessary, no explosion need be apprehended, and there being neither smoke nor hot water,—the latter being often productive of bubbles,—the usual fate of many railroad projects cannot in this instance be looked for.

Parties desirous of spending a short time at the centre of gravity,—for the purpose of inspecting the interesting relics with which that favoured locality abounds,—will have an opportunity of doing so, but there will be fast trains running right through without stoppage, the momentum acquired in the descent of the down trains being quite sufficient to convert it into an up train without any additional power.

Further particulars may be obtained of Fudge, Brothers & Co., Brokers, Glasgow. April 1st, 1845.

**THREE WONDERS OF WOMEN.**—First, at fifteen they wonder who they shall take. Second, at twenty-five they wonder they are not taken. And third, at thirty-five they wonder who they can find that will take them.

**MURDER IN SPORT.**—From the statement of Mr. Grantley Berkeley, it seems that the killing of game, on the part of anybody but the proprietor, is nothing more nor less than murder. Could not the honourable gentleman take a rather more lenient view of the matter and make it game-slaughter? It would be rather hard to hang a poor labourer for shooting a hare, even though he committed the act with hunger-pen-pence. Mr. Grantley Berkeley, we presume, will maintain that shooting at game with intent to kill, whether you hit it or not, is the next thing to murder. If so, and could his views become law, what a number of cockney sportsmen would be transported merely for wasting powder and shot! We should like to know whether Mr. Berkeley considers a clerk, or a medical student, who dines off jugged hare at an eating-house, an accessory after the fact; and also, whether he looks in the in the same light at anybody who sups on a poached egg.

\* This must be quite a fancy.—EDITOR.



## MILES'S BOY'S VISIT TO ASCOT.



THE DRIVE TO ASCOT. THE LONG WALK, WINDSOR PARK.

**E**IGHT Royal Ascot, this week we greet the annual assemblage on thy verdant plain! Here, where the royalty of the earth, emperors, kings, queens, princes, and princesses, hold their courtly "tryst;" doth Miles's Boy, making one in the glittering throng with pen and pencil, sketch the doings.

The neighbourhood of "Windsor's regal towers" has aye made Ascot a gay meeting; nay, to this may be attributed the common error on the continent of placing this meeting above Epsom in racing importance. Residing, as did the last two Georges, William, and the present lovely and gracious occupant of the throne at that noble pile "the Castle," they, as well as the Second Charles, oft honoured Ascot Heath with the countenance of royalty. There, as saith the quaint old ballad of "Sir Bevis of Southampton," speaking of "Datchet Mead,"

"A cours do they make on a daye,  
Steedes and palfrey for to assaye  
Which horse that best may run."

As soon as the period of Ascot Heath races is fixed, the people set it down in their note-books as the one to which they are to look forward for a meeting with their queen; the busy note of preparation is commenced to be sounded by all ranks: by the humble, the holiday apparel is again brought from the coffers, the best "bibs and tuckers" are placed in the hands of the sempstress; whilst, by the rich, the pomp and pride of dress is culled from metropolitan sources, the new chariot is launched, the bits of blood harnessed, the lacqueys are fresh liveried, the silken-jacketed postillions are engaged; horses are bespoken, gigs bought, and places booked; and all to throw up the cap, and wave the hat, and cry, "Long live our gracious queen!" and a little—it may be—to cut a dash at Ascot.

The arrangements of Ascot leave no intermediate days, "flat, stale, and unprofitable," by reason of any dearth of sport; on the contrary, each day affords an admirable bill of fare, both in quantity and quality, to all who have appetite to enjoy the sport. And who has not? Echo answers, who?

Who, with health's blessing, means, and free to roam,  
Would miss the pleasure, and remain at home?

So thought we, as we turned over in our bed while the clock was striking

eight. Out we rolled, and, having performed our ablutions like a devout Mussulman, toggled ourselves as became a gentleman, and disposed of a substantial breakfast after the fashion of a fox-hunter, we made way for the Paddington terminus, from whence at ten o'clock precisely, we were put in motion by the mighty power of steam, and whirled off by the Great Western train (the best and safest in principle of all rail conveyances throughout the kingdom) for Slough, which place, eighteen miles distant, we reached in twenty-seven minutes! Shades of our grandsires! whose corporeal substances were wont to travel by easy stages from London to Hounslow, and to endure the fatigue of a week's procrastinated journey to Bath, hear this—and if ever your ghostly natures should again be permitted to visit the scenes of your terrestrial vagaries, try a trip by rail. The station at Slough is on an extensive scale, and affords every accommodation to the passengers. Immediately in its neighbourhood, and on an eminence commanding a fine view of the surrounding country, is the Royal Hotel, kept by Mr. Dotesio, a structure of magnitude, whose magnificent exterior might well convey the notion that any one venturing within its walls for the purpose of refreshing his inward man, or to avail himself of the accommodations of the establishment, must have previously prepared himself with a more than ordinary supply of the viaticum or sterling medium. Curiosity led us to have a peep at the interior, and, in our small way, to test the accommodation, and discover the rate of charge. In our research we were not surprised to find that the arrangements of the place embodied all our conceptions of style, comfort, and convenience; for such might naturally be looked for in an establishment having so important a locality; but we were astonished to find that the charges were regulated by the most strict observance of fair economy; in reality and truth, that a man might fare sumptuously, and in a very superior style of accommodation and attendance, at a charge beyond expectation reasonable. And now, having said a word of recommendation, and paid to the merits of the respectable landlord a just tribute, move we on to the scene of Ascot.

From Slough to Windsor is (in fine weather) an agreeable ride or walk, as may be preferred, of about two miles, leading through the village or hamlet of Eton, whose classic college forms one of the most picturesque and striking features of the whole route. In its immediate vicinity may be seen a crowd of young students, chiefly sons of the aristocracy.

[Continued on page 166.]



## BRITISH SONG BIRDS.—No. VIII.

## THE BULLFINCH.

(Concluded from page 156.)



Resume the consideration of the Bullfinch as a cage bird from the point where we last week broke off.

## MODE OF TAKING.

There are few birds so easily attracted by the decoy-bird as bullfinches. They may also be taken by any of the usual means. In winter numbers may be caught by a noose, by hanging to it such berries as the bird likes; in spring and autumn they may be caught in the area or barn floor trap; and provided they see berries there, the decoy bird is not wanted; it is sufficient if one imitates their soft cry of "tui, tui," in the hut.

## BREEDING.

These tenderly affectionate birds can hardly live when separated from one another. They incessantly repeat their call with a languishing note, and continually caress. They can sometimes be made to breed in the house, like the canary, but their eggs are rarely fruitful. In the wild state they breed twice every year, each time laying from three to six eggs, of a bluish white, spotted with violet and brown at the large end. Their nest, which they build in the most retired part of a wood, or in a solitary quickset hedge, is constructed with little skill, of twigs which are covered with moss. The young ones are hatched in fifteen days. Those which are to be taught must be taken from the nest when the feathers of the tail begin to grow; and must be fed only on rape seed soaked in water and mixed with white bread; eggs would kill them or make them blind. Their plumage is then of a dark ash-colour, with the wings and tail blackish brown; the males may be known at first by their reddish breast; so that when these only are wished to be reared they may be chosen in the nest, for the females are not so beautiful, nor so easily taught.

## DISEASES.

Those bullfinches which are caught in a snare or net are rarely ill, and may be preserved for eight years or more; but those reared from the nest are subject to many diseases, caused by their not having their natural food, or by those injurious delicacies which are always lavished on favourite birds; they rarely live more than six years. The surest means of preserving them healthy for a long time, is to give them neither sweets nor tit-bits of any kind, scrupulously to confine their food to rape seed, adding now and then a very little hemp to please them, and a good deal of the green food mentioned. The bottom of their cages should be covered with river sand, as the bird there finds some stones which aid the functions of the stomach. Their most frequent diseases are moulting, costiveness, diarrhoea, epilepsy, grief, and melancholy, in which case they are quite silent, and remain immovable, unless the cause can be discovered. They must not be given any delicacy, and must be fed entirely on soaked rape seed. A clove in their water, proper food, and particularly a good deal of refreshing green food, enables them to pass the moulting time in good health.

## FOOD.

When wild the bullfinch does not often suffer from the failure of its food; for it eats pine and fir seeds, the fruit of the ash and maple, corn, all kinds of berries, the buds of the oak, beech, and pear trees, and even linseed, millet, rape, and nettle seeds.

In the house those which run about may be fed on the universal paste, and, for a change, rape seed may be added; those which are taught must be fed only on poppy seed, with a little hemp seed, and now and then a little biscuit without spice. It has been remarked that those which are fed entirely on rape seed soaked in water live much longer, and are more healthy. The hemp seed is too heating, sooner or later blinds them, and always brings on a decline. A little green food, such as lettuce, endive, chickweed, water-cresses, a little apple, particularly the kernels, the berries of the service tree, and the like, is agreeably and salutary to them.

The following varieties of the Bullfinch are noted by Bechstein:—

1. The *White Bullfinch*, which is of an ashy white, or wholly white, with dark spots on the back.

2. The *Black Bullfinch*. These are most generally females, which become black, either with age, when they are only fed on hemp-seed, or with having been kept when young in a totally dark place. Some resume at their moulting their natural colours; others remain black; but this black is not the same in all; some are of a brilliant raven black, others dull, and not so dark on the belly; in some the head only is of a raven black, the rest of the body being duller; in others the black is mixed with red spots on the belly, or the latter is entirely red. I have seen one in which the head and breast, as well as the upper and under parts of the body, were of a raven black, every other part of a dull black, with the wings and tail white; it is a very handsome bird, rather larger than a redbreast.

3. The *Speckled Bullfinch*. It is thus called, for, besides its natural colours, it is spotted with black and white, or white and ash colour.

4. The *Mongrel Bullfinch*. It is the offspring of a female reared in the house from the nest, and of a male canary. Its shape and colour partake of those of the parent birds; its note is very agreeable, and softer than that of the canary; but it is very scarce. This union rarely

succeeds; but when tried, a very ardent and spirited canary should be chosen.

5. The other varieties are the *Large Bullfinch*, about the size of a thrush, and the *Middling*, or *Common*. As to dwarf birds, which are not as large as a charfinch, it is a bird-catcher's story, for this difference in size is observed in all kinds of birds. I can affirm it with the more certainty, having had opportunities every year of seeing hundreds of these birds, both wild and tame. I have even in the same nest found some as small as redbreast, and others as large as a crossbill.

## THE DERBY!

(From the "Illustrated London News.")

THE race! well, what about the race?

It's hardly worth showing one's Knowledge; when all are knowing now  
How it has bit the knowing ones.

How one Day promised foul to spoil  
Another fair for Gully!  
And all that Tattersall turmoil  
Reported now so fully!

How brave Old England, who was fix'd  
As being fit for knackers,  
Had nearly got the knack himself  
O' winning for his backers!

How Merry Monarch came in first  
(An understood outsider),  
And play'd Old Harry there—and rang  
Bell's joy for Bell, the rider!

How Annandale, whom Marson rode,  
In truth began to Mar soon  
The funny looks of fools of Turf,  
Who flabbergasted are soon.

How many a fair Adonis there  
Made grievous calculation,  
While Young Eclipse bit both his lips,  
In "Doleful" "Desperation."

How Clear-the-way had nought to say,  
Except that 'twas clear'd for him;  
How Jingle-Pot no coin had got,  
Pigeon—(but we abhor him!)

Was pluck'd! where wise Columbus came,  
A riddle each man throws up;  
While Laundress—if it's all the same—  
Will give up getting clothes up!

The Libel's punished; Weather-bit  
(The race was bit by weather)  
Bridles his rage while Cabin Boy  
Is unbuck'd altogether!

Miss Whip, poor thing, has lost her thong,  
No winning-post abutting;  
It's very plain to all of us—  
She couldn't win by cutting!

And Worthless too was worthless all,  
He went so very slow in;  
It's very plain to all of us—  
He couldn't win by going.

Its going off so fast we mean,  
As any winner need do;  
What would the Laird o' Cockpen gie  
To cock a pen as we do?

But now no more, the race is o'er,  
The winners all are jonnock,\*  
So, ere we go, our horn we'll blow,  
And drink the Merry Monarch!

A TREAT.—Miss T.: Excuse me, Sir Gilbert, I have to feed my little family. Sir Gilbert: Madam!—Miss T.: Gold fish, Sir Gilbert, gold fish. Pretty things! So tame, and so intelligent! You should see 'em swallow a live fly from my fingers! 'Tis, I may say, quite a treat! Sir Gilbert: For the fly, madam, or the fish?—*Time Works Wonders.*

We ha' got trees on the banks of the Kessakementus so everlastingly high that it takes two men and a little boy a standing on one another's heads to see up to the first branch.

GIVEN IT UP.—The Millenniunites, or second advent men, have fairly given it up! They think, however, that the world will come to an end some time or other.

\* One of the most glorious expressions of an improving civilisation, signifying "jolly."

## CORRESPONDENTS.

**SIMPSON, Leeds.**—We answered your question in the second number of the *SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE*.

**A. YOUNG FISHERMAN.**—No. There is a fine of 40s., according to certain regulations, to which, any one fishing in the Thames or Medway is liable. It was made in 1785, by the Corporation of London and conservators of the Thames, and signed by the judge of the land. Convictions have taken place under this regulation within these three or four years.

**SAWELL, Northallerton.**—The lines, though containing some comic humour, are too coarse and vulgar for print. Can you not be droll without being dirty?

**SEMPER IDEM.**—We gave a recipe for ticks in the dog a few weeks since; we repeat it, as it is short. "Rub your dog over with oil; *probation est*."

**WIDE-O', Exeter.**—Tincture of benzoin is made by digesting gum benzoin (vulgarly called Benjamin) and aloes in rectified spirit. Tincture of squills is made with vinegar, not alcohol. Friar's balsam (so much used for wounds, &c.), is the same as compound tincture of benzoin.

**HENRY HASTINGS.**—Upon our veracity we don't know: what a hurry you're in. The week before last we enlarged this paper four pages, lest the advertisements should trespass on the readable matter, and have given an additional page each week of "that same." Do you know that the *white paper* costs us wholesale, within a fraction of a halfpenny, what we receive from the trade vendors for the sale of this publication, and that fraction *must* pay editor, artist, engraver, and all the expenses of printing? now guess how many thousands must we sell to reimburse ourselves?

**If the gentleman** who forwarded us the engraved figure of "the Problem" experimental yacht, will send the wood block or a cast therefrom, to our office, 10, Red Lion Court, Fleet-street, it shall be inserted with a notice of this marine novelty.

**YOUNG PISCATOR, Manchester.**—You will see by our last number that the cuts for the minnow-fishing article were in hand previous to the receipt of your letter. We are obliged to you, and will probably make use of it in some other form. Could you not give a description of some good "Fishing Locality" in your neighbourhood, with a picture of the spot, or of some good house in the vicinity, or perhaps tell us where we could find an engraving to copy?

**S. R. B.**—We cannot pin our faith on the printed account: our American brethren are given to shooting with the long-bow. "Travellers see strange things," and tell them, too. We don't believe that taking the *elite* of pedestrians, wrestlers, or boxers of England, that the best "article" of those classes to be found in savage life could at all compete with them. Poets and romance writers have, of course, a wide scope, which we do not wish to deprive them of, but the nonsense in the American magazine article referred to, is not worth refutation: we take it to be written by some new world "cockney" dry-good dealer, or romantic tailor.

**W. DILLON.**—The following flies for chub can be recommended:—The bee is an excellent general fly, tied very full, and will kill all through the season. The golden palmer tied full and gaudy, with plenty of flat gold tinsel, and the body composed of bright peacock herl. The red palmer, of a very large size, the body scarlet, ribbed with gold, and double hackled. As chub, however, are not particularly fastidious, any large gaudy fly, tied buzz fashion, will take in water where these fish are plentiful.

**J. REMMANT.**—If you had read either the life of Mendoza in the History of Boxing published in this paper, or looked at the Chronology given therewith, you could not have missed seeing the answer to your question. We fear you are one of those "constant readers" who never know anything about the utility of a paper, except to ask questions of its editor.

**SKELLINGERN.**—Young Dutch Sam fought Tom Gaynor £300 to £200; there were 17 rounds, occupying 2 hours and 5 minutes, long-winded manoeuvring certainly. You don't suppose two men can be fighting all that time, do you?

**E. W. B.**—Certainly Gill of Coventry is Paddy Gill, he was beaten by Norley, (George Hall, of Manchester). What's the use of saying you cannot find his fights in *FISTIANA*, we referred in order to test your positive assertion, and there they are! Either you have not the book, or your eyesight is very imperfect; we take the former to be the case.

**A. B. C., Leeds.**—In a week or two we will give an article on *THE FERRET*, with an engraving. As a native of a warmer climate (Africa) than the polecat, it is very inferior in ability to procure its subsistence: indeed those which are lost in rabbit burrows perish at the approach of cold weather, at least, we have never known them breed except in captivity and kept warm. Beds of flax, bran, bread, and milk, seem their best diet. An equable temperature as far as procurable, and the diet we have mentioned, we take to be the best preservatives of their health; but with regard to remedies for their diseases, we really are as ignorant as yourself as to the medicines best suited to the disorders of these irascible, hot-blooded vermin.—"Salter's Angler's Guide," (the 5th edition), for practical directions in Angling:—"Ronalds" or "Hoffland" for Fly and general Fishing.—We will see presently about Lake Trout Fishing.

**CRICKET.**—T. S. C.—Balls, certainly; are there not two? Years ago there were but two stumps, consequently instead of two, as at present, they were crossed by one ball only. Legal phraseology cannot bear on the point. There the term, ball, is understood in the plural number.

**SILAS M., Nunhead.**—You should not wonder were you caught out twice as often, if you play such balls in the manner you describe. Practice forward play, and you will soon find the benefit of it; at present you hit *under* instead of *over* the ball, and consequently she must inevitably mount.

**H. BETTS, Hornechurch.**—The umpire was right. Although the bowler designedly drew the batsman off his ground by the pretended intention of delivering the ball, and although the bowler was over the bowling-cresce when he put the wicket down, still the batsman was out. The ball being in hand for the purpose of delivery, was *in play*, and the batsman had no business off his ground.

**VINCENT.**—We have our own reasons for thinking otherwise. You can, however, apply to Mr. Denison himself, who, of course, can settle the question definitely.

**G. S. S.**—We intend shortly to publish a list of competent umpires. Parties duly authorised can send their names and addresses to 10, Red Lion-court, Fleet-street.

**S. M. C.**—Every advertisement inserted by ourselves, or any other paper whatever, is liable to a charge of one shilling and sixpence for each such advertisement; and a penalty, if a copy of the publication is not sent in and the duty paid by a certain time. S. M. C. will therefore see the unreasonableness of asking us to advertise him, and pay the duty into the bargain.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

**SUNDAY, June 15th.**—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.—Magna Charta signed, 1215: as twenty-four of the Barons could only "make their marks," the "Schoolmaster" appears to have been very much "abroad" at this period.

**MONDAY 16.**—The Royal Thames Yacht Club's match for the Grand Challenge Cup.—Sutton Park Races.—Twenty-four boys expelled from a national school in Ireland for wearing the "Repeal button": the buttons being considered as "double guilt."

**TUESDAY 17.**—Grimsby Fair.

*On the Management of the Sponge.*—The best way to manage a sponge is to be "at home" only on cold shoulder days. A house in the country is a protection against the frequent appearance of the sponge, especially if the omnibus fare is equal to a coffee-house dinner. Should the riding charge, however, be a plate of soup under the price of an "ordinary," the sponge may be looked for with certainty. An excellent mode of eradicating the sponge is to wear a temperance medal round your neck, which will excuse you placing anything stronger than toast-and-water upon the table; and as sponges are invariably wet, and thrive like fungus, best in a cellar, you will find the "pledge" an admirable cold water cure.

**WEDNESDAY 18.**—HAMPTON RACES.—The Battle of Waterloo, 1815.  
*Cricket.*—This truly English game of strength and activity is now in its zenith, and all the cricket clubs are open for the season. Formerly, cricket was almost confined to the southern counties: Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, more especially, have always been famous for skill in it. Of late years it has spread a good deal

in the northern quarter of the island; there is scarcely a county in England without its regularly established cricket club; and in Scotland, where, a few years back, cricket was altogether unknown, it is now making a surprising advance.

**THURSDAY 19.**—Cricket.—The Marylebone Club against the University of Oxford.—This is the great month for Otter-hunting. The pomp and circumstance of the olden Otter-chase were very striking: the huntmen sallied forth arrayed, in vests of green, braided with scarlet, their caps of fur encircled with bands of gold, and surmounted with ostrich plumes. Boots, much of the fashion of those known to modern hunting-fields, reaching to the tops of the thighs, and water-proof, encased their lower limbs, and were ornamented with gold or silver tassels. Their spears were also embellished with carving and costly mountings; the whole set-out of the higher classes engaged in these water-huntings being of a very picturesque and imposing character. Towards the latter end of the last century, otter-hunting was one of the most popular of our field sports, and the list of establishments supported for its pursuit would have, probably outnumbered those devoted to hunting in any of its other forms. Regular packs of otter hounds were kept in almost every parish, and an otter-pole was as common an instrument in the peasant's hands as a walking-stick. It was much more simple than the spear now in use; it was merely a stick of straight ash, shod with a common iron barb head, or a fork of two prongs, also arrow-headed. With these weapons in their hands, and a motley group of miscellaneous curs at their heels, the village rustics would hie them to the neighbouring streams, to chase, in humble imitation of their betters, the *Mustela lutca* of the naturalist.

**FRIDAY 20.**—Accession of Queen Victoria.—June is the grand racing month; the first Arabian, which had ever been known as such in England, was purchased by the royal jockey, of a Mr. Markham, a merchant, at the price of five hundred pounds. That illustrious master of the science of equitation the Duke of Newcastle, in his treatise, describes this Arab as a little bay horse, of ordinary shape, and judges he was good for nothing, because, being trained and started, he could not race, but was beaten by every horse which ran against him.

**SATURDAY 21.**—The longest day: the Income Tax imposed, 1842, which seems likely to last out the longest day yet known.

## THE MOON IN JUNE.

New Moon, 5th .. .. .	1 7 morn.
First Quarter, 13th .. .. .	3 43 morn.
Full Moon, 19th .. .. .	11 18 aft.
Last Quarter, 26th .. .. .	3 27 aft.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High water at London Bridge.

		morn.		aft.				morn.		aft.	
Sunday, June 13th	.. .. .	9	14	9	45	Thursday, 19th	.. .. .	0	49	1	17
Monday, 16th	.. .. .	10	16	10	48	Friday, 20th	.. .. .	1	42	2	10
Tuesday, 17th	.. .. .	11	21	11	51	Saturday, 21st	.. .. .	2	36	3	2
Wednesday, 18th	.. .. .			0	22						

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

## FOR THE WEEK ENDING, JUNE 21.

**IF** we started the *SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE* as candidate for the GRAND STAND STAKES of popular favour, we pledged ourselves, that as we found the patronage of that public responsive to the exertions made, so should those efforts increase. The enlargement of this paper *one-fourth*, the multiplication of the number of its engravings, and other alterations (we would fain hope, improvements), have occasioned a largely-increased expenditure; may we ask of those who wish to see (to quote a phrase used by ourselves in our introductory article,) "sporting literature advanced to an equality with other departments of general reading," to recommend and circulate this little miscellany? We love to be plain, straightforward, and aboveboard. Of old subscribers we retain our original number; of new ones, since the increased expenditure in paper, print and engravings, we have acquired so few, that unless an augmentation of circulation follows, within a week or two, we must in self-defence do one of three things, either of which will be distasteful and hurtful to our feelings. 1, reduce the size of the paper, and the number of the engravings; or 2, raise the price of the paper to twopence; or 3, discontinue the publication altogether. The latter we shall most reluctantly adopt, as we know from an intimate acquaintance of some years with the press, and the peculiar advantages we possess, that if we cannot publish a cheap class paper like the present, in which both quality and low price are combined, that *no other person can, except at a ruinous loss.* These words we write with a perfect assurance of their truth.

And now one word as to the easy condition whereby a cheap sporting miscellany may be secured to the public, and we be, at least, reimbursed, to say nothing of remunerated, for surely the labourer is worthy of his hire? Let each of our 7,000 regular subscribers recommend this paper to a friend, and let but 3,000 of these recommendations prove successful, and we pledge ourselves not only to keep up the quality of *THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE*, but to improve it. At present (as it is our wish to be candid), we plainly and unequivocally inform the reader, and can prove it by figures, that for three weeks the expenses have exceeded the returns (to say nothing of editorial labour) by several pounds per week. Let those subscribers, then, who wish well to this little venture, recommend it to their friends, and by this cheap mode of increasing the sale, they may serve us, and also, we hope, minister to their own edification and entertainment.

ocracy—statesmen and warriors in embryo—all in full enjoyment of the scene, and cracking their jokes and witticisms on the moving multitude. Proceeding on we reach Windsor, its castle towering above the town in lofty and irregular grandeur. This residence of the sovereigns has been so repeatedly noticed in all the varied and elaborate powers of artistic description, that it would be presumptuous to intrude on our readers any weak attempt of our own. The town of Windsor, also, is equally familiar to the public, and in this, as in all former weeks of Ascot Races, received an enormous influx of population. The two principal inns were, as usual, full from their basements to the attics, with beds beyond precedent engaged in the town for the accommodation of their regular visitors.

Vehicles of every description, from Moody's crack four-in-hand to the donkeyman's dilly, were in request; and, spite of the wet, some hundreds paced their way on foot through the green retreats of the park and forest. The road from Windsor to Ascot presents to the traveller, at this season of the year, a scene of the richest imaginable beauty.

The whole leafy forest stands displayed  
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales,  
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,  
And the birds sing concealed.  
The country far diffused around  
One boundless blush—one white empurpled shower  
Of mingled blossoms.

And here, we have its picture. (See page 163).

The journey alone is recreative of health and pleasure—every breath is perfumed with spring's delicious odours, which, thanks to Providence, are imparted alike to the olfactories of the prince and the nasal sensibilities of the peasant.

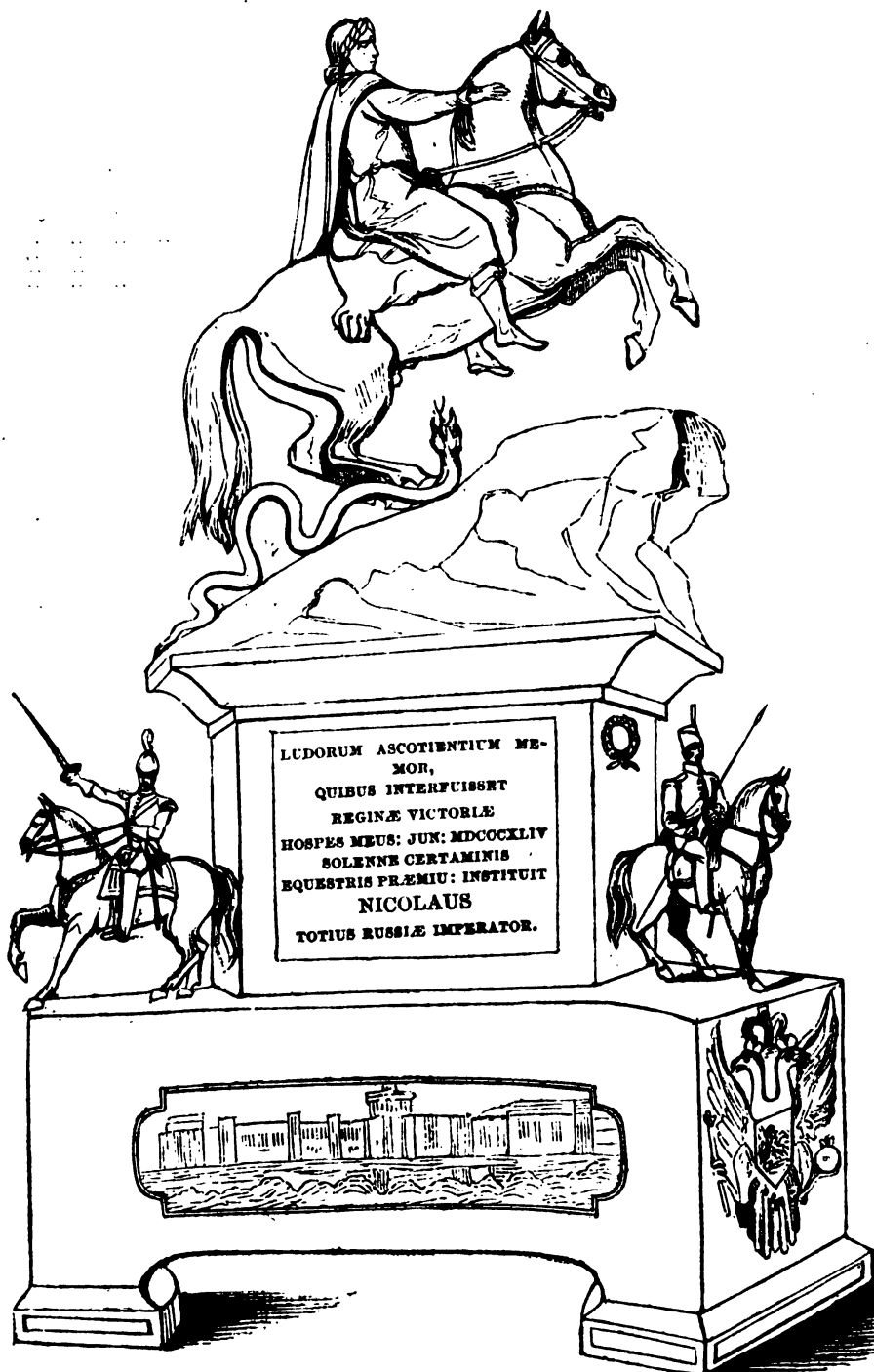
But the heath—the heath—what of the heath? (By which is meant the course). Having taken our stations, let us look around and observe if any, and what, changes have taken place in the arrangements of the course. We shall find there have been several, and all improvements. The stands, betting-post, &c., are admirably located; these, and other improvements, have been brought to practice through the care and exertions of the stewards and the clerk of the course, and we now consider Ascot almost perfect as to turf-accommodations. Then the arrangements connected with the running, they, too, are for the most part admira-

ble, and being more peremptory than in preceding years, become more effective.

But the bell has rung, the crowding populace are quietly, and in good order, arranging themselves on either side; far off shouts are echoing upon our ears, huzzas, loud and long prolonged, increase upon us; there is a goodly pageant pacing majestically up that green road; there are gallant steeds, and chase-liveried riders, coursers such as few beside can match; and there are royal chariots and splendid company, lords of degree, and noble ladies; and in the midst rides a Queen and a Mother! Her presence is the signal for the "pastime" to commence, and ere the "Majesty of England" can complete her gracious acknowledgments to an applauding people, behold the horses that are about to contend for the Royal Vase are here. Of this magnificent piece of plate, the pressure of engravings and matter this week compels the postponement, but in our next number this and "the Hunter's Cup" shall be both given. To our stamped contemporaries have we the chronicling of the sports.

Tuesday and Wednesday are passed, and now comes the day, "big with the fate of" the noble gift of the Autocrat of all the Russias; and here behold it! Is it not, reader, a gift worthy of an Emperor? (See engraving.) But it would be imperfect without a picture of its winner; so here we present you with The Emperor.—(See opposite page.)

DESCRIPTION.  
The intrinsic value of this massive piece of plate is £500. The selection of the design for this, the first of these munificent annual gifts, was entrusted to Baron Brunow and Lord Rosslyn, who appointed Messrs. Hunt and Roskill (late Storr and Mortimer), of Bond-street, to effect its execution, a task they have accomplished in a manner creditable to their establishment. The principal feature of the model, which is exquisitely wrought, is the colossal statue of Peter the Great, at St. Petersburg, placed on a rock of granite. It is a miniature copy of the original. The statue, and the rock on which it is placed, stand on a triangular base, with five basso-relievos, including "The Imperial Palace at St. Petersburg," "The Kremlin at Moscow," and "Windsor Castle," all chased in the most finished style. In the panels above these representations are first, "St. George of Russia;" next, "Citizen Minin and Prince of Pojarski; and, lastly, over Windsor Castle, the Latin inscription

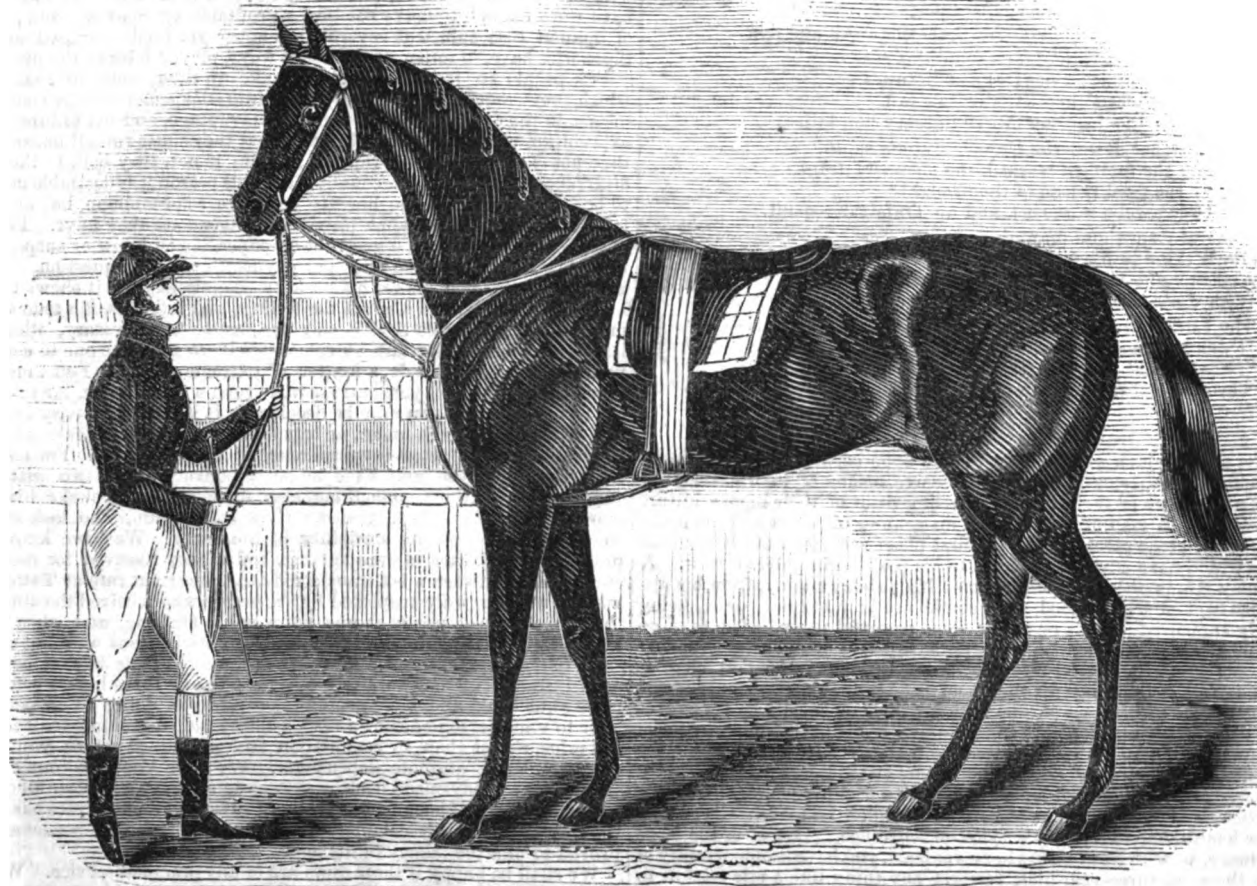


THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S GIFT.

given in our drawing, which we thus translate:—"Nicholas, Emperor of all the Russias, in memory of the Ascot festivities of June, 1844, at which he was present as the guest of Queen Victoria, founded this annual prize for equestrian rivalry." On the corners of the base are three soldiers

of the Russian army—a cuirassier, a Cossack, and a Circassian, all of the Imperial Guard, and then follow the names of the stewards:—The Earl of Rosslyn, the Earl of Stradbroke, the Marquis of Exeter, and the Hon. Colonel Anson. It weighs 600 ounces, and stands 40 inches high.

## THE EMPEROR.



WINNER OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA PLATE AT ASCOT, 1845.

### TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE principal topic of the week in domestic circles has been the state of last year's summer attire, which the fine weather has drawn forth to light and life from the rough-dried box of the careful housewife. Of twelve pairs of white trowsers, the following analysis, made by Mr. Papsy, of Islington, is not without interest.

	Pairs.
Shrunk too small and fitted for his next brother, three years younger	3
Gone at the straps	2
Require letting out, having a hem sufficiently broad to do so	4
Won't stand much more washing	2
Available for Sundays	1
	12

Miss Sarah Jane Myrtle finds her *barege* in a satisfactory state, and good for Ascot; but does not think that the *mousselin-de-laine* will dye again. The satin polka pelisse has been carefully put by in its place, covered with cedar shavings, and pasted up in brown paper to keep away the moths.

Another topic of the week has been, the best way of getting back the money spent on the Derby. Mr. Fitzrobinson—the gentleman who created such a sensation by his solo on the post-horn during the halt at the tarapike—will dine for the next two months at Berthollini's, instead of the Cafe de L'Europe, by which he calculates a saving of from sevenpence to a shilling a day will be effected in the article of meat alone; and Mr. Snobbins has taken to black his own boots, with paste blacking at a penny per pot, instead of paying his landlady a shilling a

week to do so. He has also changed his second floor chambers for a salubrious third pair in Norfolk-street, which will still further reduce his expenditure, and the six-guinea surtout he intended to have of a fashionable west-end tailor has been countermanded for a "registered palitot" at two guineas, which he is assured combines the several advantages of a frock coat, a Tweed Taglioni, a macintosh, and a cab or umbrella in unfavourable weather. In consequence of these monetary stratagems, it is expected, for the next few months, where the individuals do not boldly rush into credit, that the run will be upon the celebrated "Gent's Albert Highlows," and canary-bird-coloured "Berlins," which appear flying about the windows of the haberdashers' shops like so many butterflies, after the fashion of their infantile brethren at the Lilliputian Warehouse in New-street. The canary tint is, however, like the bird, very apt to fly, especially after washing.

The dust has been also a very principal topic of the week, the wind having thrown it into the eyes of every body, causing them to be exceedingly perplexed, except they have been railway shareholders, when they have been so habituated to having dust thrown into their eyes unceasingly by the directors, that they do not mind it any longer! The common phrase, "none so dusty," has caused much difference during the past week amongst etymological professors, as to whether it could be considered as an agreeable or disadvantageous attribute of anything. The members of Tattersall's complain a little of dry weather at present (although they had, in all truth, had a sickener of the last *Raining Rain*), because it has prevented their sporting friends from coming "down with the dust," as they wished to have seen them doing after this late Derby. But if the rain will not come down handsomely, we hope the losers will.



## THE ALLEGORY OF THE FOUNTAINS.

(From Punch.)

"Since the fountains of Trafalgar-square have begun to play, a well which the Union Club sunk at a great expense is quite dry."—*Times*.

The clubbists of the Union sunk a well  
Deep, deep into the bowels of Pall Mall;  
The rushing water gurgled in the shaft,  
And all the footmen washed, and all the members quaffed.

Two wondrous fontanels arose to grace  
Lord Nelson's column and Trafalgar-place;  
Deep in the bosom of the earth below,  
The builder digg'd to make his fountains froth and flow.

Up, up to heaven Trafalgar's fountains rose,  
Their spray bedewed the Duke of Bronte's nose,  
George's fat statue, and St. Martin's rail,  
And bathed in silver dew Northumbria's lion tail.

Down, deeper down, the Union's water's sank,  
No more the footmen washed, the members drank:  
Ask ye the fatal reason of the drought?  
The Union wells were sold, and up Trafalgar's spout.

A moral from those fountains twain I drew,  
(Each thing in life a moral hath, or two.)  
And thought St. Stephen's chapel could compete  
With those two aqueducts of Cockspur-street.

The Liberals sought and found the spring and sank it—  
It was the cunning Tories came and drank it;  
'Twas Russell bade the water rise and flow,  
Through Robert's brassen pipes it issues now!

## HINTS ON BETTING.

In the advice which we are about to give upon betting, we address ourselves chiefly to those who have no exclusive means of information, but who devote a little of their time, and risk a little of their money in turf speculations. A man of prudence, in making up his mind and his book, on any of the great races, will in the first place consider well the circumstances which have advanced a horse to his position in public favour. A horse may rise in estimation either from his public running, from his appearance backed by his blood, from confidence in his stable, or by being strongly supported by his owner or some powerful party. The first, no doubt, is the best criterion, and it affords to every man an equal opportunity of knowing what he is about, but the public in general make at least a sufficient allowance for this; and before you back a winner of the autumn for the great races of the ensuing year, you should be very careful in considering many points connected with his past triumphs. The later in the year that he has appeared the better, and, if he has won more than once, be careful to ascertain whether his last race was won as cleverly as the first, whether, in fact he is a rising or a declining horse. Observe in particular his performances in any races which he may have run of a greater length than the usual two-year-old-distance. This is of the more importance, as, with Newmarket horses as least, you have no opportunity of seeing them, as three-year olds, perform any thing like a fair trial as to distance and severity for Epsom. It is generally against a horse to have been brought out as a yearling, or early in the second year, and the winner of a race in April is often worse than no winner at all.

There is a great inducement to have yearling races in the neighbourhood of training grounds, and the practice is carried to a great extent in the North, at Catterickbridge, Malton, &c., where it is much more easy to procure a good field of young horses than to bring together a tolerable lot rising Leger age. The feather-weight for yearlings, allowed at most Spring meetings, for Craven stakes, is highly injudicious, as it gives them an unfair chance for the day with their elder competitors, and frequently ruins their after prospects. A consideration of the course on which a horse has won is almost as material as of the horses which he has beaten, though this applies perhaps less to young horses than any other, as care is generally taken, however intricate a race-course may be, that the best part of it is selected for the T.Y.C. Even here, however, a horse and a jockey who know the course, have a manifest advantage, and you may place more confidence on a winner on a strange course than at home. Where horses of different ages have run, it is more difficult to determine the merit of any in particular. So many circumstances may be more favourable to one age than another, that before you come to a conclusion you must weigh well the state of the weather and the course, with a variety of other particulars, which, if they relate to country races, are not always easy to obtain. It requires very considerable judgment to estimate properly the speed displayed in running a race. The swiftest horses, running for any considerable distance, may make a very slow average pace, when there is no disposition to make play early with any of them; whereas very indifferent cattle as to speed, with good bottom, by starting at score, may get round the course in a very short space of time. The severest and best contested races are frequently those which are commenced in a canter. It has once or twice, to be sure, been our luck to see a race well contested over the whole of the Beacon, but such events are of extremely rare occurrence; and with young horses, in nine cases out of ten, any one might

be the winner fifty yards from home. The jockey is a matter of not less consideration than the course; and it is necessary to take into consideration not only those who have rode a horse at the various preceding races, but also who is likely to ride him for the race on which you stake your money.

In these times also, you have to consider not only a jockey's skill but his honesty, and so ticklish is this consideration, that if there were no other reasons, this alone would almost be sufficient to deter persons from standing to win a large sum on one horse, and that a great favorite when they could hedge their book so as to have many smaller winners. What with the fraudulent riding and bad paying, a man who acts fairly, has hard work enough to make the turf a profitable speculation; and we are of opinion that sufficient severity has never yet been exercised against those who have, in either of the above ways, played false to the public.

Few people are rogues enough to make up their minds to risk a sum which they cannot pay, but many enter into engagements far beyond their means, in the expectation of hedging to advantage, and the failure of this expectation places them in a situation that they must run all hazards. If they get clean out of the scrape all is well; if not, they bolt, to the great disarrangement of your accounts. For this reason it is desirable not only to bet with those of whose honesty you have some opinion, but to ascertain as well as you can what previous engagements they have. For it is of little moment to have a good bet on paper, if you know or suspect that this or that horse winning may put payment out of the question. We do not like a man who makes his book by commission, for it shews that he looks to gain only, and has not the feelings and interests of a true sportsman; but at the same time it may frequently be necessary, when you have made bets to a certain extent yourself, to get some one to complete your account, and this is a matter of extreme nicety. You must well know the man whom you entrust with such a commission, for many are the modes in which you may be deceived. It is, no doubt, easy to detect him if he takes much under, or bets much more, than the fair odds, but it is not so easy to detect a transference of a rail account. For instance, the person employed may have an advantageous bet or two with some one in whose solvency something may have arisen to shake his faith. How easy is it for him to transfer these bets to you, who look only to odds, and not to the responsibility of the party. We have known the practice, indeed, carried even further, and money received for the difference of odds between a bet transferred and the current rate at Tattersall's, when it was shrewdly suspected by the person who received the difference, that the chance of payment was not worth a farthing, and when the result of the transaction has proved that his anticipations were but too correct, to the discomfiture of his confiding dupe. It is in fact better, in most instances, if you want to bet against two or three horses before you close your book, and have not an opportunity of doing so in person, to offer to some person of known responsibility half a point above the market price, rather than to commission any person on whom you cannot place the same absolute dependence. We have known a young practitioner buy a ready-made book, cast it up in all ways, calculate all chances and flatter himself he must be a winner. The result of the race has proved the correctness of his calculations; but, alas! the day of settlement has proved to him the fallacy of his hopes.

We shall be happy if these hints are of any practical service. We have made them general rather than minute, and we would recommend our readers in, taking advice from others, to receive with diffidence information as to this horse or that, where he knows not whether he may not be advised by an interested party; but much information may be picked up from attending to the maxims of persons of experience on the turf, when they are founded on general principles. Your object should be to make use of the experience of others, not by gaining specific information from them, but by rendering you more competent to judge for yourself.

And now a few practical words on the operation of

## MAKING A BOOK.

"Making a book," or "betting round," is the plan pursued by what are called the "knowing ones," of the "betting ring," who are early in the field, and generally possess the best information from head quarters of every circumstance relating to the favourites in betting races.

The method of betting has been thus described by the best sporting authorities. "The really knowing man is one who 'bets round' in other words, makes a book on the race: his system is to lay out a definite sum against all the horses in the betting, and the more the better; should he be lucky to 'get round,' and at an average of 20 to 1 against 25 horses he must win, and this is very frequently the case. To make it clear that the favourite is a bad horse for the knowing ones, we will suppose that a race is about to be run, that 10 horses are in the betting and that W. B. has made a £1000 book on the following terms, specifying the horses by the first ten letters in the alphabet, he will stand thus at the commencement of the race:—

1000 to 500 (2 to 1)	...	...	...	...	against A
1000 — 333 (about 3 to 1)	...	...	...	...	— B
1000 — 250 (4 to 1)	...	...	...	...	— C
1000 — 167 (about 6 to 1)	...	...	...	...	— D
1000 — 125 (8 to 1)	...	...	...	...	— E
1000 — 100 (10 to 1)	...	...	...	...	— F
1000 — 83 (about 12 to 1)	...	...	...	...	— G

1000 — 70 (about 14 to 1)	...	...	...	— H
1000 — 50 (20 to 1)	...	...	...	— I
1000 — 40 (25 to 1)	...	...	...	— J

Now it is obvious that the favourite A is the worst horse in the race for W. B., and should it win, he clears, after paying £1000, only £218 (this sum is made by casting up the amounts won on the others, minus the £1000 he has paid), whereas, should the outsider (I) win, he nets £678 after paying the £1000 to the backers of the successful horse. Supposing that more than the 10 ran, and that one of those not mentioned came in first, W. B. would then win every one of his bets, £1718, the horses not mentioned being technically termed his 'field.'

"From this it will be seen that the correct system to be followed by the 'book maker' consists of betting the odds against all the horses in the field, always taking care, however, that he does not bet a larger sum against any one horse that may win than would be covered by the amount gained on the others which lose.

"But the better, in making his book, does not always confine himself to merely 'betting the odds,' for, although he avoids backing a favourite, he does not refuse to take 'long odds' against such horses as he fancies, and here his judgment, knowledge, and experience come into play. It will often happen that an outsider, on which he has taken the odds at the rate perhaps of 25 to 1, say £1000 to £40, when it first came into the market, will, at some period before the race, rise to be quoted with only 4 to 1. This affords the better an opportunity of betting £250 to £1000 against it, in which position he risks nothing, but has a chance to win £750; this part of betting is technically called 'hedging,' and is thus described by Nimrod:—

"Let us then suppose A, beginning to make his Derby book at the commencement of the new year. B bets him (about the usual odds) 20 to 1 against an outsider, which A takes in hundreds, viz., £2000 to £100 against him. He is now on velvet, he cannot lose, and may win £1000. In fact, he has £1000 in hand to play with, which the alteration of the odds has given him. But, mark! he is only playing with it; he may never pocket it, so he acts thus. The outsider, we will call him Idas, comes out again, wins another race, and the odds are only 5 to 1 against him: A bets £500 to £100 more against him, and let us now see how he stands.

If Idas wins, A receives from B. . . .	£2000
He pays to C. . . . .	£1000
Ditto to D. . . . .	500
	1500

Balance in A's favour by Idas winning	£500
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If Idas loses, A receives from C. . . .	£100
Ditto from D. . . . .	100
	£200

A pays B £100. Deduct . . . . .	100
Balance in A's favour by Idas losing. .	£100

"But is there no contingency here?

Yes, Idas might have died before A had 'hedged,' and then he must have paid his £100; but, on the other hand, he would have been out of the field, which might have been worth all the money to him in his deeper speculations on other horses. Let us, however, suppose our colt to have remained at the original odds, viz., 20 to 1; in that case A must have betted £2000 to £100 against him, and then no harm would have arisen, except that it not unfrequently occurs that parties whose books show a profit on settling day have found themselves, to their great mortification, losers, instead of gainers, owing to the defalcations of those with whom they have betted."

#### EXECUTION OF DAWSON, THE HORSE POISONER.

[As several correspondents have at different times made inquiries relating to the facts detailed in the following article, we here append the authentic details of the case of Daniel Dawson, executed at Cambridge for maliciously poisoning race-horses.—Ed.]

In the First Spring Meeting, at Newmarket, in 1809, several race-horses in Mr. Steven's stables were poisoned, by arsenic being put in the trough at which they were watered. A reward of 100 guineas was immediately offered for the discovery of the offenders, who, however, succeeded for that time in eluding the pursuit of justice; but in 1811, emboldened by their success, they again perpetrated a similar offence, and were apprehended and punished, as we shall presently proceed to show.

At the commencement of the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket, in 1811, Spaniard, Peronette, The Dandy, and Sir F. Standish's Eagle colt died in consequence of Arsenic having been put into the troughs at which they were watered. Two horses, Reveller and Colebs, who drank some of the poisoned water recovered. This atrocious act created general indignation, and a reward of 500 guineas was immediately offered by the Jockey Club for the discovery of the guilty party.

On the 15th of August 1811, Daniel Dawson, a notorious "touter," was apprehended at Brighton, and committed by Mr. Conant, the magistrate of Marlborough-street, to Cambridge gaol; a true bill having been found against him by the grand jury, for poisoning horses at the Newmarket Spring Meeting, in 1809.

At the ensuing Cambridge assizes Daniel Dawson was tried for this offence, Mr. Sergeant Sellon being the counsel for the prosecution. The learned sergeant dwelt much on the enormity of the offence with which the prisoner stood charged. He said this was not an offence recognised at common law, but was founded on the statute of the 9th Geo. I., c. 22, which was enacted for the purpose of punishing persons maliciously wounding, maiming, and killing of cattle. The learned counsel was well aware that the mere killing would not support this indictment without an object attached to it. The statute upon which this indictment was founded did not specify further than unlawfully and maliciously killing animals, but the motives by which the killing and maiming were to be considered. If it be proved that the horse, the subject of this indictment, was killed by poison, then it would be necessary also to prove pre-existing malice, "and," said the learned sergeant, "let us see what the law terms malice in this case. If a man kill or maim an animal in the moment of anger the offence would not be recognised by this statute, as revenge or malice to the animal alone would not be sufficient without an object. The malice must be against the owner, and it was not sufficient to apply direct malice against the owner even, but, as in this case, the law implied malice when the animal was killed for an object of gain or reward, though the offender had never seen the owner." The case for the prosecution rested on the evidence of Cecil Bishop, who had been apprehended with Dawson, and was now admitted evidence for the crown.

This man, who had been brought up to the trade of a chemist and druggist, deposed that at the instigation of Dawson he had prepared a strong solution of arsenic, which he had injected by means of a crooked syringe into the watering-troughs on Newmarket-heath, by which means the horses mentioned in the present indictment were poisoned; he deposed, moreover, that he had been tempted into this crime in the expectation of receiving a share of the gains which were to be realised by a confederate of the name of Trist, who was to bet heavily against the horses thus made safe. Upon the conclusion of the evidence for the prosecution, Mr. King, the counsel for the prisoner, took an objection to the indictment, which charged the prisoner with being a "principal" in the alleged act of poisoning, when, in point of fact, he was an "accessory before the fact." On these grounds the judge immediately directed his acquittal, but refused to accept bail for the prisoner, which was tendered immediately on the conclusion of the trial. Dawson was accordingly sent back to Cambridge gaol, to take his trial at the Autumn Assizes on another indictment, charging him with poisoning two brood mares, the property of Mr. Northey; and a hack, belonging to Mr. Adams, of Royston, at Newmarket, in 1809. His trial on this indictment took place at the assizes in July, 1812, before Mr. Justice Heath.

The prisoner was indicted under the act 9th Geo. I. c. 22, for feloniously, wilfully, and maliciously infusing white arsenic into a watering trough at Newmarket, on the 10th of July, 1809, and thereby poisoning certain horses and brood mares, &c.

The charges laid in the indictment having been proved as clearly as circumstantial evidence will permit, Mr. King, for the prisoner, contended that no offence, in point of law, had been committed sufficient to constitute a felony. No malice had been proved against the owner, inasmuch as Bishop's evidence (this accomplice having been again heard as evidence for the crown) did not state that there was any wish to go to the extent of killing the animal. The learned judge, however, thought to the contrary, and over-ruled the objection.

The jury having found a verdict of guilty, sentence of death was pronounced, and Dawson was executed at Cambridge on the 8th of August, 1812, and, although he confessed his guilt, did not mention his having had any accomplices in the crime, as had been generally supposed.

This criminal was prosecuted at the expense of the Jockey Club, at an expense of £1,500.

This trial clearly established the fact that, by the statute of the 9th Geo. I. c. 22, the offence of poisoning or maiming race horses so as to gain money by incapacitating them from running a race is made a capital felony, and punishable accordingly.

#### LITERARY PEERS.

It is, we believe, in contemplation by the English Government to follow the example of France, and raise a few writers to the peerage. The following will, we are told, be among the earliest elevations:—

MR. W. H. AINSWORTH, to be *Baron of Blueskin*.

MZ. BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, to be *Marquis of Coningsby*.

MR. JAMES GRANT, to be *Earl of Cornhill, in the Great Metropolis, and Baron of Hey down-hey-down-derry, in Ireland*.

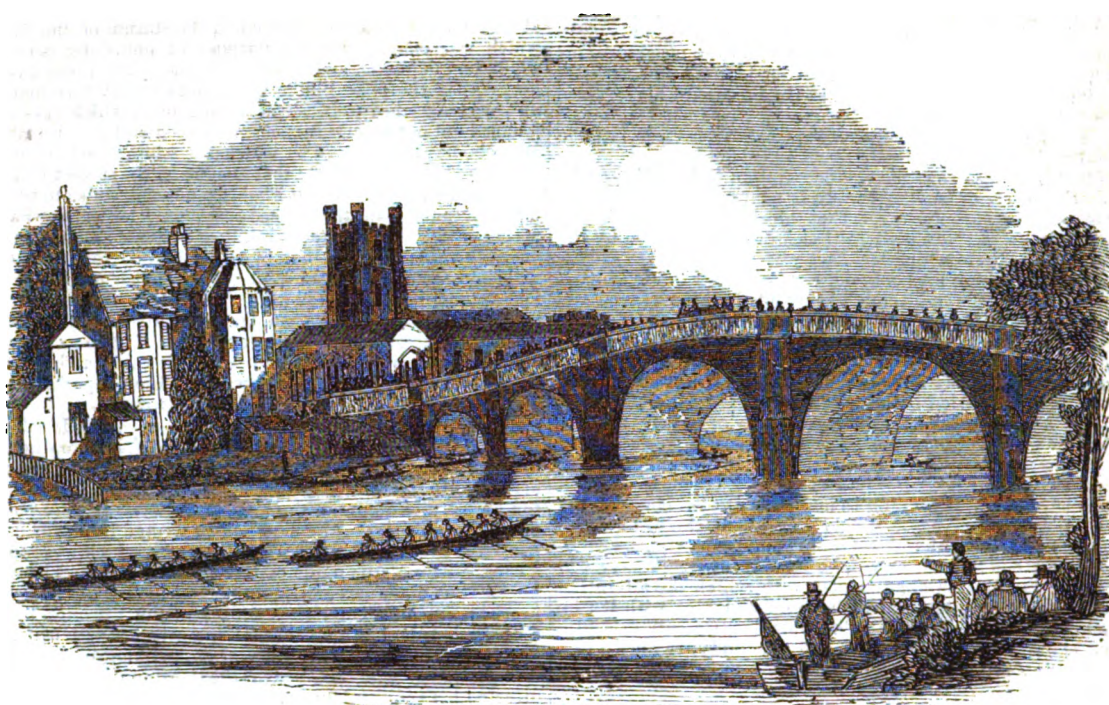
Other titles will, it is expected, be soon conferred, but the above are all at present decided on.

A GOOD REASON.—Everybody is astonished at the little progress made by the railway committees. In this, however, there will appear not much to wonder at, when it is considered that railways must be made in right lines, and that the House is little lines, and that the House is little accustomed to straightforward proceedings.

RE-CONCILIATION HALL.—Since the affecting scene at the Repeal meeting, where there was such violent weeping, Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Davis have been called the Irish "*Thiers party*."



## HENLEY REGATTA.



THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY BOAT.

THE CAMBRIDGE DITTO.

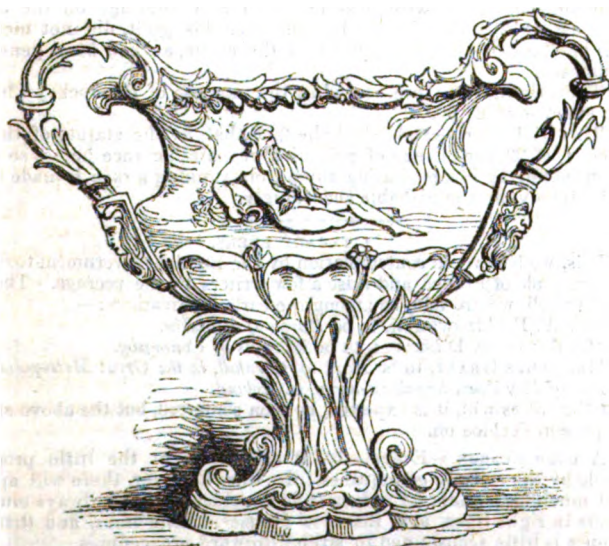
## FINAL HEAT FOR THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.

Reflecting, as in a mirror, the people's sports, it would be an unpardonable oversight for the *SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE* to omit the sport which, next to horse-racing, is deservedly one of the most attractive, exhilarating, and delightful. Hail, then, to Fawley-court, to Henley crowned with "antique towers;" and last, and not least, hail to "sedge-crowned Father Thames!"

The clear breezy morning—the beautiful views on

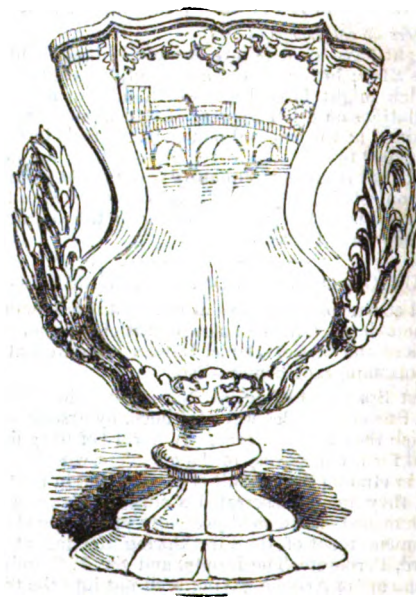
"The silver stream in emerald margin set—"

the gay company assembled—and the orderly and excellent arrangement of the whole—eminently entitle the regatta of this year to our most un-



THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP,  
Won by the Cambridge University Boat Club.

qualified praise. The beautiful reach of Henley, its delightful meadows and banks, and in fact every spot from which a sight of the river could be obtained, was crowded to excess by admiring and delighted spectators. We should not care to possess that man's spirit who could quarrel or complain of the philosophy of such sport as this. There can be little of the milk of human kindness—little of the good feeling and fellowship which should exist between man and man, in one who sees in harmless



THE TOWN CHALLENGE CUP,

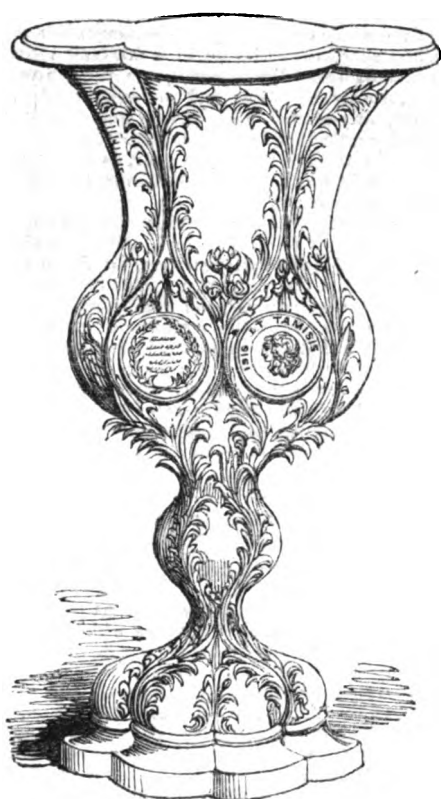
For Oared Boats (withdrawn in consequence of the death of Mr. Plumb).

amusements sought but a relief from the dull routine of every-day life, and escapes, though it be but for a day, from the everlasting walls of brick of the city, to the brighter sunshine and purer air of the lovely slopes and vales of Henley. With some degree of pride, and with con-

siderable pleasure, we present the trophies strenuously contended for and bravely won on the smooth-flowing course between the delightfully picturesque island at Fawley-court, and the much admired bridge of the happily-situated town, a view of which heads the opposite page.

Henley is entered from the London road by a very handsome stone bridge, of five arches, as appears in our illustration, the keystone of the centre arch being ornamented by sculptured masks, from the elegant chisel of Mr. Damer. The prospects from this spot are in the highest degree picturesque and beautiful. The church is a very handsome building, of Gothic structure; its tower is lofty, having a taper turret at each angle, which surmounts the battlements of the town to a considerable height. Henley, with its attractive and enticing bill of fare—was the loadstone on Friday and Saturday last; and its regatta, though yet num-

the artist decided that these pretty little subjects of honourable emulation were scarcely sufficiently interesting to be made the subjects of drawings. They are accordingly left until another rolling year shall bring round the agreeable excitement and the healthful diversions of another Henley Regatta; may its glories, its success, and its attractions increase, *in secula seculorum*, as the parsons say.

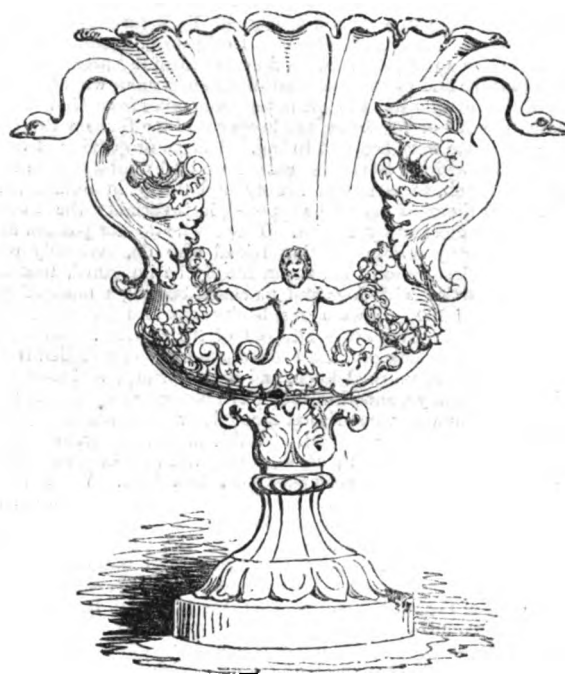


THE STEWARD'S CUP.

(Dead heat between Oxford University Club and St. George's Club of London.)

bering but eight summers, has already fixed its annual recurrence, as an epoch of important interest in aquatic annals. As a popular recreation, there can be but little doubt that river sports, congenial as they are to the notions of this sea-girt isle, deservedly rank next to the sports of the turf; and, indeed, where they are conducted upon the principles of the races at Henley, and with practitioners of such a quality, may even lay claim to superiority. In horse-racing, from time immemorial, there have been certain great stakes periodically run for; but in boating there has been nothing, until late years, which possessed the feature of a great display. While the one sport could boast of its Craven, its Epsom, its Ascot, Goodwood, Doncaster, and many other meetings, the river had but little or nothing to recommend it to the attention of the pleasure-seekers, save perhaps its Silver Sculls' contest, or occasionally 'a struggle between the rival universities. Henley, it is true, had been the chosen spot for gentlemen of the colleges to occasionally dispute the aquatic pride of places, but until eight years since, there was no fixed or great meeting, when the then residents, aided by the patronage of some of the leading gentlemen upon the river, got up a succession of prizes in two days sport, and so conducted as to leave no doubt that with the same degree of attention and regularity apparent in their arrangements, that it must be in future looked forward to as one of the great aquatic events of the season.

Thus far as mere matter of record, for which we doubt not many of the readers of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE will thank us. We had thought of giving engravings of the "Silver Wherry" and Diamond Sculls; but upon second thoughts, influenced also by the crowded state of our columns,



THE DISTRICT CHALLENGE CUP.  
(Won by the Henley Aquatic Club.)

#### A VOICE FROM THE PEA-AND-THIMBLE.

TO SIR JAMES GRAHAM, BART.

"SIR JAMES,—I'm just come back from Epsom, broken-hearted! It isn't the skeleton—no, not the ghost of what it was! Its glories is gone: there isn't a thimble to be seen—there isn't a pea moving: for I count as nothing the one little table that I saw under a hedge, where a poor fellow, with all his eyes in his elbows, looking out for the police, was trying to get a bit of honest bread for his family. And you have done this! For shame, Sir James! you, who owe so much to pea-and-thimble; only you play the game in such a different way! How often, in the House of Commons, do you hide the pea—how often do you shift the thimble—and how often is John Bull done by your dodging! But then, thimble-rigging in the House of Commons is a grand thing, because it's for thousands: when it comes to a race-course for a few shillings or so, why then it's wicked and infamous. Are we honest thimble-riggers to be persecuted, because we can't all be Home Secretaries? It would seem so.

"I tell you, Sir James, the thimble-rig was, I may say, the very life-blood of the Derby. I should like to know what harm it did. People—respectable, steady-going people, came down once a year with five or ten pounds in their pocket, a purpose to lose it. They knew they should be done, and they was done, and they always seemed to like it, for they was as safe to come agin the next year, safe as the green leaves.

"Thimble-rigging, Sir James, in some way, is a part of what people call the human mind. They must have it some way or the other, or they give themselves up to solitary drinking and swearing at the Income-tax: hoping, therefore, that if only for a fellow-feeling, you'll next year restore to us the freedom of our tables, I remain,

"For myself and brothers, your humble servant,

"PETER SWEETPEA."

"P.S. If you won't let us set up our tables again, will you at least buy 'em? For they're of no use to us, and you'll be sure to want 'em."

SUPERFLUITIES OF LIFE.—A lawyer and a physician much obstructed the hilarity of a very jovial company, by introducing a long-winded conversation on the superfluities of life, and how many were its needless wants. A merry fellow, vexed to be thus annoyed exclaimed, "Very true, gentlemen; I am myself an example of the justness of your remark, having lived all my life without wanting either a lawyer or a physician."



## GROUSING IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.



ANY, perhaps, may not be aware that in many of the northern counties of England grouse are found in almost as great an abundance as on the average of most of the Scottish moors, of course excepting those preserved by some of the lairds and wealthy landowners, and where they often literally swarm. In Northumberland, Cumberland, Durham, and nearly all Yorkshire, and a large proportion of Lancashire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire, grouse are tolerably plentiful, and in some parts, where they are carefully preserved, as good shooting may be had as the most fastidious sportsman would desire. As a proof of this, upon a small moor, not a dozen miles from Manchester, and not more than 300 or 400 acres, the keeper told me that on the 12th ult., thirty-eight brace were brought to bag. A large proportion of the moors in the counties which I have enumerated are let by subscription tickets of £10 and £15 each, to parties of twenty and thirty in number, and the shooting upon these, as may be supposed, is invariably the worst, from their being so incessantly beaten. Those who do not possess moors of their own, or any accommodating friend who do, generally purchase tickets of this description; and it can readily be imagined, that eight or ten different parties, with dogs and markers, beating a moor of perhaps not more than 1,500 or 2000 acres, backwards and forwards, day after day, are enough to drive every bird out of the country. With so many continually on the look out, the packs have no sooner settled from their flight, than they are marked down, and again sprung; and thus, after the first week or ten days, shooting, they have become so wild, that they will hardly ever lie to a dog, but rise at a couple or three hundred yards' distance directly they are disturbed. To this may, in a great measure, be attributed their preservation; as, were they not to take such good care of themselves, they would be soon shot down to a bird. When they have become so wild as to be unapproachable in the usual way, another method is often resorted to, not in many places, fortunately; and it would be well were all owners of moors to discountenance the practice most strongly, as it is one both unfair and unsportsmanlike, and tending to make the birds wild for another season—I mean that of driving; and as many may not be aware of the way in which it is managed, I will briefly mention it. The tracts of country in which grouse are found are generally intersected by loose stone walls, to mark different boundaries, and to portion it out into different divisions for sheep and cattle. Behind these walls, or concealed amongst the heather, if it is sufficiently high, the sportsmen are stationed, at intervals of from fifty to a hundred yards apart, and, of course, the more guns there are the better. A party of beaters are then sent off, who fetch a sweep of sometimes a mile or more, in a semi-circular direction, and drive the birds towards the battery awaiting them. Grouse, when they are sprung, generally fly in the same direction, and thus are tolerably sure to be exposed to the fire of one or more of the guns in ambush. Driving is mostly practised in the latter part of the autumn, when the grouse are all full grown and strong on the wing; and the shots obtained in this manner are always the most difficult, as they glide past like lightning; and a man who can occasionally pull down a bird to each barrel, may consider himself a first flight shot. I must confess that, on several occasions, I have joined driving parties, and killed birds in this manner; but then we were anxious to procure some birds "*coulé qui coulé*," and it was also at a period of the year, the beginning of December, when game generally (long bills excepted) was becoming select. It is certainly a hard case for the poor birds, after they have been harassed and driven about, perhaps daily for the first fortnight or three weeks, and repeatedly afterwards, that they are not allowed to remain in peace until the ensuing season. Were they permitted to do so, the increase of game resulting from the change would be an ample repayment for the loss of the comparatively trifling amusement which the practice of driving affords, and the old birds would lie much better to the dogs. The grouse hold too distinguished a place amongst the game birds of our country, both as to its size, plumage, and localities, for its preservation not to be an object of great interest to the sportsman, and this more particularly in the northern part of England, as the great facilities now afforded through the cheap and rapid transition by the rail from nearly all parts of England, for enjoying a little grouse at a moderate expense, would bid fair to their total extinction at no very distant period. Besides this, the grouse is the only indigenous game bird we have, whose actual feeding is attended with no expense. Their food is chiefly the shoots of the young heather, together with the whortle and cranberry; and although when these fail, they will descend to the cultivated lands, and pick up a scanty subsistence, yet it is then at a time when they can hardly commit any damage.

Another method of obtaining birds is often practised at this period of the year, and not only a most unfair one, but also attended with the loss of many more wounded than those actually killed, as the object is to secure as many at a shot as possible. It is called *stalking*, and the plan is this:—Grouse are very fond of sitting on the tops of walls, in rows of sometimes of a dozen, or more, for the purpose of sunning themselves in summer, or of huddling together for the sake of warmth in winter. In this position they are easily perceived, both from their elevated position, and also the noise made by the crowing of the old cock birds; and then,

by hiding near one of their usual haunts, or creeping quietly along the side of the wall, shots of a most deadly description are often obtained raking them "fore and aft," in nautical phraseology, after a very remorseless and anti-sportsmanlike manner. To the present predilection for the quantity of game produced after a day's sport, rather than for the amusement afforded in finding, and the skill in bringing it down, may, in a great measure, be attributed the increasing scarcity of it in so many parts of the country.

The late discussions, however, as to the proposed repeal of the present game-laws, have been, certainly, productive of some benefit in this respect; although I, for my part, cordially hope that they will continue unaltered. In this respect, the outcry raised against them will prove beneficial. It will be the means of bringing before the public instances of some of the large game-preservers, who, by the ravages committed upon the property of the tenants by the game, and the non-satisfaction of their just claims, have brought down odium upon themselves, the existing laws, and the whole community of sportsmen. If the battue system was abolished, sporting carried on in a fair and moderate manner, and cases of poaching from dire necessity, or very strong temptation, treated not too rigorously, all would feel the benefit of it. The attraction of preserves, over-stocked with game, would be withdrawn, the tenants would no longer complain of their losses, and, instead of a couple of days' slaughter in the course of the year, as many days' moderate sport in the week might be obtained; and this is, I think, the prevailing opinion throughout the country.

From the present appearance of the spring, an excellent supply of birds for the ensuing season may be anticipated. Although there was a very fair average amount of sport last year, yet, from the earliness of the season, and, consequently, the full grown size of the bird, popular expectation, as is often the case, exceeded the reality, and the returns of the various game lists at the end of the season were certainly smaller than, from the number and size of the different packs, were generally expected. The consequence is, that there are now a much larger proportion of old birds remaining, than for many seasons past has been the case; and, unless we have some heavy weather towards the end of the spring, a very abundant supply for both moor and stubble may be reckoned upon for the forthcoming season; and may we be all able to enjoy it thoroughly when it arrives!—*Sporting Review for June.*

## ANGLING FOR LADIES.

(From Punch.)

Sir,—I will not say that my motive for thus addressing you is purely disinterested, because, although I am a single man at present, I do not know what I may come to one of these days. At present I am wedded, alas, only to my profession; a circumstance which I mention because it has induced me to have my name on my door, or rather, between you and me, on my landlady's. A little humbug, you know, sir, is necessary in these times. My brass-plate—brass is a great thing—has procured me, I assure you, credit for many things; among others for being a husband. The other day, a letter was left at my lodgings for Mrs. PETER JOHNSON. I broke open the envelope addressed to that imaginary being. It contained a circular from a furrier's at the West End. You will think, perhaps, there was not much in that. Sir, there was a great deal in it; much to complain of. There were four woodcuts in it, elaborately executed, with the superscriptions following,—“The Polka Pelisse;” “The Marquise Pélérine and Muff;” “The Czarina;” and “The Spanish Mantilla.” Under each there were some five lines of letter-press, severally commending “this graceful and luxurious habit;” “this magnificent fur suit;” “superb dress,” and “wonderfully improved modification of the Spanish cardinal.” This insidious appeal to female vanity, being addressed to a creature of the furrier's brain, was of course harmless as far as I was concerned; but suppose, sir, that I had been married? I might have been teased out of my life for some of this finery, or my wife might have quietly gone and ordered it, or what is vulgarly termed “tick.” I want to know what right furriers or any other persons have to angle in this way for ladies! It is exactly like whipping with artificial flies for trout. The baits which they expose in those lady-traps, their shops, are quite mischievous enough. Persons about to marry of course expect domestic bliss; but how are they to obtain it if designing individuals are to go about putting Polka Pelisses and what not into their wives' heads? I call them downright promoters of unreasonable desires, fomenters of discontent, and disturbers of conjugal felicity. In the hope that by inserting the above, or something better, you will put the wedded public on their guard against these and other such like machinations,

I remain, Sir, yours indignantly,  
PETER JOHNSON, M.R.C.S.

VERY SIMPLE.—A gentleman lately became a member of the Royal Humane Society, under the impression that he could have one of their Drags to go in to Epsom Races.

MAYNOOTH GRANT.—GIBBS IN THE CHAIR.—Aldeiman Gibbs took the Chair at the city gathering against the Maynooth Grant. This was to be expected, seeing that the purpose of the meeting was to refuse putting down the cash.

# THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD III. 1786—1798.

FROM THE TIME OF MENDOZA TO THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER.

## CHAPTER V.

TOM (otherwise PADDINGTON) JONES.

**A**MONG the heroes of the Third Period, though his memory yet survives, owing to the protracted period to which his connexion with the ring was extended, Paddington Jones deserves a place, and with him we shall close this division, commencing the Fourth Period with the exploits of JEM BELCHER, whose first metropolitan competitor Tom had the honour to be.

Paddington Jones, including his numerous *outside* or *bye* affairs, is supposed to have fought more battles than any other pugilist. The Ring in Hyde Park was the principal arena of his contests, which in his noviciate were chiefly with roughs and commoners.

Paddington gave birth to this hero, from which place he derived his pugilistic title. Tom commenced boxer when quite a youth, and from the intuitive science which he displayed at that early period, attracted the notice of the veteran Tom Johnson, who pronounced him to be a promising pugilist.

Tom's first regular contest was about the year 1786, with one Jack Holmes, in Harley Fields, near where Cavendish-square stands, for the important sum of *half-a-crown*, and it appears it was as well-contested as if one hundred pounds had been the stakes—but Jones being a mere novice, and quite a stripling, and Holmes a full-grown man, the latter proved the conqueror.

A match was made between a one-eyed sailor, a most determined boxer, and Tom Jones, for ten guineas a-side, in February, 1786, which was decided in the Ring, in Hyde-park. The contest proved a desperate one. The sailor was considered as ugly a customer as ever stood up for a mill; but, in the event, Jones was declared victor. This hardy son of Neptune was not satisfied with the first broadside, and soon afterwards entered the lists for another ten guineas, when he was again vanquished—yet, like a perfect true blue, he was valiant enough to endure a third engagement, in which he was also beaten. The sailor displayed great bottom, and was punished severely before he gave in.

In the course of a twelvemonth, however, smarting under the recollection of defeat, Tom challenged Holmes to a second trial, (half-minute time) for a guinea and a half, when Jones obtained an easy conquest. This was on the 19th of December, 1786.

Aldridge, the Life-guardman, who had been vaunting of his great deeds of pugilism at Tom Johnson's house, near Lincoln's-inn-fields, was told by Joe Ward that he would produce a boy who should soon take the conceit out of him: accordingly, a match was made for two guineas against a watch, and Paddington Jones was brought forward as the man to accept the challenge. It was to have been decided in the street, in the first instance, but was removed to Harley-fields. On stripping, the guardsman smiled with contempt at his boy-like antagonist, and from his long arms, had the advantage at the first part of the battle, dealing out some sharp punishment; but the science and bottom of Tom soon stopped his career. After a most desperate conflict, which was witnessed by most of the celebrated pugilists of that day, who were astonished at the intrepidity displayed by Jones. The boy succeeded in milling his opponent in sixty rounds. Joe Ward seconded Jones.

Shortly after the above circumstance in the same fields, Jones fought one Jack Blackwell, a lime-burner, for ten shillings; and, although the latter showed complete ruffianism in the battle, was easily disposed of by Tom. Tom Burley, a companion of Blackwell, thought he could now vanquish Jones, and had the temerity to enter the ring, immediately on the fight being over, and challenge him for the like sum. Tom instantly accepted the cartel. Burley was also a complete ruffian, and tried what downright force could effect; but Jones so completely foiled his attacks, and returned blows with so much science and effect, that Burley was perfectly satisfied. These contests were rendered somewhat conspicuous, from the celebrated Major Hanger and his black servant performing the offices of second and bottle-holder to Jones.

Jones, in company with Pardo Wilson, anxious to witness the fight between Hooper and Bunner, at Bentley-green, walked down to Colchester, and was extremely stiff from the effects of his journey. The following day, a man of the name of Abraham Chalice, standing six feet high, and weighing fourteen stone (a perfect terror to the inhabitants of that part of the country from his great strength), observing Tom Jones upon the race-ground and to show his dexterity, out of mere wantonness, endeavoured to trip-up Jones's heels, and otherwise insulted him, also threatening to give him a good hiding. Tom, notwithstanding the great disparity between them, was not to be insulted with impunity, and, perhaps, with more pluck than prudence, instantly showed fight, to resent the unmanly conduct of this overgrown ruffian, who valued himself upon no other consideration but that of his uncommon strength. Chalice laughed at him with the most sovereign contempt, bidding him get along for "a boy," or he would kick his breech for his impudence. The spec-

tators were alarmed at the youthful appearance of Jones, who weighed but ten stone five pounds, and begged of him to desist, as the consequences might prove of the most serious nature; but Tom was not to be deterred, and soon pulled off his clothes. Upon setting-to, Chalice had the advantage from his superior strength, and kept it for three rounds; but in the fourth, Jones put in a hit under Chalice's ear, that knocked him down, when Tom Johnson offered to back Jones for one hundred pounds. Chalice, on standing up, appeared much confused, and Tom served him out in the same style, and continued punishing him every round till he could scarcely move, and who soon acknowledged he had never received such a complete milling before. The farmers and others, who witnessed the contest, were so pleased that this insolent fellow, who had rendered himself so disgusting about that neighbourhood, had received a good thrashing, immediately made a subscription purse, which soon amounted to thirty guineas, and presented it to Jones for his bravery.

The next day a countryman, well known in the neighbourhood of Bentley-green under the name of "Leather Jacket," mounted the stage, and, with considerable vaunting, publicly challenged any Londoner to enter the lists with him: the words had scarcely escaped from his lips, when up jumped Tom, without any consideration for his hands, which were bruised from the effects of the severe punishment he had bestowed upon the nob of Abraham Chalice the preceding day, and instantly began to prepare for action. The countryman seemed almost thunder-struck with astonishment, and with faltering speech exclaimed, "Na! na! you be the man that beat Ab. Chalice yesterday—I mean any one but you!" and made a hasty retreat from the stage, amid the laughter and sneers of the spectators at Leather Jacket's vain boasting.

On May, 14, 1792, immediately after the fight of Mendoza and Ward, in Smitham Bottom, near Croydon, upon the same stage, Jones fought Caleb Baldwin. The battle was for a purse of twenty pounds, but a dispute arising between the parties, although Caleb claimed the victory it was declared a drawn battle.

Soon after the above contest, Jones entered the ring in Hyde Park, with Dick Horton, a baker, for twenty guineas. The latter was considered to have some pretensions to pugilism; but Jones dealt out his hits so hard and fast, that the baker was glad to cry out enough!

Jones beat Keely Lyons, the Jew, at Blackheath, on the 10th May, 1794, for a purse of twenty guineas. Tom Johnson was second to Jones; it was a well-contested battle, in which much science and bottom were displayed on both sides.

In a second attempt on a stage at Hounslow, June 22, 1795, Jones disposed of the same boxer in 9 rounds, occupying 16 minutes. Lyons was a courageous pugilist, and a boxer above mediocrity.

On the renowned Jem Belcher's appearance in the metropolis as a pugilist, Tom Jones was the man selected to have the trial set-to with him. This came off at Old Oak Common, Wormwood Scrubs, on April 12, 1799.

Belcher was seconded by Bill Warr, and Bill Gibbons acted as his bottle-holder. Jones had for his attendants, Joe Ward and Dick Hall. Belcher was, at this period, only nineteen years of age. The odds were six to four upon Jem. The spectators were much interested upon the commencement of the battle, from the very high character which had been promulgated by Bill Warr, on the astonishing abilities that his pupil possessed, and the feats which he had achieved at Bristol. The first round considerable science was displayed upon both sides—the experience and skill of Jones were well displayed; and the dexterity and new mode of fighting, so exclusively Belcher's own, was soon exhibited; on the termination of the first round Belcher was knocked down. The advantages in the second and third rounds were perfectly reciprocal; but in the fourth and fifth Jones was levelled. In the sixth and seventh rounds Jones showed off in most excellent style: skill, manliness, and fortitude, no shifting, nothing shy, hugging out of the question, and hauling not resorted to: it was a clean fight throughout, stopping and hitting were the order of the day, and it might be deemed a model for pugilists in general to follow. Belcher, with all the gaiety and confidence of youth, now exhibited a new feature as a boxer. The odds had changed five to four on Jones. The eighth and ninth were spiritedly contested; but, in the tenth round, Belcher put in some tremendous hits, with the rapidity of lightning. This immediately altered the appearance of things, Jem was looked upon as the favourite, and the odds were laid accordingly. Yet Jones nobly contested for victory for the space of thirty-three minutes, before he gave in. Jem weighed twelve stone six pounds; and Tom Jones but ten stone five pounds weight. It should not escape the memory, that Jones stood up to Belcher (before that distinguished pugilist lost his eye) a considerably longer time than any other man ever did.

Simpson, a pupil of the late Tom Johnson, upon whom considerable expectations had been raised, was matched against Jones, for ten guineas a-side, which battle was decided on the Green, near Putney, in June, 1804. It was termed a good fight; and Tom proved the conqueror.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DEEDS NOT WORDS.—The members of Conciliation Hall are so earnest for a dissolution of the Union, that they have got up a *split* among themselves.

## THE EARL OF ALDBOROUGH



CURED BY

## HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

The Earl of Aldborough cured of a Liver and Stomach Complaint.

Extract of a Letter from the Earl of Aldborough, dated Villa Messina, Leghorn, 21st Feb., 1845.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.—

SIR,—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thanking you before this time, for your politeness in sending me your Pills as you did. I now take this opportunity of sending you an order for the amount, and, at the same time, to add that your Pills have effected a cure of a disorder in my Liver and Stomach, which all the most eminent of the Faculty at home, and all over the Continent, had not been able to effect; nay! not even the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad. I wish to have another Box and a Pot of the Ointment, in case any of my family should ever require either.

Your most obliged and obedient servant,

(Signed) ALDBOROUGH.

A Wonderful Cure of Dropsy of Five Years' standing.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Thomas Taylor, Chemist, Stockton, Durham, 17th April, 1845.

To PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—I think it my duty to inform you that Mrs. Clough, wife of Mr. John Clough, a respectable farmer of Acklam, within four miles of this place, had been suffering from Dropsy for five years, and had had the best medical advice without receiving any relief. Hearing of your Pills and Ointment, she used them with such surprising benefit that, in fact, she has now given them up, being so well and quite able to attend to her household duties as formerly, which she never expected to do again. I had almost forgotten to state that she was given up by the Faculty as incurable. When she used to get up in the morning it was impossible to discover a feature in her face, being in such a fearful state. This cure is entirely by the use of your medicines.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., &c.,

(Signed) THOMAS TAYLOR.

This wonderful medicine can be recommended with the greatest confidence for any of the following diseases:

Ague	Inflammation
Asthma	Jaundice
Bilious complaints	Liver complaints
Blotches on the Skin	Lumbago
Bowel complaints	Piles
Colics	Rheumatism
Constipation of bowels	Retention of urine
Consumption	Sore throats
Debility	Scrofula, or King's evil
Dropsy	Stone and gravel
Dysentery	Secondary symptoms
Erysipelas	Tie-douloureux
Female irregularities	Tumours
Fever of all kinds	Ulcers
Fits	Venerical affections
Gout	Worms of all kinds
Head-ache	Weakness, from whatever cause, &c., &c.
Indigestion	

These truly invaluable Pills can be obtained at the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, near Temple Bar, London, and of most respectable Venders of Medicines throughout the civilised world, at the following prices:—1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N.B.—Directions for the Guidance of Patients in every Disorder are affixed to each Box.

THE TRULY WONDERFUL CURES OF ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, AND COLDS, Which are everywhere performed by

**DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS,** have long established them as the most certain, perfect, and speedy remedy in existence for all disorders of the breath and lungs.

The following testimonials will be read with interest:—

From Mr. J. S. Weir, chemist, 1, Lowgate, Hull.

"April 9, 1845.—Gentlemen,—The following unsolicited testimony in favour of your inestimable medicine has just been received; this case, however, is only one among many which constantly pass under my notice.

"Yours respectfully, JOS. S. WEIR.

ANOTHER CURE OF A FOURTEEN YEARS' ASTHMATIC COUGH.

Read the following extract of a letter just received from Mr. Edward Preston, coal-merchant, Paragon-street, Hull, dated April 6, 1845:—

"Sir,—Grateful for the relief my wife has experienced by the use of Locock's Pulmonic Wafers, from a distressing asthmatic cough, with which she was afflicted for the last fourteen years, I feel a great desire that her surprising cure should be made known, for the benefit of those suffering as she did.—Yours, &c., EDWARD PRESTON."

ANOTHER EXTRAORDINARY CURE.

From Mr. J. Waterhouse, surgeon, &c. Broad-street, Halifax. April 1, 1845.

"Gentlemen,—I can conscientiously bear testimony to the general good effects of Dr. Locock's Wafers, as very many after a trial have called upon me to express their satisfaction and gratitude. The following case is but a sample of many others in which the medicine has surprised the patient by its rapidity in working a wonderful cure.

"A female residing in the neighbourhood of Halifax had long been subject to a confirmed asthmatic cough, when her husband applied to me. He said he was persuaded she could not live many days, as from cough and want of rest she was so much enfeebled; and the use of medicine, in which she had persevered for many months, had given her no relief. The very first dose of the Wafers wrought a surprising change; they soothed her cough, and gave her a comfortable and refreshing sleep; and by persevering in their use, her strength has returned, and without the aid of any other medicine, the patient, who had been a long and apparently hopeless sufferer, is now fully restored to health.

"This case I can vouch for, and can satisfy any inquiries by reference to the parties. Yours, &c., J. WATERHOUSE."

The particulars of many hundred Cures may be had from every agent throughout the Kingdom and on the Continent.

DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS give instant relief, and a rapid cure of asthmas, consumptions, coughs, colds and all disorders of the breath and lungs, &c. &c.

TO SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS they are invaluable, as in a few hours they remove all hoarseness, and increase the power and flexibility of the voice. They have a most pleasant taste.—Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box.

AGENTS.—DA SILVA and Co., 1, Bride-lane, Fleet-street, London.

CAUTION.—To protect the public from spurious imitations, Her Majesty's Honourable Commissioners have caused to be printed on the stamp outside each box, the words "Dr. Locock's Wafers," in white letters on a red ground, without which none are genuine. Sold by all Medicine Venders.

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It will be uniform with "The People's Edition" of Thier's History of the French Revolution, forming, together, four handsome volumes.

On the completion of the Work, a general Preface, introductory to the History of Napoleon, with Titles, Index, &c., will be given, thus forming a

complete standard classical book of general reference, and interesting perusal.

Of the vast interest connected with the important national events which took place during the consular and imperial rule of Napoleon there can be no question. In undertaking to record the events of this momentous period, M. THIERS, from his high position in the state, had the good fortune to obtain possession of a multiplicity of original and official documents which embrace the minutest details of all the instructions, orders, &c., dictated by Napoleon himself to his Ministers of State, Privy Councillors, Prefects, Marshals, and others. Of the success of his undertaking, the rapid sale of the three first volumes, which were issued at Paris on the 15th of March, amounting to 16,000 in one day, and the numerous editions which have been published at Brussels, Leipsic, and other places, afford the most splendid testimony.

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# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 6. FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 28, 1845. THREE HALFPENCE

## SOME ODDMENTS ABOUT ASCOT.

BY OLD MILES.

**R**Y Boy having last week shot his bolt, it is but proper that I should, take my turn in the ensuing one: and to this the recent glorious meeting on Ascot Heath gives me an unwonted fillip. The road and "all that sort o' thing," (as my friend, the late Charles Matthews, used to say in the days, or rather nights, when he was "at home" at the Lyceum—now Mrs. Keeley's resuscitated domicile) I leave to younger pens; be it mine to talk, twaddle if you will have it so, of "auld lang syne," and so come down to times present. Here, upon the brown heath, in the times of the Georges and William, was exhibited many "a goodly pageant," as the old chroniclers term it; but none, even Old Miles candidly admits, that exceeded, if they equalled, the royal splendours of last Tuesday and Thursday.

Despite the "black sheep," and legs of a ditto colour, the turf stands high as ever, and long will it remain so in the esteem of every Englishman; and, we feel sure, of Englishwomen too; else why so fair, so lovely a muster as that we have just witnessed? In company it was superior to all, in sport to most, and those who delight in beholding a patriotic queen surrounded by a faithful people, a splendid nobility, mixing with their brethren—for every man is our brother in public life—a well-kept course, good racing, smiling faces, should have done as we did—have gone and witnessed the sport at royal Ascot.

There is one point whereon Old Miles has not seen the scribes of the press comment. It is this: he does not think it an omen of good that trainers &c., should so extensively become proprietors of race-horses, or that jockeys should turn betters, which it is notorious so many of them are. These practices open a door for speculation and humbuggery: a field for booty, play, and sham-abraham. Jockeys are, in my opinion, like opera squallinas and players termed "stars," paid too highly; and, if they win a race, are feed exorbitantly. Fair remuneration, and even an additional reward for clever winning, I would grant them:—50*l.* for instance, for a Derby: but when we hear of hundreds being given, I pity the folly of the giver, and dread the effect it may have upon the receiver. In no case should Jack be as good as his master.

Let me now, for it must be interesting to sportsmen, take a retrospective glance at the transactions of the turf, and mark, the progressive alterations which have taken place, and the immense increase in the number of horses for the last fifty years.

In 1793, the race-list of Epsom, for instance, presented a different aspect from that of the 1845. The races at Epsom, in 1793, commenced on Tuesday, the 14th of May, and the only race on that day was for a 50*l.* plate; three horses were entered, and three started. **FOUR MILE HEATS!** This constituted the *whole business* of Tuesday.

On Wednesday, a similar plate; **FOUR MILE HEATS!**

On Thursday, there were three races, viz. the Derby stakes, a 50*l.* plate, and a match.

On Friday, two races, the Oaks and a plate of 50*l.*

The sport concluded on the following day, Saturday, with a handicap plate of 50*l.* for which the Duke of Queensbury's ch h Bustler, walked over the course, and a Hunter's Sweepstakes, of 10 *gs.* each (*four mile heats*), three subscribers, and which won by Mr. Durand's b h by Phlegon, beating Mr. O'Kelly's Blue and Buff and Mr. Turner's Maria.

In the same year Ascot-Heath races took place on Tuesday, the 11th of June (one lunar month after Epsom). The list presented a much more extensive bill of fare than that for the former place. Four races, for the first day, appeared on it, the first being "His Majesty's Plate of 100 *gs.* for hunters, *four mile heats*;" for which three entered and started.

Then followed the "Prince's Stakes of 50 *gs.* each;" for which Lord Egremont's b f by Mercury, walked over.

The "Macaroni Stakes of 20 *gs.* each," for which Mr. O'Kelly's Musician walked over.

The business of the day concluded by a subscription of 10 *gs.* each; three subscribers. Won by Mr. O'Kelly's h by Doge.

There were *five days' races* at Ascot, as at Epsom; but there were a greater number of races, and the entries were more numerous. The most inveterate stickler for old usages will not, I apprehend, assert, that we have "reformed" this slow-coach system altogether.

It was on Ascot course that I last saw the late Frederick, Duke of York. There he sat on his sturdy dapple-grey cob, his riding-stick resting straight upon his left foot, his green hunter's coat, buttoned close up to his neck, his black military stock stiff as a soldier upon drill, despite the hot day, and his jolly features beaming good nature on the scene: there he sat, Lord George Cavendish patting his steed's mane, and Mr. Greville waiting for a hearing in the centre of the railed course. We could paint him from our mind's eye. But who the deuce could form an idea of him, "in his habit as he lived" by staring at that brass image in a winding-sheet, stuck on the top of a huge stick of peppermint in Carlton-gardens? No one: any more than they could "realize" George the Fourth, from the lump of metal enveloped in a damask table-cloth, which sits shoeless at the corner of Trafalgar-square. But Old Miles is digressing. So now, by a hop, step, and jump, we come down to present days, and give a few

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ASCOT CUP.

Fashion, the second nature of man's pleasures, has for some score of years last past decreed that the Cup at Ascot should rank next to the Derby at Epsom in popular favour. It was either Dr. Johnson or somebody else who said, that a concert would be one of the pleasantest things in the world only for the music: thus the course at Ascot on the Cup day would be one of the pleasantest places in the world for an old gentleman who loves staring at pretty women, only for the racing. No sooner is it noon of Thursday in the Ascot week, than the course, from the Royal Stand to the distance chair, becomes a bright particular mass "of fair women and brave men." There they sparkle their ambrosial lives, all shewn within and without, caring as little for race-horses as horse-marines, when

Hark! from the weighing-stand peals forth the bell,  
And "clear the course" dissolves the gorgeous spell.

Then the whole paradise of Houris is put to the rout, that four or five horses may exhibit their graces and their paces.

In 1840 the Ascot Cup was won by St. Francis, the property of Mr. Gurney, a horse that run for all his engagements in the name of Pettit, who trained, and continues to, for that gentleman. On this occasion seven started, but only the winner, Montreal, Bloomsbury, and Flambeau were placed. This was a very interesting contest, as it brought together the best horses of the year, including Bloomsbury, the celebrated winner of the Derby in 1839. St. Francis had carried off the Queen's Vase on the preceding Tuesday, and was a great favourite at starting. He made a waiting race of it to the distance, according to the tactics of Sam Chifney, who rode him; then came with his rush, and won a splendid race by a short length. The number of subscribers was seventeen.

In 1841 the winner was Lanercost, a north country horse, who ran third to Don John for the St. Leger, and, perhaps, on the day, the finest looking three-year old ever brought to the post. In this instance six started, all of whom were placed. The winner, Flambeau, St. Francis, Bokhara, Bloomsbury, and Teleta. It was a very spirited affair, and so resolutely contested, that Flambeau and St. Francis made a dead heat for second place. The number of subscribers was fifteen; Noble rode the winner.

In 1842 the Cup was looked forward to with much interest, inasmuch as it was regarded as a trial of excellence between the north and south country stables, and the issue was in favour of the former, the champion being Mr. Orde's famous mare Beeswing.

Five started, viz., the winner, The Nob second, St. Francis third, Eringo fourth, Lanercost fifth, and beaten off. The mare made the running at very severe speed, was never caught, and won by half-a-length. St. Francis, who waited as usual, waited, they said, too long; and Lanercost was



beaten, according to his owner, in consequence of being made safe. The number of subscribers was eleven: Cartwright rode the winner.

1843, was the dullest Ascot for many years, not from the lack of sport, but from the absence of Royal sunshine, and the rain of heaven being too plentifully present instead of she who "reigns over us." Ralph was the winner, as our table shows, only four coming to the post, viz., Ralph, St. Francis, Robert de Gorham, and Vulcan.

Of the details it only remains to say, that, at starting, James Robinson took him away in front, out-paced his horses every yard, was never caught,



THE QUEEN'S VASE.—WON BY MR. HILL'S SWEATMEAT.

and won in a common canter, hard held. St. Francis was second, the other two as we have placed them. It was never even an apology for a race.

And now we come to the lustrous 1844. Upon the principle that when things come to the worst they must mend, Ascot Races, which had been going to the dogs for several years, evinced symptoms of revival when Lords Kinnaird and Errol held the office of master of the buckhounds; and, under the auspices of Lord Rosslyn, they burst forth like a giant refreshed.

The Autocrat of all the Russias was brought by her Majesty, to view the splendid and truly national sight, and hence resulted the extinction of the Ascot Cup, to arise in a new and more magnificent form. And here Old Miles cannot but remark on the way they do the "Pictorial" papers, and likewise do their readers. One of the six-penny children's books actually described the Queen's Vase, as "THE ASCOT CUP!" and another stated its winner last year to be ALICE HAWTHORN! So much for newspaper accuracy: the sporting papers can alone be trusted on sporting affairs. As we last week gave the Cup in its new form as the Emperor of Russia's Gift, we here append a list of the

#### WINNERS OF THE ASCOT GOLD CUP.

(NOW REPLACED BY THE EMPEROR'S PLATE.)

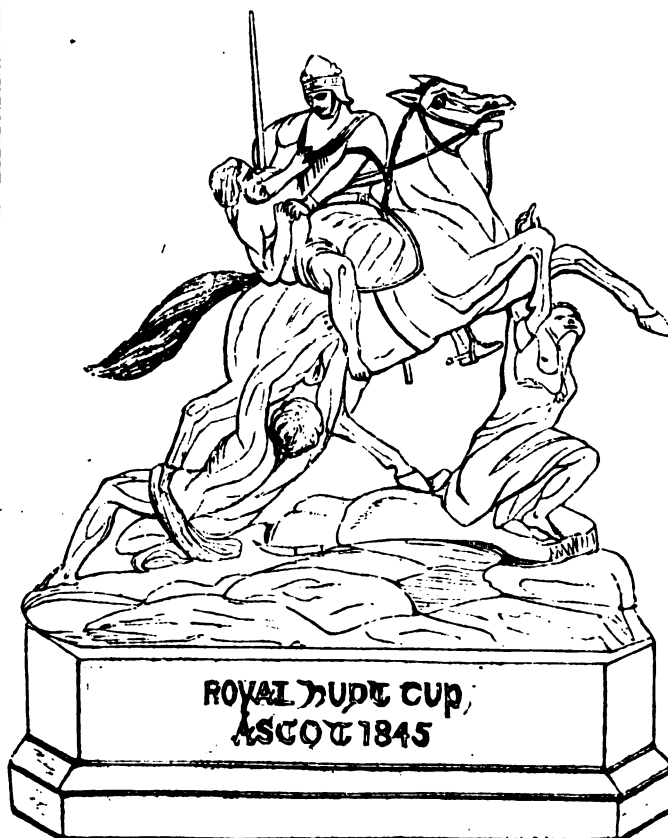
Winner.	Owner.
1807 Master Jackey ... ..	Mr. Durand
1808 Brighton ... ..	— Fermor
1809 Anderida ... ..	General Gower
1810 Loiterer ... ..	Lord Lowther
1811 Smallhopes* ... ..	Mr. Ashmole

\* In consequence of the owner having omitted to make stakes, the cup was given to Mr. F. Craven's Jannette, the second horse.

Winner.	Owner.
1812 Flash ... ..	Lord Lowther
1813 Lutzen ... ..	Mr. Trevanion
1814 Franks ... ..	— Batson
1815 Aladdin ... ..	Duke of York
1816 Anticipation ... ..	Mr. Thornhill
1817 Sir Richard ... ..	— Blake
1818 Belville ... ..	Lord Darlington
1819 Anticipation ... ..	Mr. Goddard
1820 Champignon ... ..	— Fraser
1821 Banker ... ..	Duke of York
1822 Sir Hildebrand ... ..	Mr. Ramsbottom
1823 Marcellus ... ..	Lord Darlington
1824 Bizarre ... ..	Lord G. H. Cavendish
1825 Bizarre ... ..	Lord G. H. Cavendish
1826 Chateau Margaux ... ..	Mr. Wyndham
1827 Memnon ... ..	Lord Darlington
1828 Bobadilla ... ..	Mr. Molony
1829 Zingancee ... ..	Lord Chesterfield
1830 Lucetta ... ..	Sir Mark Wood
1831 Cetus ... ..	Sir Mark Wood
1832 Camarine ... ..	Sir Mark Wood
1833 Galata ... ..	Lord Exeter
1834 Glaucus ... ..	Lord Chesterfield
1835 Glencoe ... ..	Lord Jersey
1836 Touchstone ... ..	Lord Westminster
1837 Touchstone ... ..	Lord Westminster
1838 Grey Momus ... ..	Lord G. Bentinck
1839 Caravan ... ..	Capt. Berkeley
1840 St. Francis ... ..	Mr. Pettit
1841 Lanercoast ... ..	— Ramsay
1842 Beeswing ... ..	— Orde
1843 Ralph ... ..	Lord Albemarle
1844 The Emperor ... ..	Lord Albemarle
1845 The Ascot Gold Cup discontinued, and its value given to augment other stakes; and in its stead, the Emperor of Russia's Gift, won by—	

The Emperor ... .. Lord Albemarle

And here Old Miles layeth down his pen, talling his article with "cunynge representations craftely ymprinted on woodde," (as saith his old friend "Wynkyn de Worde,") of the QUEEN'S VASE and the ROYAL



THE ROYAL HUNT CUP.—WON BY LORD STRADBROKE'S EVENUS.

HUNT CUP, according to the promise made by his Boy in Number five of this paper.

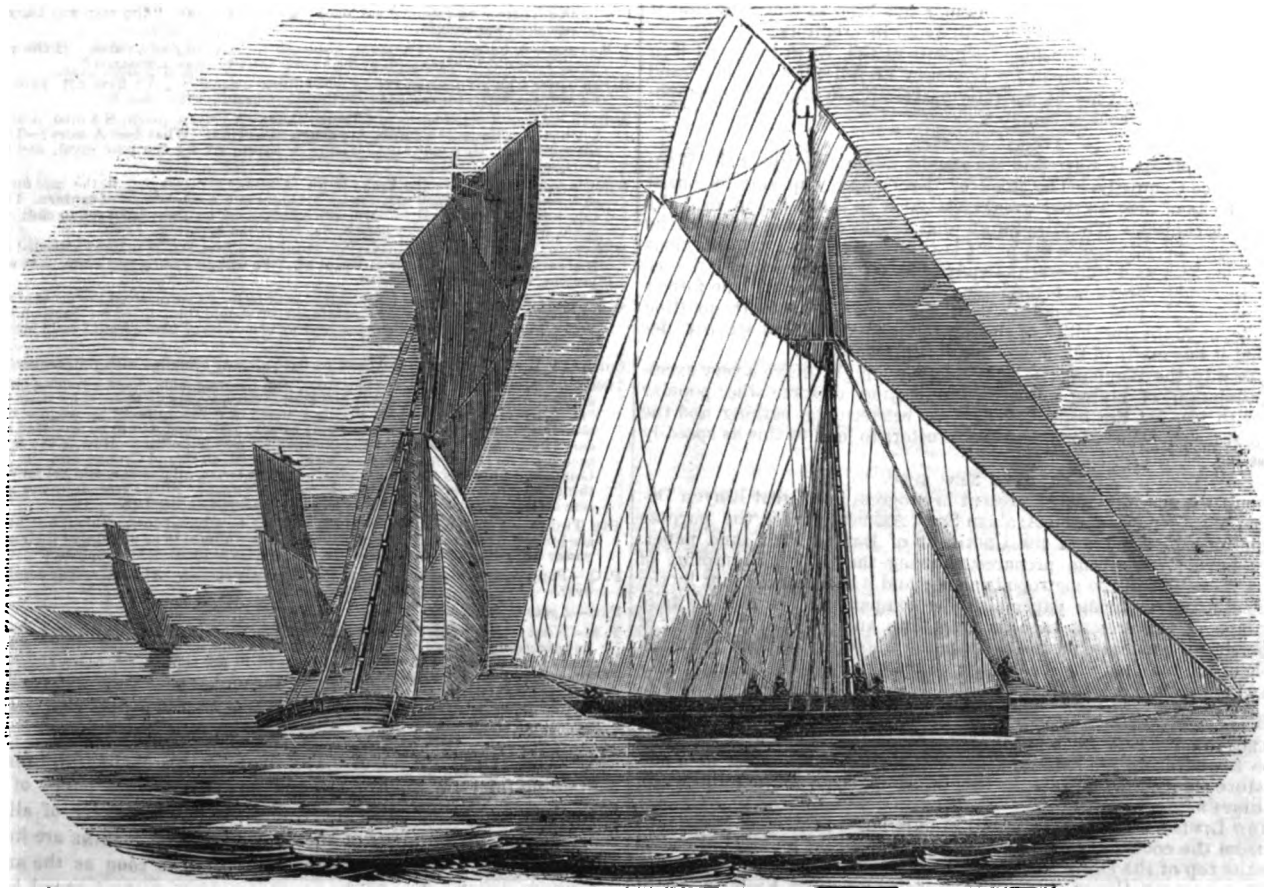
THE QUEEN'S VASE.—WON BY MR. HILL'S SWEETMEAT.

The splendid piece of plate under this name consists of an elegantly-shaped vase, the body of which is covered with an ornamental pattern in *cinque centos* style. The cover is surmounted by a group representing the conversion of St. Hubert, the patron of huntsmen. The royal arms of her Majesty and Prince Albert form a portion of the stem, which is composed entirely of rich *alto relievo* ornaments. The chief beauty of the vase, however, consists in the elegant group which surmounts the lid. St. Hubert is on his knees in adoration, having dismounted on seeing, according to the legend, a stag of noble appearance, elevated on a rock, bearing a crucifix of light betwixt his antlers. The horse, as well as the hounds, appear quite unconscious of the mysterious presence of the miraculous stag; for the former is represented leisurely grazing, and the hounds are quietly resting at their master's feet. This group, though of small dimensions and very simple in its composition, is one of the most attractive ever executed by Mr. Cotterill. The horse is finely proportioned, and its lineaments, as well as those of the stag and hounds, are exquisitely beautiful. The figure of St. Hubert is graceful, and his expression is strongly indicative of his new-born piety. In short, the whole group is one of the most picturesque ever executed in the precious material of which it is composed.

THE ROYAL HUNT CUP.—WON BY LORD STRADBROKE'S EVENUS.

This cup was modelled and cast in silver at the establishment of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell (the successors to Storr and Mortimer,) of Bond-street. It consists of a group of four figures and a horse, representing the conflict between King Robert Bruce and three men employed to assassinate him, as he retreated from the battle of Glendochart, near Tayndrum. The history of this event is described at length by the historian Barbour, and was the subject of one of the prize cartoons exhibited in Westminster-hall. The assassins watched the king until, being alone, he had entered a narrow pass between a lake and a precipice, and where he had scarcely room to manage his steed. They sprang upon him at once; one seized his bridle, but was cut down by a blow that hewed off his arm; another grasped Bruce by the stirrup and leg, and endeavoured to dismount him. The king put spurs to his horse and threw the man down, still holding by the stirrup. The third assassin, taking advantage of an acclivity, sprang up behind the king upon the horse. Bruce, however, whose personal strength is uniformly mentioned as being immense, extricated himself from his grasp, threw him to the ground, and cleft his skull with his sword. By similar exertion he drew his stirrup from the grasp of the man he had overthrown, and killed him with his sword as he lay under the horse's feet. All this is represented in the group. The figures are full of fire and character, and the composition is perfection.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.



MYSTERY. VIXEN. BLUE BELL.

PRIMA DONNA.

MATCH FOR THE CLUB CUP, ON MONDAY, JUNE 16TH, 1845.

[The PRIMA DONNA (C. R. Tatham, Esq.) finally passing the BLUE BELL in Gravesend Reach—the VIXEN and MYSTERY in the distance.]

I sing not of battles, of storms, or the like,  
Of heroes who've triumph'd, or cowards who strike;  
No,—my theme, honest hearts! is the science of sailing,  
Where pleasure, with health, is combined without railing,  
Yet victories many my verse shall unite,  
R.T.Y.C. matches, and the sport off "the Wight;"  
The trumps of the Yacht Club, the race for the Cup,

The fair Prima Donna who distanced,—who bravely bore up,  
Defeating the Mystery and Blue Bell so fleet,  
Who, though iron in heart, were doomed to defeat.  
Then loudly let's raise to her honour the strain,  
While I sing of the lads who sport o'er the main;  
Of right jolly fellows, true blue jackets all,  
Tight vessels, in trim, whether cutter or yawl.

## CHEAP TRIPS ROUND THE WORLD.

(From *Punch*.)

THE rapidity with which locomotion is now carried on has led, we believe, to a project for a cheap trip round the world, that is to take place in the course of the ensuing summer. We presume there will be handbooks for the travellers who start on this expedition: and a little brochure, to be called—"Every Man his own Columbus," would not be inappropriate.

We have not yet heard the particulars of the intended cheap excursion: but as it is to be "round the world," the party will probably start from London Bridge, go along by Blackwall, Greenwich, Gravesend; and having gone fairly round the world, will come down the other way, through Putney Rridge, and so on, by Battersea and Vauxhall, to the Old Swan Pier, where the fourpenny boats lie at anchorage.

For our own parts, we should prefer stopping at home, and letting the world go round us, to going round the world; but taste is everything. It would not be a bad spec. to send up a monster balloon, with a good supply of provisions, to accommodate a party that might be desirous of remaining stationary in the air to witness the world's going round; and the earth's revolution being complete, the party could pop down again on to the very spot they had started from.

This would enable one to see quite as much of the world as if one went round it, and the trouble would of course be nothing in comparison. The treat would be similar to that of witnessing a grand moving panorama, which is much better than running from one end to the other of a tremendous picture in order to look minutely into every part of it.

Among the promised advantages of the cheap trip round the world, is perpetual summer; but how the projectors intend to manage this part of the business we are quite at a loss to conjecture, unless they take a cargo of summer weather out with them. Where the article is to come from we really don't know, for the summer has been so long due that it appears to be keeping out of the way to avoid its creditors.

We presume there is a Sunshine Company at the North Pole; for if it is possible to have a Wenham Ice Company in full play in the Strand during the dog-days, it may be perfectly practicable to establish an emporium for heat in the coldest climates.

## A COOL PROJECT.

A concern has lately started in the Strand, under the title of the Wenham Lake Ice Company. The stock of the company appears to consist of large blocks of ice, so that great care must be taken not to melt the whole of the capital. We do not quite understand what the object of the company may be, or whence the profit is to be derived; but the enormous lumps of ice look as if they were intended to pave the streets, and the ice would, no doubt, prove a formidable rival to the wood, if the former should be brought into competition with the latter. The only question would be, as to the durability of the ice, though its hardness seems to denote that it has many of the properties of frieze-stone.

By the way, the Wenham Lake Ice Company might make a very excellent speculation of laying down the Serpentine, or some other popular river, with ice, for the benefit of skaters between the bathing and the skating seasons. We recommend the directors to look to this as speedily as possible.

## ANOTHER NEW SPEC.

Among the speculations at present in progress is a Great Libyan Desert and West End Junction Arabian Sand Association, for the purpose of supplying England and the Continent of Europe with sand paper. Tables have already been prepared, showing the daily consumption of this useful article in the metropolis alone; and it is suggested that by the manufacture of scouring paper also, the company will be able to take advantage of the present rage for travelling, and put it in the power of any person of moderate means to scour the whole of the Continent. A sample of the sand may be seen at the company's temporary (very temporary) offices in Tooley-street.

**ELECTION NEWS.**—As a proof of the importance which is attached to the Registration, we may mention that we saw at the door of a marine store shop, an iron grate having on it in large letters the word, "REGISTER."

**HIGH LIVING.**—A Yankee friend of ours had a present of game sent him from the country, which was so 'tarnal high that he was obliged to go to the top of the church steeple to eat it.

**AN INCURABLE COMPLAINT.**—The Royal Albert and Victoria Yacht is still on the sick list. She was recommended sea-bathing some time back, but she shook so violently when she went into the water, that it thought that the remedy would be the death of her. She has been laid up at Portsmouth ever since, and great fears are entertained whether she will ever recover the shock.—*Punch*.

**MASTER WOOD.**—We saw advertised the other day, in the "*Times*," a "*Mahogany child's chair*." We have heard of wooden-headed boys who won't or can't learn at school; but we should be curious to see this mahogany child whose chair is announced for sale.—*Punch*.

**AMUSING IRONY.**—Some Birmingham workmen have presented Prince Albert with a watch, key, and seals, in admiration of "his patronage of the Fine Arts! This is the first time we ever knew the Brummagem people were giving to joking.—*Punch*."

## CORRESPONDENTS.

**A REGULAR READER, Huddersfield.**—Your letter was overlooked last week. We will take a dip into Christie Whyte's History of the Turf, and tell you something about the horses named; but fear that the master, which will involve some research, will be considered very dry by many. We do not recollect the exact time and number of race, but will make a search, and if successful, insert the answer.—*Tom Ward* was born Dec. 26, 1806, and is therefore almost 46 years of age. He was beaten by Peter Cayway, and by Josh Hudson, and drew a battle with Abbott.—The Ledger winners will be given, when the race comes off, as in the case of the Derby, Oaks, and this week of the Ascot Cup.

**ROBERT.**—Alice Hawthorn never started for the Lager.

**AQUATARS.**—The three days of the Thames Regatta, the 24th, 25th, and 26th of the present month, are almost equally attractive. Of course the final heats are the most provocative of general betting.

**YOUNG SCOTLAND, Edinburgh,** does not exhibit much of that clearness of intellect for which we have always given "Auld Scotland" credit. We doubt if he knows his own meaning: "A History of Barriar Boxing, is surely plain English; and how the deuce would he have history written, but by beginning with bygone times, and coming down to the present? Suppose he was told (to compare little things with great) "while sipping his ale or blowing a cloud," that a person wrote thus to David Hume the historian. "Sir,—The first volume of your History of England is all very well; but what's the use of telling us about the Romans, Danes, and Saxons, the Norman conqueror and his successors? you should have begun your history with the American War, and all about General Burgoyne, David Garrick, and the riot at last Brentford election, that's what the people here want; nothing else goes down; and if you'd just put in the particulars about the execution of the two Perreaus for forgery, depend on it your history would sell better here." Now would you not think the writer fuddled? He takes up a history and expects to find it a newspaper, the blunder lies not with the writer, but himself. We can't help your feeling no interest in reading the doings of the old school, and "such like old rubbish," but better informed people do, and the shortest innde will be for you to have a paper printed for yourself.

**R. SAUNDERS.**—Rabbits do not fall within the definition of game under the act of 1 and 2 William IV., chap. 32, nor the previous act of 9 George IV., chap. 69; but, except when acting under the "command or direction" of the warren owners or tenants, the same restriction applies to killing them as to a hare or pheasant, viz., the necessity of having a certificate.

**ROBIN.**—990 is an even number. The cipher is a figure, and a very important one, when placed after another figure, although nothing when before it.

**INQUIRER.**—There is no grammatical inaccuracy in the phrase "the man was hung," nor in "the man was hanged."

**A READER.**—A horse is not a mare, although a mare may be a horse. Is the question worth a penny's worth of postage, or the answer the two lines it occupies?

**B.** had better send his questions to an agricultural magazine. We have not space; and if we had, the subject is rather theoretical than useful.

**A TRIO.**—A and B play a game at cribbage thus:—A plays a queen, B a nine, A an ace, B a deuce, A a three, B a deuce, A a deuce, B a deuce. What does A score?—Three for the sequence. How many does B score?—Eight; six for the pair royal, and two for thirty-one.

**KNOWNOTHING.**—Cotherstone broke down at Goodwood last year in the race for the 300 sovs. sweepstake, which was won by Aristides in the commonest of canters. The Gold Cup was won by Alice Hawthorn, who had it all her own way from end to end; Cotherstone, who had gone the day before, was not in the race.

**R. DONAH.**—Thanks for your suggestion about the portraits.—It shall be attended to when there are authentic originals to be got at. We will give you a few words next week, at present, time and space press us.

**X.Y.Z.**—Arbroath.—We have just received your letter, as we received the proof of the very article you ask for. The hooks mentioned, we should think fit for Scottish streams. We will give shortly a numbered engraving of a series of hooks from 1 to 13 inclusive of the proper size.

**CRICKET.**—T. A. R.—You will perceive we have already complied with your request.

**TIMON.**—You are quite right; the new rules, will, in our opinion, have anything but a good effect on the generality of clubs; and even at Marylebone we have, since their passing, found that they have not been strictly adhered to. The duties of an umpire require a clearer definition than they seem likely to get, and ought not to be mystified and rendered uncertain by additional and uncalculated responsibilities. How is the fact to be accounted for, that in the match between the M. C. C. and Ground and the Western Counties, Dakin was allowed to bowl, or rather throw, all one day, and yet for the same thing be called four times in succession on the next? Either great injustice was done him on the second day, or he was palpably favoured on the first.

**TOM THUMB.**—A man of your inches ought never to attempt such a thing, but little men are proverbial for possessing great souls, and are almost to be pitied that their corporeal power will not enable to compass the promptings of their mental aspirations.

**P. Q.**—Four, five, or six balls, as may be previously agreed. At Lord's, four constitute an over.

**FAZ.**—Apply to *Bell's Life*.

**T. S.**—What is the duty for a four-wheel carriage; wheels under thirty inches, and a pony not exceeding thirteen hands in height?—The duty on the carriage will be £3 5s., and that of the pony £1 1s., with an addition of 10 per cent. upon each. The liability of the horse to be taxed involves also the carriage with it. The purpose for which it is used is immaterial.

**N. B. Warwick.**—If the horse was declared not to start before the time you made the bet, it does not stand good.

\* \* The FIRST PART of "THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE" for June, containing forty-two engravings, and upwards of fifty pages of letter-press, in an embellished wrapper, may be had by order of all book-sellers. ALL the numbers of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE are in print, and procurable. We shall in a week or two, as soon as the arrangements are completed, publish a STAMPED EDITION, to forward by post. Price 2½d.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JUNE AND HARVEST.

**SUNDAY, June 22.**—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.—Dr. Akenside died of an affection of the heart, 1770; as he came into the world with an aching side, he went out with the same accompaniment:—oh, dear! that vile joke is enough to give one the stick.

**Regulations Respecting Elections, 1845.**—Notice to receive claims for votes must be given by overseers on June 30.—Lists of electors must be made by July 31.—Persons objecting to claims for votes must give notice by Aug. 25.—Barriers must hold their revision Courts between Sept. 15 and Oct. 31.—Lists to be copied into books, and the books to be delivered by Nov. 30; and such books to be considered the register of the electors between 1st Dec. and 1st Dec. following.

MONDAY 23.—NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE RACES.—Ministers suffer a defeat on the Sugar Duties, 1844, but a few nights afterwards Sir Robert makes them unvote their votes, and say they are sorry they didn't vote against their consciences—several promises to be good boys in future, and do as they are bid—but "young Ben" and others kick and bite: Sir Robert was beaten by *Ailes*, yet he was determined to keep Cobden and the rest at a "League's" distance.

TUESDAY 24.—MIDSUMMER DAY.—THE THAMES GRAND REGATTA, this and the two following days.—Battle of Bannockburn, 1315.

WEDNESDAY 25.—BIBURY CLUB RACES.—*Quid pro Quo*—the prize comedy—won't draw though from the hand of *Gore* it lacks life-blood, and the public refuse to be led by the authoress, of the Haymarket lessee, who seems in a fainting state.

THURSDAY 26.—STOCKBRIDGE RACES.—*Custom House Fraud*.—A passenger by the *City of Boulogne* steamer, succeeds in landing a bottle of French brandy concealed in his stomach!

FRIDAY 27.—TAUNTON FAIR.—Dr. Dodd, executed, 1777.—Several Tribes in Algiers submit to the Troops of General Bugeaud, 1843. The Algerines (like Mr. James Grant after Six Lessons) finding it impossible to *Master the French*.

SATURDAY 28.—Queen Victoria crowned, 1838.

## THE MOON IN JUNE.

New Moon, 5th .. .. .	1	7 morn.
First Quarter, 13th .. .. .	3	43 morn.
Full Moon, 19th .. .. .	11	18 aft.
Last Quarter, 26th .. .. .	3	27 aft.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High water at London Bridge.

	morn.	aft.		morn.	aft.
Sunday, June 22nd .. .. .	3 28	3 52	Thursday 26th .. .. .	6 44	7 8
Monday, 23rd .. .. .	4 15	4 45	Friday, 27th .. .. .	7 35	8 3
Tuesday, 24th .. .. .	5 5	5 29	Saturday, 28th .. .. .	8 32	9 8
Wednesday, 25th .. .. .	5 54	6 18			

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING, JUNE 28.

## THE FISHER'S CREEL.

**T**HOUGH Racing, Yachting, and Rowing, have been whirling our thoughts and bodies in all directions, east, west, north, and south, this number, we trust, will show that we have not forgotten "the Contemplative Man's Recreation" amid the more bustling scenes which summer crowds into the leafy month of June. Though "in populous city pent,"—or elbowed and thrust hither and thither in the heat, dust, and confusion of a race-course throng—or amid the popping of champagne corks and the demolition of sandwiches and lobster-sallads—or sailing-barge in the broad reaches at a R. T. Y. C. match—or wherever else sport and the Fates, or the Fates' sport, may carry us, Fancy, miracle-working Fancy, can quickly carry us to the babbling brook side, the sedgy river, the ruffled mere, or the swift gravelly stream, and thither by Rapid waters, to whose falls Melodious birds sing madrigals, will Miles's Boy transport himself, while he discourseth on sundry matters initiatory, which he "proposeth," as saith venerable Izaak, "to render both pleasant and profitable to the honest angler."

And imprimis, of

## Minnow Fishing for Trout.

This we take in hand somewhat at the request of a correspondent, promising that, for liveliness and activity, it holds a middle place between bottom and fly-fishing. True it is, that some zealous bigots for the fly, will hardly allow any one to think, talk, or write upon aught but their high and fly-tie notions on that branch of fishing, voting all others as "slow," "snobbish," &c. &c.; yet, by their leaves, there are times when minnow-fishing is the better sport. But come we to the matter in hand.

In former numbers we have said a good deal on fly-fishing generally, we shall, therefore, to avoid repetition, adhere tenaciously to "the fish" we have "in hand."

The rod required for minnow-fishing should be shorter and stiffer than that used for the fly, and the tackle the same as that for salmon, with this difference, that it must be much finer, with a stout single silkworm gut at bottom, and the hooks Nos. 2, 3, or 4, according to the size of the trout in the waters fished, for those caught by this process are generally those of the largest size. The middle-sized and whitest minnows are best; and you will find those caught in streams far brighter than those procured from ditches or stagnant waters.

Various hooks are recommended in minnow fishing; one much patronised consists of a large hook with two very small ones fastened back to back to a piece of gut about two inches long, with a small hook to another gut somewhat shorter, to fasten the head of the minnow; these pieces of gut are so attached to the link, that the two small hooks may be about the middle of the minnow when baited, and the other reach the head, a small lead cap, which renders other weight needless, slides upon the link, keeps the short pieces of gut close, and falls upon the head of the minnow. The patrons of this place boast of the certainty of hooking the trout with the two small hooks. "This may be

true," says an angler of no mean skill, "but if these small hooks (which seldom exceed No. 12,) are sufficient to kill a trout of any size, the other hooks are entirely useless from the situation in which they are placed." Another objection is that when the gut to which they are tied has been a short time in the water, it will not sustain the weight of the hooks, but they will sink below the minnow, and continually get foul of weeds at the bottom; besides, the lead cap, falling upon the minnow's head, totally conceals the eyes, parts which add life and attraction to the bait.

The angler may permit the minnow to be carried by the current under bushes, &c., this will be effected by his suffering the stream to gain upon it when he pulls it back, which also prevents its sinking to the bottom, and entangling the hooks. As he draws it gently against stream, favouring the direction in which he could have the bait driven, it will if he use two or three of the swivels, of which we give an outline below, spin round very quick, and this is the moment the trout usually takes it: if you hold the rod firmly, the fish will infallibly hook himself, and will spring out of the water several times with surprising strength and activity, in the endeavour to get rid of the hook. The angler must not be too hasty, but lower his right hand, which will raise the top of his rod and keep it bent; thus the trout will be rapidly tired, though you must not be in too great a hurry with the landing net; the best way therefore instead of bringing the fish to the surface, to the peril of the rod, line, or hook, is to keep him as deep in the water as possible.

Artificial minnows, made with mother of pearl, may be bought at the tackle-shops; but the best is the fresh minnow, which may be caught with the hook No. 13, baited with a small red worm, or caddis worm, or with a net; or by embaying a shoal of them in a small pond, as is often done by boys for amusement. When the minnow is put on the hook, the belly fin of one side, and the breast fin on the opposite side, ought to be cut off, to make it play better in the water. The minnow should have the hook entered by the mouth and pointing out at the vent, so as to keep the tail a little bent, which makes it play much better. The mouth should be stitched up, unless the minnow should be so hooked as to close the mouth, which may be done by first putting the hook in at the lower side of the under chap, and also quite through the upper chap, then drawing it two or three inches on the line, and again putting the hook into the mouth and bring it out near the tail. It ought then to be tried by drawing it across the water, and if it do not turn well, the tail may be bent to the right or left till it is right.

The minnow is chiefly used when the water is beginning to clear after a flood, or while it is rising, and a swift stream is best for giving the minnow a natural motion. The line is to be drawn pretty rapidly up the stream, and near the surface. A reel will be indispensable to let the fish run out when he has taken the bait; for he will seldom be caught if struck when he first bites.

Whatever may be the length or strength of your line, at all times have thereon two or three of the swivels, the figure whereof we here present you, within a yard of your hook, otherwise you will not manage your line easily. And lastly we give you the picture of the



lest the verbal description should not be sufficiently intelligible and explicit. Thus much, for the present, of minnow fishing, next a few paragraphs on



Minnow hook baited,

BAIT-FISHING FOR TROUT, or rather ground angling, and lastly a few wrinkles in Natural History, "anent and concerning" various common flies and insects, wherefore we hope to have the young piscator's thanks.

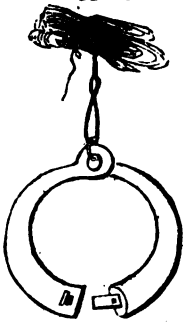
This is not so elegant an art as fly-fishing, yet no man who disdains it is a true angler; there is a fashion in most things, and in none more than in the affectation of high and mighty skill and acquirements, to which the writers in weekly papers and monthly magazines addict themselves. For Miles's Boy nothing that is useful is too humble, and he can see as wonderful contrivance and almighty skill in the grub, the caterpillar, and the dunghill worm, as in the gaudiest fly that ever fluttered its brief existence over the sparkling surface of the sunlit waters.

Ground-fishing for trout will often succeed when the water is too dark or thick for the fly, and for years we had surprising sport in this way during the early season, usually patronising the common earth-worm for a bait.

It is requisite to lead the line, so as to make it touch the ground, entirely resisting the force of the current, the lead about ten inches above the hook. A good hook for worm-angling should have a long, rather than a short shank, with a moderately deep barb or wilter; hooks No. 2 and 3. In whipping the hook on to the line keep the link



on the inside of it, and along its shank a hog's bristle, to hinder the bait wriggling down over the bend.



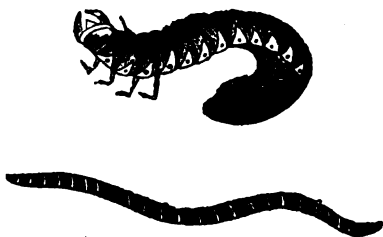
A clearing ring.

When the stream is clear, gravelly, and open, the line should be a foot or two longer than the rod; but where trees or bushes are frequent, or the water is thick and muddy, the line may be as much shorter than the rod. In an open river it is best to let the point of the rod go before the body, keeping the lead upon the gravel. Carry the top of the rod even with the hand, beginning at the head of the stream, and letting the bait run downwards, as far as the rod and line will permit, the lead dragging and rolling on the ground. No more of the line must be in the water than will permit the lead to touch the bottom, yet the line is to be kept as straight as possible.

In ground-fishing, as well as in most sorts of angling, the line will often get entangled among weeds or rubbish, in which case it is necessary to run a clearing ring down the line, for the purpose of disengaging it.

And now of baits. "Earth-worms of various sorts are to be procured by digging in garden ground, turning up stones or the droppings of cattle, amongst rotten thatch and in dunghills. Gentles, again, are the maggots of flies, which, as well as the maggots of bees and wasps, the grubs of beetles, and the caterpillars of moths and butterflies, may be all used as bait. The earth-worms should be of middle size, and are not so good when they have a knot near the head. They are improved as bait by keeping them without any earth, in moss wetted with milk; but this is not necessary for the brandling, a worm streaked with rings of red and yellow, found in rotten tan, leaf mould, or hog's dung, and

B the earth bob.



A the brandling.

which we have marked in the cut with a letter a. The upper figure b, is the earth bob, which is neither more nor less than the grub of the common cockchafer. Both these are good baits, but nothing exceeds the caddis and common red worm. Of the first named curious insects we purpose to say a few brief words.

For the details of this branch of the subject, I must acknowledge my obligations to the "Insect Architecture," of Professor Rennie.

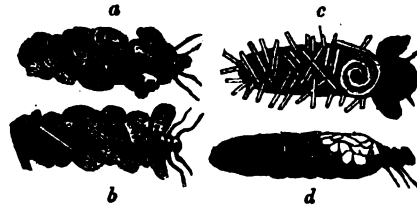
Fish derive a considerable supply of food from insects which frequent the water, more particularly the grubs and maggots that live therein. The grubs are the young of beetles, of day flies and caddis flies with four wings, and the maggots are the young of gnats and crane flies with two wings. As these grubs themselves lead a predatory life, and are exposed to the attacks of their own kindred as well as of fishes, they are provided with various means of eluding their enemies, either by living in the recesses of water-plants, under stones, or at some depth in clay or mud; or by constructing for themselves a dwelling-place into which they can retire securely, when danger threatens. Though these grubs and maggots, therefore, may be in great profusion, the fish can only take them by surprise, and would fare but scantily if they had no other resource.

As these baits open up a fine variety to the angler, it may be useful to describe and figure a few of them, to enable the young fisherman to find and recognise them in the water.

The grubs, which are known by the name of caddis worms, case-worms, ruff-coats, cad or cod bait, are the young of flies, which are usually of considerable size, with four large dull-coloured wings, lying in a sluggish-like manner along the back. The various species of these are known to anglers by the name of stone flies, dun-cut, granam or green tail, alder fly, willow fly, spring fly, and caddew fly.

One of the grubs in question forms a pretty case of withered leaves glued together lengthwise, but leaving an opening sufficiently large for the inhabitant to put out its head and shoulders when it wishes to look about for food. Another employs pieces of reed cut into convenient lengths, or of grass, straw, wood, &c., carefully joining and cementing each piece to its fellow, as the work proceeds; and he frequently finishes the whole by adding a broad piece longer than the rest to shade his doorway over head, so that he may not be seen by any fish above. Another of these aquatic architects makes choice of the tiny shells of young fresh-water muscels, and snails, to form a moveable grotto, and as these little shells are for the most part inhabited, he keeps the poor animals close prisoners, and drags them without mercy along with

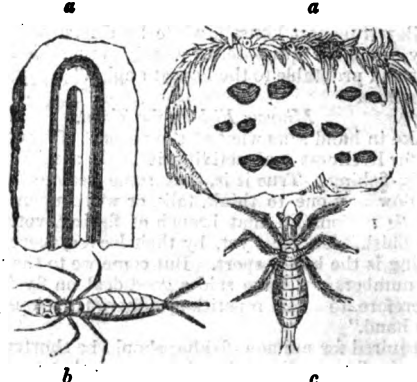
him. These grotto building grubs are by no means uncommon in ponds; and in chalk districts, such as the country about Woolwich and Gravesend, they are very abundant. One of the most surprising instances of their skill occurs in the structures of which small stones are the principal materials. The problem is to make a tube about the width of the hollow of a wheat straw, or a crow quill, and equally smooth and uniform. Now the materials being small stones full of angles and irregularities, the difficulty of performing this problem will appear to be considerable, if not insurmountable: yet the little architects, by patiently examining their stones, and turning them over on every side, never fail to accomplish their plans. In other instances, when the materials are found to possess too great specific gravity, a bit of light wood, or a hollow straw, is added to buoy up the case. The grubs themselves are admirably adapted for their mode of life, the portion of their bodies which is always enclosed in the case, being soft like a mealworm, or garden caterpillar, while the head and shoulders, which are for the most part projected beyond the doorway in search of food, are firm, hard, and consequently less liable to injury than the protected portion, should it chance to be exposed. These grubs when taken from their cases, make excellent baits for almost every sort of fish.



Figures of caddis-worms in their dwellings. a, b, shell case worms. c, a case of straw, sticks, &c., the grub holding his anchor-stone to keep himself from being carried away. d, caddis with house of sand and gravel.

The grubs or young of the day flies or Ephemera known by the various names of duns, drakes, and May flies, such as the dun drake or March brown, the blue dun, the green drake or green May fly, are often found in considerable abundance about the roots of water-plants, and in the clay forming the banks of ponds and canals, in which they excavate burrows for themselves under the level of the water. The excavations are always proportioned to the size of the inhabitant; and consequently, when it is young and small, the hole is proportionably small, though, with respect to extent, it is always at least double the length of its body. The hole being under the level of the river, is always filled with water, so that the grub swims in its native element, and while it is secured from being preyed upon by fishes, it has its own food within easy reach. "It feeds," says Professor Rennie, "if we may judge from its *egesta*, upon the alime or moistened clay with which its hole is lined. In the bank of the stream at Lee, in Kent, I found an old willow stump full of holes stuffed with clay, in which the grubs in question nestled securely."

The subjoined figure well represents their curious habitations.



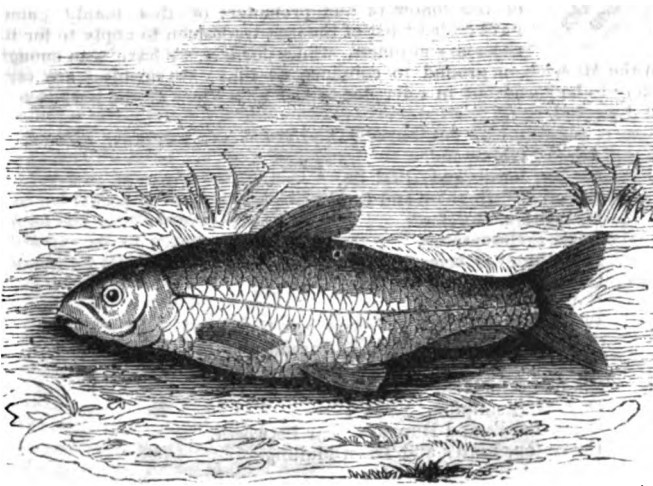
a a, perforations of the grub of the Ephemera, or day-fly. b, the grub itself. c, grub of the dragon fly.

"Several grubs which do not excavate holes like the preceding, are not very unlike them in general appearance, though usually much larger, such as the grubs of various species of beetles, and of dragon flies, of which the one marked c is an example. These usually trust for safety to the protection of the roots of weeds or a temporary covering of mud; and what are termed blood-worms, are found in the same position.

"I mean here water blood-worms, and not the smaller bright red earth-worms sometimes so named in books on angling. These water blood-worms, which are not much thicker than a stocking thread, are the maggots of a small gnat, very abundant near water. These blood-worms are an excellent bait, and it is no doubt on account of their general resemblance in colour to these, that most fish will eat earth-worms, which cannot possibly be their natural food, since they can only

come into the water by rare accident. The same may be said of the beetle grubs of the cockchafer and of the dung beetle."

And now having said a pretty long say upon a subject, we would fain hope both interesting and instructive to many, we make our bow, and proceed to the series of fish, of which the one before us we find to be the DACE.



THE DACE.

**H**IS brilliant, active, little fish is a great breeder, and during summer very fond of frolicking near the surface. It is social and gregarious, its scales smaller than the roach, and altogether a handsomer fish. When the weather is not very warm, it haunts the deeper waters near the piles of bridges, shady pools, and beneath the masses of collected foam caused by eddies. In the warmer months of the year they also congre-

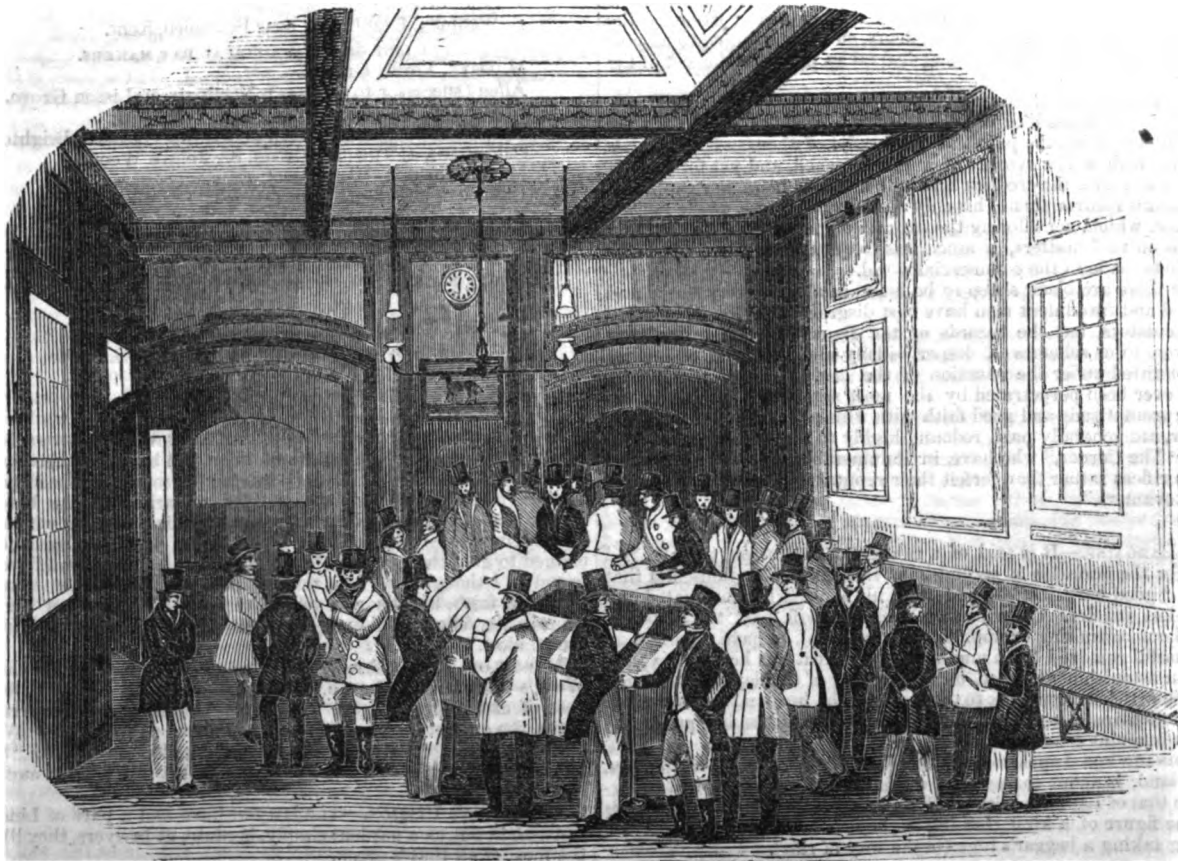
gate in the shallows. They rise at a variety of flies, and are likewise angled for with red worms, brandlings, and the like. In the Thames, above Richmond—near where Miles's Boy will next week be found, on his way to Hampton Races, with note-book and pencil in hand—so soon as he weeds begin to rot, a grasshopper used as an artificial fly will be found very successful in hot weather in the shallows. This mode can only be practised from a boat, with a heavy stone to serve as an anchor, fastened to about a yard of rope. The boat drifts gently down the stream, and the stone is dropped whenever the angler considers himself in the neighbourhood of a likely place. Standing in the stern, he first throws directly down the stream, and then to the right and left; and after trying for about a quarter of an hour in one spot he again weighs anchor, and proceeds to another station.

Dace may also be taken with flesh flies, or small house flies, which may be kept in a phial stopped with a cork. With these, especially about seven or eight o'clock in a summer's evening, repair to a mill stream, and having fixed three or four hooks with single hair links, not above four inches long to your line, bait them with the flies, and angle upon the surface of the water, on the smoothest part, at the end of the stream; the dace will rise freely, especially if the sun does not shine on the part of the water where you cast your flies, and you may take two or three at a time. This sport will continue as long as daylight will permit you to see the flies. In the same manner dace will also rise at the ant-fly upon the surface of the water, if used in a morning at the foot of a current or mill-stream. If you angle where two mill-streams are going at the same time, let it be in the eddy between the two streams. First use the plummet; if the water is deep, angle within a foot of the bottom, but if it proves to be shallow, that is, about the depth of two feet, or not exceeding three, the sport may be better; bait your hooks with three large gentles, use a cork float, be very attentive, and strike at the first bite; if there are any large dace in the mill pool, they will resort to the eddy between the two streams.

A species of fish called the graining, similar to dace, is found in the Mersey in Lancashire.

And now gentle reader, farewell, until next week; and don't forget to recommend this little paper, which increased in sale by your good word, will be enabled to increase the quantity of its pictorial embellishments by the additional means thus placed at our command.

### TATTERSALL'S ON THE SETTLING DAY.—(For article see next page.)



## TATTERSALL'S ON THE SETTLING DAY.



ULLY intending to give a pen and ink sketch of "The Corner," wherein we shall hit off both "the Tatts." with numerous of the *habitués* of this "high-change" of betting, this "Rialto" of the Turf, we shall here be brief as "the poesy of a ring," and short as "woman's love," or, to descend from stilted metaphor to plain English, a donkey's gallop.

And this is "Settling-day."—The Tuesday following the eventful Derby of the year of grace, 1845.

With what widely different feelings is this important event anticipated by the "round better," who has had the good fortune to make "a profitable book," and the chapfallen speculator, who has stood to win upon a favourite that comes out, and is either beaten by the superior capabilities of his competitors, or is deprived of every chance by the insidious workings of the nobbling system! The one hails its approach with a calm joyful confidence: the other looks forward to it with gloomy and irritable anxiety. None but those who have witnessed it can form an accurate idea of the scene which the important day of settling for the Derby and Oaks presents. A stranger passing Hyde-park Corner about 3 o'clock in the afternoon has his attraction by a number of cabriolets, gigs, and saddle-horses congregated in the neighbourhood of a gateway adjoining St. George's Hospital, in Grosvenor-place. This is the entrance to the celebrated establishment of Messrs. Tattersall and Son, known to the sporting world as "The Corner." There, amidst a crowd of jockeys, grooms, stable boys, and helpers, and an indiscriminate mob of "outsiders," the touts of the betting ring, and speculators "in a small way," may be seen peers and members of parliament, honourables and right honourables, elbowing their way down an ill-paved narrow lane towards the point of attraction: The Subscription Room, a remarkably plain building, out of which Ledbitter, one of the last of the old Bow-street *attachés*, exhibits his good-humoured face; and the "faithful Thomas," whose duty it is to admit none but subscribers, keeps watch and ward at the door.

Inside the scene is infinitely more striking. On entering you behold a tolerably spacious room, without the slightest attempt at adornment, if we except a painted *libel* of the celebrated "Eclipse," done in a single colour on the wall over the fireplace.

In the middle of the room is a narrow circular "lounge desk;" the open space in the centre being, as we guess, some three or four feet in diameter. Around this desk they who have bets to pay or receive are collected. There are other small tables in the room, at which some of the Rothschilds of the turf have established themselves, that they may be enabled to arrange with less interruption the heavy transactions on their books. Nevertheless, when the weather is fine, a great portion of the business of settling is carried on out of doors, on a flagged terrace adjoining the subscription-room, and on long deal tables placed at the foot of the terrace.

What most strikes a person present for the first time on the great settling day, is the business-like regularity with which large sums change hands; books involving the payment and receipt of thousands of pounds are balanced with a few strokes of a pen or pencil, and yet for none of these large sums does the creditor hold either bill or bond, nor can he by any legal means recover them; his only security, therefore, is the honour of the debtor, which, considering the extent and number of the betting transactions on turf matters, is much less frequently violated than the legal compacts made in the commercial world.

It is true there are black sheep to be found in almost every flock, and unprincipled and fraudulent men have cast disgrace upon the whole body of turf speculators, but the records of the Bankruptcy and Insolvent Courts reveal to us schemes of deeper villany and robberies of greater extent, committed under the sanction of the law, in the trading world, than have ever been perpetrated by the most notorious blackleg on the turf. The promptitude and good faith with which racing bets, irrecoverable by law, are generally paid, redound highly to the honour of the gentlemen of "The Corner," who have, in innumerable instances, made incredible sacrifices rather than forfeit their reputation on the turf by becoming "Levanters."

**BUYING BARGAINS.**—It is said of a gentleman in Boston, that he had a passion for the purchase of second-hand furniture at auctions, and that in making "good bargains," he had filled his house with antiquated and almost useless articles. Upon one occasion his wife took the responsibility, without consulting or apprising her husband, to have a portion of the least useful removed to an auction-room. Great was her dismay, and extreme her astonishment, when, on the evening of the day of sale, a majority of the articles came back to the house. The husband had stumbled into the auction-room, and, not knowing his own furniture, had purchased it at better bargains than at first!

**NEW COINAGE FOR IRELAND.**—O'Connell, being *de facto*, if not *de jure*, king of Ireland, is about to issue a new coinage. Its impress will be borrowed from that of Laputa—with a difference. The Laputa coin, Swift tells us, bore the figure of a king clothing a beggar. The coin of Dan will bear a king taking a beggar's rags (in the way of rint).

## CRICKET.

## HINTS TO CRICKETERS.—No. 7.



E this week redeem our promise of furnishing a list of the authorised umpires of England, and being anxious to place every information in our power in the hands of the followers and promoters of this manly game, have added a list of the best tradesmen to apply to for its necessary adjuncts. Since our last, we have seen enough on the Marylebone ground to convince us that our surmises are very likely to be borne out in reference to the alterations of the laws passed on June 2nd.

## A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PLAYERS AND UMPIRES.

Adams, Gravesend.  
Bayley, Lord's and Mitcham.  
Barker, Nottingham and Lords.  
H. Bentley, Hereford.  
Bodle, Southampton.  
Box, Hanover Arms, and Royal Gardens, Brighton.  
G. Brockwell, East Sheen.  
Butler, Nottingham.  
W. Barden, Sherborne, Dorset, and Camden Town.  
Caldecourt, Lord's, and 1, Townsend-road, St. John's Wood.  
Clark, Trent Bridge Ground, Nottingham.  
Chester, Kingston.  
Day, Southampton.  
Dean, Lord's and Duncton, near Petworth.  
Dorinton, Lord's and Town Mallory.  
J. Evans, Woolwich.  
Fenner, Cambridge.  
Good, Lord's and Melton Mowbray.  
Guy, Nottingham.  
Hawkins, Petworth.  
Heath, Pitt-street, near Elephant and Castle, Newington, Surrey.  
Hillyer, Leyburne, Kent, and Lord's.  
Lillywhite, Lord's.  
Martingell, Woodchester, Gloucestershire.  
Mills, Benenden, Kent.  
Mortlock, 3, Grove-place, Kennington.  
Paul, Gun Tavern, 55, St. John-street.  
F. Pilch, Canterbury.  
— Redgate, Nottingham.  
Royston, Lord's.  
T. Sewell, Lord's and Mitcham.  
E. Wenman, Cranbrook, near Benenden, Kent.

## A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BAT MAKERS.

M. Dark, Lord's Ground.  
Allen (successor to Cobbett), North-street, Lisson Grove.  
H. Bentley, Hereford.  
Box, Hanover Arms Tavern and Royal Gardens, Brighton.  
Caldecourt, 1, Townsend-road, St. John's Wood.  
M. Clapham, 8, High-street, Eton.  
Day, Southampton.  
Edwards, Cambridge.  
F. Pilch, Canterbury.  
E. and M. Page, Kennington.  
Thompson and Son, Peasod-street, Windsor.

## CRICKET BALL MAKERS.

R. Dark, Tennis Court, Lord's Ground.  
W. Caldecourt, 1, Townsend-road, St. John's Wood.  
Duke, Penshurst, Kent.  
E. and M. Page, Kennington.

**A BROAD HINT.**—An ancestor of Sir Andrew Agnew was famous for giving broad hints. The nature of them will be best ascertained by the following anecdote:—Sir Andrew having for some time been pestered by an impertinent intruder, it was one day remarked to the baronet by a friend, that this man no longer appeared in his company, who asked how he contrived to get rid of him, "In troth," said the baronet, "I was obliged to give the cheld a broad hint." "A broad hint," replied the friend; "I thought he was one of those who could not take a hint." "By my faith, but he was forced to take it," answered Sir Andrew; "for, as the fellow would not gang out of the door, I threw him out of the window."

**MARCH OF INTELLECT.**—A gentleman the other day, visiting Mr. Wood's school in Edinburgh, had a book put into his hand for the purpose of examining a class. The word "inheritance," occurring in the verse, the querist interrogated the youngsters as follows:—"What is inheritance?" A. "Patrimony."—"What is patrimony?" A. "Something left by my father."—"What would you call it if left by a mother?" A. "Matrimony."

**THE BULINO PASSION.**—The lawyers have had a part of Lincoln's Inn-square laid out as a garden; simply, because, as lawyers, they like to make the most of all that's green.

## A TIGER HUNT—DEATH OF A NATIVE.



LITTLE do European sportsmen know—whose sport is confined to shooting partridges, pheasants, or grouse, or hunting the timid hare, the shrewd fox, and swift deer—the perils attendant on the chase of the royal tiger, the panther, or majestic lion of the Indian jungles. As with—

"The gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, How little do they think upon the dangers of the seas;"

—so it is with northern sportsmen, who only now and then glean slight information upon the subject of hunting the most terrific and ferocious of the savage tribe of animals. The Indian sportsmen do not always return home after the chase, and the animating sport is often purchased with many regrets, and the shedding of copious tears. Sometimes an extract from an Indian officer's letter, or a paragraph in an Indian newspaper gives a few brief details of these enterprises, which are always read with avidity, but the following particulars are from the pen of an experienced foreigner—of whom it may be said that he has hunted from pole to pole, for he pursued the tiger of North Africa, and that which so frequently visits the Caffres and Hottentots of the south; he has also pursued the leopard jaguar, of Chili, or Paraguay—has chased that monarch of the forest, the American lion; and, also, the jaguar with the *guachos* of Montevideo; and, lastly, the royal tiger of Hindostan. Of the latter he gives us the following interesting adventure, arising out of a tragical occurrence, the death of a native, by one of these ferocious beasts. He writes:—

"Our party consisted of five Europeans, three Englishmen, one Irishman, and myself—besides four Malays, two Sepoys, and eight hounds, of which latter they had spoken wonders. The heat was oppressive, without a breath of air; our light apparel afforded but very slight protection from the sultry rays of the meridian sun, and the innumerable flocks of birds sought shelter from the heat beneath the thick foliage of the tamarind and palm trees. These we passed unnoticed almost, because in India, when you are making preparations for a perilous expedition, all objects of smaller sport no longer occupy your mind. Good-sized balls, steel harpoons, lances, and well-tempered sabres would be of little use in attacking the clouds of birds of every plumage we saw around us. Besides, a very powerful motive forced us to respect them, particularly when we are at some distance from a village or a plantation. The report of our guns would not only awaken the echoes of these vast and imposing solitudes, but arouse from the jungle and morass the repose of the lion, the alumber of the tiger; and for such like visitors our arms must always be in a state of readiness. Like us, they have instinct of peril; more than us they have that of danger. When the ball whistles they guess, if they do, not understand (because we deny them the possession of reason), that they can then pounce upon their prey with greater safety.

"It is in these scenes of carnage and desolation, as with tempests at sea, you are no sooner in them than you wish to be out of them. In starting in chases of the lion, tiger, or rhinoceros, you are all smiles and gaiety, and fear no danger; but when, from the shadow or bristling of the long grass you perceive the approach of your adversary—oh! then you begin to doubt if you will ever return, and wish you were safe at home again. This is the feeling of most persons, but it is seldom acknowledged.

"At mid-day we had arrived at the delightful residence of Mr. M—, whom we found very low spirited, but who made us no less a hearty welcome. The evening before a panther had leaped over the wall enclosing his garden, and devoured the son of a Malay, his servant, who was asleep in an outhouse. The garden wall was thirteen feet high, and the run which the beast could take was very limited, and the ground broken."

Owing to a tempest the party pass the night here, and then, continues the writer—

"On the morrow, before it was yet daylight, we commenced our march, reinforced by the brother and sister of the murdered Malay, who vowed they would in person be revenged on the offending panther or tiger. The dogs in our front we kept close together, penetrating a thick forest, which our guides told us we should not be long before we passed through. Arrived at a spacious open plain, we sat down to breakfast; but the tiger did not allow us much leisure. At the first frightful growling, the dogs which, we had been told were so courageous, slunk behind us, their tails between their legs, and with looks imprinted with the most stupid fright. Neither the whip nor the stick, neither menaces nor caresses—nothing could make them move on, and we resolved to pass before them. A second frightful growl, shorter and more loud, told us that the tiger was approaching; we looked to our primings, and put ourselves into order of battle, the Malay three paces in advance, his sister at his side, each armed with a pistol and an iron spear or harpoon, the point of steel being barbed. At length the creature appeared. It was a beautiful full-grown tiger, his glossy coat striped like a zebra. He appeared with half-opened and foaming mouth, more surprised than frightened at our presence; stood stock-still at first, issuing forth deep and deafening growls, his eyeballs flashing fire, and licking his lips with a rough red tongue. He was a magnificent sight.

"We made some steps towards him, he made some few towards us; and all at once, as if they were ashamed of their pusillanimity, the dogs,

without being excited to it, ran and placed themselves in our front, close to each other, eager, and silent. At the sight of them the tiger drew back, and elongated himself like a serpent, whipping his flanks with his tail, and shaking the foam from his mouth. He took no notice of us, no more than if we had not been present—the dogs were to be his first victims, who dared to bay him. They advanced together at first, then separated to attack the ferocious beast before, behind, and on his flanks. The tiger kept his eye on the most daring of the dogs, and in a moment he had one enemy the less—the dog was crushed at a single bite. We wished to help the others, who had drawn back a few steps, but the Malay made a sign of the hand to reserve our fire: he wished to *lasso* the animal himself. His sister showed great intrepidity and sang *froid*; with her vigorous hands she held her spear before her, and I remarked that the yellow colour of her face became gradually of a red tint, nearly of copper.

"The field of battle was not above fifty paces at most in extent. At the call of the Malay, and the imperious look of his sister, the dogs renewed the attack on all sides with great courage—the redoubtable quadruped crushed his opponents one after the other with his claws. The conflict was bloody; he, too, was bleeding from numerous wounds, and became more furious from his great pain. All the dogs were *hors de combat*, three alone survived and seemed to implore our aid; the Malay advanced, we followed and fired; the tiger roared, made an attempt to leap, but fell to the ground like an *aerolyte*. The young girl discharged her spear, which was left rankling in the wound; another general volley gave the animal his *coup de grace*.

"On our return, nothing particular occurred until we had got half way, when we were alarmed by the loud cries of the two Malays, who preceded us. We redoubled our steps, and soon found the brother and sister on the ground kissing with raptures the mutilated remains of a human being! It was the skull of their young brother, which they recognised by a slight scar on the forehead. The affliction of these people, at the sight of the mangled remains of their relative, was most distressing to us to all."—*Sunday Times*.

[Thus far the foreign gentleman: the story is prettily worked up, but without place, date, or the name of the writer; we therefore insert it as we find it, just as an amusing little bit of home-manufactured "bunkum,"—vide "Sam Slick;" we should like to see some of the foreign gentleman's dogs; where did he get them, and what was their breed?—Ed. *Sportsman's Mag.*]

## RAILWAY RACES.

(From *Punch*.)

As the rail is rapidly superseding the road, it is to be expected that the engine will soon annihilate the horse, or—to use a figure that would have suggested itself to the old wags—put the horse completely *hors de combat*. Instead of encouraging the breed of racers, the sporting world will be employed in improving the build of locomotives; and we shall hear of BRAITHWAITE's lot being backed against the PANKLEBANKON IRON WORKS' favourite, for the Oaks or the Derby. We shall be having thorough-bred engines winning by half a turn instead of by a neck and the great patrons of the turf will abandon the study of horse-flesh, for the cultivation of a knowledge of iron.

We have heard of high-mettled racers, and of horses showing their mettle; but when the racers are made of metal altogether, the sport will of course be beautiful. The task of training will necessarily devolve on those who are accustomed to railroad trains; and when riding the race, the substitute for whip and spurs will be a scuttle full of coals and a poker.

If the system of railroad racing should be adopted, *Punch* will probably go upon the turf with a splendid stud of locomotives, and will be prepared to back his own lot against the field to any amount, and for any distance.

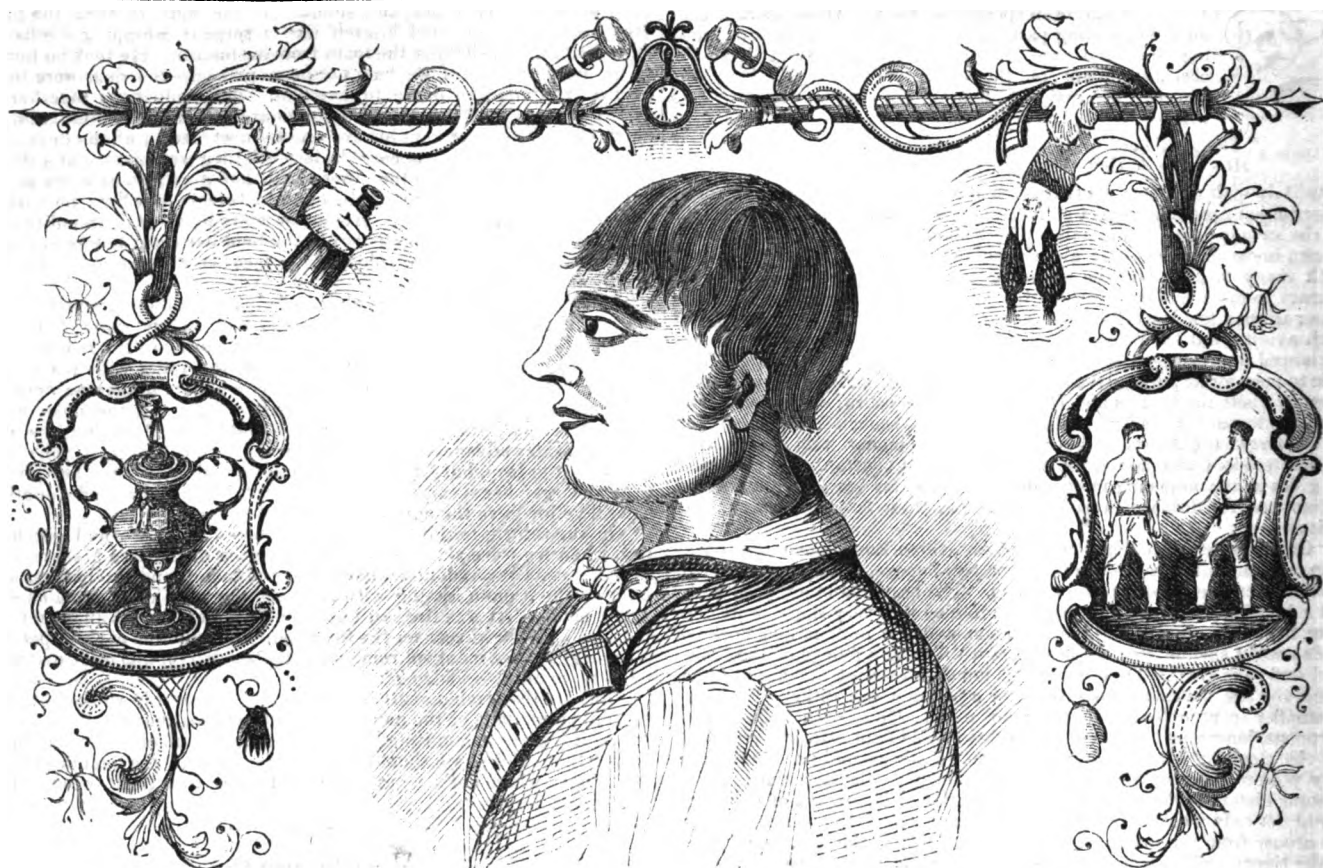
The following is the sort of account that might be given of our run for the first *Sweepstakes*. The race is supposed to be between ourselves and one or two individuals who are a good deal addicted to political sporting:—

"After two or three false starts, the whole lot got fairly off, and PEEL went at a slapping pace on Free Trade—his two-year-old boiler; but he was a good deal encumbered by the Conservative ruck, who were fearfully tailing him till he went slap away, and left them nowhere. BROUGHAM now made all the running, but went very wide, and in going down the hill, was lost sight of altogether. *Punch* now came up on his four-year-old, and went slap in among the lot winning cleverly by several heads, to the delight of the assembled multitude."

THE QUEEN'S BALL.—The *Morning Post* says, that "the Pompadour silks, which have already been purchased for the court ball, would cover many acres." We wonder how many wisecracks will be found among the acres that the silks are destined to cover.

FATHER MATHEW'S PRINCIPLE.—To such an extent does Father Mathew carry out his principle, that he has cut a man because he was called a "rum fellow;" and a person in his neighbourhood styled "Old Tom," to oblige the great apostle of the pump, has changed his name.





TOM (otherwise PADDINGTON) JONES.

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME. PERIOD III. 1786—1798.

FROM THE TIME OF MENDOZA TO THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER.

## CHAPTER V.

(Concluded from page 173.)

Jones was matched in London to fight George Nicholls (since the conqueror of Cribb) a man whom he had never seen. Mendoza and Johnson took Tom down to Lansdown, near Bath, for that purpose: but upon the combatants stripping, and just as they were about commencing the set-to, the following singular circumstance occurred:—Nicholls cried out, "Stop!" and observing that Jones was above his height, declared he would not fight him, and *sans ceremonie*, immediately left the ring, to the great astonishment and disappointment of the spectators. After some years had elapsed, upon Nicholls arriving in London, a match was made for twenty guineas, and they tried their skill at Norwood. Three rounds were well contested, and considerable science was displayed; but, in the fourth, Nicholls ran furiously in, and getting his head between Jones's legs, and catching fast hold of both his ankles, threw Tom with considerable violence—this was deemed an infringement upon the articles, and completely deviating from the rules of pugilism, by the friends of Jones—a considerable interruption was the consequence, and the fight was at an end. The stakes were demanded on the part of Jones; but Bill Warr, who seconded Nicholls, would not suffer them to be given up. Respecting which was the best man, it was impossible to form anything like a decision. Jones, on his road home, had a turn-up with a man of the name of Carter, who had insulted him about the battle with Simpson. Tom, who was not much hurt from the above contest, set-to with good pluck, and so soon convinced Carter he was in the wrong, that he sheered off.

August 6th, 1805, Tom Jones fought another *Lyons* (known as the *Yokel Jew*) at Hounslow, for ten guineas a-side. This was one of the most terrible conflicts in which Tom had been engaged. Yokel was a desperate punisher, and Jones suffered severely in the fight; but, notwithstanding, Yokel gave in.

George Stringer challenged Jones for five guineas a-side. The battle was decided in Paddington Fields. Stringer contended hard to obtain the victory; but he fell, like many others, beneath the potent arm of Jones.

A man of the name of Jem Smith, a carpenter, who was not unac-

quainted with the principles of pugilism, fought Jones for twelve guineas, at Lisson-green, Paddington. But poor Chip was so milled, that he was scarcely able to leave the ground.

Isaac Bitton, the Jew, a pugilist of considerable celebrity, entered the lists with Tom Jones, upon Wimbledon Common, for twenty guineas a-side, on July 31, 1801. Jem Belcher seconded Tom. It proved a well-contested fight—and some very excellent displays of the science were exhibited—but Jones, not being able to come to time (half a minute) the battle was decided against him.

Notwithstanding the numerous lists of battles which have been mentioned, it does not appear that Paddington Jones ever made pugilism his peculiar profession; but industriously followed through life his occupation, much respected by his friends for his civility and good nature. Jones was a good-looking man, of prepossessing manners. In height above five feet seven inches, and in weight ten stone five pounds, for a long series of years was well known as master of the ceremonies at the Fives and Tennis Courts, as a second, and an attendant upon sparring exhibitions.

As a pugilist, Jones is entitled to honourable mention; to a respectable amount of skill, he united game of the first quality. He has turned out several good pupils. His guard was good and his position ready, with his left arm firm and extended to protect his body from assault, while his right was on the alert to give the return. Tom was a hard hitter, used both his hands with equal facility, stood well upon his legs, and met his man with fortitude.

Notwithstanding the evident disadvantages that Jones had to contend against in his battle with Jem Belcher—the disparagement of having been severely punished in numerous battles, and other hurts from skirmishes, contrasted, with Belcher, who had scarcely been pinked, and blooming from the country, Tom's conduct was far above mediocrity, and ought not to be forgotten.

No man appeared oftener in the character of a second than Tom Jones, and few understood that duty better than himself. In most of Randall's battles Tom performed that above office.

It is impossible that we can take our leave of Paddington Jones without characterising him as a brave pugilist, and well deserving to oc-

cupy a niche in the temple of fame, as a straightforward, courageous, and deserving man. JONES died at his birthplace, Paddington, August 22nd, 1833, at the age of 62.

## CHAPTER VI.

## BILL HOOPER—(THE TINMAN.)

KNOWN AS "BULLY HOOPER," AND THE "LION-HEARTED HOOPER."

As a slight space remains this week, ere we give the portrait and life of JEM BELCHER, we shall devote it to a brief notice of Hooper, whose career may well serve to point a "moral," which successful pugilists would do well to remember in the days of patronage, prosperity, and success.

Among all her pugilistic heroes, Bristol never turned out a more determined boxer than Bill Hooper. Fear, it would seem, never formed any part of his composition. In all his contests he appeared confident of victory, and his feelings never suffered any sort of depression, from either the size or strength of his antagonists. The patronage of the well-known Earl of Barrymore unfortunately proved his destruction. Participating in the festivities of Wargrave, and sharing the eccentricities of that depraved nobleman, he became so intolerably overbearing as to render himself, in most companies, not only insolent and disgusting, but to stamp his character as a pugilist with disgrace. His mind was not strong enough to sustain the sudden transition from obscurity to a more prominent situation in life—and ultimately poor Hooper, from the dissipation and violent excesses he had committed in the sunshine of his prosperity, became, some time before his melancholy end, the miserable victim of disease and wretchedness.

Hooper's first set-to in the metropolis was on the 19th of August, 1789, with Bill Clarke, the plasterer, in Bloomsbury Fields, a plot of ground now covered with streets and squares, in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road, in which place Hooper followed his business as a tinman. The battle was well contested, and the conflict for some time doubtful; but the intuitive skill and fearless courage of Hooper, rendered him irresistible, and he soon rose rapidly into fame.

On September 5, 1789, he had a desperate contest on Barnet Common, with one Cotterell, for ten guineas a-side, which continued above half-an-hour, when Hooper proved the conqueror.

In a battle with Wright, a carpenter, who was backed by Lord Falkland, which contest took place at Wargrave, in Berkshire, December, 3, 1789, the seat of Lord Barrymore, who had become his patron, Hooper distinguished himself considerably, Wright, who was looked upon as a good boxer, was severely punished in twenty minutes.

Hooper was now called upon to enter the lists at Langley-close, near Salt-hill, Feb. 17, 1790, with a pugilist of the name of Watson, of good pluck and great activity. The contest proved extremely long, and the advantages, at different times in the fight, were varying and doubtful. Considerable altercations took place as to the propriety of blows, that the two chosen umpires were compelled to call in a third, for a final decision. The odds, generally speaking, were in favour of Hooper, who knocked down his antagonist several times. Watson evinced considerable game throughout the battle, which lasted two hours and thirty minutes, the number of rounds being one hundred, when it was decided in favour of Hooper, from Watson striking foul.

Hooper attempted to fight Big Ben, as already related; but it proved a complete mockery of boxing, and was declared a drawn battle.

He was next challenged by one Bunner, for fifty guineas; the battle came off on a stage 18 feet square, at Bentley, a few miles from Colchester, on Sept. 4, 1792. Bunner possessed considerable strength, and at the beginning of the fight, the odds were, upon that account, in his favour; but the science of the Tinman soon rendered it unavailing, and Bunner proved an easy conquest, having his arm broken by a fall in the sixth round.

George Maddox, a boxer of great celebrity, and afterwards well known as the antagonist of TOM CRIBB, entered the ring on Sydenham Common, Kent, on Feb. 10, 1794, with the Tinman, for twenty-five pounds a-side. George had proved himself, upon most occasions, a game man; and considerable expectations were raised from the well-known abilities of Hooper. Numerous amateurs attended to witness the contest, anticipating a most excellent display of the art, among whom was to be seen the late Duke of Hamilton. Maddox was the favourite, and the odds, upon setting-to, were 5 to 4 that George was the conqueror. Joe Ward was second to Maddox, and Bill Gibbons his bottle-holder; Tom Johnson and Jack Butcher were the attendants upon Hooper. Maddox took the lead for some time, and showed himself well acquainted with the principles of pugilism; but the Tinman full of game and confident of success, contested the battle heroically for nearly an hour, when Maddox, with considerable reluctance, gave in.

Immediately after this victory, Hooper rose so much into fame, that he was matched to fight Mendoza upon a 24 feet stage, for fifty guineas, within a month. But Mendoza preferred forfeiting his deposit of twenty pounds, to having anything to do in the pugilistic way with the then renowned Tinman.

Hooper had now to encounter that determined pugilist Wood, the coachman, who had distinguished himself in several good fights. The scene of action was Hounslow-heath, the day, June 22, 1795; and it

proved one of the most desperate conflicts in which Hooper had been as yet engaged. In a furious contest of 16 minutes, various turns of success appeared, and the bets were continually changing. Wood fought with his usual vehemence and resolution, and appeared almost certain of victory; but the Tinman's terrible hard hits completely stunned him, and by contriving to plant his favourite blow under the left ear, he reduced Wood to a complete state of stupor. Previous to setting-to, Wood was the favourite; and, for the first part of the fight, his superiority was so prominent, that 20 to 1 was laid he would prove the winner; but the courageous spirit of Hooper, and his knowledge of the science, not only reduced the bets to a level, but, before the fight was half over, 20 to 1 was laid that the Tinman proved the conqueror.

But he was at length doomed to experience the reverse of that good fortune which had so often cheered him, and he was to be defeated by a boxer almost a stranger to the Prize Ring. Tom Owen, who did not want for strength, and also possessed some knowledge of the science, challenged Hooper. The fight took place at Harrow, November 14, 1796, for £50 a side; and Owen turned out a much better boxer than had been anticipated. After fighting sixty-four minutes, during which time 50 rounds had been contested, Hooper dislocated his shoulder. The event was then still doubtful; but after this accident Hooper gave in. Hooper was now but a shadow of his former self; dissipation, luxury, and debauch had spoiled him.

Hooper in point of appearance was by no means formidable, scarcely exceeding the middle stature of men. His height was about 5 feet 7 inches and a half, and neatly made; but his courage was truly astonishing; and it is only justice to remark of him, that he was a first-rate boxer. Previous to his obtaining the patronage of the late Lord Barrymore, he followed his business as a tinman, in Tottenham-court-road, and possessed the character of a civil, well-behaved, smart young man. Transplanted from making saucepans to a nobleman's country-seat, proved too great and sudden an elevation for him. The advantage of mixing with some of the first characters of rank in the country, was far from producing the improvement derivable from an intercourse with superior company, who, amid all their foibles and eccentricities, it should never be forgotten, are gentlemen.

Few men are more obnoxious to the smiles and frowns of fickle fortune than the pugilist; victory brings him fame, riches, and patrons; his bruises are unheeded in the smiles of success; and, basking in the sunshine of prosperity, his life passes pleasantly, till defeat comes and reverses the scene. Covered with aches and pains, distressed in mind and body, assailed by poverty, wretchedness, and misery, friends forsake him—his fame waxes dim—his character is suspected by the losers—no longer the "plaything of fashion," he flies to inebriation for relief, and a premature death puts a period to his misfortunes. Thus it was with Hooper: sheltered under the wings of nobility, he became pampered, insolent, and mischievous. His courage was undoubted, and though his frame was but small, it contained the heart of a lion; big men struck no terror to his feelings, and he opposed them with all the hardihood of an equal competitor, determined to conquer. The late Lord Barrymore, whose eccentricities would fill a volume, was his patron; and at his country-seat he principally dwelt. His lordship was fond of larking and practical jokes, and whenever he could not come through the piece in style, Hooper appeared as his bully—his name overawed, and, many a time, saved his patron a deserved thrashing. At length his lordship cast him off, which, as he had cast himself away before, is not surprising. Hooper soon afterwards became wretched, disease overtook him, repeated intoxication brought him to the brink of the grave. One evening he was found insensible on the step of a door in St. Giles's and conveyed to the watch-house; on inquiring who he was, he could but faintly articulate, "Hooper—Hooper—" Being recognised as the miserable remnant of that once powerful pugilistic hero, he was humanely taken to the workhouse, where he immediately expired!—*Sic transit gloria athleta!*

## END OF PERIOD III.

PROMPT REPLY.—"Why did Adam bite the apple?" said a schoolmaster to a country lad. "Because he had no knife," said the urchin.

RINGING THE CHANGES.—Master Jones rang on Friday night several peals on seventeen different bells in Fitzroy Square. This he cleverly effected, without any apparent fatigue, by running from No. 1 to No. 17, and pulling the area-bells violently one after another. The tones are very distinct, and a beautiful echo of each was heard in the drawing-rooms of the respective houses. Master Jones, who is only nine years of age, wound up his masterly performance with a grand triple bob-major on the visitors' and servants' bells of No. 18.

WIT OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—When Brougham the other night attacked the Duke of Newcastle for interrupting the Duke of Wellington in his speech on the Maynooth Bill, Lord Lyndhurst tagged Brougham familiarly by the skirt of the coat, observing, "Newcastle is warm; he is flaring up; don't add fuel to fire."—"I can't help it," replied Brougham.—"My dear fellow," continued Lyndhurst, "adding fuel to the fire is in this case literally taking coals to Newcastle." The joke was too powerful for Brougham to resist; so he laughed, and sat down.

## OBSERVATIONS, FROM PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE, ON OLD ENGLISH SPORTS.

BY THE HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY, M.P.

Now that the hunting season has drawn to a close, some men exclaim, with much satisfaction, "We have had our pleasure—we have hunted—we have enjoyed the sport afforded by large establishments—and with the winter ends our chief expense; while masters of hounds must still disburse throughout the summer, having no fun for their money:—we are better off than they are."

In many instances, the gentlemen who thus exclaim are wrong. To the master of hounds in whose breast the *real science* of the noble art is seated, and who *truly loves* woodcraft in all the grades through which it passes to perfection; each season, whether of rest or of activity, brings with it a just proportion of pleasure. To the mind of a true sportsman, whose income is sufficient, without embarrassment, to meet the heavy demands consequent on a pack of foxhounds, there are a thousand calm and contemplative pleasures, arising from the study of the animals in whose beautiful kingdom, throughout the summer, he is the humane dispenser of health and restful happiness. To him—to the master hounds—the close of the season for the chase is *not* the conclusion of his amusement. The arrival at his kennel, from their walks, of the creatures he has bred, and the comfortable arrangement of hutches and hurdled lawns for the reception of the dappled litters, almost hourly presented to his view, afford him immediate occupation, with a grateful recollection of the past services of the sire and dam, while they hold out a brilliant promise for the future.

Independent of the field of natural history, which the intimate knowledge of the habits of the hound, the horse, and fox, opens to the mind of the *real sportsman*, there is the true old English and gratifying reflection that, while he is amusing and improving himself by a study from nature, the beautifully blending charm and hue of which the passage of years cannot entirely destroy, at the same time he expends upon his estate the produce of its acres, and affords an honest, ample, and lucrative employment to the surrounding poor.

It has often been my lot to hear one of the self-dubbed champions of the people rise in his place in the Commons, House of Parliament, and, when speaking of taxation, demand that "large establishments of horses and dogs should be taxed to meet the exigencies of the times." Now this demand is a mere vulgar claptrap, and not one of useful recommendation. It may sound well in the ears of poor individuals, who are thinking only of themselves, and that from which they suffer, but when regarded as an applicable remedy for the grievances of a widely spread poverty, it carries with it a worse infliction than it assumes to cure. Let any practical politician, or useful reasoner, refer to the large establishments kept by noblemen and gentlemen in the country—let them go to Belvoir, to Badminton, and to Berkeley Castle, or to hundreds more that I could mention, and ascertain the number of poor who are employed by these establishments, and dependant on them for the bread of life. They would find that, with a view to the better condition of the poor, it would be advantageous, in the way of premium, to the resident English gentleman, to have his immense establishment more lightly taxed than to cripple the means of his useful expenditure among the people of his vicinity. In London—in cities and in manufacturing towns—the legislative views of the local representatives of the masses of inhabitants are apt to be confined by the smoke of their immediate districts, and forgetful of everything but their own world, they call for changes that would dangerously affect the wider fields beyond it. Their local recommendation and attention is praiseworthy and good, but at the same time too frequently inadmissible with a view to general prosperity.

I may, on some future day, sum up the number of poor dependant on one of these establishments, and then institute an inquiry if those gentlemen, who rail at the large proprietor, and who do not keep many "horses and dogs," and yet have houses in the country, with sufficient income, pay, in the way of expenditure on the poor, their fair share of value. The public would then be enabled to judge whether, in regard to the maintenance and better condition of the people, the large establishment alluded to does not do more, rather than less, than its duty.

But to return to the pleasures attendant on the chase. It is a sunny day, and the reader will accompany me to the stable and the kennel. Strip the horses, and let us look at them; feel their legs, and determine on their treatment for the summer. Leave their clothes off by degrees, open the windows of the stable more or less, according to the temperature of the day, till they can be set open entirely, and give such horses as may want it some gentle physic. Brutus's legs, with a great many more, will time with rest, and the simple application of cold wet bandages; but mind, do not turn those cold bandages into heating impediments by letting them get dry and warm from the contact of the limb they are intended to cure. Either let the horse stand in a tub of constantly changed water, or keep the bandages removed so often as to insure the temperature you desire. When the horse seeks his rest for the night, let the bandages be taken off. There are twenty of the stud that will require the severer application of the blister and the iron, with the superficial "charge" over all. In these cases, let two, and occasionally only one leg, be done at a time, according to the severity of the treatment required, in order that the horse, while under the cure of his ailments, may have a leg free from soreness, on which to rest. As to their keep through the summer, such of them as are not

very playful, and inclined to gallop about, may be turned into the meadows where there is plenty of shade and water, in both of which they can stand when it pleases them. Let these horses have their feet well opened, and have tips upon them, and do you, Mr. Head Groom, visit them *at least three times* in the twelve hours, and occasionally take them into the stable in the hottest portion of the day. As for those horses who are either very playful or very vicious, let them be placed in loose paddocks or boxes, each having a little shed to himself, and a small yard, thirty feet square, more or less, littered a foot deep with straw or fern, and let these paddocks be by the side of each other, so that the horses can be aware of company. When the weather is very dry, take the garden-engine, in the cool of the morning and the cool of the evening, and water the litter, so that it may always be cool and damp to the leg. Those whose constitutions require it—both in the meadow and in the box—may have corn with their tares and grass, and there is no harm in a few carrots. Be kind and good to them; and if a helper speaks roughly, sufficiently so to make the horse think he is going to be struck, reprimand him severely; and if he strikes or kicks a horse, discharge him on a moment's warning.

Now for the kennel. Huntsman, let the old hounds have some cooling physic—salts, with a little syrup of buckthorn, and when that has disappeared, on the following day let them have some flour of brimstone in their food. Use less flesh, let the food be thinner, made so by the addition of more water to the pudding, and, with the exception of the bitches and whelps, the shy-feeding puppies, and the old hounds of slight appetite, mix with milk instead of meat. When out of work, in summer weather, it is a sweeter and a more wholesome diet.

Let every hound in the kennel be dressed before he gets his summer coat. Brimstone and train-oil, with a little mercurial soap, the former not made so thick as to cake upon the hair, and the latter rubbed in very sparingly, are the best dressings. It will all come off with the old coat, and clean the skin for a new and blooming one; but remember to get your physic over before you begin to dress, for unless you get the stomach into good order, your external applications are in vain. Keep a lump of brimstone in the water stones, and occasionally sprinkle both in the water and in the food a little brimstone, and vary it with a little nitre. Hang up your whips, walk out, make happy, and talk to your old hounds, nurse your brood bitches and whelps, and amuse, humour, and play with your young hounds, and induce them, by every kindness, attention, and indulgence, to forget the quiet, unrestrained walks of their early days, and the recollection of the farmer's pretty daughters and milkmaids, with whom they used to seek the lowing herd, and hunt the hares that leaped from the grassy furrows. You will find some of your young hounds as much in love with those they leave behind, as the sailor boy is with his first longshore mistress, and until you can induce him to transfer his affection to his new friends, you will teach him nothing. He must learn of his own free will, and *through affection*, or gain no useful knowledge. Other hounds, like other men, are easier to forget their first loves, and soon take up with new ones. Some are of haughty and reserved dispositions, of natures suspicious, and not easy of access; others are of a free, open-hearted, and joyous disposition, ready to make the first advances to new friendships, and seem even to delight in the novelty of their situations. These you will see playing with each other, romping about the kennel, and leaping up on every man who comes near them, their graver companions sitting in moody observation, as if shocked at their untimely levity; while some shy, silky-faced, dark-eyed ladies, who seemed to have been made parlour companions of by the farmer's daughters, shrink into corners, and receive your caresses with a graceful timidity, but, at the same time, as if they thought your kindness was but due. There is little difference between a school for human creatures and a kennel of young hounds, except that in the one instance humanity claims the expectation of an exclusive heaven, while in the other the scarcely less observant spirit is supposed to cease with death. All have their different dispositions, grades of affection, and natural desires, and if left in a savage state of nature, perhaps the human creature would be the *worst* worldly inhabitant of the two. Human ambition and desire of self-aggrandizement is a far greater incentive to crime than is the ambition that stirs the dog; and in other respects, the child and the puppy left in a state of nature have a humiliating resemblance to each other.

I advance these facts to induce ignorant people, termed huntsmen, to forget their whip while they remember the difference of the respective dispositions of the creatures inhabiting the same kennel, and the affection of which they, individually, are capable. *Kindness was never thrown away upon a dog*, however apt man be to forget it; and if the hound be not induced to honour and love, as well as to obey, the ample powers of his mind and body are not brought to use in their full perfection. The puritanical, sickly, and false charge of cruelty, so often brought against the kennel, and all amusements afforded by the use of animals in the present day, is as false as it is ridiculous, and as rare in instance as its practice would be inimical to the interests of the chase.

HIGHLY APPROPRIATE.—Ireland, we understand, at the dictation of Daniel O'Connell, is about to repudiate the shamrock, and instead of it to assume, for a national emblem, the aspen, as typical of eternal agitation.—*Punch*.

## BUS-LOGY!

OR ELEVEN CAUTIONS PRO BONO PUBLICO.

*"What's everybody's business is nobody's business."—Old Saying.*

HAVING come to the conclusion that an omnibus is now a necessary adjunct of every man's business, although the generality of men never trouble their heads about the best mode of making the best use of it, thereby often disparaging their own dignity, and causing great annoyance to their neighbours, we deem that the following hints may be useful for such incautious persons:—

**CAUTION I.**—Whenever you see a couple of busses trying to outscamper each other, never attempt to get into the foremost of them, lest your *entrée* should be expedited by the pole of the one behind. It is a very unpleasant mode of getting in, and may probably damage the lid of your best snuff-box. Besides the risk you run of being poked up to the very farthest end over the knees of your fellow-passengers, thereby getting up the wrath of the lady in the polka pelisse; and then, perhaps, finding yourself dragged furiously out by the hook at the end of the pole insinuating itself under the waistband of your trousers.

**CAUTION II.**—Never mount the steps of a bus until you have got fast hold of it with both hands, because, if you do, it is a rump and dozen to an apple-dumpling that the step moves on from you, leaving you sitting on the pavement with nothing to break the bump but a cushion of cold "shlush," which is a very undignified position, and very apt to excite the laughter of thoughtless lookers on.

**CAUTION III.**—Never get out of a bus without taking especial care to loose the handles the moment you remove your hind foot from the step, otherwise you may get an unexpected pluck backwards, and a gratuitous drag through the mud on the broad of your back as long as you think fit to hold on: which, although it is a cheap mode of transit, is generally a very nasty one, and likely to play old gooseberry with your bottle-green coat. *Note.*—On a very dirty day, last week, a fat, elderly gentleman, anxious to steady himself before he loosed the handles, was jerked out of his perpendicular in this uncomfortable way, and dragged all the way down the hill in Fleet-street, at the imminent risk of being trampled upon by the horses in another bus clattering close behind him. All the help he got from the man on the monkey-board was, "Hold hard, sir! hold hard!" the only consolation he received was an impertinent opinion that the dirt on his coat would all rub out when it was dry.

**CAUTION IV.**—When you get into a bus, never stand showing off your *politesse*, but all sit down quietly in the nearest vacant place. It is a silly practice to be exquisitely genteel when there is no need for such vanity, and it often leads to very comical concussions. For instance, whilst you are conjecturing whether any other lady or gentleman might prefer the place which seems to be vacant, the bus moves forward, and, as a matter of course, you incline backward, giving all the feet behind you an unpleasant impression of the weight of your heels, and eventually you come down across the laps of a couple of ladies not at all prepared to receive you.

**CAUTION V.**—Never enter a bus with your hands in your pockets, inasmuch as it may subject you to the retrograding staggers alluded to in the preceding caution. No gentleman ever attempts it, except he happens to be enveloped in a thing called "a Tweed wrapper," a sort of garment which all decent people decidedly object to, on account of its smelling so inodorously of cabbage-leaf cigars.

**CAUTION VI.**—Never "pack your legs" inside of a bus, unless you have a peculiar penchant for sacrificing your Day and Martin, or find a pleasure in having corns or your gout trampled upon, in which latter case you may, perhaps, be left to your own discretion; for, as they say in Algeria, *Chacun à son goût*.

**CAUTION VII.**—When you seat yourself in a bus, make yourself up as compactly as you can; for, though you yourself may be a mere whippersnapper, the next comer may be a prize man, like Lord Kensington, or Mr. Massive Dawson.

**CAUTION VIII.**—All persons who ride in busses, and are fond of sitting close to the doors, should be particularly careful to keep their fingers out of harm's way; otherwise they may stand a chance of having some of them amputated when they least expect it. For the same reason, and under the same circumstances, ladies who wear boas, and gentlemen who pride themselves on the skirts of a frock-coat, should keep a strict look out at them; otherwise the boas may be shortened some five or six inches, and the skirts receive a triangular fracture by no means to be admired. Conductors cannot always avoid slamming the doors with a bang quite sufficient for the amputation of either boas, fingers, or coat skirts. Indeed, if a conductor happens to have a bad cold, and no voice for shouting "All right!" he gives the driver notice of it by slamming the door with a superfluous bang; and, in the next moment, the careless ladies and gentlemen allowed to find that it's all wrong; the extra vigour of the bang having made the amputatory process the more complete and vexatious.

**CAUTION IX.**—Never, under any circumstances, ease your corns by laying your feet on the cushions, lest you be set down as a fool, a blackguard, or a Yankee. Riding in a bus five miles for sixpence is cheap, certainly; nay, it is dog-cheap; but that is no sufficient reason why puppies should make it nasty.

**CAUTION X.**—Never indulge your vanity by displaying a gay long purse inside a bus, unless you are quite sure that all your fellow-passengers are as honest as yourself. Turning the gold and silver about in search of a sixpence may be a very gratifying process to you, inasmuch as it shows the poorer sort how much better you are off than they; but it is much more prudent to keep the purse quite out of sight, and carry the sixpence in your waistcoat pocket, or inside your glove; but don't carry it in your mouth, as many bus-passengers do, unless you had it well washed before you left home, for sixpences do sometimes pass through filthy paws; and I am sure I should pause before I came to a determination to suck them.

*Max.*—To those ladies who take delight in wearing their watches outside I would recommend vigilance; coupling my advice with the old precautionary couplet:—

She who a watch would wear, this she must do—  
Pocket her watch, and watch her pocket too.

**CAUTION XI.**—Never give a bus-conductor sixpence without looking at it carefully, lest it should turn out to be no such thing, and he become nine and sixpence the richer, without your becoming one bit the wiser.

(Signed)

BENJAMIN PICKEMUP,

Great Gun.

Bus. Con. P.G. C.O.

## A FEW WRINKLES ADDRESSED TO SPORTSMEN ON THE PRESERVATION OF THE HEALTH.

(By a Country Correspondent.)

SPORTSMEN, albeit their pursuits, are generally healthy, yet in some cases are peculiarly liable to certain disorders. Some of these are contracted by cold, heat, and marshy ground; nevertheless, by taking proper precautions, these may be averted. Of these we shall proceed to speak:—

The climate of England not being *fired* to any particular point of heat in summer or cold in winter, renders it imperative that the body should at all times be kept in that state, that a change of temperature cannot act injuriously upon it. The following wrinkles are offered with a view to this subject. Be cautious of an excess, either of liquors or food, which being taken into the digestive organs, are at the least but imperfectly digested, and the undigested excrement that remains in the stomach becomes clotted and proves a serious annoyance along the line of intestines, and produces pain, distension, and a sour or bitter taste in the mouth, with an inclination to puke or to disturb the free circulation of blood in the head, thereby causing the person to feel a sensation of heaviness. In other cases it disturbs the free pulsation of the heart, and does considerable damage to the functions of the lungs and causes a tightness of the chest, accompanied with a difficulty of breathing. The following are to be strictly avoided by all who value their health:—coarse sour food, spoiled vegetables, damaged wheat or corn, badly baked or hot bread, stale beer, unripe or green fruit, and bad cyder. Salt butter is also injurious to the system, for though plain salt is highly salutary, when mixed freely with other substances it is bad.

Food that is rich or too nutritious will produce indigestion as much as an excess; and even more so, whether it be digested or not.

Sportsmen should be particularly careful to have no other than good and wholesome vegetable food, and to have them *well cooked*, neither half raw nor overdone; but the happy medium between both, and if he have broth or soup, it should be neither watery nor wasty, nor greasy and fat. Beef and mutton are the best animal food, because they are the easiest digested, which is the grand point.

Pig meat should be but seldom eaten, and then but sparingly: game of all sorts are very good, if eaten in moderation. The usual accompaniments of the substantials, such as pepper, mustard, vinegar, &c., &c., are all good in moderation, but if used freely, are very injurious. No benefit can be derived from always eating the same kinds of food, and refusing the variety so bounteously offered by nature at the different seasons.

Tea is a drink which but ill accords to help to promote health, being a powerful narcotic, it produces a sort of languidness over the whole system, and if drunk to excess, acts in much the same manner as opium.

The preservation of health depends much upon *clothing*. Clean linen should always be well aired and dried before put on. And if the person should get wet, he should as soon as convenient strip himself and rub his skin briskly with a coarse dry towel till the skin becomes heated, and then put on dry clothes, but on no account must he remain in his damp garments.

Every sportsman must have at some time or other experienced, that the exposure of the body for a long time to the heat of the sun produces a disturbance of the bowels, and results in nausea and aversion to food. The same effects are produced by a very long exposure to the cold—this can only be averted by proper clothing. In summer, light, but sufficient to protect the body from the effects of the sun; and in the winter, good and plentiful clothes (but not so much as to clog the free use of the limbs or give a heaviness to the body) are to be preferred.

June, 1845.

F. B. T.



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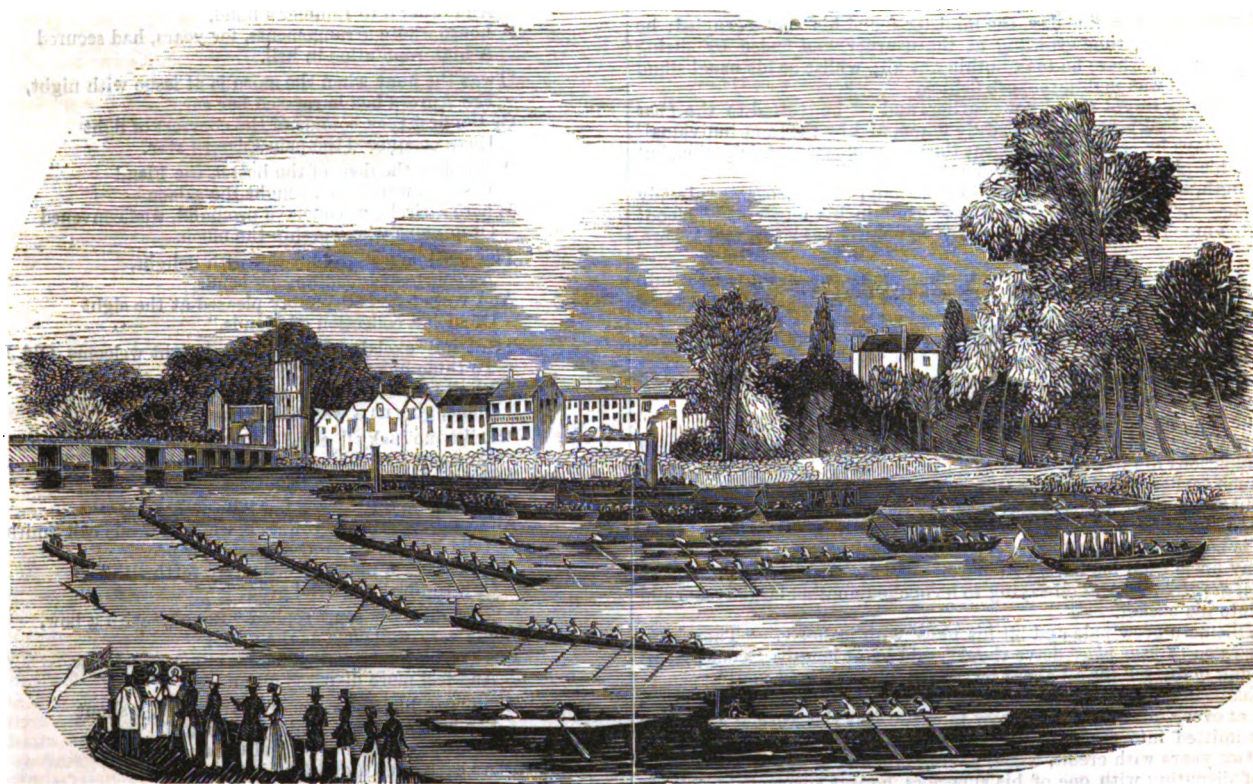
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# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 7. FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 5, 1845. THREE HALFPENCE

## THE THAMES GRAND REGATTA.



VIEW OF PUTNEY BRIDGE.

28

ANY years have elapsed since first the proposal of a succession of periodical meetings, or those falling, one grand annual re-union whereat gentlemen as well as watermen should contend, was made to a then apathetic public; and many have been the abortive attempts of spirited gentlemen to effect such a gathering as that which the Regatta of 1845 has witnessed.

A Scullers' Match, for a prize wherry, above or below bridge, given by a parish or some benevolent individual, the annual pair-oar for certain badges or money-prizes, a few apprentices' boat-races, and the lumbering procession of my Lord Mayor in a November fog, comprised the sum total of river spectacles; save and except a few far-between contests, wherein "officers of the guards," Oxonians, Cantabs, or Westminster Lads got up little cutter affairs, which smacked rather of private rivalries than public exhibitions whereto "the world and his wife" were invited to make holiday, and bring with them their little ones to see the sport. But we have improved upon those slow-coach times. Public recreations, and peoples' holidays, have been found to be indispensable to the physical, as well as moral health of the many-headed; and the canters, puritans, and meddling humbugs, who a few years since denounced, prohibited, and suppressed, races, wakes, fairs, and merry meetings, are now at a discount, for the sound of their ravings is heard not beyond the solid walls of their conventicles, or the ventilator of Exeter Hall. Shakspeare says, "what is a gentleman without his recreations?" we would ask what is a people without them? *Non semper arcus tendit Apollo*, which, in English, we take to mean "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;" and

hence it is that we greet with pride and gratification, the glorious gatherings of the 24th, 25th, and 26th of June, feeling convinced that the philanthropist, the legislator, and the moralist must (where unwarped by prejudice, unblinded by bigotry, or not demented by "overmuch righteousness") feel a glow of satisfaction at the health-giving recreations of which Putney has just been the cynosure.

But the sport—the sport. Well, don't be in a hurry, we're going there. Ah! here we are at the dumb-lighter and there's the steamer, chartered by the committee.

The weather on Tuesday was glorious as the most ardent well-wisher could hope or desire, for there were no drawback, albeit a few envious showers attempted to mar the glories of the day. At half-past two the steamer chartered by the committee for the especial accommodation of the elite of the spectators on this great auspicious day, got under way. Our voyage was enlivened by the efficient band of Mr. Adams, whose name alone was a guarantee for the admirable musical treat in store for the favoured few, among whom we were happy to recognize several of the shining stars in the literary firmament.

On the voyage we shall not dwell, save to say that it passed too swiftly, like a delightful dream. At the Red House, which, like this paper, is read in all parts, we were saluted with a discharge of cannon, to which we returned a Hibernian echo, in the shape of "God save the Queen," by the full force of the excellent band already deservedly panegyrised.

"Ease her! back her! stop her!" we mentally cried; but the skipper was deaf to our ventriloquial entreaties! "We wish to call on mine host of

[Continued on page 192.]



## A CABINET MINISTER'S FISHING-PLACE.

(From the "Sporting Magazine.")

TOUCHING the last illness of M. Villemain (the French Minister), the press is much occupied about the life of that man of letters because a minister. Every journal nearly has sported its anecdotes about him. Here is one quite new, and as it is in the fishing line, and not the political line, possibly it may suit your book.

M. Villemain is, or was, an indefatigable amateur of line-fishing. Swift, Lafitte, and Couigny were passionately fond of the sport. Tulon, Habaneck, the illustrious Alcide, Tousez, Levassor, Rossini, are all known amateurs of line-fishing.

For more than three years previous to M. Villemain's illness and demise, almost every morning, scarcely had the sun risen, ere M. V. departed, plainly dressed, but armed at all points for bamboozing the finny tribe, to establish himself at an excellent spot under the "Pont des Arts," which he had himself discovered—a deep hole, which the fish were pleased to frequent, and to which he took still further pains to entice them to by throwing into it all sorts of delicacies, such as cooked corn, teasers, and other attractives.

Unfortunately, one fine day, the minister found his spot occupied: he paced about a long time growling at the usurper, and ended by sitting down at another, where he took nothing at all; whilst at his usual stand his happy rival was making superb fishing.

The next day he got up an hour earlier, and off he trotted to the Pont des Arts. The lucky place was already taken, and by the same individual! For eight days he continued to repeat the same efforts of anticipation, but in vain; his place was always occupied!

At length, one morning he arrived before four; the usurper was already installed.—M. Villemain could no longer contain his anger:—"S'blood! this is too much!" exclaimed he: "why you must pass the night here, sir?"

The young fisherman (for he was a young man) replied by putting into his basket a slashing bream\* which he had just hooked! "No, but I come here at the top of the morning as you see."

Villemain, in despair, sat himself down by the side of his rival, and began to question him.

"But, sir, it seems you have nothing to do, since I find you here every morning?"

"And you, sir, do you not come here also?"

The minister was posed for an instant. "I that is another matter; if my occupations did not oblige me to go to bed very late, I would come here much earlier, and I could easily prevent you taking my place—my excellent place, so good that I have been at the trouble of baiting it!"

"Your place! is it your place?" said the youth. "It appears to me, that it is here as it is everywhere else in the world: if they had not taken away my place from me there, I should not have taken your place under the Pont des Arts."—And on saying so he hooked another large bream and put it into his basket.

M. Villemain grew pale and bit his nails with jealousy. "They have deprived you of your place, have they?" said he at length: "come, let us see, young man: tell me all about it; I take an interest in you!"

Mechanically the young man set about to relate his story, but interrupted at every minute by some new take.—"Left the Normal School on being admitted into the University of Paris.....he had already professed two years with credit, when, having fallen into the unpardonable error of disputing with one of his superiors, he was suspended from his functions.....In spite of all his economy, forced to sell his books to live.....he was then reduced to seek, as a means to eke out a scanty existence, the precarious occupation of line-fishing!"

When he had finished, Villemain got up and left him, saying "Adieu!"

At twelve o'clock the young man returned to his home, just as a government messenger had stopped before the door of his humble dwelling, and delivered to him a despatch from the Minister of Public Instruction.....To him?.....Was it indeed for him? Scarcely could he believe his own eyes!

This order contained in substance: "Sir, I am happy to have it in my power to repair a great injustice—you are restored to your place! Unfortunately the classes of Paris are filled up, and I am forced to send you to Versailles, Seine et Oise: but in recompense I have named you for a higher class there than the one you professed in at Paris"....And then followed the order to depart the same day. "The new professor must not sleep another night in Paris!—Seine et Oise."

Pushed on by an unknown protector, the young professor had a rapid advancement; but he was never recalled to Paris! Latterly, in short, named Provisor at the College of P——, he would not repair to his new residence without coming to thank the Minister of Public Instruction. He was introduced, bowed low—rose up—was about to speak, but was struck dumb—his mouth opened with astonishment—he discovered in the minister the fisherman of the Pont des Arts!

M. Villemain advanced towards him smiling, and said with benevolence:—"Well then, do you find your place at P—— a good one?"

\* A French water fish, for which the Seine is noted.

"And yours under the Pont des Arts?" replied the new professor, perfectly recovered from his quandary.

They left each other, cordially shaking hands and promising themselves often to meet again.

Unfortunately for the protégé of M. de Villemain, he has lost much by the death of his patron, unless he can hook another minister. W.

## THE DEVIL IN LONDON.

DAN BEELZEBUB, finding the regions below

Uncommonly straiten'd for mirth,

Cried "Rather than die of ennui, I must go

And see what they're doing on earth."

So he seated himself in an early up train,

And bade them to set him down

In Britain's metropolis:—Satan was fain

To peep at a season in town.

The trip was soon over, a jarvey procured,

And order'd to Limmer's hotel,

A house whose arrangements, for years, had secured

A high reputation in hell.

'Twas the hour when the morn is at issue with night,

Ere Aurora has harnessed her car,

Or the first rosy bounds of the coursers of light

Have conquered the pale Eastern star.

Arrived at the door of the hostel, the Fiend

Pass'd inwards, and sought the saloon—

Where a circle, in conclave profound, was conversed

Of minions who worship the moon.

The devil he waggles his tail with delight,

As courteously smiling he bends,

And vows "he is d—nably pleased at the sight

Of such a collection of friends."

"Ho! ho!" exclaimed Maldistone, "right welcome, Old Jet,

To thine indefeasible roof!

All hail to thee! tutelar maint of our set,—

Come, give us a wag of the hook."

"Strike me lucky!" cried Somers, "he comes like a brick,—

My cigar has this moment gone out—

And here is a genuine Lucifer—Nick,

May I ask for a blaze of your mouth?"

And spake a strange younker, whom mortals call Smith,

"Old boy, how's your stomach for prog?

Shall I order a phosphorous curry forthwith?

Or a tumbler of vitriol grog?"

"Your offer, my son," replied "Bunch," with a bow,

"Is very well done at the price;

But I come from a rather warm climate just now,

And feel more disposed for an ice."

Then rose, like the voice of the thunder, a shout

For hollands, rum, whisky, cogniac,

Port bishop, hock negus, and Guinness's stout,

As each cried aloud for his "whack."

Forthwith in full tide did the regal stream flow,

A flood goodly, copious, and quick,

Whose waves to their end thus instinctively go,—

The bishops, of course, to Old Nick;

The "run" Fulwar Craven selects in a trice,

Jack W—ll—n is sought by the stout,

Gin twist fixes Cotton straightway in its vice,

And "ruin" soon finds Suffolk out.

Paddy Irwin has taken to *parliament* stuff,

To Farintosh, gay Jenny Mac—;

While "Ginger," Jack Villiers, and meek Billy Duff,

Are sticking like trumps to cognac.

So the pleasure the devil enjoyed in this way

Was the reason it so doth befall,

That he visits us yearly, and holds, every May,

His levee in Exeter Hall.

AN INVERTED JOKER.—Matthews's attendant in his last illness intended to give the patient some medicine; but a few moments after it was discovered that the medicine was nothing but ink, which had been talked from the phial by mistake, and his friend exclaimed—"Good heavens, Matthews! I have given you ink." "Never—never mind, my boy—never mind," said Matthews faintly, "I'll swallow a piece of blotting paper." This was the last joke Matthews ever made.

\* The name is linked for which the Arts has been said.

## ORIGIN OF CHESTER RACES.

It is a fact very little known that these races, now so patronised, are the most ancient on record of this country. It has been customary (says a Chester antiquary), time out of mind, on Shrove Tuesday, for the Company of Saddlers of this city to present to the Drapers a wooden Ball, embellished with flowers, and placed on the point of a lance. This ceremony was performed in the presence of the mayor, at the cross in the "Rodhee," or *Roddy*, an open place near the city. "But this year" (31st Henry VIII.), he continues, "the ball was changed into a 'bell of silver, valued at three shillings and sixpence, or more, to be given to him who shall run the best and fastest on horse-back before them on the same day' (i. e., Shrove Tuesday.) These bells were afterwards denominated St. George's Bells; and we are told that, in the last year of James I., John Brereton, innkeeper, mayor of Chester, first caused the horses entered for this race, then called "St. George's Race," to start from the point beyond the new tower, and appointed them to run five times round the Roddy, "and he who won the last course or traine received the bell, of a good value of eight or ten pounds or thereabouts, and to have it for ever, which moneys were collected of the citizens to a sum for that purpose." Here we see the commencement of a regular horse-race, but whether the courses were in immediate succession or at different times is not perfectly clear. We find not, however, the least indication of distance posts, weighing the riders, loading them with weights, and many other niceties that are observed in the present day. The Chester races were instituted merely for amusement; but now such prodigious sums are usually dependent upon the event of a horse-race that these apparently trivial matters have become indispensably necessary. Forty-six years afterwards, according to the same writer, the sheriffs of Chester, "would have no calves-head feast, but put the charge of it into a piece of plate to be run for on that day (Shrove-Tuesday), and the high sheriff borrowed a barbary horse of Sir Thomas Middleton, which won the plate.

## TRAINING OF SHEEP DOGS.

"WHEN riding, it is a common thing to meet a large flock of sheep, guarded by one or two dogs, at the distance of some miles from any house or man. I often wondered how so firm a friendship had been established. The method of education consists in separating the puppy, while very young, from the bitch, and in accustoming it to its future companions. A ewe is held three or four times a-day for the little thing to suck, and a nest of wool is made for it in the sheep pen. At no time is it allowed to associate with other dogs, or with the children of the family. From this education, it has no wish to leave the flock; and just as another dog will defend its master, man, so will these the sheep. It is amusing to observe, when approaching a flock, how the dog immediately advances barking, and the sheep all close in his rear, as if round the oldest ram. These dogs are also easily taught to bring home the flock at a certain hour in the evening. Their most troublesome fault, when young, is their desire of playing with the sheep; for, in their sport, they sometimes gallop their poor subjects most unmercifully. The shepherd dog comes to the house every day for some meat, and immediately it is given him, he skulks away as if ashamed of himself. On these occasions the house dogs are very tyrannical, and the least of them will attack and pursue the stranger. The minute, however, the latter has reached the flock, he turns round and begins to bark, and then all the house dogs take very quickly to their heels. In a similar manner, a whole pack of hungry wild dogs will scarcely ever (I was told by some never) venture to attack a flock guarded even by one of these faithful shepherds. The whole account appears to me a curious instance of the pliability of the affections in the dog race. Cuvier has observed, that all animals that readily enter into domestication consider man as a member of their society, and thus fulfil their instinct of association. In the above case, the shepherd dogs rank the sheep as their fellow brethren; and the wild dogs, though knowing that the individual sheep are not dogs, but are good to eat, yet partly consent to this view, when seeing them in a flock, with a shepherd dog at their head."—*Travels in South America, by Charles Darwin, Esq.*

## HINTS ON COSTUME TO THE GATE-KEEPERS OF ST. JAMES'S PARK.

As nobody has a right to be admitted into St. James's Park in his working dress, we print by (our own) authority, the following directions for the guidance of the gate-keepers.

Brown paper caps are inadmissible in any case, as decidedly proclaiming either the carpenter and joiner, plumber and glazier, carver and gilder, printer, or other wretch who would pollute the atmosphere of St. James's.

Fur caps are questionable, as raising a suspicion of pot-boy, in which case the wearer must be questioned as to whether he is a pot-boy or not, and if he stammers or hesitates, by no means to be let in. Cloth caps also, must be closely scrutinised, and if shabby, excluded, as denoting the errand or news-boy. Tassels and feathers, however, are to frank caps, being badges of youthful gentility. Discretion must be exercised as to the four-and-ninepenny Gossamer.

Shooting-jackets, velveteen or fustian, are to be turned back, unless they manifestly belong to a sportsman; though no sportsman has, strictly speaking, any business in St. James's Park, notwithstanding its wildfowl. If out at elbows, it is probably the working dress of some poor artist or author; and cannot pass.

The blue frock is a clear case of butcher, and must be repelled with indignation; as must also the smock-frock, which proclaims the carter or drayman; but care must be taken not to confound this with the blouse, lest an indignity should be offered to a foreign Prince.

Corduroys are to be rejected, except in the shape of knee shorts, and in combination with top-boots and other attributes of the good old English gentleman.

The gatekeepers should be mindful to survey all parties demanding entrance from top to toe, as Cantabs, Oxonians, and other young gentlemen of fashion, sometimes, for what is termed "a lark," wear hats which might be confounded with dustmen's or waggoners'. The fantail, therefore, is not to exclude, unless accompanied by leather leggings, or black half-gaiters, with worsted stockings and ankle-jacks.

Doubtful cases may occur, in which a working dress may be in the first style of fashion; as in those of members of the "swell mob." In such, with respect to the admissibility of the candidate, it will be best to take the opinion of the policeman.

## THE SONG OF THE ENGINE.

My body is bright, and I'm gay to the sight,

As I fly through the woods and fens,  
Like some gorgeous insect magnified  
By a sixty million lens.

And a train I make, far, far in my wake,  
Which the frightened kine doth scare,  
As it rolls on the breeze, o'er the fields and trees,  
Ere it vanishes into air.

Or wildly bright, in the dead of night,  
When all beside is still,

I know no sleep, but I onwards leap  
On my mission of good or ill.

In tearing haste, over mead and waste,  
I clatter, gasp, and scream;  
And the banks I light with radiance bright  
From my glowing embers' gleam.

I care not a straw for those that I draw—

I care not a straw—not I,  
As to what their intent, or on what they are bent,  
Be it pleasure or misery.

As my rulers' slave I ever behave,  
When they keep within the line;  
But dare they to overtake my strength,  
A fearful revenge is mine.

By tyranny curst, my fetters I burst,  
Their limbs from the trunk I tear;  
And quivering still, they are flung at my will,  
In the scalding and clouded air.

I cease not my song as I hurry along,  
But far make its echoes ring;  
O'er all I tower, and knowing my power,  
I feel I'm a monster king.—*Great Gun.*

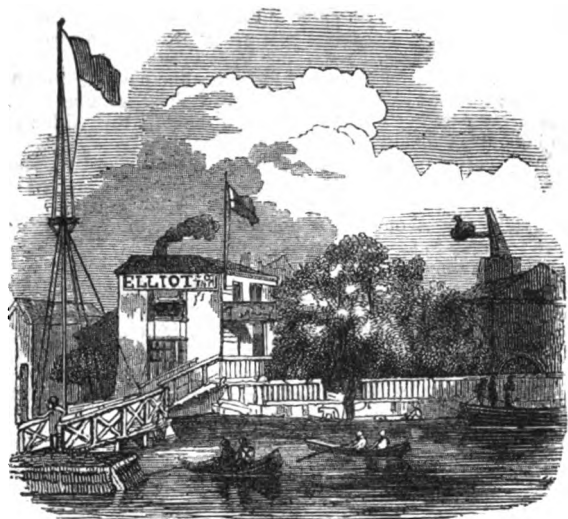
## OUR CITY ARTICLE.

In the railway share market there is a tendency to go up, and it is probable that it will be all up with a great many in a week or two. In the foreign market yesterday was settling day, and pawnbroker's scrip was in extensive demand to meet the claims made by the bulls and the bears on the geese and the donkeys. In order to satisfy the public appetite for speculation, a few new lines have been projected, the shares in which require a deposit of only five shillings; and we understand that at several of the larger schools the woman who goes round with the sweet stuff is allowed to take a limited quantity of railway scrip in one corner of her basket, for the accommodation of juvenile jobbers.

Among a variety of other new schemes, we have heard of one which promises to be unusually popular. It is a new South of England Gretna Green Association, to facilitate runaway matches, by establishing a Gretna Green in the immediate vicinity of London. The expense of going so far north will thus be completely obviated, and the elopement will be brought within the reach of the humblest as well as the highest.

It is proposed to start an omnibus in conjunction with the South of England Gretna Green—the fare being one shilling for a happy couple; and if a bridesmaid is taken, she is to be charged extra as luggage. The only objection we can see to the scheme is, the probability of its putting an end to a good deal of the romance that now hangs over a runaway match; but sentiment ought to give way to the advantages of a sixpenny fare; and there is something inspiring in the idea of "Elopement for the Million."





THE SWAN AT CHELSEA,

as we promised—"the rest was lost even to thought. On we steamed; and as there was little chance that the Swan, even with its pride of "oary feet," would prove a match for the paddles of our craft, we left her behind, and consoled ourselves with the thought that we would take revenge on our return, in an exemplary glass of stiff Cognac and a fragrant Havannah, in the full view of the full-blown charms of the buxom barmaid.

Need we say that, "thick as the leaves which strew the vales in Vallambrosa" were the thousand-and-one boats which dotted the face of Father Thames, from the fragile funny to the sluggish skiff? that "all the world and his wife were there," and that the worthy old couple seemed to have brought all their sons and daughters to enjoy the sport? Putney is reached, and now each Cockney bold, though without a sporting license, proceeds to "shoot" that ancient bridge. Venerable, like many other nuisances, as having formed in some sort a barrier to all desecrating steam. Until Monday three weeks, admired by us as the *ultima thule* of half-hour, quarter, or ten-minute steam-omnibuses, that blessed venerable nuisance, like an ugly toad, "yet bore a precious jewel in its head" that almost redeemed its faults and deformities. Hence we venerated it as the protector of such sports as those which, already driven from Westminster by these perpetual water-churners, have sought refuge on the farther side of Putney, thence to be thrust still farther from the "long village" whenever modern improvement shall destroy the present inconvenient structure. But alas! we had dreamed of a retirement, a pleasure-ground, and found it a highway and a fair. At every pier we met with some such barbarous announcement as the following:—"From and after the third of June, 1845, those classical (?) steam-boats 'The Lalla Rookh,' 'Waverley,' and 'Childe Harold,' will start from Chelsea Pier every

for Kew, Hammersmith, &c., &c." Oh, genius of Moore, memories of bulbuls, atargul, oriental dreaminess, and the funniments of Fadladden preserve us—a classical iron steam-boat! Thou, too, great 'Wizard of the North,' (we mean the original one of Abbotford, not he of the Adelphi), and last, not least, the "wayward Childe, on gloomy thoughts intent," what do you think of the poetry of a steam-engine. "A nasty, puffin', bustin', clinking, smoking, whistling, screaming, black-dispensing monster, all 'ile and iron bars," as Mr. Weller described it—is baptized after your sweet-smelling poesies! Well so be it; eventually the regattas will be held at Thames Ditton; yet as steam compensates for the inconvenience, by bringing remote places nearer, perhaps it offers compensation in that way for the desecration it inflicts.

"Well, here we are again," as old Joe and all his imitators, since the year one, have announced their arrival. Let's look about us: Ah! this is a pretty scene, (see page 189,) and there's friend Avis, hard by the old church at Putney. Who knows not Avis's, where aquatics most do congregate, where matches are made, where the race is planned, the match made, and care drowned in the flowing bowl? Never did "the Bells" seem in better tune, and never did our old friend Avis's exhibit a more cheerful face, decked in sunshine, and decorated by a stupendous mast, whence, from two very extensive braces, fluttered gaily a hundred streamers of rainbow hues. Nor was the merriment without this excellent place of entertainment surpassed by the good cheer within; to which each fresh accession of visitors seemed bent on doing justice, while those



THE BELLS TAVERN.

in possession of the seats found the eatables and drinkables so excellent, that one would have thought the "very appetite did grow by what it fed on." A better house whereat to enjoy a first-rate fish dinner, a sandwich lunch, a tea with accompaniments, or any of those creature comforts from sparkling champagne down to sparkling ale, wherein rowers do delight, does not stand on Thames' sedgy banks.

The Star and Garter, too, could boast its fair share of visitors. While, upward wending our way we would wish to note as especially deserving of the smiles of a discerning public, the City Arms, at the foot of the new Suspension-bridge, which have a worthy supporter in host Hetherington; the Red Lion, by Adams, which in its neat accommodations and ditto wines, may put many of its Blue, White, Black or Golden namesakes to the blush; another Red Lion at Chiswick, kept by one William Clery; and "last, not least in our dear love," honest, eccentric Tom Finch, of the Half Moon, where cricketing, shooting, archery, and every healthful recreation may be enjoyed in perfection.

The arrangements were admirable; and when we consider, it is indeed extraordinary that nothing occurred to mar the pleasures of the occasion.

The Committee's yacht was moored a short distance above Putney-bridge; and, in addition to being decorated with flags, bore the prizes, so placed as to be distinctly visible to every one. It also exhibited, for the public information, a black board, on which was inscribed, in white, the



SILVER CHALLENGE CUP FOR SCULLS. (Won by J. B. Bumstead, Esq.)

number of the race next to be contested; and shortly after the conclusion of each race the colours of the winner were run up to the mast head; thus enabling those in its vicinity, and who of course could only see the start, to know also the termination.

The match commencing at flood, the visitors by water were compelled to row up against tide, with a stiff head wind, which proved a considerable source of discomfort to those who had undertaken to be one of four, to pull up a shallop with some nineteen sitters; we saw one bedstead stopped by the rush of the wind and tide through the arch of Vauxhall-bridge for two or three minutes, and by way of making them more comfortable, just through the bridge lay a small steamer on her side, hard and fast aground. When the bridge was passed, being quite low water, the river was all shoals, so gave them the prospect of keeping in the stream against wind and tide, or if they kept in shore or being put aground by the next puff of wind, and once there, under these circumstances, not very easy to get off again; in fact, we suspect they and a good many more found it convenient to stop half way, and wait for the tide to assist them in reaching the scene of action.

And now for the representations of the prizes, and the names of their respective winners.



THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP. (Won by Cam. University Subscription Rooms.)



THE SILVER CHALLENGE CUP. (Won by Oxford University.)



THE TRADESMEN'S PLATE. (Won by the Lambeth Aquatic Club.)



EIGHT MEDALS (for the First Crew in One Grand Heat.)

## CORRESPONDENTS.

SIMPSON.—Four 2's and a 9 count twenty.

B. B.—A plays a 2, B a queen, C a 7, D a 4, A an ace, B a 3, C a 2, and scores four holes; A plays an ace. How many is he entitled to take, it being a go?—Four holes.

A VICTIM.—Supposing a pawnbroker's duplicate of a watch to be destroyed, or otherwise lost, can he refuse to give it up without the production of such duplicate, provided the party applying can furnish every particular relative to the article? Is there any law upon this point?—You must apply to the pawnbroker, who will give you a printed form to fill up, which you must take to the police-office for that district, and which when signed by the magistrate will be a sufficient authority for the pawnbroker to give up possession.

A CONSTANT READER.—It is only two weeks since we answered the very question you put, and that at some length; see Correspondent's column in No. 5: choose a more fitting signature.

THE RING.—Deaf Burke was beaten by Cousens.

A late Lord Mayor prohibited angling on the Thames on Sundays, and levied a fine of 20s. on the offenders, with forfeiture of rod and line, having also appointed water-bailiffs to carry this into effect. Is there any law to justify this?—There is. The Lord Mayor is Conservator of the Thames, and may issue such an order, however foolish, and even mischievous.

R. EMPSON.—The question is not susceptible of a doubt. If the party who wagers that another cannot shew him a certain thing, refuses to look at it when produced, he loses: this is in contradiction of the spirit of his own wager, and he cannot take advantage of his own wrong doing.

M. L., Leeds.—The cuts are in hand, and will appear in a week or two.

S. SAMPRON.—What horse won the Doncaster St. Leger in the shortest time, and in what year?—Reveller, in 1818, is reported to have done it in three minutes sixteen seconds: but the accuracy of his timing has been very much questioned. It is a well-authenticated fact, the Don John, in 1833, won it in three minutes and seventeen seconds.

A LONDONER.—How many yards is it from the distance post to the winning post on the Derby Course at Epsom; and is a distance longer or shorter according to the length of the course?—A distance is 240 yards, whatever may be the length of the course run.

B. R. S.—Send us the lines: we are happy to receive the contributions of any true lover of sporting, provided they are up to the standard.

C. H. J.—As there were but four starters, and the Emperor of the four was last in the betting, it would be wrong to term him a "favourite." The betting stood 5 to 4 on Faugh and Alice, 5 to 4 against Faugh, 5 to 1 against Cowl, and 8 to 1 against The Emperor.

R. B. S.—Two Correspondents have addressed us upon the same topic. It is an extraordinary thing how easy it is to suggest a fault. The trivial inconvenience of the interruption of illustrated articles, the intervention of two unillustrated pages, seems much to trouble R. B. S. It is a mechanical impossibility to do otherwise, consistently with the decent printing of the wood-cuts. It would be impossible, by a mere verbal description, to explain technically and intelligibly the cause of this, but if R. B. S. will spread out one of the uncut sheets of the *Illustrated London News*, *Pictorial Times*, or this little miscellany, he will, perhaps, get a wrinkle; he will find that all the cuts are on one side of the sheet of paper, and if he can tell us how to put an odd page, and its immediately subsequent even one, on the same side of the paper, we will undertake to get him a pension of £10,000 a year from parliament. Squaring the circle, and the perpetual motion, he may then try his hand at.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

SUNDAY June 29th.—SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.—M. Garnerin and Captain Sowden ascended in a balloon from Ranelagh Gardens, Chelsea, in the presence of many thousand spectators. They performed a voyage of fifty miles in three quarters of an hour, alighting near Colchester.—*Daily Advertiser*, June 30th, 1862. This was the most memorable ascent in England, from the time of Lunardi.

MONDAY, 30.—Gentlemen of England against Kent, at Lord's Ground.—Royal Thames Yacht Club Match, for the Fitzhardinge Cup.—Arundel Club Match, from Greenwich to Greenhithe, and back.

TUESDAY, July 1.—East Surrey Races, Peckham.—Oxford Act, and Cambridge Commemoration.—*Battersea*: The Boyne, 1690: the Nile, 1799.—At a Court of Aldermen, Sir Peter Laurie makes some rude remarks on the conduct of the City Police Commissioner, who a few days after favours Sir Peter with a liberal supply of Harvey's sauce, 1844.

Come here, come hither, and mark how swell  
The fruit-buds of the jargonelle,  
On its crispy, leaflet, greening boughs,  
The apricot open its hard fruit throws:  
The delicate peach-tree's branches run  
O'er the warm wall, glad to feel the sun;  
And the cherry proclaims of cloudless weather,  
When its fruits and the blackbirds toy together.  
See the gooseberry bushes their riches show,  
And the currant bunch hangs its leaves below;  
And the damp-loving rasp saith, "I'll win your praise  
With my grateful coolness on harvest days."

WEDNESDAY July 2.—Carlisle Races; Winchester and Ludlow ditto.—Hungerford Market Opened, 1833.

## THE SEASON.

Now Summer is in flower, and Nature's hum  
Is never silent round her bounteous bloom;  
Insects, as small as dust, have never done  
With glitt'ring dance, and reeling in the sun;  
And green wood-fly, and blossom-haunting bee,  
Are never weary of their melody.  
Round field and hedge, flowers in full glory twine,  
Large bind-weed bells, wild hop, and streak'd woodbine,  
That lift athirst their slender throated flowers,  
Agape for dew-falls, and for honey-showers;  
These o'er each bush in sweet disorder run,  
And spread their wild hues to the sultry sun.  
The mottled spider, at eve's leisure, weaves  
His web of silken lace on twigs and leaves,

Which ev'ry morning meet the poet's eye,  
Like fairies' dew-wet dresses hung to dry.  
The wheat swells into ear, and hides below  
The May-month wild flowers and their gaudy show,  
Leaving, a school-boy height, in smugger rest,  
The leveret's seat, and lark, and partridge nest.—*Clare*.

THURSDAY 3.—East Surrey.—Hatcham Park.—Dog days begin.  
FRIDAY 4.—Cambridge Term ends.—New Moon.—To one intimate with the country, and, therefore, fond of rural enjoyment, July offers two very peculiar sources of pleasure. It is the season of hay-making, and of sheep-shearing, both of which operations still retain much of the gaiety of ancient festivals. Shakespeare and Drayton have poetically described the recreations of our ancestors at these rural feasts; and a writer of more recent date, Dyer, has made "The Fleece" the subject of a beautiful and patriotic poem.

Angling.—In July, trout, dace, flounders, eels, bleak, minnows, pike, barbel, gudgeons, and roach, afford good sport. Bream and carp spawn.  
SATURDAY 5.—Oxford Term ends.—Sovereigns first issued from the Bank, 1817.—Festival in honour of Scotland's Bard—tickets, 15s. each.—Lord Eglinton makes a fine speech, full of quotations—it is very cheering to see the great (grate) fall of Burns, but not so gratifying in the dog-days; when the poet himself declared—"lika dog manna has his day." could he have foreseen the 5th of June, 1844.—*Lady Flora Hastings* died, 1838.

## THE MOON IN JULY.

New Moon, 4th .. .. .	4 20 aft.
First Quarter, 12th .. .. .	2 22 aft.
Full Moon, 19th .. .. .	6 3 morn.
Last Quarter, 26th .. .. .	3 20 morn.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High water at London Bridge.

	morn.	aft.		morn.	aft.
Sunday, June 29th .. .. .	9 38	10 9	Thursday, 3rd .. .. .	1 8	1 30
Monday, 30th .. .. .	10 43	11 18	Friday, 4th .. .. .	1 52	2 18
Tuesday, July 1st .. .. .	11 51		Saturday, 5th .. .. .	2 29	2 49
Wednesday, 2nd .. .. .	0 20	0 45			

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING, JULY 5.

## PLAIN DIRECTIONS FOR TRAINING.

THE superintendence of those who are about to go through a course of training, for the purpose of invigorating the frame, so as to render it capable of supporting and sustaining an unusual degree of fatigue, and of making efforts to which, in its usual state, it would be found unequal, is generally entrusted to men who are totally ignorant of the animal economy; and whose sole knowledge consists in an acquaintance with the process to which they have themselves been subjected, at some period, and which they deem applicable to every constitution. The object of the following pages is to give a few rules for the attainment of the highest state of physical power, and to point out, at the same time, those cases which require, during the period of training, certain precautions dependant upon their natural or acquired state. It is not, however, the object of the writer to investigate all those diseases which militate against the development of considerable muscular power, as such a scrutiny would necessarily be, to a vast majority of readers both tedious and uninteresting—but rather to point out the means by which a tolerably healthy man may invigorate his constitution generally, and materially increase his physical strength—an object which, whether to be attained for the purpose of promoting the natural functions of the body, with the sole view to enjoy the sweets of robust health, or of performing feats by which money, and a certain degree of fame, are to be obtained, is equally desirable.

From the irregular life which most men lead up to that period when certain monetary symptoms of decaying powers impress themselves so forcibly upon the observation, that they may not pass unheeded, it usually happens, that the greater number of those who go into training—more particularly if inhabitants of large towns—have acquired habits of indolence and debauchery of many kinds, which have both vitiated the natural and healthy secretions of the different organs of the body, and have likewise tended to debilitate the muscular fibre, and to increase the deposition of fat in various parts of the frame. To remedy this improper state, the great requisites to the man who is not labouring under any active form of disease, are, pure air, exercise proportioned to his strength, medicine, and diet.

The greater number of my readers may probably be unaware of the mode by which the atmospheric air, operating upon the blood in its passage through the lungs, produces in it that material change by which animal life is in a great degree supported; but as an explanation of this fact would, perhaps unnecessarily, lengthen this paper, suffice it to say, that the advantages of breathing a pure air are so generally appreciated, if not understood, that it is needless to dwell much upon a subject upon which there cannot be a diversity of opinion. There are two points, however, connected with this portion of our treatise, to which it may be necessary to direct attention. The first is that, although the constituent parts and proportions of atmospheric air are found to be everywhere the same, their influence upon the human frame seems to be considerably modified by soil and situation. A wet marshy

country is certainly not nearly so healthy as a dry soil, at a moderate elevation. The exhilaration of spirits, and the freedom of respiration that are experienced in the latter, are far greater than in the former situation; although here and there the reverse may be found to be the case in peculiar constitutions, particularly if afflicted with asthma, or some other form of pulmonary disease. The second point is, that it is not sufficient that pure air be only breathed when at exercise abroad, it should likewise be respired within doors as much as possible; and thus, confined rooms, a bedroom without a chimney, or a house surrounded by, or in the immediate neighbourhood of, stagnant water, should be avoided as a residence.

Having thus summarily treated the all-important items of air and situation, we shall proceed to deal similarly with the topic of medicine; because, unless a man be perfect master of that branch of knowledge, he should never attempt to make use of any but the simplest medicaments, but avail himself at once of the assistance of some surgeon of eminence, upon whose skill he can rely, and in whose knowledge of his constitution he can place confidence. The only medicines, therefore, which a trainer should venture to meddle with, are such as will gently assist the removal of too great a quantity of adipose matter; and the principal of these are such as operate upon the bowels and the skin. Before a person, unaccustomed to fatigue, becomes capable of enduring so much exertion as will make him to perspire freely (supposing him to be too fat), it may be as well to subject him to the influence of such medicines as will produce this effect in a moderate degree, and they may at the same time be safely and efficaciously combined with mild purgatives. For this purpose let him take for three nights consecutively, from eight to ten grains of compound rhubarb pill, with two of blue pill, and two of powdered ipecacuanha, and let the dose be repeated if necessary. These medicines are mild in their operation, and the doses ordered cannot do harm, even in ignorant hands.

When more active purgatives are required, as in the case of men, for instance, of a very plethoric habit, or who are subject to determination of blood to the head, saline aperients, as the sulphates of potash or soda, or Epsom salts, may occasionally be used; but these medicines, in full doses, and many others, as castor oil, jalap, and scammony, whose principal operation is confined to the mucous membrane lining the bowels, are by no means to be frequently repeated, as their effects are too debilitating, and they are too often productive of serious mischief, to be safe remedies in the hands of the uninitiated in the mysteries of medical science.

It is generally considered by ignorant persons, that the chief requisite for making a man strong and muscular is to give him plenty of food of the most nutritious kind: these people never stopping to consider for a moment, and, indeed, being incapable of judging whether the stomach is capable of digesting the aliment it is made to receive. Thus, a man taken out of London for the purpose of being trained for some match, and whose excesses of various kinds, have materially disordered the natural powers of the stomach and bowels, is made, all at once, to swallow daily a large portion of barely-cooked animal food, which, the enfeebled state of the stomach rendering it incapable of digesting, becomes in a short time decomposed, and gives rise to great flatulence, uneasiness, and distension, accompanied by an extremely acid secretion from the stomach, which occasionally rises into the mouth, and by a general feeling of languor and weariness. The action of the heart is, in these instances, frequently deranged; now it beats slowly and feebly, with perhaps, an occasional intermission, and on any trifling exertion being used, palpitations and flutters, producing what the common people familiarly term "a sinking at the stomach." The undigested food passing into the bowels becomes, to them, a fruitful source of irritation; diarrhoea and costiveness succeed each other by turns; food is still crammed in; and the end of this repletion so far from being an accession of strength, is an absolute attack of illness, or, at the least, such a degree of debility as cannot fail to point out the impropriety of the trainer's system.

In all such cases, the motto of the trainer should be "*festina lente*." If he cannot have the advice of a good surgeon, let him, at least, be guided by the feelings of the man placed under his care; and where the above symptoms are manifest, let the mildest species of food be given, in small quantities, until good air, moderate exercise, and regular hours, shall so far have improved the tone of the stomach as to make it feel a craving for a heartier species of aliment. Even when this feeling has been produced, the old adage—"fair and softly go far in a day," must still be borne in mind; for at this period one ample meal may undo at once the care and attention bestowed for a considerable time. Where no very extraordinary symptoms of great irritation of the stomach are apparent, as much flatulence, nausea, or vomiting, &c., some tonic medicine may be given for a time with great propriety, and generally with considerable benefit. All these medicines, however, being so many stimulants to the stomach, must be used carefully, and of a strength proportioned to the state of that organ. About half an ounce of quassia chips, infused in a quart of boiling water, and taken to the extent of a wine glassful three times a day—an hour before each meal—is a light and pleasing tonic, and rarely disagrees with the stomach, especially when care has been previously taken to empty the bowels, a precaution which should never be omitted prior to the exhibition of these medicines. As the tone of the stomach improves, thirty or forty drops of dilute sulphuric acid, and two

tea-spoonful of syrup of ginger may be added to each dose of the infusion of quassia. Regimen, regular hours of exercise, feeding, and repose, with or without the above simple medicaments, as the case may require, and limiting the quantity and quality of the food according to the state of the stomach and bowels, will, in a very short time, put the frame of any man, provided he have no absolute disease, into a state fit for the performance of those active exertions which are necessary to develop his muscular powers; but without proper attention, in the first instance, to the state of the digestive organs, nourishing diet of every description will not only be thrown away, but is absolutely hurtful and productive of the very opposite results to those intended to be produced.

What has been written on the article of solid food is equally applicable to fluids. No drink of a stimulating nature should be allowed, so long as the stomach is weak and irritable; and even after it has been restored to a strong and healthy state, the more direct stimulants, as wine and spirits, are to be carefully avoided, in any large quantity. It may happen that the constitution of a man subjected to very severe exercise may require a small allowance of these liquids for the purpose of keeping up his stamina, and there may exist no very cogent reason for denying him a couple of glasses of old wine, or as many table-spoonfuls of old Cognac brandy, in a tumbler of cold water, with his dinner; but, generally speaking, they may be omitted without detriment, although they are, probably, in many cases, preferable to the large draughts of beer which many men are in the habit of swallowing, and which, in the end, make them purry and thick-winded. Whatever beer is allowed should be old, free from acidity, and not particularly strong. Hot fluids, except when given for the purpose of inducing perspiration, are generally productive of mischief. Very hot tea or coffee will, if taken for any great length of time, eventually weaken the powers of the stomach, which is the mainspring of strength, and should therefore be excluded from the diet of a person in training, although, taken in moderation, and of a moderate degree of warmth, they possibly promote digestion.

When plenty of time is allowed to get a man into proper health by careful training, and where he is not compelled by agreement to reduce himself to a certain weight, it is totally unnecessary and extremely injudicious to subject him, as most trainers do, to repeated and violent fits of perspiration, by first making him walk or run a considerable distance, enveloped in sundry coats and flannel jackets, and then placing him between two feather beds, and giving him a large quantity of some hot and stimulating fluid, as ale, cyder, or white wine, whey, containing spices, or other aromatic substances. Such extreme measures, tending, as they do in most cases, to give a certain shock to nature, are only admissible where but a short time is allowed for training, and much corpulence is to be speedily reduced, and cannot even then be serviceable if carried to any severe extent, as the advantage gained in the first instance by the reduction of fat is probably balanced by the weakening process adopted for its diminution. Jockeys who are occasionally compelled to sweat off several pounds in a few days for the purpose of riding a certain weight, are sometimes so reduced in strength as to be barely capable of going through the exertion of riding a two-mile race, especially if the pace be good, and the horse pull pretty strong. Thus it is no very uncommon thing to see these men take the lead, when their orders are to ride a waiting race, and towards the end of the course to be more beaten than the animal they ride. This, however, is not their fault, but their misfortune, as no person can possibly be subjected to such treatment as will reduce his weight twelve or more pounds in a few days, by means of violent perspirations, and the action of drastic purgatives; without materially diminishing, at the same time, the power of the body, and, perhaps, the vigour of the constitution; and jockeys are, therefore, frequently an instance of the impropriety of this severe discipline. To a moderate extent, this plan of treatment is, nevertheless, applicable to those men who are of a gross habit of body, or whose constitution betrays a manifest disposition to an accumulation of fat.

(To be continued in our next).

**AN ANTI-BOURBON POODLE.**—The Duke of Devonshire brought a poodle dog from Paris in 1814, which growled when *Vive le Roi* was cried out to him. Lord George Cavendish, desiring to amuse a party by exhibiting this peculiarity, accosted the dog so roughly that he put his nose scratched. Tierney said it was the first Cavendish blood spilt for royalty.

**OLD FASHIONED GILDING THE BEST.**—The proprietor of one of our modern busses, having furnished himself with an entire new bus of a very costly description, much covered with large gold letters, and otherwise ornamented with rich gilt work, took it into his head to send it for the inspection of a neighbour of his, a retired and wealthy old coach-master, who, crippled by age and the gout, came hobbling forth to view the new vehicle in question; when he explained to the coachman, "Give my compliments to your master, and tell him, in my time we used to put the gold in our pockets, but now a days they seem to put it on the outside."

**DRURY-LANE.**—Drury-lane owes its name to Sir William Drury, who was a commander in the Irish wars. In his house the unfortunate Earl of Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth, frequently held council with his friends relating to the rash enterprise which caused his death.



## A TRIP TO HAMPTON RACES,

BY MILES'S BOY.

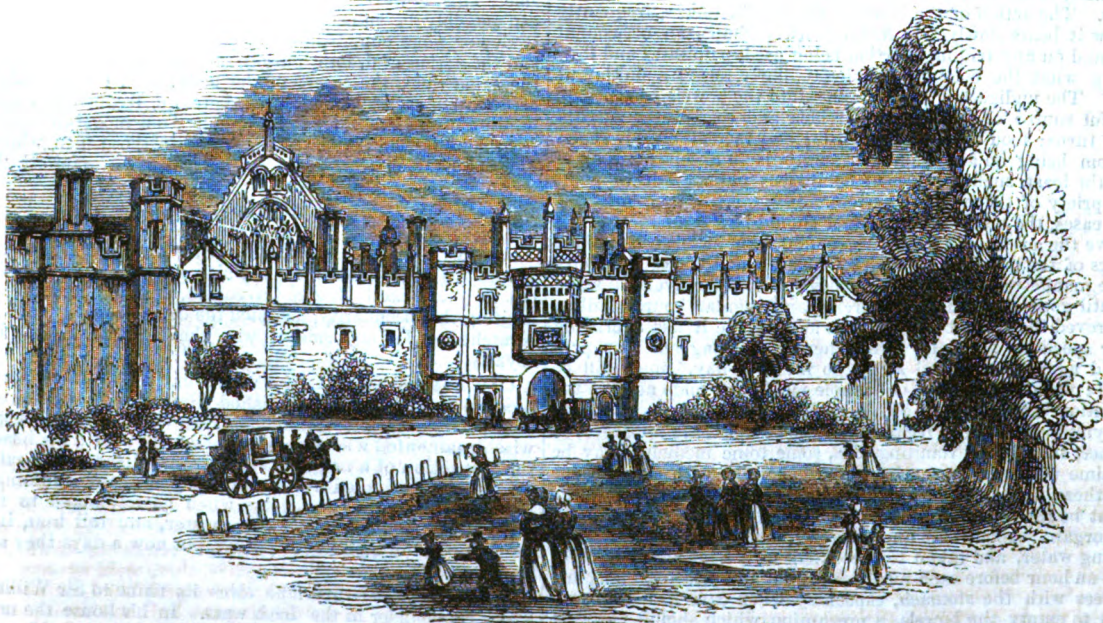


HAMPTON RACE-COURSE.



AIL HAMPTON, paradise of the dwellers in Cockaigne ; battle ground, in days of old, of burly boxers, but on the occasion which now calls on our pen the "tented field" of turf competitors. Are we going to a fair, or to the races, was our first thought, as on Wednesday, we donned our "zephyr" for this holyday excursion ? It was a hard

question, and as we did not know how to answer, and if we did, *cui bono?* we left it alone. Moulsey is certainly apart from all other meetings—it stands alone in its glory : three fourths of its visitants most assuredly know no more of the races when they come back than when they went, and "Where ignorance is bliss, 'Tis folly to be wise."



HAMPTON COURT PALACE.



But it rained—will anybody go?—thought we. Of course they will; is there a dweller within the clang of the "Bell of Bow" who has the ability and the means, who feels it not to be a duty to himself to see the Derby run for, and to go to Hampton? And then the various modes of getting there—all so cheap, and several so pleasant: by railroad and stream—by four-in-hand, omnibus, gig, cart, or van, and then the voyage by steam. But this, however, we must reserve, lest we should trespass on another trip, which we shall shortly write and illustrate, of an Angling tour up the "Queen of Rivers."

But we are digressing. So here we go per coach, labelled and directed, and trusting to keep "this side up." The drive to Hampton is most delightful, whichever route may be preferred; and the journey by railway, though short, is equally sweet—passing through a beautiful line of country to Esher or Ditton Marsh, from whence you have a short drive of about two miles and a half to the Hurst or Course. Proceeding by coach from town, the road lies through Hammersmith, Brentford, Isleworth, Twickenham (celebrated for the villa of Pope), through the delightful avenue of Bushy Park, then by

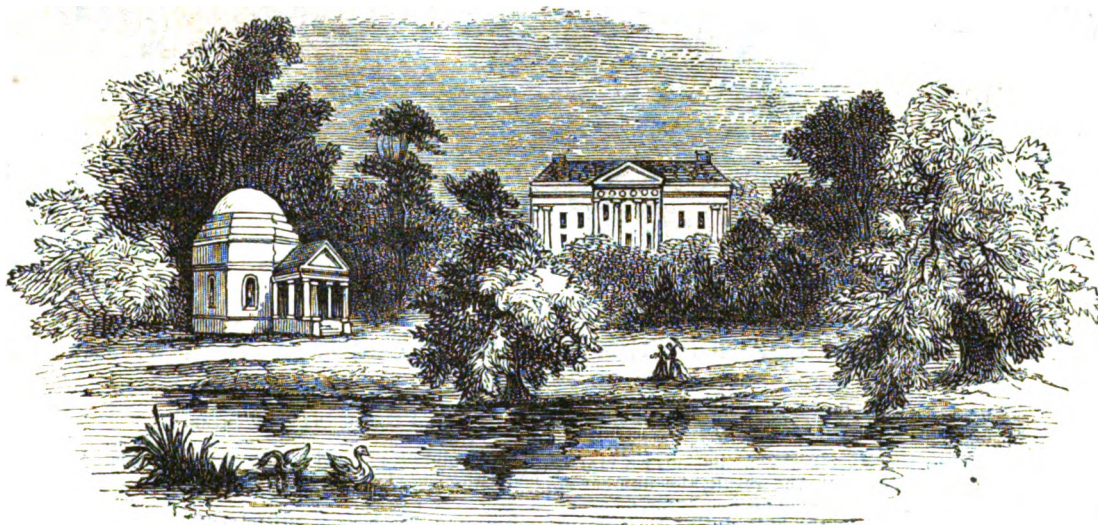
of which we here present the reader with a view. And here Miles's Boy must linger for a few paragraphs: for as this is but a holiday excursion, whereof "racing" is the excuse, he must not leave unnoticed this delightful spot.

The public gardens are separated by an iron fence from what is called the Home Park; and the walks in the Gardens, Wilderness, and Palace, are about three miles in extent. The Palace itself occupies about eight acres of ground. The great eastern front of the building

is of brick, of a bright red hue, but the numerous decorations are of stone. Four fluted three-quarter columns, of the Corinthian order, sustain an angular pediment, on which are sculptured, in bas-relief, the triumphs of Hercules over Envy. We are now at the entrance by the east front, which at once opens upon the public gardens, and from which you have a view of the Home Park, and its avenues of elm and lime trees, reaching in a straight line to the banks of the Thames and Kingston, with a lake or canal of water in the centre, nearly three-quarters of a mile in length.

By way of a promenade along this front of the Palace there is a broad gravel walk, leading down on the right to the banks of the Thames, and on the left to a gate, called the Flower-pot-gate, which opens on the Kingston-road. At the right-hand corner of the east front, there is a door which opens into the private garden, where there are two greenhouses, with a few rare plants, the remains of Queen Mary's botanical collection, and some large orange trees, many of them in full bearing; but the greatest curiosity here is the large vine, certainly the largest vine in Europe, if not in the world. The house is seventy-two feet long, and the breadth of the rafters thirty. The large vine is above one hundred and ten feet long; at three feet from the ground the stem is twenty-seven inches in circumference.

At Hampton, too, is the villa known as Garrick's, wherein resided the British Roscius. It was formerly known as "Hampton House," and is separated from the Thames by a public road, but when seen from the bank of the river, the road is completely hidden by the high bushes which rise to the windows of the first story. The lawn in front of the



GARRICK'S VILLA.

house, which reaches to the Thames, is accessible by a path beneath the road which joins it to the grounds on the other side. The principal object of interest in this small portion of the grounds is the Temple of Shakspeare, which Garrick erected close to the borders of the river. It is an octagonal brick building, covered with stucco, and having a domed top, and a portico with an ascent of several steps. It was erected expressly to contain Raoult's statue of Shakspeare, which is now placed in the entrance-hall of the British Museum; it having become national property on the death of Mrs. Garrick, to whom it was bequeathed by her husband, with a desire that it should at her death go to the Museum. It was executed by the sculptor at the request and expense of Garrick, to express his sense of the respect and veneration he ever felt for the great poet, whose works had contributed to his fame and fortune.

But really Miles's Boy is dealing too heavily in topography and history, he will therefore "pull up" at the Ferry, and take a sight at the "majesty of the people."

Is not this a merry scene, reader, this same ferry? A fairy fleet of boats, filled with yet fairer company, are in continual passage o'er the silver waters of Father Thames. But stay, let us pull up opposite the Ferry, at friend Powell's, the Bell, long the favourite resort of the disciples of Isaac Walton, for it merits mention, as well for the claim it has on the notice of the antiquarian, as for the merit due to its present management. This hostel is reported to have been the occasional place of resort and entertainment of the nobles and gentry forming a portion of the princely establishment of the Lord Cardinal Wolsey, and, at a later period, to have been equally patronised by the Stuarts, one of whom, residing at Oatlands (now the seat of the Lord Francis Egerton), was in the habit of stopping with his retainers on the road, to take re-

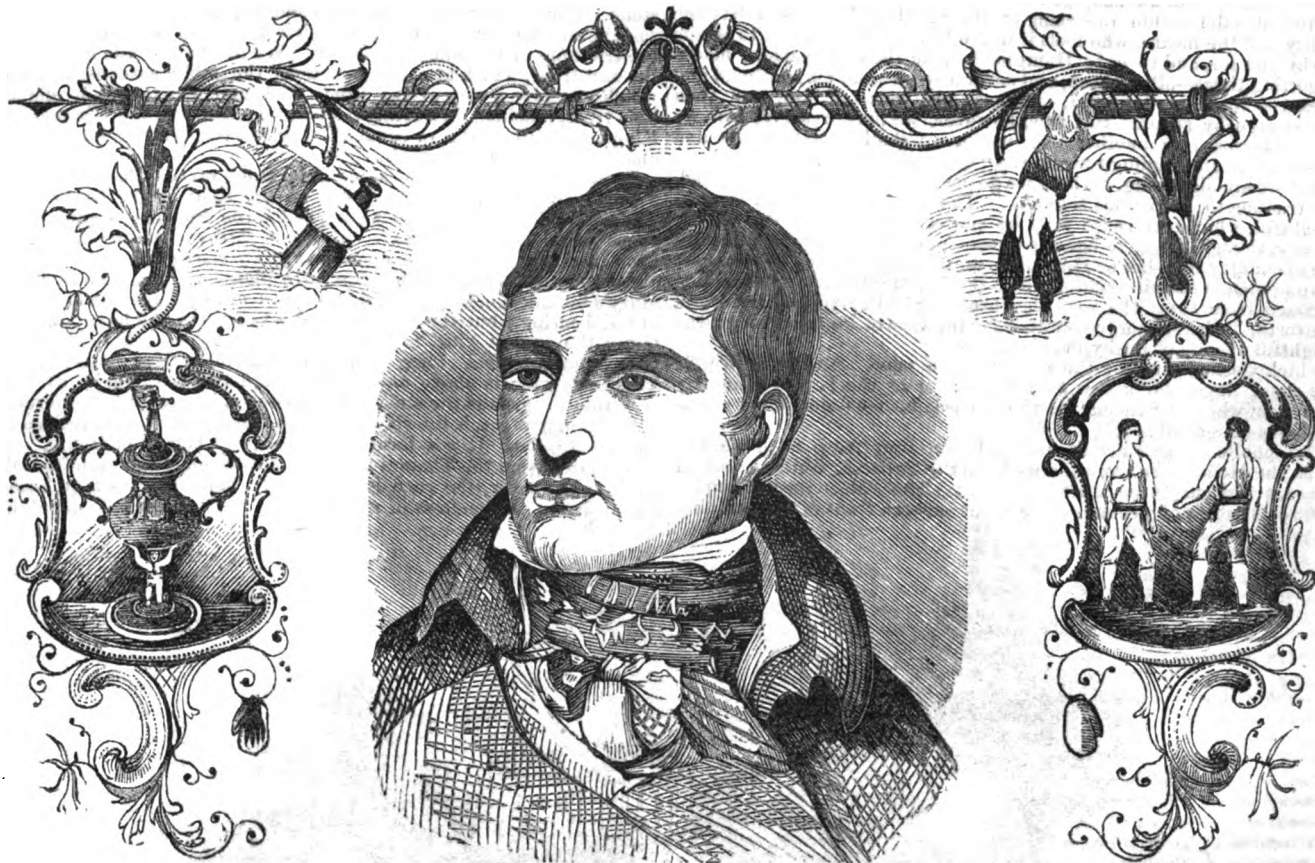
freshment at the Bell, at that time the sole hostel in Hampton. It is recorded, also, that a banquet was here given to "London's great architect," Sir Christopher Wren, on the occasion of his coming from town to superintend the structure of the tower of Hampton Church, which he had designed. The old church, like the great architect of whose genius it was the offspring, has passed away. Not so the Bell Tavern, which still erects its head, and opens wide its doors for the entertainment of visitors to Hampton. And, were we to omit a passing word in due tribute to the excellence of the fare, and to the attention which, as a total stranger, we, in common with others, experienced, we should neither acquit ourselves justly towards the respectable landlord and his pretty and amiable wife, nor to the public.

"Will you ever get to the course?" exclaims an irritable reader.—"Why that's the very last thing Miles's Boy cared about when he set out."—"Indeed!"

"—Yes, even so." The road there and back is the best part of the excursion; though the few, considering Sir James Graham's proscription of roulette, E. O., the pea and the thimble had, we feared, given a dose to Hampton gathering, which nought could counteract.

Gladly were we undeceived; the Hurst resembled a fair, rather than a race-course. This, thought we, is as it should be. Messrs. Tumble-up, Walk-in, Just-going-to-begin, and Co. had an Olympic Temple, a wax work and mechanical exhibition, conjuring booth, &c. Then, as in our boyhood's Bartlemy Fair days, there were ups-and-downs, a fearful pastime which we thought had been prohibited, roundabouts, knock-'em-downs, skewer-the-garter, ring-the-bull, and other pastimes pleasant exceedingly; whilst in the bye lanes the supposed-to-be-extinct thimble-riggers did a little on the sly. Careless, the matchless restaurant;

[Continued on page 200.]



(JEM BELCHER.)

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME. PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER, TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CRIEB.

**REFERENCE** to that excellent compilation, *FISTIANA*, will furnish the reader with the result, the number of rounds, the duration, and the amount fought for, of every regular battle contested in the P.R. during the present century, a chronological list of the battles during the modern period at which we have now arrived, would be an utter waste of space. We shall therefore briefly state those leading opponents and professors of the fistic art between the years 1798 and 1820, whose deeds are of sufficient note to demand for them detailed memoirs.

JEM BELCHER	1798—1809.
TOM BELCHER	1804—1813.
HENRY PEARCE	1803—1805.
JOHN GULLEY	1805—1808.
DUTCH SAM	1801—1814.
NOSWORTHY	1808—1815.
SCROGGINS	1803—1820.
CRIBB	1805—1820.

To these we shall append short notices of some of the lesser pugilists, with notices of their deeds.

### CHAPTER I.

JAMES BELCHER, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

Of all the fistic heroes to whom Bristol has given birth, the name of Jem Belcher deserves precedence. He came of a good fighting stock, being descended by the mother's side from the renowned Slack, who was the grandsire of the subject of the present memoir.

Upon his first appearance as a pugilist, he was with justice considered a phenomenon in the art. Though graceful and finely proportioned, there were none of those muscular exaggerations in his form when stripped (and still less when attired) which go, in the popular notion, to make up a Hercules. Jem was more of the sculptor's Apollo than the gladiator; yet at twenty years of age he baffled and defeated the heroes of the old school, both with and without the gloves. His method appeared so peculiarly his own, that it looked like the result of intuition, and some

of the "ould un's" could hardly credit the fact of his prowess until they had experienced in their own persons the efficiency of his attack and guard.

BELCHER was born at Bristol, in St. James's Churchyard, on the 15th of April, 1781. He there for some years followed the occupation of a butcher; and early signalled himself by pugilistic feats at Lansdown Fair.

The first recorded fight of Belcher was with Britton, a pugilist of some notoriety, who afterwards contended with Dutch Sam; the contest took place near Bristol, on the 6th of March, 1798; it was a sharp and severe contest in which Belcher, to the utter surprise of the spectators, the boy of seventeen, disposed of his antagonist in thirty-three minutes, Britton being beaten to a stand-still.

Our hero now came up to town, where his reputation accompanied him, and being introduced to old BILL WARR, who then kept a house in Covent Garden, the "ould un" had a mind to judge personally of the merits of the young aspirant for pugilistic fame, and accordingly put on the gloves with him for a little "breathing" in his (Warr's) own dining-room. The veteran, who in his best days was no Belcher, was so astounded at Jem's quickness in hitting and recovering guard, that he puffed out, as he reeled against one of his tables, impelled thither by a *Belcherian* tip, "That 'ill do. This youngster can go in with any man in the kingdom!" Jem quietly observed, during the discussion after dinner, "I could have done better, sir, but I was afraid I might hit you too hard, and that you would be offended." "Oh!" cried the undaunted veteran, "I was never afraid of a crack, my boy, and am not now; we'll have a round, and you may do your best." So saying, they instantly set-to, when Jem, almost at the request of his host, quietly hit him down several times, despite of the "old un's" attempts at stopping or countering. Warr was fully satisfied of Belcher's talents, they sat down sociably, and Bill offered to back the young Bristolian against anything on the pugilistic list.

Tom Jones (of Paddington) whose career we gave last week, was selected as the *trial-horse* of the new competitor in the race for fame and its more substantial rewards. The battle took place on Wormwood Scrubbs, near Paddington, on the 12th of April, 1799, for twenty-five



guineas aside. The peculiar features of Belcher's science were well displayed; and although Jones contended for victory with desperate determination, unflinching courage, and no small amount of skill and readiness, he was doomed to "pale his ineffective fires" before the rising luminary of Belcher's fame. Thirty-three minutes of courageous and determined fighting placed the future champion's star in the ascendant.

Jack Bartholomew, a pugilist, whose victories over the gluttonous Firby, (known as the "Young Ruffian,") Tom Owen, and others, had placed him high in the estimation of "the Fancy," was now picked out as a customer very likely to try the mettle of Belcher. Bartholomew was in high favour among the ring-goers, his weight between twelve and thirteen stone, his qualifications considerable, and his game of the first order. The stakes in the first instance were small, being but £20 a side, owing to the affair arising out of a longing desire on the part of Bartholomew, to try his skill with the Bristol "Phenomenon," he himself feeling no apprehension as to the result. He accordingly challenged Jem for this sum, offering to "fight him for love," rather than lose the opportunity of a "shy." The mill came off, almost extemporaneously, Aug. 15, 1799, at George's Row, on the Uxbridge-road, and was so severely and evenly contested (Belcher was declared to be out of condition), that neither could be declared the conqueror. Towards the end of the fight Bartholomew was so completely exhausted that he fainted away, and could not come to time; and Jem so much done up, that it was with difficulty he was got up to the scratch. In fact, both men were out of time. Bartholomew, in the interval, recovering a little from his weakness, insisted upon renewing the combat, when the ring was again made; but he staggered about without command of himself, and appeared literally stupid. His game was so good, but his state so pitiable, that Cullington feeling for his bravery, exclaimed, "For heaven's sake, Jem, don't hit him!" upon which Belcher merely pushed him down; in fact, he was himself so exhausted as to be unable to make an effectual hit. The umpires pronounced it a drawn battle; and the stakes, which were held by Bill Gibbons's brother, were drawn the same night at Cullington's.

As Bartholomew possessed pluck of the first order, it was not to be supposed the matter would rest here, accordingly the world pugilistic, was soon on the *qui vive* for another match, which was arranged for 300 guineas; this was fought upon a stage on Finchley Common, on Thursday, May 15, 1800.

The combatants mounted the stage at a little after 1 o'clock, and little time was lost in preliminaries. Bartholomew had determined that sparring should avail Belcher but little, and ding-dong rushes were the game he had resolved on. Belcher, even in the early rounds of the fight, exhibited the tactics, afterwards conspicuous in some of Cribbs' battles of "milling on the retreat"; but Bartholomew would not be denied, and seconded by his great strength and weight, he got in, planted upon Belcher, and hit him clean down with such violence, as to induce his over-sanguine friends to start off an express, per pigeon, to London, with the intelligence of their man's victory. They were, however, very premature, for Jem taught by experience, did not give Bartholomew a chance of thus stealing a march on him; after pinking Bartholomew once or twice, he warded off his lunge, and catching him cleverly, threw him so dreadful a cross-but-took that he was never entirely himself again during the fight. The odds now changed. Yet Bartholomew bravely contended, disputing every round with unyielding firmness, till the close of the seventeenth round, and the expiration of 20 minutes, when Belcher felled him with so terrific a body blow, that all was *U-P*. The contest, considering the shortness of its duration, was considered the most desperate which had been witnessed for many years, and the loser was severely punished. It is erroneously stated in Boxiana (page 129, vol. i.) that Belcher and Bartholomew fought again; but no date or place is mentioned, nor did any such battle ever come off.

Andrew Gamble, the "Irish Champion," was now backed by several influential amateurs, to enter the lists with Belcher. Accordingly a match was made for one hundred guineas, to be decided on Wimbledon-common, on Monday, December 22, 1800. And on that day vehicles of all descriptions, and crowds of pedestrians flocked to witness this combat.

Belcher entered the ring about twelve o'clock, accompanied by his second, Joe Ward, with Bill Gibbons as his bottle-holder, and Tom Tring as an assistant. Mendoza was second to Gamble; his bottle-holder Coady, and old Elisher Crabbe as deputy.

Notwithstanding Gamble had beat Noah James the Cheshire Champion, a pugilist who had been successful in seventeen pitched battles, and whose game was said to be superior to any man in the kingdom, still the bets from the first making of the match were 7 to 5 in favour of Belcher; and Bill Warr, before the combatants stripped, offered twenty-five guineas to twenty. On stripping, Gamble appeared much the heavier man, and his friends and countrymen sported 3 to 2 on him; but that was by no means the opinion of the London cognoscenti. A few minutes before one the fight commenced:—

ROUND 1. After some sparring, Gamble made play, but was prettily parried by Belcher, who, with unequalled celerity, planted in return three severe facers: they soon closed, and Belcher, being well aware of the superiority of his opponent's strength, dropped. [The Paddies, in their eagerness to support their countryman, here offered five to four.]

2. Belcher, full of spirit, advanced towards Gamble, who retreated. Jem

over his right eye, as not only to close it immediately, but knock him down with uncommon violence. [Two to one on Belcher.]

3. Gamble again retreated, but put in several severe blows in the body of his antagonist with some cleverness. Belcher, by a sharp hit, made the claret fly copiously; but Gamble, notwithstanding, threw Belcher with considerable violence, and fell upon him cross-ways. [The odds rose to four to one upon Jem.]

4. Belcher, full of coolness and self-possession, showed first-rate science. His blows were well directed, and severe, particularly one in the neck, which brought Gamble down. [Ten to one Belcher was the winner.]

5th and last round. Gamble received two such blows that struck him all of a heap—one in the mark, that nearly deprived him of breath; and the other on the side, which instantly swelled considerably. Gamble, completely exhausted, gave in.

It is reported that not less than twenty thousand pounds changed hands on this occasion. The Irish were full of murmurings at Gamble's conduct, who was beaten in five rounds, and in the short space of nine minutes! Gamble fought very badly; from his former experience much was expected, but he appeared alarmed at his opponent's quickness. Belcher treated his knowledge of the art with the utmost contempt.

While Belcher was witnessing a battle, between Elias, a Jew, and one Jones, which took place upon Wimbledon-common, on Monday, July 13, 1801, a man of the name of Burke, a butcher, who had behaved himself improperly in the outer ring, called out for Belcher, the Champion. Upon Jem's mildly asking him what he wanted, Burke dealt him a severe blow in return for his civility. A dreadful set-to instantly commenced—in which Burke displayed so much bottom and strength, that the spectators scarcely knew what to think about the termination of the contest. The combat lasted nineteen minutes, and although the result was, that Burke was beaten; an opinion, however, became prevalent, that had not Belcher possessed a thorough knowledge of the science, there was a great probability of his falling a sacrifice to this outrageous knight of the cleaver.

Burke having shown so much game under such evident disadvantages, Lord Camelford determined to back him for a second combat in a more regular manner, for one hundred guineas. He was accordingly put out to nurse; a teacher appointed to initiate him into the mysteries of the science; and it was reported of Burke that he was a promising child—took his food regularly, minded what his master said to him, and, for the short time that he had taken to study, great improvement was visible. Burke ultimately turned out one of the most troublesome customers, and the hardest to be disposed of, that ever entered the lists with Belcher.

Some time having been lost by the interruption of magistrates, a stage was erected at Hurley-bottom, a few miles distant from Maidenhead, on November 25, 1801. Joe Ward and a Bristol lad performed the usual offices for Belcher; Harry Lee attended as Burke's second, and Rhodes as his bottle-holder. The odds at the beginning of the fight were nearly two to one upon Belcher.

ROUND 1. Burke gave some signs of improvement from his tuition—several blows were exchanged, Burke gave Belcher a terrible blow under his right eye, that made him reel. They closed, and fell.

2, 3, 4. Blows were the leading features in these rounds. Art was not much resorted to by either of the combatants.

5. Burke had his nose laid open by a severe hit from Belcher, and was ultimately felled. [Ten to one on Jem—no takers.]

6. Burke seemed inclined to keep his distance, but Belcher put in a blow upon his forehead; the blood now flowed so copiously from his head, that his second found it a difficult task to keep him clean.

7, 8, and 9. The former two were of little consequence; but in the latter Belcher was thrown with considerable violence.

10. Milling was the signal, and this round displayed a fine specimen of their talents for hammering. The best round in the fight.

16. Burke completely done up—yet too much pride to confess he was beat, went down; and his second declared that the fight was over.

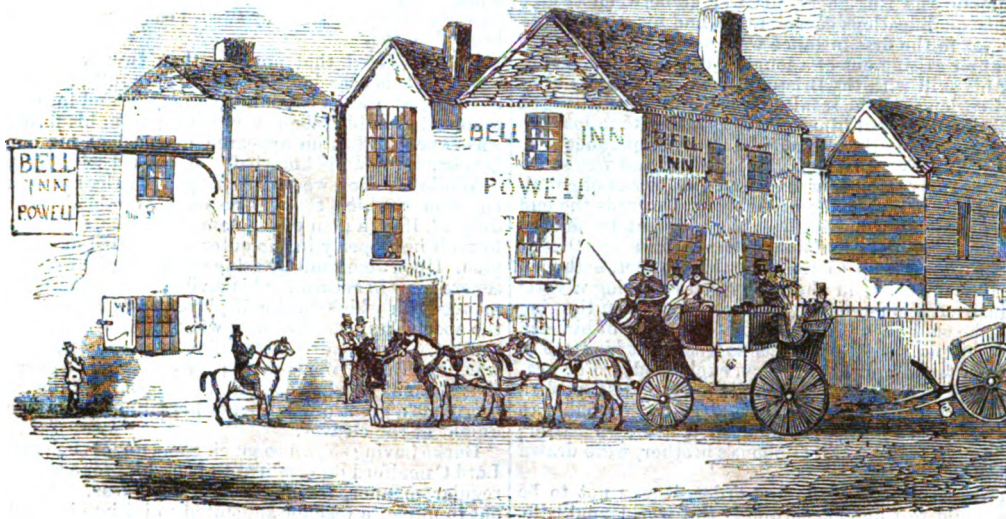
Since the days of Johnson and Ben, it was the opinion of the amateurs, so desperate a battle had not taken place; twenty-five minutes of slaughtering hard fighting. Burke was heavier than Belcher, and greatly superior in point of stature; Jem appeared little the worse for the conflict, declaring that he had scarcely felt a blow in the fight; and, in the gaiety of the moment, challenged Mendoza to fight in less than a month, three hundred guineas against two hundred guineas: but Dan was not to be had, and observed, he had done with pugilism.

Burke was not yet satisfied; and another trial of skill was granted, Captain Fletcher backing him; and Fletcher Reid, Esq., on the part of Belcher, for fourteen hundred and fifty guineas a-side, which were made good. The combatants appeared upon the stage, which was erected at a village called Grewelthorpe, about nineteen miles from Middleham, in Yorkshire. A dispute taking place about Burke's second, Belcher offered to fight him a few rounds for love; but as Burke would neither fight for love nor money, the consequence was, that the fancy were disappointed. Jem received fifty pounds for his trouble from Mr. Reid, who also allowed him five pounds for travelling expenses.

Burke endeavoured to justify himself through the medium of the *Oracle* newspaper, in a long letter to the editor, which is not worth transcribing.

(To be continued in our next)





THE BELL, AT HAMPTON.

Lawrence, of Hampton; the ponderous Baron Nicholson, of the Garrick; and many minor venders of the good things requisite for the refreshment of the inward man, set forth their tempting fare. Tumblers and fortune-tellers were as plenty as blackberries, ballad-bawlers sang all sorts of tunes, in all sorts of keys. The gentleman with one leg jumped over the stick as per last, and three professors of gymnastics set up establishments for the exhibition of the art of self-defence; the first boasted of Kendrick, the black; George Sinclair, the Liverpool Slasher, and a gentleman unknown to us, but we believe not to fame, denominated Young Jones the Slaughtering Butcher. Luke Rogers conducted the ceremonies at the second establishment, and Philips, brother, as we heard, to Brighton Bill, the third. Thus an effort was made to counteract the dullness attendant upon Sir James Graham's gambling abolition measure—donkeys and ponies for young ladies fond of equestrian exercise—Tom Thumb carriages drawn by goats, for juveniles—gingerbread nuts, cakes, lollipops, whips, drums, rattles, and all other toys were there in profusion.

During the progress of the races, which we do verily believe half the company present never looked at at all, punts and wherries covered the silvery stream. One large barge was turned into a *caravansery*, and, by the aid of half-shutters, tables were formed from seat to seat in the boats, and covered with all the edibles of the season. A vast number of vehicles lined the Hampton side of the river, and between each heat and race, boats were in requisition to carry hungry and thirsty visitors over the water to the inns, at which their horses baited and they feasted. The idea of going to the races to *fish* appears a little absurd, but with many rod and line appeared indispensable; and then "they could see the middle of the course from the river!" The little islands that adorn the stream from Kew upwards were peopled; and in all parts whoever the commissariats might be, the victualling department had certainly been well attended to. Snow-feathered swans gave the river a lake-like look, and as they glided past the villa of the British Roebuck, fancy called up Johnson, Burke, Mansfield, Foote, Schomberg, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Louthborough, Goldsmith, Sterne, and the piquantly pretty Violetta, who had so often sported on its sward, or paid their devotions to the bard of nature in its temple. To turn from this reverie to the turf caused a revulsion of feeling at least startling. There Tom Spring, Will Jones, Young Sambo, and other pugilistic personages, suggested the slaughtering scenes of twenty years ago, when Moulsey was the Waterloo of the P.R. Oh, president of the Daffy Club, Bill Gibbons, Caleb Baldwin, Scroggins, and Cabbage, whither have ye fled! Alas! each of you are like Richardson's phenomenon. The strong man has wrestled with a stronger.

And here we would call the attention of the humanity mongers to the children, almost infants, who are taught to beg, tumble, sing, walk on stilts, &c.; they are almost invariably the victims of profligate and assumed parents. What is to become of these unfortunates in after life; can

it be expected but that the boys will turn thieves, whilst the fate of the girls is certain. It would be a boon to these poor innocents to take them into custody. These are considerations below the notice of the Home Secretary, but not beneath the care of any one who stops to cast an eye of pity on a barefooted boy, who might live to become a useful and happy man, or a vice-trained girl, whom the Creator meant should be hereafter a virtuous woman, a wife, and a mother.

"Just a going to begin!"—the bell, (very like a muffin-bell) rang out, dogs, of course, ran up and down the course, bawled at by everybody and caught by nobody—trancheons were thrown, which hit everything but what they were aimed at—intrepid young gentlemen darted forward from the off to the near side of the course and were compelled to "try back" by the troops of Scotland-yard. It is a singular fact that we never saw one of these boobies that annoy people by attempting to cross that could run; they are to a man members of the slow coach company. And then the fun began. Let *Times* and *Herald*, *Chronicle* and *Post*, *Bell's Life*, the *Era* and the *Sunday Times*, sing and say the doings of the terrible "high-bred cattle," who on Moulsey's Plain strove in fleet rivalry. They, stamped with the permission of her Majesty's Commissioners; have right—and good cause so to do; for us, we pass the "correct lists," "the names, weights, and colours of the riders," and the number from the winning chair, to look about us.

"Please sir, could you tell me who that genelman in the red coat is, as rides up and down every where, where they won't let no one else go?"

"Not to know him, argues yourself unknown,"

thought we, but why quote Milton to the muffin-maker—"That's the indefatigable," replied we.

"What a queer name to go to bed with," said the Mile-ender. Gentle, or ungente reader, we were actually asked this question on Moulsey's Plain, by a London bred biped, as

THE PEERLESS PARSONS (See following page)

flashed by, "blazing like a meteor," here, there, and every where was the "Clerk of the Course." Sir Boyle Roche's bird, which was in two places at once, was completely "distanced," for, to the best of our belief, the "Indefatigable" was frequently in half-a-dozen. Indeed, Hampton Races were in *extremis*, not only because Graham had scuttled the galleon which yearly arrived from London, freighted with fine gold, for the payment of hire for the ground; but because of the severe blow inflicted last year by the uproar, disorder, and violence which took place thereat. Some of our readers, perhaps, may not be aware of the amount thus added to the race fund; we, therefore, give them an estimate, founded on the receipts in 1843. Previous to the establishment of the Races, the Lord of the Manor would gladly have let the barren waste of Moulsey at a rent of £50 per annum; yet, since that period, up to the time of Sir James Graham's crusade against the play booths, the receipt averaged from £1000 to £1200 a-year from the letting of booths alone, to say nothing of



THE INDEFATIGABLE PARSONS.

the sum charged for allowing vehicles and equestrians to come within the limits of the Hurst. In 1843, we noticed thirteen gambling-booths on one side of the course, not one of which, as we understood, paid a less rent than £50 for the three days; this alone would give £650. Beyond these, on the same side of the course, but in the open air, were ten or twelve tables for *un-deux-cinq*, and other games, for the privilege of which the proprietors paid a proportionate rent, amounting, we should say, to another £100 at least. On the opposite side of the course, immediately facing the refreshment booths, were from twenty to thirty tables of divers kinds, worked by the *nobblers*, *speelers*, and other most industrious artists, all of whom contributed handsomely to the revenue of the lord of the soil. The contribution of a guinea was also levied on each and every thimble table, and these amounted to some fifty or sixty—and to the total of this gaming rental was to be added the like imposition on the long line of refreshment booths that extend from the Ferry to the Judges' Stand. The receipts for admission on the several betting-stands amounted, also, to a very large sum, so that our calculation may be taken in its amount to be considerably within the annual sum actually realised out of the course. All this revenue was cut away at "one fell swoop," and Hampton Races seemed doomed to extinction from sheer exhaustion of funds, when up rose the "Indefatigable Parsons," and, albeit the press had hot-pressed him, jockeys had ridden him down, and trainers had railed against him vehemently, he swore by his renewed energies that neither his "Pet" nor he should be beaten easily. The racing reputation of "The Hurst" should shine more brilliantly than ever, and his scarlet coat be the pledge which he would redeem with accumulating honour. And the "Indefatigable" realised his "scheme," too. He went on the broad gauge, and arrived very satisfactorily at the terminus. The neighbourhood came forth liberally with subscriptions, and a good store of ammunition was especially provided by the officers of the 4th Light Dragoons. The money added to the different stakes induced numerous entries to be made, and the sport that was produced was, both in quantity and quality, of a very gratifying description. A de-

tachment of the Hampton police hovered about the Hurst to prevent thimble-rigging and other illegal games, whilst a strong party of the A division of the metropolitan force, under the command of Inspector Partridge, did excellent service in "keeping the course," and preventing the rash from rushing into danger. Not an accident, but what the *coachmaker* could easily repair, occurred throughout the meeting. Several complaints were made about the toll that was exacted for the admission of vehicles to the ground, but the "Indefatigable" remedied them as soon as they were brought under his notice. In short, a better conducted meeting Hampton never boasted. And now for "home, dear home."

Those who had taken return tickets made their way to Kingston station, but the mass went *via* Esher. The road presented a scene like the Derby retreat—save and except that the proportion of the fairer sex was as two to one compared to Epsom. Buxom landladies, who you could swear kept the Golden Lion, or the Jolly Butchers; young ladies in their teens; recently rendered brides, and ladies of all ages in hopes shortly to become such, made the vehicles one blaze of beauty. Of that portion of the sex "who love the moon," but who are not strict adherents of Diana, there was more than an average supply. Father Mathew, despite the handsome subscriptions he has received, would have wept to behold the roystering males as they "pitched into" the remnants of fluids contained in big-bellied bottles and gigantic jars. "What's the use of carrying anything home with us!" was a universal exclamation. How some of the van-ites "made" the metropolis must remain to be told by some future historian. At Nine-elms there was the usual rush to get out, a sort of echo of the morning crush to get in. Thursday on the whole was delightful; and, altogether, great was the sense of enjoyment expressed by all who visited Hampton Races for this present year 1845; which, thanks to the "Indefatigable," the weather, the "creature comforts" of Careless, and the arrangements of the stewards, went off with unprecedented *colât*.



## COFFEE-HOUSES.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

A COFFEE-HOUSE is *par excellence*, the resort of the middling classes of the London world. It is to them what the clubs are to the aristocracy, or the tap of a public-house and the bar of a gin-shop to the lower classes of the community. It may be worthy of note, too, that each of these particular resorts of the three great classes of London life presents a peculiarity of feature typical of its frequenters. Look for example, at the club-house, magnificent in its outward aspect, proudly pre-eminent in its external appearance, redolent of architecture, decoration, and upholstery; the coffee-house, quiet and staid outwardly, but replete with comfort and convenience inwardly; and then the difference which exists between this latter place of public entertainment and what is familiarly known as a gin-palace. The one glittering with light and splendour, with its handsome swing-doors, squabbed with marble, whereon may be distinguished huge letters, or Brobdignag words, directing the way you should go to the retail or to the bottle-department. Within, the same gaudy splendour everywhere meets the eye. Handsomely-polished mahogany counters, variegated here and there with marble, fantastically ornamented bottles, mirror-like pumps, green casks with enticing gold labels, such, for instance, as "Old Tom," "Bang-up Cream of the Valley," "Real Knock-me-down," &c., &c., and last, though not least, the showily-dressed damsels, whose personal charms are not the lowest in the series of attractions, all contribute to the fascination which enthral the visiter. Turn to the coffee-house, and lo! the contrast. A plain portal, with its small plate of ground glass, or a wire blind extending half way up the window, on which are only inscribed the words "Coffee-room" comfortably boxes, sufficient to contain yourself and one or two friends; the lamps, with globe glasses, which shed a soft and subdued light on all around; these are charms whose attraction is not deteriorated when the "cup that cheers, but not intoxicates," is brought by a pretty attendant Hebe, whose glittering eye and quiet smile is more than a remuneration for the penny which you add to your reckoning for her attention to your wants. Reader, have we enlisted your sympathies in the behalf of the coffee-house? if so, pray you follow us in the perambulations which we purpose making throughout those which stud the streets of London.

It may be imagined, that the regular frequenters of coffee-houses are bachelors. The married man, generally speaking, needs not repair thither for his evening's quiet; his comfort is always provided for, and he requires no out-door attraction. He, happy wight, when the toils of the day are over, has but to repair to his cheerful home. No care is on his mind, for he knows that nothing will disturb his tranquillity. His spouse meets him with open arms; his children clamber on his knees

"The envied kiss to share,"

and with many infantile endearments, such for example, as making a pin cushion of his calf, stuffing paper into his coat pocket, or filling his snuff-box with orange-pips, exhibit their affection for their paternal relative. But, alas! such joys as these the poor bachelor cannot hope to taste; and therefore, while he is doomed to remain in a state of single blessedness, he seeks in the precincts of a coffee-room, that comfort which is denied to him at home. But, although the married man does not usually hang up his hat there in the evening, he, nevertheless, is frequently to be found there during the day, when engaged in business. Men of all grades, while fulfilling the duties of their respective stations, seek the coffee-room for the refreshment which exercise and employment render necessary for the recruiting of exhausted nature.

It is generally stated, we believe, with every degree of truth, that the first coffee-house established in London, was the so-called Don Saltero's coffee-house, in Cheyne-walk, Chelsea. There is a house called by this name at present, which we believe to be the identical spot. This Don Saltero, whose real name was Salter—a hybrid, half-barber, half-antiquary, full of cunning, having attracted great numbers to his house by the curiosities, antiquarian and otherwise, which he was in the habit of selling—attempted to increase his income by introducing the sale of ready-made coffee. In one of the early numbers of the "Tatler," will be found a characteristic sketch of the man, his curiosities, his fiddle-playing, and other characteristics.

Coffee-houses continued to increase in the eighteenth century, but they were scarcely like our modern coffee-houses, more nearly resembling taverns. At all events, they were beyond the reach of the humbler classes. About forty years ago, when coffee was temporarily enormously dear, a beverage called saloop was vended, both in houses and street-stalls; it was an infusion of sassafras, served hot, with milk and sugar, in the same manner as coffee, at a penny a cup. This, however, has now wholly given way to the beverage which is connected with so many social features at the present day—coffee.

Of coffee-house statistics we may briefly speak; twenty-five years ago there were not more than ten or twelve coffee-houses in the metropolis; but now they may be reckoned at sixteen or seventeen hundred at the least; and it is stated, on good authority, that the yearly average increase is one hundred. They are of all sizes and all prices, from those whose price is sixpence to those where a penny suffices for a cup. Nor are they

confined to the mere sale of coffee only, the hungry perambulator may obtain anything they can wish, cold beef, ham, eggs, bacon—nay, even joints, vegetables, &c., at certain hours, thus merging the cook's into the coffee-shop. At a coffee-house kept by Mr. Humphreys, about 300lbs. of cold ham and meat is consumed in a week. All these houses are furnished with newspapers, periodicals, and even the higher classes of reviews; at some of those devoted to the lower classes of the community there are eight or nine newspapers taken every morning.

**A DOG'S RECOGNITION THROUGH SCENT.**—A gentleman possessed a favourite spaniel, which for a long time was in the practice of accompanying him in all his walks, and became his attached companion. This gentleman had occasion to leave home, and was absent for more than a twelvemonth, during which time he had never seen the dog. On his return along with a friend, while yet at a little distance from the house, they perceived the spaniel lying beside the gate. The gentleman thought this would be a good opportunity of testing his favourite's memory, and he accordingly arranged with his companion, (who was quite unknown to the dog,) that they should both walk up to the animal, and express no signs of recognition. As they approached nearer, the dog started up, and gazed at them attentively, but he discovered no signs of recognition, even at their near approach. At last he came up to the stranger, put his nose close to his clothes, and smelt him, without any signs of emotion; he then did the same to his old master, but no sooner had he smelt him than recognition instantly took place; he leaped up to his face repeatedly, and showed symptoms of the most extravagant joy. He followed him into the house, and watched his every movement, and could by no means be diverted from his person.

**FOUL AIR IN WELLS AND CESSPOOLS.**—The following is worth everybody's knowing. Mr. Green, of Sudbury, has suggested a method of purifying wells, &c., from the foul air which so often accumulates in them when long closed, and has not unfrequently been destructive of life. The plan is simply to throw into the well a quantity of unslaked lime, which, as soon as it comes in contact with the water, throws up a column of vapour, driving before it all the deleterious gases, and rendering it perfectly safe for the workmen to descend immediately.

**CASTING OUT DEVILS.**—A French journal states that the Curé of Ministrol de Caldes, in Catalonia, in exorcising a woman possessed by a legion of devils, succeeded lately in forcing out of her the trifling number of 7,999! Unfortunately, the last devil of all, more cunning than his comrades, was able to resist all the attacks of the Curé, who always recommenced his operations every *fete* day. The ecclesiastical authorities at last put an end to his diabolical capers.

**CURIOUS WAGER.**—A few days ago a postman laid a wager that he would go blindfolded from the Ecole Militaire to the General Post Office in the rue Jean Jacques Rousseau. He started at four in the morning, crossed the river in a boat, which he found himself, without calling for the aid of a boatman, and, on his way, stopped at a wine-shop in the rue Froimanteau, where he was known, and called for a glass of wine. He was followed by his backers and others who had betted against him, and reached the Post-office in triumph at ten o'clock.—*Paris paper.*

**AN AMBIGUOUS NOTE.**—Mr. O'Kelly presents compliments to Mr. S., sends by the bearer two puppies; one for Mrs. O'Donnel—the other for Miss O'Callaghan; they are both b—hs.

**STURGEON CAUGHT IN THE RIVER LEA.**—On Wednesday a gentleman named Parkes, residing in Little Knight Rider-street, Doctors' Commons, whilst fishing in a branch of the River Lea, near the Temple Mills, in the Hackney-marshes, observed a fish of considerable size lying in a quiescent state in rather shallow water. He procured a small harpoon from the proprietor of the Temple Mills Tavern, with which he succeeded in striking it near its tail. With assistance he got it to the bank, when it proved to be a fine young sturgeon, of the weight of sixteen pounds and a half. It is a singular fact that, during the past month, no fewer than four other fish of the same species have been caught near the same spot.

**KEYS AND WARDS.**—Some time since there was fixed to the gates of Lincoln's Inn-square, the following hand-bill:—"Lost, in the Court of Chancery, a bunch of keys," &c. The Lord Chancellor shrewdly remarked, *en passant*, that "no doubt they belonged to the wards."

**THE WINNERS OF THE DERBY, OAKS, AND ASCOT CUP.**—Mr. John Moore, of West-street, Upper St. Martin's-lane, has placed in the hands of his engraver the original paintings of that eminent artist, Abraham Cooper, R.A., of the victors in the two great contests at Epsom, for the purpose of being engraved in the first style of art previous to publication. The likenesses of both "The Merry Monarch" and "Refraction" are extremely faithful, the former being taken in his stable, and the latter, mounted by Harry Bell, and eager for the fray. The nature of the two paintings, the one descriptive of the loose box, and the other open scenery, varies as essentially as does the massive strength of the son of Slane, from the more airy properties of the daughter of Glaucus, fitting them equally to be companions, yet counterparts of the two great sporting events of the south. "The Emperor" is a re-publication of the animal peculiarly illustrious by strange coincidence, taken after his last year's triumph at Ascot, under the express permission of Lord Albemarle, by W. Shayer, jun., and engraved by Charles Hunt, in his best style.



# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 8. FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 12, 1845. THREE HALFPENCE.

## THAMES ANGLING.



THE THAMES NEAR TEDDINGTON LOCK.

**W**HAT angler will acknowledge that another pleasure — another sport, can exceed his own? Not a single true one, we will venture to answer. And thus it is with every sport in the varied round of recreation and health-giving pursuits. Yet it is not the sport alone which draws us with magnetic influence and fixes us “like patience in a punt” on the stilly stream, or keeps us spell-bound by the river side. No, we have yet a brighter source of true enjoyment in the pure air and tranquil rural scenes which wait upon our wanderings. What so beneficial to a mind worn with the many cares of study or close application to a worldly calling, as the relaxation in which we revel when we quit the noise and bustle of the crowded town to feast upon the scent-laden breeze?

Angling is a pastime which has been much and frequently vilified and ridiculed. I use the past tense advisedly: for since so many men, good and great, rich and mighty, not only in worldly, but also in mental lore, have appeared as its advocates, it has long since ceased to be considered a mean or despicable art. Some few have ventured to pronounce it a childish amusement: but I consider that the love of it derives not its existence from juvenile habit alone; for though it mostly “grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength,”—and though the old adage “once a chub-hole always a chub-hole,” may fairly be read “once an angler always an angler”—oftentimes it will win a tyro of ripened years, or be adopted as the recreation of old age. I need notice no more striking instance of this than the conversation of Sir H. Davy, who handled a fly-rod, at all events, for the first time when he was President of the Royal Society; although he did so, under the preceptorship of one who might, perhaps, remember the use of thread and a bent pin in childhood, my late esteemed friend Sir Anthony Carlisle. The bare

mention of such a name, is surely enough at once to deaden the barb of derision.

Some writers have expressed surprise at the enthusiasm of anglers, seeing that the produce of the sport seldom appears to counterbalance the general disappointment and dullness. But surely they have not traced the subject up to its source. The sportsman's real object is not, in general, to acquire a quantity of game; else he might purchase it at less coin and with less trouble in the public markets: but it is, that he may enjoy the treasures of nature and art. The game is but the means of his excitement.

The quantum of success by no means constitutes the test of pleasure in any field-sport; else how insipid would be fox-hunting! But on the average we fishermen catch per head, compared with the expenditure of coin upon tackle, as much as any other field-sport produces under like comparison.

Dr. Johnson has the discredit of having defined angling to be “a stick and a string, with a worm at one end and a fool at the other:” this is a poor illogical sarcasm. The doctor knew nothing of the skill called for in the rare art. I know many followers of the craft who by their skill would have landed “the great bear” himself, with a gut-line not thicker than a single thread from his “three-ribbed hose,” and a genuine O'Shaughnessey bend, with as much ease as the doctor would have hoisted a minnow with Chinese twist as thick as whipcord, and a No. 5 hook, from out the tiny rivulet. I doubt not but that the science of the fool would beat all the doctor's learning in this respect.

Again as to the folly of fishing—if science be the standard which should direct our choice, look at the names of those who have from age to age enrolled themselves as its supporters, and the disciples of Walton

will then appear as the sands of the sea, compared with the admirers of Nimrod. Field-sports are but "an employment for idle time which is then not idly spent;" and I know no reason why the question of superiority among them should ever have been mooted. But without seeking to give offence to any, I might fairly venture to assert that there are, and have been, more thinking men among anglers than any other class of sportsmen, and in my humble judgment there is likewise more to think about. Let no one in his ignorance say that there is folly in fishing; but rather take my word for it that there is a science in the economy of fish, the depths of which cannot be sounded by a lead-line as long as the days of Methuselah.

But I must rein up, and, leaving the general, descend to the particular. We here give the reader a sketch or two on the banks of the silver Thames: how to catch the finny tribes that rove therein is a subject fitted rather for that department of this paper entitled "The Fisher's Creel" than this article. Sure we are, however, that "The Honest Angler" will thank us for the two little pictures (see pages 203 and 205) we here present to him of familiar scenes. To many they will suggest ideas of sport with the "graceful rod," to others reminiscences of "rare days," when with single hair or trusty gut they drew the silvery prey from the waters and consigned him to the laden creel.

And here we would throw out a hint to "Brethren of the Angle" generally. The paper in which these lines appear is the first attempt to establish a medium of communication for facts, theories, opinions, and information, relating to Angling, and he who contributes to our columns, his experiences, or his local knowledge, extends the repute of his favourite sport, and serves his brother Piscators—a word to the wise is enough. But to return to the Thames. No one who has fished that queen of streams but will, we think, agree with us that for many years it was and still is most absurdly and unjustly slighted by the scribbling portion of brethren of the angle. Those who can revel among northern lakes, or beside the pleasant rivers which run through the valleys of North Wales, would lead others to forget that health, amusement, and enjoyment, are to be found within a morning's drive of their homes in the metropolis. Philosophy teaches us to seize the lesser advantage when the greater is beyond our reach. There are many who dearly love the gentle craft, to whom a long absence from the leading occupations of life is difficult or impossible. We city men have, upon our own most glorious river, all which the most eager and devoted angler can desire—sport in plenty, if he be not over-fastidious. Let his basket weigh a hundred weight, we can show him where he can fill it from sunrise to sunset, and may tell him, that, be weather fair or foul, and though the "wind bloweth where it listeth," he is certain not to be altogether disappointed. Or if his notions be more ambitious, and his aim be to exhibit skill, we may tell him where trout, as fine as ever strained the sinews and gladdened the heart of the angler, are in the keeping of the king of rivers; that gigantic chub, which inhabit the nooks, skirt his banks; and that pike, such as "Holy Dee" never held, are fattening upon his wealth; to say nothing of enormous barbel, that will give him half an hour's "play" between the strike and the landing-net.

But if the Thames affords rare and true sport to the angler, how vastly does it surpass all other rivers in those sources of enjoyment which equally influence, exhilarate, and delight the votary of the craft! His "idle time is never idly spent." Upon the breast or by the side of the "most loved of all the ocean's sons" we revel among luxuries of which Nature is nowhere more lavish. Walk where we will, scenery gentle, joyous, and beautiful, greets the eye and gladdens the heart; at every turn we hear the ripple of some one of the thousand streams that pay tribute to the river king—streams

"To whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals."

To the "Thames Angling Protection Society," the public owes an uncanceled debt of gratitude. For several years past by their exertions in checking unfair fishing, staking the deeps, and preserving the fry from depredators, they have been rapidly improving the river.

Upon the banks of the Thames the noblest of the British worthies have lived, flourished, and died. Philosophers, statesmen, poets, historians, painters, dramatists, novelists, travellers, politicians, brave soldiers, and gallant sailors, have given a deep interest to almost every house, lane, and tree along its sides. Fancy may hear "a chorus of old poets" from many a sequestered nook; women celebrated for beauty or made immortal by virtue, may seem to move again along its mossy slopes, and imagination picture the pomp and glory of the olden time,

"When kings row'd upon its waves."

Scarcely can we stand upon a spot which is not hallowed ground; or contemplate an object unassociated with some triumph of the mind. Thus the angler, while enjoying his sport, is revelling with nature or with memory—the present or the past—

"The attentive mind,  
By this harmonious action on her powers,  
Becomes herself harmonious."

But space warneth us to conclude: which we will do by informing the reader of a little scheme which we have in store for him. The great

picture newspapers, have been of late giving away prints of the rows of houses, &c., on the river side, which they call PANORAMAS of [the Thames," &c., &c., although we, for the life of us can, make nothing of them but views of London taken from a boat. Now we propose to give you, reader, at four or five instalments, "THE ANGLER'S MAP OF THE THAMES," exhibiting all the best fishing stations and deeps. This will be a work of some extent, expense, and labour—may we therefore ask the recommendation of every Angler, as it is only by an increased circulation that this outlay can be met.

## THE FISHER'S CREEL.



HAVING already given some space to a subject akin to fishing, we must of necessity be brief in our notice of the fish whose picture we give on the opposite page; the same restriction compels the postponement until next week of several flies, the drawings of which now lie before us.

ISAAC WALTON declares the perch to be "a very good and a very bold biting fish"—with the latter part of his assertion we agree, as to the former we dissent therefrom; with the remark, *de gustibus*, &c. It is gregarious in its habits, frequenting slow-running weedy rivers and canals, and is often found in ponds. Its favourite haunts are hollow banks and deep holes, between weeds or stumps of trees; and it spawns in April or May, according to the temperature of the season.

These fish have been found to bite best in the latter part of the spring; but they may be taken all the year round. The best time for angling for them are in hot and bright weather, from sunrise till six o'clock in the morning; and in the evening, from six till sunset. If the day be cool and cloudy, with a ruffling south wind, they will bite all day. From the beginning of May till the end of June is the high season for perch fishing, but they are taken till the end of September.

Your bait-worms should be either well scoured brandlings, red dung-hill worms, or those found in rotten tan; your hook, No. 4, 5, or 6, being well whipped to a strong silk worm-gut, with a shot or two on it. Put the point of the hook in at the head of the worm, and out again a little lower than the middle, and draw it above the shank of the hook upon the gut; then take a smaller one, beginning the same way, and bring the head up to the middle of the shank only; then draw the first worm down to the head of the latter, so that the tails may hang one above the other, keeping the point of the hook well covered. This is the most enticing method that can be adopted in worm-fishing. Use a small cork float, to keep the bait about a foot from the bottom, or sometimes above mid-water.

The largest fish are taken with the minnow, hooked with a good hold through the back fin, or better through the upper lip; for this fish, owing to the formation of his mouth, cannot take a bait crosswise as the pike will. For this mode of fishing a large cork float is used, and the line must be leaded about nine inches from the bottom, otherwise the minnow will rise to the top. And now, as we began with a quotation from the "Father of Angling," we will end with one, not only as germane to the matter in hand, but also because the curious in these matters, who may not have his immortal book at hand, may amuse themselves with "pure English undefiled," from the pen of one of its best masters.

"He (the perch) spawns but once a-year; and is, by physicians, held very nutritive; yet, by many, to be hard of digestion. 'They abound more in the river Po, and in England,' says Rondeletius, 'than other parts; and have in their brain a stone, which is, in foreign parts, sold by apothecaries, being there noted to be very medicinal against the stone in the reins.'"

"These be a part of the commendations which some philosophical brains have bestowed upon the fresh water perch; yet they commend the sea perch, which is known by having but one fin on his back (of which they say we English see but a few) to be a much better fish."

"The perch grows slowly, yet will grow, as I have been credibly informed, to be almost two feet long; for an honest informer told me, such a one was not long since taken by Sir Abraham Williams, a gentleman of worth, and a brother of the 'angle, that yet lives, and I wish he may; this was a deep-bodied fish, and doubtless durst have devoured a pike of half his own length. For I have told you, he is a bold fish; such a one as, but for extreme hunger, the pike will not devour. For to affright the pike, and save himself, the perch will set up his fins, much like as a turkey cock will sometimes set up his tail."

"But, my scholar, the perch is not only valiant to defend himself, but he is, as I said, a bold biting fish; yet he will not bite at all seasons of the year; he is very abstemious in winter, yet will bite then in the midst of the day, if it be warm; and note, that all fish bite best about the midst of a warm day in winter. And he hath been observed by some, not usually to bite till the mulberry tree buds; that is to say, till extreme frosts be past the spring; for, when the mulberry tree blossoms, many

\* This fancy must have originated in resemblances, by which the yellow bark of barberry was prescribed for jaundice, and the roots of the little celandine for piles.—EDITOR.

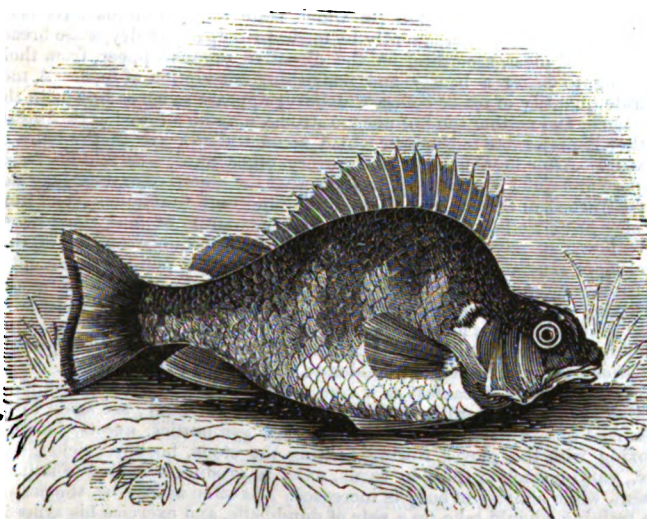




HAMPTON COURT, FROM THE THAMES.

gardeners observe their forward fruit to be past the danger of frost; and some have made the like observations of the perch's biting.

"But bite the perch will, and that very boldly. And, as one has wittily observ'd, if there be twenty or forty in a hole, they may be at one standing, all caught, one after another; they being, as he says, like the wicked of the world, not afraid, though their fellows and companions perish in their sight. And you may observe, that they are not like the solitary pike, but love to accompany one another, and march together in troops."



THE PERCH.

**CURIOUS TRAVELLER'S STORY.**—The following serio-comic incident is stated by the *Sud* of Marseilles to have occurred, a short time since, in the diligence which runs between Marseilles and Toulon:—"When the

diligence had arrived near Capalette, a traveller in the coupé, being alarmed by piercing cries from the interior, stopped the carriage, and, with the conductor, went to ascertain the cause. They found a young female in the greatest distress, complaining of acute pains in the lower part of her person, as if she was stung, or rather punctured with lancets, or other fine-pointed instruments. While they were endeavouring to persuade her to permit a search for the cause of her pains, but which her delicacy could not permit, a stout, elderly gentleman, in another corner of the coach, began to feel the same disagreeable sensations on the calves of his legs; and not being so nice as the lady, he at once proceeded, with assistance, to an examination. On uncovering his limbs, six enormous leeches were found suspended to his skin, and gorging themselves with his blood. On searching further, it was discovered that an indiscreet fellow-traveller had brought into the diligence a bottle of these insatiate blood-suckers so loosely covered, that they had got out, and following their natural instinct, fastened upon soft places when they could find them, but contenting themselves with coarser matter when they could meet with none more tender. The young female was taken into the nearest house, and, being assisted by one of her own sex, between fifteen and twenty of the vagrant leeches were found to have made their way up her clothes, and fastened upon her. Being in a high state of nervous excitement, she was carried back to Marseilles, where her physician prescribed the application of sixty more leeches to calm her."

**EATING EXTRAORDINARY.**—We have rarely heard of a gormandizing feat to surpass that which was accomplished by a voracious ratcatcher, named David Smith, residing at Billingham, near Sleaford, on Saturday week. It appears that this unlicensed victualler, in the presence of several persons at the Coach and Horses Inn, Billingham, swallowed, in the space of half an hour, 30 hen eggs poached in a pint and a half of vinegar, half a pound of butter, and 40 ounces of bread, and washed all down with six pints of ale. After which he offered to back himself to eat 10 more eggs, drink two quarts more of ale, and eat a pound of beef-steaks in five minutes. After this the gastronomic deeds of Dando, the oyster vampire, sink into insignificance, and are swallowed up by the more astounding stomachic feats of Smith the ratcatcher.

**THE COUNTRY FIDDLER.**—A rustic Paganini was so fond of accompanying his performance on the violin *con spirito*, that it frequently brought him into many scrapes, as well as distress. A gentleman meeting him one day, looking very *doloroso*, said, "Why, Jack, what ails you, isn't your fiddle in tune?" "No, Zur," replied Jack, it be in pawn!"



## CORRESPONDENTS.

**ROBERT WELSBY.**—The royal dukedoms are hereditary, and Prince George, if he should live and have no higher title, will succeed his father like any other person who is the son of a peer. The creation is to the duke, and the heirs male of his body.

**EBBESHAM.**—The Tipton Slasher's name is Bill Perry, and he derives part of his nickname from the place of his birth, or general residence: he is thirteen stone in weight, stands almost 6-ft., if not quite, but his knock-knee takes from his height. He is rather a square than a well-made man. "An ugly customer" if you like, but must not be talked of in the same day with Belcher, Spring, Cribb, or even Painter, Shelton, Oliver, or Cannon, in their best days. The fact is we have "fallen upon evil days" as regards good "big men." This is not owing to any physical degeneracy, however, as our correspondent would suppose, but because, by the persevering efforts of the canters, the luke-warm, the timid, and the "sky-blue" (we mean the milk-and-water) part of society have set their faces against the ring. Hence its professors are of an inferior grade, and the personal quarrels of the lower orders find their issue in the deadly knife or some other cowardly weapon, while the middle classes betake themselves to the pistol.

**S. G. EMPSON.**—Young Dutch Sam's last fight with Ned Neale came off at Burnstead in Essex, on the 18th of January, 1831. Again we say that the "History of Boxing" will include every modern fight of any note or worthy of preservation.

**R. SEWELL,** Manchester. We have it upon record that Ireland jumped twenty-one feet on level ground and back again. Tom Spring was never beaten but once.

**JACK RANDALL** fought and won FIFTEEN prize-battles: these are all that are authentically recorded; and a man very properly loses, (though, doubtless, Randall fought many before he became celebrated), if he bets that pugilist won "FORTY," and then says "he can prove by an old person he can bring, that he fought more than that number." His recorded public prize fights must be taken to be meant, when a man says "I will bet you that Randall won more than forty battles." His "proof" by an "old person" is an old wife's tale—he has lost the wager.

**S. B. C.**—A "Pony" is 254.

**R. N.**—You will observe that we did not "stand pledged to give the public" more than they paid for. We are obliged to our "Constant Subscribers," and hold them in grateful remembrance, but in the literary as well as the commercial word two pennyworth cannot be sold for three-half-pence.

**INQUISITIVE.**—You don't imagine for a moment that we would put in NEWS if we could; if we did so we should be a newspaper, and abandon amusing reading for the instant topic of the day. We must then have every copy stamped and raise our price to 5d. or 6d.

**QUOITS.**—EDWARD.—A. and B. are playing at quoits: A. throws a quoit which reaches the hob without being a ringer. B. throws a quoit which is a ringer but does not touch the hob. Which scores A. or B.? B.;—the London players measure from hob to iron. Why don't you send us the promised article on "Nurr and Spell?"

**"DOUBTFUL."**—The Mr. Crommellin referred to in the Melody colt affair, is the same person who, in conjunction with Mr. Ives, was charged with being mixed up in the Ratan affair.

\*. The SECOND PART of "THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE," for July, 'containing FORTY-THREE engravings, and upwards of fifty pages letter-press, in an embellished wrapper' may be had of all booksellers, price sevenpence. ALL the numbers of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE are now in print, and procurable. We shall shortly, so soon as the arrangements are completed, publish a STAMPED EDITION, to forward by post. Price 2½d.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

**SUNDAY, July 6th.**—Old Midsummer Day. Samuel Whitbread died, 1815.

**MONDAY, 7th.**—Grand Cricket Match—the GENTLEMEN, *versus* the PLAYERS, at Lord's Ground. The "Running Rein" case decided in the Exchequer, 1844; a case of "Age before Honesty."—The Derby twice run in that memorable year: on the Epsom Course the Judge placed them, 1, Running Rein; 2, Orlando; 3, Ionian. At the Westminster Course, which every one declares a very trying one, the Judge altered the numbers, and made them; 1, Orlando; 2, Ionian; and Running Rein, not placed.

**THE SEASON.**—The year having attained its height, as well as the day its greatest length, in the preceding month, all things seem hastening to maturity, in order to complete the object of their creation ere the winter arrive. But even now we miss many of the enlivening and cheering appearances of the earlier months: the incubation of birds having been completed, many of the merry minstrels of the grove cease to warble their sweet strains, and a brown or russet hue clothes the fields of waving grain, instead of the fresh and tender green of May. There exist, however, on every hand, appearances and changes, sufficient both to delight the eye and gladden the heart and mind of man.

**TUESDAY, 8th.**—NEWMARKET JULY MEETING. Jersey Races—Worcester ditto. A sloth arrives at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, 1844, which a learned anatomist declares has four *insides*. We should think that it must be a kindred species to the "Old Hackney Coach," which used to crawl about in a very sloth-like manner, and was "licensed to carry four *insides*," this we take to be a curious scientific coincidence.

**WEDNESDAY, 9th.**—Lancaster Races and Fire Insurances expire.

**THURSDAY, 10th.**—ERITH REGATTA. Swansea Races. Row between the waterman of the RIVAL FIRMS at the bottom of Essex Street, and interference of the lawyers; these FIRMS ought to be named after Lords Campbell and Brougham, there's a striking resemblance.

**FRIDAY, 11th.**—MACCLESFIELD FAIR.—Mansfield Races: Jack Cade killed in Kent, 1450; Alibaud gillotined in Paris for firing at Louis Philippe, 1836.—All the Paupers in Dumnonway Union ordered to have their hair cut, by the board of guardians, 1844; nothing surprising in that, its only the way of the world, when a poor devil's down—cut him.

**SATURDAY, 12th.**—Houdon Horse Fair. Singular Delusion: A lady at Margate puts a shilling into the "Wheel of Fortune," and expects to get a better prize than a twopenny cake of Brown Windsor Soap, for her investment!

## THE MOON IN JULY.

New Moon, 4th	...	...	...	4 29 aft.
First Quarter, 12th	...	...	...	2 22 aft.
Full Moon, 19th	...	...	...	6 2 morn.
Last Quarter, 26th	...	...	...	3 20 morn.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High water at London Bridge.

	morn.	aft.		morn.	aft.
Sunday, July 6th	...	...	Thursday, 10th	...	...
Monday, 7th	3 7	3 24	Friday, 11th	5 21	5 26
Tuesday, 8th	3 39	3 57	Saturday, 12th	5 59	6 19
Wednesday, 9th	4 12	4 29		6 41	7 4
	4 45	5 2			

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 12, 1845.

## PLAIN DIRECTIONS FOR TRAINING.

(Concluded from page 195.)

**EXCLUSIVE** of exercise, which shall presently be noticed, there are two points most necessary to be attended to in training a man for any severe trial of strength, and these are—the observance of early hours and regular habits. The trainer should, in the summer, make his disciple rise, at the latest, about five in the morning; and in the winter, soon after it is light. After getting out of bed, as soon as the body has had time to cool in a slight degree, he should step into a large pan, by the side of which should be placed a pail of cold water and a large sponge, and having performed his ablutions from head to foot, without being so long about them as to feel a sensation of chilliness, the body and limbs should be well rubbed, first with a coarse towel, and afterwards with flesh-brush. This is better than bathing, which in many, indeed in most constitutions, is apt to induce a subsequent feeling of lassitude, particularly if the bath be indulged in for more than a minute or two. Being dressed, with a flannel or merino waistcoat next the skin, both for the purpose of absorbing perspiration and keeping up an equable heat on the surface of the body, he should immediately go into the open air, if the weather be fine, and take a brisk walk before breakfast, due care being taken, however, to proportion it to his strength, and never to make it so long as to produce fatigue. During the walk, an occasional run may be indulged in, up hill if possible, that the lungs may receive their quantum of exercise, and be rendered capable of seconding the efforts of the body, for, to a great extent, wind is strength. A man who, on first going into training, cannot run fifty yards at the top of his speed—not because he feels fatigued, but because his lungs are unaccustomed to exertion, and the unusual efforts required of them produce a corresponding increased action of the heart, which is unable to rid itself of sufficient quickness and energy of the blood which circulates through it—will very soon, by active and regular exercise, so improve the tone and condition of these organs, as to be able to run for a considerable distance, and at length only be obliged to stop from a want of power in his legs, rather than from want of wind. The heart is a muscular body of great strength, whose exertions are not elicited in any very active exercises in nearly so great a degree as are those of the muscles by whose more immediate agency any feat of strength is performed, and the acts of inspiration and expiration are likewise effected by the means of those muscles which alternately expand and diminish the capacity of the chest.

On returning from his walk at about seven o'clock, provided he be not fatigued, which should not be the case, he may have his breakfast, after having changed his flannel waistcoat and linen, and undergone the ceremony of a good rubbing with a dry cloth. The breakfast should at first consist of such light articles of food as will not overload the stomach if it be in any degree irritable (of which state the symptoms have been detailed), and may subsequently be made principally of dry, stale bread, and broiled meat, according as the digestive organs appear, from their craving, to desire a hearty and nourishing description of food. A moderate quantity of tea or coffee, whichever appears to agree best with the stomach, and neither too hot nor too strong, may be allowed at this meal; either is preferable to the beer which some trainers are in the habit of giving. After breakfast, as after every other meal, a certain degree of repose and quiet is necessary, in order that the digestive organs may not be disturbed in the exercise of their all-important functions. And here it may be as well to remark that no greater quantity of food should ever be allowed at any meal than will produce a commencement of that feeling of satisfaction which, if carried beyond this point, subsequently becomes one of repletion and distress. The man who goes on eating and drinking until nature cries "enough!" will, ten minutes after, discover that his stomach has a labour instead of a pleasing duty to perform; and, moreover, his readiness for exertion will by no means return so speedily as after having partaken of a moderate, though not a scanty, meal.

As soon after breakfast as is compatible with a feeling of comfort, active exercises, according to the strength of the body, are again to be resorted to. Among the best of these are gymnastics, quoits, fencing, boxing with the gloves, rowing, putting the stone, hockey, cricket, &c., &c., varying each of these by turns, so as to produce a feeling of amusement, while activity of body is increased. As often as may be, the person in training should take up a pair of dumbbells, and exercise his arms in every direction. This work not only increases the vigour of the muscles of the arm, but likewise those of the chest and abdomen, and brings the lungs into considerable play. It should, therefore, be resorted to many times during the day, and the weight of the dumb bells should be increased, as condition and strength improve. A crust of stale bread and butter, or a very well baked biscuit, may be taken about eleven o'clock

for lunch, with a glass of sherry, after which, a second walk, combined with an occasional run, should be taken before dinner, the exercise being gradually increased, both in pace and distance, as the bodily powers advance more and more towards their maximum of strength.

The dinner, about two o'clock, should principally consist, if the stomach be in a healthy state, of broiled meat, not too much done, stale bread, and but very little vegetables. No green food of any description, whether cabbage, cauliflower, peas, or other esculent of a like nature, should ever be allowed. All these articles of diet are liable to produce flatulence and disturbance of the stomach, and should, therefore, be strictly prohibited—a dry mealy potato being the only vegetable permitted to be eaten, and that not in great quantity. At dinner a moderate quantity of sound, mild, old beer, or some weak and cold brandy and water, whichever agrees best with the stomach, may be taken. Some men will do very well with water alone; but if beer, or any other stimulant, be allowed, it should certainly be neither too strong, nor given in great quantity. As this is the principal meal in the day, a couple of hours should be allowed for repose after it; not, however, in the recumbent posture, where it can be avoided; for the man who dozes by day, both muddles his head, and sleeps ill at night. Moderation, in point of quantity, having been observed at dinner, active exercise may be resumed about four o'clock; and cricket, and other active and amusing games, which lead to exertion, without appearing a duty, should be freely intermingled with those exercises more necessary to ensure success in that object for which training is endured.

A light supper may be taken about seven o'clock, and to bed at nine, which will allow of eight hours for sleep, in the summer, a period quite long enough for any man in health, and who wishes to remain so. In winter, the hours of food, exercise, and repose, must be so altered as to allow a similar portion of time to be dedicated to each.

When the weather is so bad that exercise out of doors cannot be taken, sparring, fencing, the dumbbells, &c., must be freely resorted to; and when both in-door and out-door exercises can be indulged in, it is a good plan, during the hours of relaxation, to employ the person in training in some mechanical pursuit; as, for instance, carpenter's work, of which most men are fond, and which, as well as occasioning some little demand upon the bodily strength, affords, in some degree, a pleasing employment for the mind.

This point of affording occupation to the mental as well as bodily powers is one of very considerable importance, although unattended to by the majority of trainers, who do not understand the nature of the connexion between nervous energy and muscular power. Without the influence of the nerves, however, the muscles would be totally inert, and incapable of motion. Look at the paralytic man, who drags his leg after him, an encumbrance instead of a help to locomotion. Is the seat of the disease, however, in the affected leg, or are the muscles in fault? Surely not; the origin of his lameness is probably in the head, where the principal nerve supplying his leg has its origin; and this, being in a state of disease, betrays its condition by its effects upon the muscles. Thus it must be manifest that a healthy state of the whole nervous system is absolutely necessary to the perfect development of muscular energy. Few people, however, either understand, or stop to consider that this intimate bond of union between nervous and muscular power is to be otherwise kept up than by the constant exercise of those parts from which the more immediate efforts of strength are required.

During the hours of active exercise, a pleasing companion is an admirable adjunct to labour, and no less desirable at those periods than during the time dedicated to relaxation therefrom. Where a man is deprived, occasionally, of the company of those in whose society he takes pleasure and feels himself at home, few substitutes will be found so agreeable as the companionship of dogs. There are not many men who do not experience a pleasurable sensation in being accompanied in their excursions by some of these "friends of the human race," and their gambols and sporting qualifications lead to many an enlivening run, which would otherwise be omitted, or give rise to a feeling of interest which, without them, would be wanting.

It should always be remembered, that the man whose stamina and condition have, by a successful plan of training, been rendered as perfect as possible, is liable, from any of the usual causes, to attacks of illness of an inflammatory character. In him are not perceived the slow, insidious approaches of lingering disease—the general ill-health and smothered symptoms of disease manifested by the mechanic, or ill-fed labouring man; on the contrary, if attacked by any malady, it will generally be of a grave character, and marked by the usual symptoms of great fever, and considerable inflammation. Thus, a predisposition to pulmonary or abdominal complaints, which, under other circumstances, would have assumed, probably, a chronic character, is hurried, in the man who has been brought to a state of considerable vigour, into absolute inflammation of the lungs or bowels. The man, too, who is subject to attacks of rheumatism, which have usually been confined to mere aching pains, finds that he is now to have that malady ushered in by great febrile excitement, and racking tortures. For the cure of all inflammatory diseases, depletion must be carried to an extent that will at once do away with all the benefits of a long system of judicious training; and therefore is it, that, during this process, extreme care should ever be taken to

avoid all those causes which are known to be the excitants to indisposition or disease:—wet clothes—draughts of cold air—suddenly-checked perspiration—drinking cold fluids, while the body is heated, and many other familiar causes of disease, are to be carefully shunned, as exposing a man, when almost in the arms of victory, to shame and defeat.

It is almost unnecessary to add, that while in training a man should constantly be weighed, in order to see whether he gains or loses flesh under the system pursued; and that the necessary measures may be adopted for bringing him to that which he may be bound, by his agreement, not to exceed. When the performance of a match on horseback is the object for which a person goes into training, of course a considerable portion of his exercise should consist of riding; all other means of increasing the bodily powers, and the health of the system generally, being likewise studiously attended to.

The foregoing advice, even if followed with somewhat less strictness than is absolutely necessary to enable a man to perform any extraordinary feats of strength, will, nevertheless, be found materially to benefit the worst constitutions; but he who wishes to subject himself to an invigorating course of life, probably totally different from that he has been in the habit of leading for years, should never trust to his own resolution to avoid what, although agreeable, may be unfitted for him, and to do and partake of only such things as will tend to improve his manly plight; but should, if possible, place himself under the guidance of some Mentor, whose fiat shall be as absolute as that of Sancho Panza's physician, in the isle of Barataria.

#### A FEW WRINKLES ON SPORTSMEN'S WEARING APPAREL.

Having in my last communication set forth a few wrinkles in the preservation of health, and appended thereto a few words on clothing, I shall now proceed with a general description of the clothing, suited to sportsmen.

The best way is to begin at the top and proceed downwards and acting upon this I shall begin with

##### THE HAT.

The person who aims at a sportsman's title should never be so effeminate as to wear those things designated as "*Chapeaux Français*," "*Paris Naps*," and the multiplicity of names given by hat-makers to puff off their goods; yet, as it is rather better to be right off dead than to be out of the fashion it will not do to wear the corinthian tiles of the days of the fourth George.

The best hats to wear are, for a simple reason, beaver; they will stand more knocking about, and will regain their shape after a *quest*. They should neither have a too broad brim nor a too small one: large ones spoil the sight upwards, and small ones admit the sun's scorching rays to the head.

##### THE COAT

is the next point of consideration, and of these he can choose to his own will and liking, so that they be not too heavy. As to colours, the best is that of a middling brown, rather approximating to the colour of bark.

##### THE VEST

can be of any pattern or colour that the wearer chooses; but double-breasted ones are the best.

##### THE TROUSERS

should be rather of the same colour as the coat, and they should not fit so tight as to impede the free use of the legs nor so loose as to hang baggy.

##### GAITERS.

These are a mere matter of choice but they are very useful in going over marshy grounds, and should always be worn on these occasions. But they should be waterproof, if not, they are worse than none at all. Particular care should be taken that they are lined, and this should be either with chamois leather or basil, though they may be done with wash-leather.

##### BOOTS

should be of a stout but soft leather, and those that lace or hook up in front are preferable.

##### UNDER GARMENTS

may be left altogether to the choice of the wearer.  
July 1845.

**14 FAULTS [ON BOTH SIDES].**—Members in England, and Deputies in France are always comparing the natives of the two countries, and their complaints are so much alike, that from their catalogue of faults, it would seem to be, as far as the number of efficient ships is concerned, literally six on one side and half a dozen on the other. Let us hope this is so far true that it will be a long time before there is known to be any real difference between them!—*Punch*.

**A COAT WITH A MAN IN IT.**—A French gentleman, travelling in his cabriolet from Paris to Calais, was accosted by a man walking along the road, who begged the favour of him to put his great-coat, which he found very heavy, into his carriage. "With all my heart," said the gentleman, "but, if we should not be travelling to the same place, how will you get your coat?" "Monsieur," answered the man with great gravity, "I shall be in it."

## ARCHERY.



THE Grand Gathering of the Archers at York on Wednesday and Thursday, the 25th and 26th of June, calls on us, as chroniclers of the Sports of the British people to draw a taught string on the subject of what was for centuries our national weapon.

Doubtless many of the readers of "the Sportsman's Magazine" are not archers, and to them principally do we address ourselves. If by a few wrinkles on the art Toxophilitic, we can enlist a few who have not yet given to this elegant and graceful branch of gymnastics the attention it deserves, well, indeed, will our labour be repaid.

To trace the History of the Bow would be to narrate the history of many wars, and to dive into antiquarian research unfitted for these light light columns, we shall therefore pass to the *practice* of the art, leaving for a future article the interesting anecdotes and the research more fitted for leisure reading.

In the next number of this paper we will give a History of Archery in England, which, we doubt not, will amuse and instruct many, and, we trust, weary none; in the present we will merely indulge in a description of the manner of handling the bow, the archers' implements, and the practical detail of the Bowman's craft.

But even here we find the subject too extensive for a single article, and must postpone the Implements of Archery to another paper, confining ourselves rather to the *use* of the Bow, than a detailed account of it. We shall accordingly proceed to the "*Five Points of Archery*," namely—"Standing," "Nocking," "Drawing," "Holding," and "Loosing."

## STANDING.

In the first point of archery, the footing and attitude of the archer are to be considered; and therefore, says old Roger Ascham, "it requires such attention as shall be both pleasing to the eye of the beholder, and advantageous to the shooter; setting his countenance and all parts of his body in such a position, that both all his strength may be employed to advantage and his shot made and managed to other men's pleasure and delight."

It is perhaps impossible to give a written description of the proper manner of holding the body while shooting in the common way. It is less difficult, however, to point out the particular attitudes to be avoided. Hence, Ascham, and all succeeding writers on the practice of archery, direct us rather what we should not do, than any precise position which we are to study.

"One foot must not stand too far from the other, lest the shooter stoop too much, which is unbecoming; nor yet too near the other, lest he should stand too upright; for so a man shall neither use his strength well, nor yet stand steadfastly. The mean betwixt both must be kept; a thing more pleasant to behold when it is done, than to be taught how it should be done."

Enumerating the faults of archers, continues the quaint old Toxophile:—

"Faults in archers do exceed the number of archers, which come with use of shooting without teaching. All the discommodities which ill custome hath grafted in archers can neither be quickly pulled out, nor yet soone reckoned of one, there be so many. Some shooteth his head forwarde, as though he would byte the mark: another stareteth with his eyes, as though they would fly out; another winketh with one eye, and looketh with the other; some make a face with writhing their mouth and countenance so, as though they were doinge you wotte what; another blerith out his tongue, another byteth his lippes; another holdeth his necke awrye. In drawing some set a compass, as though he would turn about and blesse\* all the field; another maketh such a wrestling with his gere, as though he were able to shoot no more as long as he live; another draweth softely to the middes, and by and bye it is gone, you cannot know howe; another draweth his shaft bowe at the breast, as though he would shoote at a roving marke, and by and bye he lifteth his arm up pricke-height; another maketh a wryching with his back, as though a man pinched him behinde; another coureth downe, and layeth out his buttockes, as though he should shoote at arrowes; another setteth forward his left legge, and draweth back with heade and shoulders, as though he pulled at a rope, or else were afraid of the marke. Another, I saw, which at every shoote, after the loose, lifted up his right legge so far that he was ever in jeopardy of faulging; some stampe forwarde, and some leap forwarde. Now, afterwarde, when the shafte is gone, some will geve two or three strydes forwarde, dauncinge and hoppinge after his shafte as long as it flyeth, as though he were a madman; some, which feare to be too farre gone, runne backwarde, as it were to pull his shafte backe; another runneth forwarde when he feareth to be short, heavinge after his armes, as though he would help his shafte to flye; another wrythes, or runneth asyde, to pull in his shafte straight; one lifteth up his heele, and so holdeth his foot still so long as his shafte flyeth. Now, imagine an archer that is cleane without all these faults, and I am sure every man would be delighted to see him shoote."

Our representation of the proper attitude of an archer, at the moment previous to loosing his arrow from the string, will doubtless

convey more instruction in a few minutes, than could be comprehended from a written description in as many hours.



In "*Nicoll's London Artillery*," the position of an archer is thus described:—

"Setting his left leg somewhat forth before,  
His arrow with his right hand nocking sure,  
Not stooping, nor yet standing straight upright;  
Then, with his left hand little 'bove his right,  
Stretching his arm out, with an easy strength,  
To draw an arrow of a yard in length."

Proceeding to the second point, *nocking*, we quote our author again:

"To nock well," says Ascham, "is the easiest point of all; and therein is no art, but only constant attention to nock truly, not setting the shaft either too high or too low, but exactly straight across the bow. Instant nocking makes a man lose his length; and besides, if the shaft hand is high and the bow hand low, or the contrary, both the bow is in danger of breaking, and the shaft, if it is small, will start; if great, it will hobble. You must always nock the cock-feather upwards; and be sure the string does not slip out of the nock, for then all is in danger of breaking."

That part of the bow-string which is to receive the nock of the arrow, is usually whipped.

Care should be taken that it fill the nock of the shaft so tightly as to prevent the arrow from moving, but not so tightly as to render it liable to burst the nock. In nocking, the arrow should be carried under the string until the pile pass about an inch on the exterior of the left side of the bow. When fixed, the arrow should rest between the bow and the first joint of the fore-finger, pressing against the bow, the finger being somewhat raised, in order to make a sort of groove for the arrow to lie in.

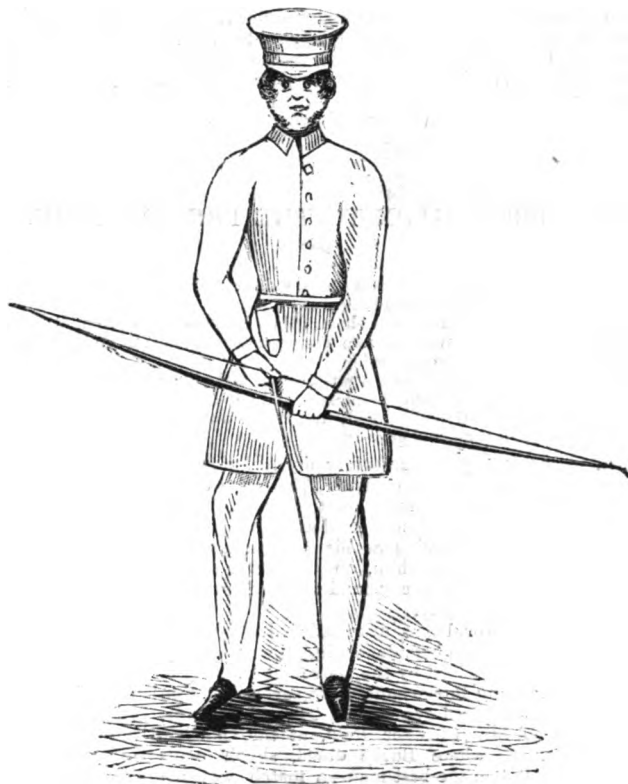
The second point being thus accomplished, we proceed to the third, and important point, of *Drawing*.

In this movement, it should be borne in mind that method will effect what force cannot. "Let an archer," says Moseley, "who in shooting has learnt to draw the arrow to the eye or ear, draw it to his breast, and he will find that the bow he in the former case could draw with ease, will in the latter appear infinitely stronger." The Honourable Daines Barrington, who was the author of a tract on archery, in the seventh volume

\* This alludes to the actions of the Romish priests in public benedictions.—Ed.



of the *Archæologia*, relates, that, several years ago, there was a man named Topham, who exhibited most surprising feats of strength, and who happened to be at a public-house at Islington, to which the Finsbury archers resorted after their exercise. Topham considered the long-bow as a plaything fit for a child; upon which, one of the archers laid him a bowl of punch that he could not draw the arrow two-thirds of its length. Topham accepted the bet with the greatest confidence of winning; but, bringing the arrow to his breast instead of his ear, he was greatly mortified by paying the wager, after many fruitless efforts.



In spite of the comparative inefficiency, as illustrated in the above anecdote, of the mode of drawing to the breast instead of the ear, it appears that the former was the universal practice in ancient times, and that it actually continued to be so for ages. It was deemed a great improvement in the art of archery when the Roman auxiliaries were first taught to draw the bow to the ear. Thus Procopius, describing the archers in the Roman army, says, "they ride with ease, and shoot their arrows in every direction, to the right, to the left, behind, or in the front, while in full speed and as they draw the bow-string to the right ear, they drive their arrows with such rapidity, that it is certain death to him on whom they fall; nor can the stoutest shield or helmet resist the violence of the stroke."

It is observable, however, that on all the medals and basso-relievs which have descended to us from the ancients, the figures are represented as drawing the hand to the breast; and that Cupid, an archer of no mean estimation, is also invariably pictured in the same attitude.

But, to return to our instructions. Archers differ in opinion as to the best mode of drawing. Some extend the bow-arm completely before they begin to draw. The latter is the easier method; but Ascham, observing on it, says, that, in his time, some, and those very good archers, drew their arrows within about two inches of the pile, then paused for a moment and corrected their aim, and afterwards drew home and loosed. This method he terms a fault or shift, insisting that the drawing and loosing should be but one continued action throughout; notwithstanding which, many of the best archers of modern times have approved of, and practised, this very fault or shift, if such it be, and others draw their arrows within two inches of the pile, and then draw and re-draw within that compass (as though playing with and humouring the bow) until they loose.

The mode of drawing as at present practised is as follows:—Standing perfectly upright, with the left foot about ten inches in advance of the right the archer gradually presses his bow downwards with his left hand, while he draws the string towards him with his right. Then raising the bow to an elevation proportioned to the distance of the mark, he completes the drawing of his arrow, keeping his bow-arm firmly fixed on the bow, until the release of the arrow, which, as will be seen in treating of the loosing point, should be simultaneous with the completion of the drawing.

Whether for a short or distant length, the rule of archery is, that the arrow should be *drawn home*. From what Ascham observes on this point, it should seem, that, in his time, the archers drew very near to the head or pile of the arrow. As however, in so doing, the shaft is very apt to be "set in the bow," as it is termed, many archers, from the revival of archery towards the close of the last century to the present period, have established a practice of never drawing their arrows beyond the point where the pile joins to the wood; that is, not beyond the wood of the arrow.

In Latimer's Sermon, we have hinted as to the mode of drawing, which is here worthy of recital:—

"In my tyme, my poore father was as diligent to teach us to shute, as to learne any other thyng. He taught me howe to drawe, howe to laye my bodye in my bowe, and not to drawe wyth strength of armes, as other nacions do, but with strength of bodye."

By *laying the body in the bow*, is meant the inclination of the head and chest a little forward; but the archer must bend as little as possible from the waist, and must beware of inclining to his left side.

The steady flight of an arrow is greatly influenced by the string being drawn evenly. The bow-string, it should be observed, is very apt to be twisted, if not carefully drawn; hence a young archer often finds the arrow turn from his bow, and fall from the string, during the operation of drawing. This may be attributed to some twist in the string.

In target-shooting, the position of the arrow, when drawn, should be somewhat under the ear of the shooter (see the first cut); but in more distant shots, as the bow must be more elevated, the drawing-hand must be more depressed, and the nock of the arrow is consequently brought down towards the right breast.

Ascham's fourth point, *holding*, is applied by him to the manner of holding the string when the bow is drawn up. In this sense, he says, "holding must not be long, for it puts a bow in danger of breaking, and also spoils the shoot; it must occupy so little time, that it may be perceived better in the mind when it is done, than seen with the eye when doing."

As to the position of holding the bow, the *perpendicular* position is the most common, especially for shooting straight, and for distant marks; though several good archers hold their bows rather obliquely.



"Loosing," which is the fifth and last point, "must be performed much in the same manner as holding—so quick and hard, that it be without any twitches; so soft and gentle that the shaft fly not as if it was sent from a bow-case. The mean betwixt both, which is perfect loosing, is not so hard to be followed in shooting as it is to be described in teaching."

For clean loosing, you must be careful of not hitting any thing about you (i. e. about your person), and remember to hold your hand always the same height on your bow, that you may keep the length truly."

To loose well is the most difficult point in shooting; but, as good shooting depends greatly upon the loose, it is a branch of the art which must be studied, and practised with attention and care. The material points to be attended to in performing this movement, are, holding the bow-arm very firmly at the moment of loosing, making as it were a vice (upon which the steady flight of the arrow much depends); bringing the elbow of the drawing-arm round, and loosing while drawing, without making any pause immediately before the loose. For *loosing* we have chosen a lady figure, hoping that the fair archeresses of England may always, as they deserve, hit the right mark of a faithful heart.

But after all that can be written on the art of archery, there is much more to be acquired by practice than to be learned by theory. There

are many arts, says Mr. Roberts, in his *British Bowman*, "in which men are so aided by a complication of mechanical powers, that the engine, and not the man, may be said to accomplish the end." This is not the case with the bow, an instrument of most simple construction, which therefore depends for its operation and effect entirely upon the attention and skill of those who use it. "Perhaps," he adds, "no exercise whatever requires more attention, if we would attain high perfection in it. Like the art of music, which can produce many who can perform exceedingly well upon an instrument, yet but few Orpheuses; so, archery can boast of many good shooters, though but few Robin Hoods."

In the next number we trust to improve the interest of this article by a general description of the bow, the method of stringing it, and delineations of the various articles of an archer's outfit, with a description of their several uses.

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

### CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

JAMES BELCHER, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

**E**T Camberwell fair, these heroes met a short time after the hoax in Yorkshire. Burke was rather lousy, and told the the swells round him how he would serve out Belcher, if he was present. Belcher was nearer than he imagined, overheard this bouncing of Burke, and invited him to another taste; which the latter readily accepted, and on the bowling-green, at the Golden Lion, they set-to. Burke commenced so furiously, that he attacked Belcher before he was undressed; but Jem, on being prepared for the fray, put in his blows so hard and fast, that Burke had one of his front teeth knocked out, and was neatly floored into the bargain. Belcher was somewhat indispensed, and Burke, now coming a little more to his recollection—their friends interfered—and they mutually agreed to postpone the fight till the next day. They met according to appointment (August 20, 1802); and in a field behind St. George's Chapel, near Tyburn turnpike, a most extensive ring was prepared. Though the circumstance was so sudden, and kept very private, yet the spectators were immense. A purse of thirty guineas was subscribed for the winner, and five for the loser. Joe Ward seconded Belcher, and Bill Gibbons was his bottle-holder; Burke had Tom Owen for a second, and Yokel, a Jew, as bottle-holder. Burke expressed a wish that three-quarters of a minute might be allowed instead of half, which was resisted.

**ROUND 1.** Burke, determined to avail himself of his uncommon strength, ran in upon Belcher, endeavouring to throw him, but failed in the attempt. Belcher, taking advantage of his mistake, soon had him down. Several blows exchanged, but no blood.

2. Burke, still upon the same suit, received a throttler for his attempt, that made the claret fly. They closed, and Burke found his way to the ground.

3. Burke, full of spirit, ran in and put home a fierce blow on the right cheek-bone with his left hand, and another between the shoulder and breast, which was of no effect. They closed; Burke was down.

4. Burke, still game, rushed upon his opponent, but, missing his blow, fell. [Some murmurs, and calling out, "Burke's at his old tricks;" but he soon showed the charge was false.]

5. Burke, with the most determined resolution, ran in, and, catching Belcher by the hams, doubled him up, and gave him a cross-buttock. The spectators were in fear that Belcher was senseless, as he pitched upon his head with great violence. ["Foul, foul," was shouted; but Belcher rose with uncommon gaiety, and cried, "No, no—never mind!"]

6. The best round in the fight. As usual, Burke ran in full of spirit, [and heavy blows were exchanged. Belcher put in several severe hits on the head, neck, and throat. They closed, and considerable skill was manifested on both sides in wrestling; but they fell without decided advantage.]

7. Burke on the decline; his strength leaving him, but his spirits good. A close, and Burke thrown.

8. Burke wished now to convince the spectators that he was not destitute of science, and fought upon the defensive; but Belcher smiled at this attempt, gave him several severe blows, and ultimately had Burke upon the ground.

9. Twenty to one on Jem, who was as sprightly as if he had not been fighting—laughing and talking to his antagonist, but not forgetting to put in severe hits. Burke down again.

10. Burke, full of pluck, set-to with great spirit, and close fighting ensued, Belcher, losing no time, cut Burke under the left eye; under the right; and another blow so dreadful in its effects between the throat and chin, as to hoist Burke off his feet, and he came down head-foremost. Belcher also fell from the force of his own blow. While both on the ground, Burke squirted some blood out of his mouth over Belcher: Jem threatened that in the next round he should have it for such conduct; but Burke declared it was accidental.

11. Burke's face was frightful; he was evidently a beaten man. Still, he stood up; few blows were exchanged; they closed, and Burke was thrown; when Jem, very honourably, fell upon his hands, with an intent not to hurt Burke any more by falling upon him, although the practice is not unusual even at the present day, and deemed consistent with fair fighting.

12. Burke's weakness was now too manifest to be disguised; his second could scarcely get him from his knee.

13. Burke came again, but Belcher did as he pleased with him, closed and threw him: Burke, convinced there was no chance, wished to give in; but his seconds persuaded him to proceed.

14. Burke was "game," but it was useless and only rendered his situation worse; he was knocked about helplessly, and not the least shadow of success remained for him. Belcher closed, and Burke was thrown upon his face; he could not come in time, and gave in.

Thus was this *desperate* customer disposed of at last. His punishment was severe; while, on the contrary, Belcher was without a visible mark of the contest, except a bruise on the cheek. Belcher's rapidity of action in this battle excited universal attention and astonishment; and his judgment was as admirable as his execution was prompt and effective. Burke was too strong for him, and he never closed but when necessity compelled. Belcher walked round the field several times after the fight, displaying feats of agility.

The sporting world was now satisfied of Jem's superiority; and the whole of the immense bets depending upon the Yorkshire contest were announced to be decided by the above battle.

Notwithstanding Burke suffered so severely in this battle, his recovery and strength surprised every one. Three days after, at a pugilistic dinner, given by Mr. Fletcher Reid, at the One Tun public-house, St. James's-market—where Burke dined, shook hands with Belcher, and acknowledged Jem the best man—a match was made for one hundred yards for the best runner, to be decided immediately. Burke, to the astonishment of all present, beat Jack Ward (son to the veteran) by five yards.

JACK FEARBY, better known by the appellation of the *Young Ruffian*, who had acquired great fame from his defeat of Symonds, was now matched with Belcher for one hundred guineas. The contest was to have been decided at Newmarket; but the magistrates interfering, they travelled out of the county, and halted at a spot of ground about half a mile beyond Linton, and fifteen from Newmarket, and made a ring. It was agreed that the winner should have ninety guineas, and the loser ten. On Tuesday, April 12, 1803, at a quarter past nine, all preliminaries being arranged, the men walked to the scratch, threw themselves into attitude, and began

#### THE FIGHT.

1.—Great anxiety prevailed for the first blow—sparring took place for some seconds, when Fearby put in a blow at Belcher's head, which Jem parried, and returned right and left; but little mischief done: the men closed, and Belcher fell underneath. [Offers to take two to one that Fearby would win—Betters shy.]

2.—Fearby received a severe blow in the mouth, and the blood issued copiously. Jem followed it up by a desperate right-handed hit upon the Ruffian's side, that brought him down. [Three to one on Belcher.]

3.—Much science displayed on both sides—blows reciprocally given and stopped—when Belcher, fighting half-armed, and following up his adversary close, the Ruffian, finding his assailant armed at all points, declined the rally and fell.

4.—A good bustling round, and several severe blows exchanged. They closed, Belcher fell upon his knee, and in that situation received a blow from Fearby. ["Foul! foul!" echoed from all sides; but though Belcher wished the point to be decided, he declared he had no desire to take advantage of the circumstance.]

A constable followed by a clerical magistrate now made their appearance; but the clamour was so great that the exhortations of the reverend divine could not be heard, and

Round 5 commenced.—Fearby seemed rather shy of his opponent; his eye now appeared black, and he spit out some blood—Belcher smiled and beckoned the Ruffian to come forward. Fearby made a blow, but it was too slow, and Belcher avoided it by bobbing his head aside: in aiming a desperate blow at Fearby's ribs, Belcher fell. The Ruffian appeared distressed.

6.—The best round in the fight—Belcher full of life and gaiety, Fearby dull, cautious and slow. At length the Ruffian, irritated by Belcher's stinging prope

made several blows at his antagonist, but they were thrown away. Belcher taunted him, and with the most apparent ease put in a severe hit upon the stomach, and, in closing gave Fearby a violent cross-buttock.

7.—Milling on both sides. [Ten to one on Belcher.]

8.—Fearby rallied with determined spirit, and made a hit at Belcher, which he parried with great neatness, and, in return, cut the Ruffian's lip severely. Fearby, still game, gave Jem a sharp touch, but did not fetch the claret. [Odds reduced to five to one.]

9.—Belcher, full of gaiety, without ceremony, put in a desperate hit over his adversary's right eye, and with all the coolness imaginable, threw himself in a defensive posture, and sarcastically said, "How do you like that, Johnny?" This was too much for Fearby's philosophy, he plunged in, endeavouring to answer the question by a severe blow, but overreached himself in so doing, and fell. Belcher smiled, and pointed at him as he lay on the ground.

11.—Belcher now seemed determined to put on the polish; he followed Fearby round the ring with both hands equally at his service, hitting his man and getting away from his returns with the greatest ease; after putting in several blows, which the Ruffian in vain tried to stop, Belcher finished the round by hitting him a flush blow on the head which felled him. Fearby, it seems, was glutton enough to be willing to come again, but his friends forced him to resign the contest.

The amateurs were much disappointed in not witnessing that excellent display of science which was expected. Fearby had no chance whatever; he appeared like a different man—his former excellence seemed frightened away. The battle lasted twenty minutes.

Belcher now rested on his laurels for upwards of two years, with a general admission of his title of Champion; but towards the close of 1805, a brother Bristolian, the celebrated Hean Pearce, known as the Game Chicken, who had also disposed of the pretensions of Bourke (besides conquering Spree, Carte, and John Gully) challenged the belt of supremacy. It must here be noticed that in the interim Belcher had met with a serious accident. On the 24th July, 1803, while playing at rackets in St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, he had the misfortune to lose his eye. This calamity seems to have affected him seriously: his spirits declined, and at times he was much depressed at this disablement. Soon after this partial accident he became landlord of "The Jolly Brewers," in Wardour Street, Soho; but to return to his battle with Pearce. Here Jem was for the first time doomed to defeat; but as we purpose to detail the fights under the memoirs of the respective winners, and as the deeds of Pearce will occupy the second chapter of this division, we shall here waive further notice: merely observing that the loss of his battle with Pearce produced a strong effect upon his mind, and his temper theretofore good became irritable; the loss of his eye being a continual topic of regret; nevertheless, in his last battle with Cribb he not only went thirty pounds of the battle money, but actually deposited his watch against some money staked upon the field of battle.

It was warmly, if not perhaps ill-naturedly expressed, by one of the most scientific pugilists of the day, in giving his opinion respecting the battle between the Game Chicken and Belcher, "That had Jem been in possession of four eyes, he was never able to beat Pearce." Here it was, for the first time in his life, that his judgment proved defective as a pugilist; and, in acting from the envious impulse of the moment, Jem Belcher only portrayed the infirmities of human nature, and the want of stability in man. His character was established, and never did any pugilist's fame stand upon a broader basis; he had retired into private life, respected by his friends, and supported and admired by the Fancy in general, who were no strangers to his integrity and private worth:—there he should have remained, where his days might have glided happily along, without regret, and his life, in all probability, been lengthened but his rest was unhappily disturbed, and poor Jem, like the greatest part of mankind, had not the *fortitude to refuse a challenge*.

In constitution Belcher had materially declined, independent of the loss of an eye, and the serious effects which his frame sustained from that afflicting accident had endangered the safety of his life. Upwards of two years had elapsed in retirement, when Belcher came forward to meet an opponent more formidable than any one he had hitherto encountered who possessed, in a superior degree, every requisite to constitute a first-rate pugilist, and who likewise had improved under his tuition, and might be called a Chicken of his own rearing. Belcher, unfortunately, could not be persuaded of the difficulties he would have to encounter from the loss of an eye, and that the chance of success was against him, till it was too late to retrieve the error. But how did he fight? How he did fight will be long remembered by those who witnessed the *grievous*, yet truly honourable combat; a combat in which more unaffected courage was never seen, nor where humanity was more conspicuously displayed and gratefully applauded. *Animosity* appeared to have no resting-place, and it was proud *honour* only struggling for victory. Belcher fought in his accustomed style, and planted his favourite hits with his usual adroitness; but he lost his distance, and became an easy victim to his own incredulity. In the course of the fight, [as Jem afterwards acknowledged, his sight became so defective, from the hits which he received over his good eye (the peculiar object of his antagonist's aim), that the blows he gave his adversary were merely accidental. His judgment of distance was certainly impaired, yet he endeavoured to make up the deficiency of sight by a display of courage and gaiety, astonishing and unequalled. The skill upon both sides claimed universal respect; although the spectators could not but perceive a deficiency in

Belcher's defensive tactics from the severe punishment which his head and face sustained. His courage, however, never forsook him and, in surrendering his laurels, he transferred them unsullied.

After the fight Belcher declared to a friend, "that his sorrow was more occasioned from the recollection of the severe loss of a particular friend, who, in fact, had sported a large sum of money upon his winning, and who had been one of his most staunch backers and supporters through life, than as to any particular consideration respecting himself." Notwithstanding the excellence evinced by the Chicken in science, wind, strength, and game, we may yet be allowed the supposition, that had this contest taken place when Jem Belcher possessed his eye-sight in full perfection, its termination might have been very doubtful.

Respecting Belcher's two battles with Cribb, when the circumstances of the case are duly appreciated; when it is recollected that his spirits must have been somewhat damped by previous defeat; and that his powers were known to be on the decay previous to his fight with the Chicken, it must be allowed that his heroism and science shone resplendent.

In the first fight with Cribb, as may be traced, Jem's superiority in tactics was manifest. The former was severely punished; and not until Belcher had received a most violent hit over his good eye, and sprained his right hand, did Cribb appear to have an opening for a lead. In the seventeenth round, the odds were *two to one* on Belcher, and in the eighteenth, *five to one*, when Cribb was so much beaten, that considerable doubts were entertained whether he would be able to come again; and even at the conclusion of the battle, Cribb was in a very exhausted state. Until Belcher lost his distance, from his confused sight, victory appeared to hover over him.

In the last battle that Belcher fought, his courage was principally displayed, and he by no means proved an easy conquest to Cribb. Since the loss of his eye, it was the positive wish of his best friends that he should fight no more, but he was not to be deterred, obstinately neglected good advice, and would not believe in the decline of his physical powers. In this last battle, his disadvantages were great. His opponent had made rapid improvement in science, was in full vigour, and a glutton that was not be satisfied in a common way; yet still Jem gave specimens of his former skill; but they were rather showy than effective, for the strength had departed; his hands, too, failed him, and for several of the latter rounds he endeavoured fruitlessly to prolong the contest without the *indispensible* weapons to bring it to a successful issue. Youth, weight, courage, and no mean amount of skill, were too much for Belcher to oppose.

Belcher's style of fighting was rapid, elegant, and decisive; indeed, it might almost be called intuitive. The quickness of his hits was unparalleled; they were felt rather than seen; and in breaking ground, plunging in, and resuming the defensive while in the backward spring, he was unrivalled. His style, like that of the Great Masters in every line, was truly original; the spectator was struck with its neatness and elegance—his opponent confused and terrified by its effects; while his gravity, coolness, and readiness, utterly disconcerted the fighting-men with whom he was often opposed in mimic as well as actual combat. Add to this, that a braver boxer never pulled off a shirt, and we need hardly wonder at his eminent success, until an accident deprived him of one of the most valuable organs of man's complex frame.

In his social hours, Jem was good-natured in the extreme, and modest and unassuming to a degree almost bordering upon bashfulness. In the character of a publican, no man entertained a better sense of propriety and decorum; and the stranger, in casually mixing with the *Fancy* in his house, never felt any danger of being offended or molested. It would be well if as much could be said of all sporting publicans.

Belcher departed this life on Tuesday, July 30th, 1811, at the sign of the Coach and Horses in Frith-street, Soho, in the thirty-first year of his age, and, on the following Sunday, was interred in the burial ground of Marylebone. The concourse of people to witness the funeral was immense; and a more general sympathy has rarely been witnessed. The proximate cause of his death was a family complaint, having its origin in an enlargement of the liver. The following inscription may be yet read upon his tombstone:—

IN MEMORY OF  
JAMES BELCHER,  
Late of St. Anne's Parish, Soho,  
who died  
The 30th of July, 1811,  
AGED 30.  
Universally regretted by all who knew him.

A NEW SYSTEM OF ROBBERY.—A singular and adroit robbery is said to have been committed a short time ago in one of the alleys of the Champs Elysees. The long fringe of the white shawl of a young and pretty woman, evidently of the order of the *Lorettes*, caught in the button of a gentleman, who, from his dress and manner, was a genuine *Lion*. The fair dame, in releasing her shawl from its hold, amused her captive with a thousand amiable apologies, and then tripped off with light and airy step till lost under the trees. The next minute the gentlemen wished to consult his watch, but, alas for him, it had disappeared with the lady.





ROGER KYNASTON, ESQ.

SECRETARY OF THE MARYLEBONE CLUB.

Our esteemed contributor NED RUB, is, we are sorry to say, labouring under a temporary indisposition; hence the portrait of the respected Secretary, who last week struggled so gallantly in defeat, appears without its promised article. Our cricketing friends will find their queries answered, and, we trust, "THE HINTS" of NED RUB rubbed off the score of our obligations next week.

## PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.

Our fathers fought to publish the debates,  
And thought in that to gain a bit of freedom;  
But now their sons have lost it to the states,  
By making them a deal too long to read 'em!

**LONGEVITY OF HORSES.**—In recording various instances of longevity in animals, Mr. Blaine (the author of Blaine's Encyclopedia) mentions that a gentleman with whom he was intimately acquainted had three horses that died at the respective ages of 31, 37, and 39. Mr. Gully speaks of a horse that received a ball in his neck at the battle of Culloden in 1713, and which was extricated at his death in 1758, thus proving him to be above 43 years old; and Mr. Perceval gives an account of a barge-horse (a towing-horse on a canal) that died in his 62nd year.

## MR. SPINKS'S LAST APPEARANCE UPON THE TURF.

**R.** THOMAS SPINKS was a wood engraver, and earned a tidy weekly sum. He fancied himself a bit of a sporting character, for he read "The Bell's Life," and "the Era," (which he called the "Hearer,") and by dint of spelling them attentively could retail at the tavern he frequented, the guesses, surmises, and opinions of "Pegasus" and "Vates;" he subscribed to four or five Derby Sweeps, and pretended to "make up a book" on the Derby and Oaks: indeed he boasted of his general good fortune or rather his excellent judgment in those matters. In short, by dint of talking, he argued himself into a belief that he did know something, and that he was a sort of oracle, seeing that no one in the society he mixed with knew a bit about turf affairs; hence he always had it all his own way.

Now, it so happened, as no doubt the reader is aware, that the morning of the last past Derby day, "turned out unkinning wet," as Mr. S. elegantly expressed it, and as he looked out of the window he gave vent to a hearty malediction on all such weather. He having over night been very industrious in taking the folds out of a pair of snow white ducks, and polishing his French leather boots. But it could not be helped, therefore he was under the necessity of making the best of a bad job. Eventually the weather brightened up a bit, and he came out and proceeded to the livery stables, where he had hired "an horse," and after tipping the groom a "tanner" for helping him into the pig-skin, he proceeded towards the Elephant and Castle, on his steed.

Now, Mr. Tommy had taken lessons in riding in a very curious manner, which for the edification of our readers we will describe.

He had bribed a drayman to let him ride on his horse by the temptation of half a bull, and sundry pots of heavy; and as there was no saddle, and but an imperfect bridle, he had been under the necessity of holding on by the crupper; but the Rosinante he now bestrode never having been accustomed to this mode, he did not feel exactly authorised in resorting to such mode of making sure of his seat, and as a natural consequence he was all abroad, and had the utmost difficulty in keeping on. He stuck, therefore, to the "mane" chance, grasping with one hand the horse's mane, who not approving this style of horsemanship, shied and sent Master Tommy, in double quick time, over his head, and he alighted on that part of his person generally described as the seat of honour. There were no bones broke; and as the horse was not inclined for a "bolt," he stood stock still, steadily gazing at his prostrate master for the time being. Sammy soon got up from his uncomfortable position, and again mounted his prad, amidst the jeers of a lot of urchins, who kept questioning him very anxiously as to the state in which he left his maternal relative, and whether she had sold her mangle; indeed, one went so far as to give him a piece of advice about "getting inside," together with an assurance that he would find it much easier than riding outside his nag.

Our hero returned no answer to these taunts, with the exception of calling them "A pack of imperant young blagguards."

As he had gained knowledge by experience, Tommy this time handled his steed in a less primeval manner, and proceeded comfortably till he came to the Downs, where he left his *hoss* in charge of a man, who, with a pitchfork stuck end up in the ground, a halter and a truss of straw, stated his establishment to be "good stabling." With him Tom Spinks left his charger, with the assurance of a couple of bob if he minded him well. He then perambulated the course; presently the bell rang, and all was eager anticipation.

Merry Monarch was the winner, and in a moment all Tom's hopes were dashed to the ground. He was a heavy loser, having no less than ten pounds invested upon IDAS!

Sorrowful and woeful was his countenance as he retired from the scene to examine his book, and bitter imprecations did he launch against his unlucky stars, that he did not "hedge" as "he was half a mind to do over night;" and after finding that he had not one bet to fall back upon, Tom proceeded to the place where he had left his horse in charge of the man.

His horse and the fellow had bolted—the man with the horse, or the horse with the man, no one could tell which. Horrid visions of suicide flitted before his mind, but calmer reflection came to his aid, and, in a state of mind indescribable by goose-quill, Tom proceeded to the London Road. There he arrived late at night, wet and cold, splashed with mud and mire. So to him ended the DERBY DAY!

We have it from confidential sources that Mr. Thomas Spinks has made no book for the LEGER.

**GLASS HOUSES.**—The newspapers contain an account of an importation of a thick description of window-glass intended for roofing. This kind of residence, however, will never do for Mr. Robuck, and such members as are in the habit of throwing stone.—*Punch*.

**ASK ANY COMMITTEE MAN.**—Did you ever know a Railway from a place no one knows were to a place no one ever heard of before, with brancher everywhere, of which the gradients were not easy, the cuttings few, the tunnelling next to nothing, and the traffic immens?—*Punch*.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## ON BREEDING HORSES.

SIR,—The English racehorse is an animal of which all classes of our countrymen are justly proud; but at the same time it may be doubted whether the great and numerous prizes now offered to speed, without much regard to stoutness, do not produce results injurious to the country; and I wish to call the attention of your readers (who comprise most of the sporting public) to the present state of our horses. The Arabian blood, by its mixture with ours, has long since attained to a wonderful degree of perfection; and racing having been at an early period enrolled among our national amusements, the attention of the most wealthy among us has been directed to race horses, and to the breeding of them with the utmost possible speed. Formerly horses had to run four miles at high weights, now it is a course of a mile and a half, with light weights, to try to approximate to the speed of steam. One attempt has been made to stem the torrent by the race instituted some years ago by the Duke of Portland, but it was against the fashion, and it was given up; and if any one objects that such a race is more cruel and more distressing to horses than a short one, I say he can know but little of racing, for horses differ much more in stoutness than in speed; and as you lengthen the course you do away with the keenness of the contest, which is what causes the distress, and this in fact is the very reason why the B. C. is unpopular. A leggy animal with a long stride is worth more now than he was in the days of our fathers; this, I say, is entirely wrong and mischievous. Then, as to another point—no regard is paid to sound and lasting legs and feet for mares or stallions; these points would be carefully looked to for a riding horse, but when it comes to breeding a more valuable animal, the breeder says, "Oh, the colt will come out well at two years old, and win me a few good stakes, and that will do; never mind his legs." Then, again, what carelessness there is as to size and power, especially to the dam; on these points, stoutness, soundness, and power, I say, most wonderful indifference is daily shown, as any man will see who looks through thorough-bred studs, in nine cases out of ten. Let him go to Tattersall's, and almost all the thorough-breds he sees sold will be long, thin-legged colts (most of them chestnuts), with slight and upright pasterns, and small round fetlocks. What on earth are they good for? A Welsh pony would kill three or four of them in a coster-monger's cart. Then we expect to sell our thorough-breds to foreigners, but they will not buy small lame cats—they buy nothing but the very best sort we have. In short, whether for use at home, or as merchandise to go abroad, we ought to be more particular in the shape, size, and soundness of sires and dams of horses, than the short horn breeders are as to their cattle: whereas most of us, on the contrary, trust to blood, and think of little else. I have addressed you before on this subject, but I do so again because I think it one of great and national importance, and because I see the evil growing daily. There would be much less expense, and much less disappointment, if one colt was bred from a sire and dam of true form and soundness, than if six were bred at random with the hope of one turning up a trump. Again, it is not near so easy now as it used to be to buy a good, strong, young hunter; and steam is in some measure the cause of this; for an old-fashioned, compact, active, coaching mare, when her work was over, bred a good hunter by a lengthy thorough-bred horse; now, the demand for the machiner is nearly gone, and the animal is very scarce. In the want, then, of this middle class, from which to recruit the patrician blood of our Sultans, &c., we have an additional motive to be careful about strength and size in the latter. I have been bitten by thorough-breds when younger, but I think differently of them now. For though a large and powerful thorough bred is the finest form of a horse, bring me them at random, and I will engage three out of four will be irredeemable rips. I am, &c.

Q. IN THE CORNER.

## A RACING RETROSPECT.

July 3, 1845.

SIR—As the two events in the racing world, known as the Derby and Ascot, may be said to be now matter of history, I trust I shall not be held a trespasser on the "great stamped," if I venture upon a "little go" of my own in your journal; and, it may be, that in my lucubrations I shall give a wrinkle or two to the learned in these matters. The Merry Monarch was the winner of the Derby, and thereupon I pride myself so far, that I said "Daddy Forth would go and do it." If those who read your journal, No. 2, and the "Bell's Life" of the 25th of May, had happened to note the signs of the times, their luck would have been great indeed. In that week's "Bell's Life" you will, or rather may, observe, not under "Pegasus," but in the sporting column of the 2nd page, a passage in italics—"So many are dying to be on him (Merry Monarch) that we think he must be the horse." Speaking from experience, I recommend the general writer in "Bell's Life," before "Pegasus." I think he has better information. I hold it, however, under all circumstances, to have been a badly-run and unsatisfactory race. Old England looked as bad as could be before the start. Libel was doctored, and no mistake; the parties who did it overshot the mark, for the horse instead of being stupid and lethargic, was mad; and what is next-door to it, perfectly wild. He never got up the hill, and (after running a mile in one minute and fifty seconds

at Chester) actually followed, at Epsom, such rips as Young Eclipse and Co. Idas, as I stated in a letter to you on the 5th of May, had no "absolute certainty" of winning. Idas has had Evenus as a trial horse; now as the latter can only run a mile, Idas has learned his lesson, and beyond a mile is out of his latitude. Tattenham Corner gave him his quietus.

Poor Idas, alas! no further could go,

But stuck in the mud like Billy Barlow!

I believe Mentor, Annandale, Weatherbit and Kedger, on their merits, to be each and every one of them as good, if not better horses than the Merry Monarch for speed. The settling day passed off harmlessly; there were no defaulters and therefore no complaints. 'Very good,' as the phrase goes; but, I venture to say, that for attempted fraud, trickery, and buying off, no Derby of late years was so bad as the one just gone by: it beat Running Rein's year hollow. Though I did not in my opening propose to speak of the Oaks, I will just observe, that it was with much surprise I found men betting hard and fast against Refraction; they did so on the score of her running at Newmarket just before, where Lyons (a third rater) beat herself and Prologue; but, in that race she waited, as did Prologue, and in a subsequent match run before the Derby day, Prologue beat Lyons hollow. No man, not a professed turfite, should venture on these matters without reading, I was going to say spelling, some established sporting paper over and over again.

As to Ascot there were two mistakes. The New Stakes Sting (in the next Derby) ought to and might have won; he was just going in when Lord Lonsdale's came with a rush and beat him. Lord Lonsdale's is not in the next Derby; and those who do not remember Sting may smart for it. For the Imperial or Emperor's Cup poor old Alice was beaten (three cheers for Alice notwithstanding), and so was Faugh-a-Ballagh: in beating the mare he beat himself, and the Emperor won it. As regards Fog (as he is familiarly called) he is too high in his gallop to please me for two miles and a half; he is not in my opinion, however, as some say, an impostor, although I admit his winning at Doncaster last year was a slovenly performance, and his race for the Cesarewitch at Newmarket afterwards, though rewarded by the prize, was favourable to him in many respects. Had the betting gone on, with the willingness to back him at Ascot of one or two that I know of, their ruin must have been inevitable.

For the present I bid adieu. I noticed in your journal a wish expressed that every subscriber would recommend it to another. I have done so to four or five, and I hope to see it widely circulated. In this you know I am perfectly disinterested, as I have no part in it, and that my thanks are due for the consideration you give me in deeming my communications worthy of insertion.

SOOTHSAYER.

## SALMON FISHING IN IRELAND.

Lismore, co. Waterford, June 1845.

SIR,—The Blackwater Salmon Fishery is, without exception, one of the finest in the world. The salmon which are caught there are invariably larger than either Scotch or English. Shooting salmon is a sport which is much practised here. The Duke of Devonshire is very partial to it, and he has got one stuffed and preserved in Lismore castle, that he caught with *Dog and Gun*, it weighs over thirty-six pounds. The salmon are so plentiful in this river that at the proper seasons they are sold at from one penny to threepence per pound. The Blackwater Head at Lismore is a beautiful and retired place, and commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. Lismore Castle (the seat of the Duke of Devonshire) is a splendid building, and possesses several curiosities, among which are subterranean passages, &c. It is supposed that it was a stronghold of the Danes. St. Patrick's Well is well worth seeing, and the superstitious peasantry hold it in great reverence for the cure of all diseases. The place altogether affords a fund of amusement to the antiquary or the angler.

F. B. T.

## THE SONG OF THE SILENT MEMBER.

Yes, we must leave the rural scene,  
The sports which still invite,  
To loil upon the benches green  
Beneath the strong Bude-light.  
And as we watch the dull debate  
Kept up on either side,  
We'll calmly in our places wait  
Till wanted to divide.

If one of us awake has kept,  
He'll the debate explain  
To those who through it may have slept,  
And let them sleep again.  
We'll rouse them up when the reply  
Comes from the other side;  
For then the time is drawing nigh  
When we must all divide.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 9. FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 19, 1845. THREE HALFPENCE.



## HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CRIBB.

### CHAPTER II.

HEN. (OR HENRY) PEARCE, THE GAME CHICKEN, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

**H**E shall not here dilate on the fistic capabilities of Pearce, feeling convinced that a simple record of his deeds in the roped ring, will far outweigh pompous panegyric or fulsome laudation. Pearce was another of the scientific sons of boxing Bristol, and among the many ring recruits which that ancient city furnished to the metropolitan arena, he cannot fail ever to hold a proud distinguished place.

The year of his birth was 1777, and from the flattering opinions of some of the cognoscenti, who had admired his tactics in some provincial combats, and also in glove-exhibitions, Pearce was induced, in the year 1803, to find his way to London, where he exhibited his skill at a well-known crib in St. Martin's-street. Now it so happened that the young Bristol aspirant, here met with Burke, the antagonist of Belcher, and who, since Jem's partial retirement into private life (well would it have been had he adhered to that resolution), had taken many airs upon himself, talking largely of assuming the Championship. Belcher, as might be expected, after trying Pearce's qualifications, readily backed his townsman, and the

result was, that after some bickering, an encounter took place under somewhat singular and novel circumstances. The Chicken's pugilistic fame at Bristol, added to some freely expressed opinions of his friends, seem to have awakened the ire of Burke; and during a day's sport in the old English manner, in the vicinity of Shooter's Hill, these two rivals met, not under the most favourable impression towards each other. Some amateurs, on their return to town in the evening, fell into converse on the respective merits of the gluttonous butcher and his young rival, whereon Burke expressed his anxious desire for an immediate appeal to arms. The challenge was communicated to the Chicken, who rose with alacrity from his bed, (he then lodged in Wardour-street, Soho,) and everything was quickly got ready. A well-lighted room was selected, and notice sent round to some leading patrons, that a trial of skill was to take place between the new Bristol youth and the celebrated glutton Burke. Numbers soon assembled, and between the hours of eleven and twelve the battle commenced. Burke's inferiority was soon manifest. His slow and round method of fighting failed in doing any execution when opposed to the straight rapid hits of his active adversary, and his pluck only enabled him to receive uncommon punishment. The Chicken, lost no time in displaying the graces of the science, yet put in his blows so sharply that, Burke soon exhibited signs of weakness. During a

desperate contest of twenty minutes, in which fifteen rounds of tremendous milling took place, Burke evinced great courage, and endeavoured in the latter round, to fight defensively, and parry the blows of the Chicken, but the latter followed him up so straight-forward, that it was impossible for Burke to resist the consequences; and he was twice flogged by the Chicken, so decidedly that he lay stupified. The two blows were allowed, by all present, to have been the most tremendously effective they had ever witnessed. Burke was dreadfully milled, yet had the candour to acknowledge that he had never before met with such a rapid antagonist. It is a proof of Burke's game, if not of his judgment, that he flattered himself a chance was still left. One hundred pounds was staked, and it was agreed that the winner should have ninety pounds and the loser ten; and on Wimbledon-common, Monday, January 23, 1804, a ring was formed, and the battle came off. Burke was seconded by Owen, and Paddington Jones was his bottle-holder. Pearce had for his second Bill Gibbons, and Caleb Baldwin as bottle-holder. On stripping, in point of appearance Burke appeared the taller and heavier man, yet the odds were considerably in favour of the Chicken.

1.—Caution displayed on both sides. Pearce, aware of the impropriety of exposing himself too openly to superior strength—and Burke's recollection of his former milling teaching him not to be too precipitate, after some feints and dodges they closed before any blows were exchanged, and both fell. [Two to one on the Chicken.]

2.—Burke upon his mettle, game to the back-bone,—showed he was not to be disposed of easily, and fought into a rally like a hero; but the Chicken, awake to his intent, milled on the retreat, and at length put in a stopper on Burke's forehead, that made him reel again, when the Chicken caught him staggering, and threw him.

3.—Burke, although bleeding profusely, stood up well to his man, and a good display of hits was made on both sides. Burke thrown.

4, 5.—Ditto repeated, the exchanges in favour of the Chicken.

6.—Pearce put in a blow, which Burke returned so well as to bring down Pearce on his knee. [Bravo, Burke!]

7 to 11.—Burke exceedingly shy of his opponent, always waiting for his antagonist to break ground—and suffering much from the repetition of his blows. From this to

15.—The Chicken so much the favourite, that the odds were four to one upon him. It was manifest that Burke was not a match for his man: his style of fighting was considerably inferior to that of his opponent's, and he began to appear much distressed; he was occasionally trying to affect the scientific style of his opponent, but at a still greater disadvantage than his own natural mode of fighting. The severe blows he received from the Chicken made him unruly and intemperate, and he was becoming fast an easy conquest to the

20.—Burke's passion was now exhausting his strength—his nose bleeding considerably—and, irritated in mind that no chance offered of proving successful, he ran in furiously upon his opponent. His intemperance rendered him a complete object for punishment, and the Chicken milled him in every direction. [Twenty to one the winner is named; and even bets that Burke don't come again.]

21.—Passion uppermost; Burke desperate in the extreme, and by running in headlong, missed putting in a hit, and fell; Pearce smiling at his want of prudence, and holding up both his hands in triumph.

22.—A good rally, but Burke received a most tremendous floorer.

24 and last.—Burke, still insensible to propriety, and determined to get at his man, received a severe milling, when he gave it in.

Burke, as usual, displayed uncommon resolution, and, notwithstanding the persuasion of his friends, obstinately contested the battle for several rounds, when there was not the slightest shadow of a chance. He was compelled at last, after an hour and seventeen minutes, reluctantly to acknowledge that he was done. His aspect was truly woeful. The Chicken was as gay the last round as when he entered the ring, and challenged Bitton on the spot for two hundred guineas.

Elias Spray, the coppersmith, who had distinguished himself as a pugilist in Bristol, now entered the lists with the Chicken. Spray had a good character, and a considerable display of science was expected by the amateurs. The day appointed for the meeting to take place was on Monday, March 11, 1805, at Hampton Court, but, fearing something like an interruption, they agreed to cross the water, and decide the contest upon Molesworth Meadow. Considerable confusion took place in procuring boats to convey the numerous followers across the river, where several not only experienced a good ducking, but some narrowly escaped drowning, in their eagerness to reach the destined spot. At length, every thing being completed, Pearce, attended by Maddox and Hall, as his second and bottle-holder, entered the ring (twenty feet square), and threw up his hat in defiance. Spray soon made his appearance, followed by Wood as his second, and Mountain as bottle-holder. The betters were on the alert, and offered seven to four on Pearce; and even bets were sported that the contest did not continue twenty-five minutes; and also that the Chicken was not vanquished in thirty.

1.—Several faints took place, but Spray not minding his distance, hit short; when the Chicken, taking advantage of his mistake, put in a severe blow, and Spray found his way to his mother earth.

2.—Several good hits exchanged—Spray caught the Chicken a severe blow upon his breast. Pearce rallied, and in the event, Spray received a knock-down blow. [Nine to four upon the Chicken.]

3.—A good round, Spray full of courage, and stood up heroically. The men closed, and both fell.

4.—Spray too hasty, and out of distance again; his blows thrown away.

The Chicken caught Spray neatly on the frontispiece, seized him cleverly and threw him a clean cross-buttock.

5.—Spray distressed; the Chicken light as a lark, and cool as a philosopher, eyeing his man, and manœuvring with all the graces of the science, at length having judged his distance, he seized an opening, went in and knocked the Coppersmith down, and smiled at his weakness.

6.—Both well engaged, and several good blows passed. Spray put in a desperate bit upon the Chicken's stomach; but the Chicken smiled, and threw his man very neatly.

7.—The Chicken was considerably affected by Spray's stomacher, made a hit, but failed in the attempt. [The odds fell a little.]

8 to 11.—Nothing material occurred in the last four rounds; the Chicken had the advantage, but was thought to be fighting for time, to recover the effects of the blow in round 6.

12.—Spray went in with spirit, and put in some severe blows, but his distance was incorrect; however, he brought the Chicken down by a terrible hit on the nose. [Immense applause.]

13.—The Chicken gay, although distilling the ruby fluid from his nasal organ in streams. Spray, much distressed, fell in making a hit.

14.—Pearce, full of game, put in so severe a blow upon his antagonist's jaw, that fears were entertained he had broken it; Spray fell in consequence of its severity. [Ten to one on Pearce.]

15.—Spray stood up to his man boldly, but received a floorer from the Chicken.

16.—Courage displayed on both sides; Spray put in some well directed hits; but in closing, Pearce gave him a cross-buttock.

17.—Spray on the decline, attempted to rally, but received a most desperate blow upon his temple that nearly deprived him of his recollection, and which spoilt him for the remainder of the fight. The ensuing five rounds upon the part of Spray were little better than mere exhibitions of animal courage.

23.—All in favour of the Chicken. Twenty to one, but no takers.

24.—Spray again showed himself, but his efforts to turn the tide were futile. The Chicken smiled at his attempts; yet the Coppersmith showed considerable skill, and continued the battle to

27.—Hardly to be called fighting. Spray was down as soon as he appeared.

28.—Spray could scarcely stand, yet could not bring himself to say no; he put up his hands and endeavoured to face his opponent. It was all up: the Chicken hit him as he liked, and finally knocked him off his legs.

29 and last.—Spray stood up, but only to exhibit the spectacle of a game man struggling against fate; Pearce put in a thrust rather than a blow, and poor Spray was persuaded to give in.

The contest lasted thirty-five minutes, and at its termination, the Chicken full of gaiety, jumped over the ropes,—and accepted of a challenge from Carte, a Birmingham pugilist, of some notoriety, for fifty guineas. The stakes were instantly made good, and they agreed to fight within six weeks. The Chicken lay on the ground for a few minutes, and then started for town, full of spirits.

On Saturday, the 27th of April, 1805, the day appointed for Carte to enter the lists with the Chicken, the parties met at Shepperton-common, near Chertsey, in Surrey. The superiority of the Chicken was so manifest, that Carte had not the least chance whatever, although six feet three and a half inches in height; and it would be a waste of time and paper to give the rounds in detail. Suffice it to observe, that after a contest of thirty-five minutes, in which twenty-five rounds took place, Carte, from his ignorance of the art, received a most terrible milling; while, on the contrary, the science of the Chicken so protected him from the attacks of his adversary, that he scarcely had a mark visible.

But the pugilistic rivals with whom Pearce had hitherto contended were mere novices compared with the antagonist now picked out for him. JOHN GULLY, now so well known at Tattersall's and the higher sporting circles, was so great a favourite with several of the gentlemen patrons of pugilism, that it was agreed he should be at once matched against the CHICKEN. Under the auspices of Mr. Fletcher Reid, Gully was sent into training at Virginia-water, about two miles beyond Egham. It appears that Gully was scarcely known in the metropolis, having never appeared or distinguished himself as a pugilist, but that he was excited to a trial of skill from a casual friendly sparring match with the Chicken, in which he planted some severe hits, from which circumstance, his ambition prompted him to think that he could beat Pearce.

THE LEARNED ELEPHANT.—“That's a werry knowing hanimal of yours,” said a cockney gentleman to the keeper of an elephant. “Verry,” was the cool rejoinder. “He performs strange tricks and hanties, does he?” inquired the cockney, eyeing the animal through his glass. “Surprisin’!” retorted the keeper. “We’ve learned him to put money in that box you see away up there. Try him with a dollar.” (The cockney handed the elephant a dollar; and sure enough, he took it in his trunk, and placed it in a box high out of reach.) “Well, that is verry hextraordinary—hastonishing, truly!” said the green one, opening his eyes. “Now let’s see him take it out, and and it back.” “We never learns him that trick,” retorted the keeper, with a roguish leer, and then turned away to stir up the monkeys and punch the hyenas.

SPLENDID LOOK OUT FOR BACCHANALIANS.—A New York paper says that a man in the morning, after being drunk over night, feels as though he had the rheumatism in every hair of his head.

FLAT.—That a stupid fellow is a “flat” is positive; that a sheet of paper is “flatter” is comparative; and that a court parasite is a “flatterer” is superlative.—*Lavater Junior.*

## THE QUAIL.



**ALTHOUGH** a rare bird in England, the Quail is possessed of sufficient interest to deserve a few words and a figure. The breed in this country, and from the delicacy of their flesh, their boldness, and beauty, deserve more attention than they receive from those who are anxious to get up "a head of game." The female makes its nest on the ground, like the partridge, and lays to the number of six or seven eggs, of a greyish colour, speckled with brown. The young birds follow the mother so soon as hatched, but do not remain long together; or if kept together, they are so obstinate and pugnacious that they will fight till one or the other is destroyed. From this contentious disposition they were much employed by the Greeks and Romans to fight after the fashion of our modern game-cocks. And we are told that Augustus punished a prefect of Egypt with death for bringing to his table a quail which was very celebrated for the number of victories it had gained! The Chinese at the present day are much addicted to the fighting of quails, and in some parts of Italy the practice also prevails. In China it appears to be a very fashionable recreation, and large sums of money are betted on the events of a contest, wherein numerous quails are engaged, somewhat after the fashion of our Welsh mains. The mode of conducting these battles, which are often the exciting topic of a village, is to pit two highly-fed quails against each other, and then throw a few grains of seed between them: the birds rush upon each other with the utmost fury, striking with their bills and heels until one of them yields.

The quail is a migratory bird, and according to Daniel, traverse in immense flocks the Mediterranean from Italy to the shores of Africa, and returning again in the spring, frequently alight on the islands of the Archipelago, which they almost cover with their numbers, and so abundant are they on Capri, that the principal revenues of the bishop and some convents arise from the number of these birds they send to Naples.

Quails are the most undaunted of the tribe to which they belong, and perform their migratory journeyings with fearless bravery. As they are courageous, so they are equally quarrelsome, especially during the pairing season, when their contentions often terminate in mutual destruction. This disposition, from which arose the Greek adage, "As quarrelsome as quails in a cage," induced the ancients to fight them with each other, after the manner of game-cocks; the conqueror enjoying quite as much celebrity as the winning horse of the Derby.

Clouds of quails alight in spring along the coast of Provence, especially in the lands which border on the sea. Here they are sometimes found so exhausted, that for a few of the first days they may be caught with the hand. In some parts of the south of Russia they abound so greatly at the time of their migration, that they are caught in thousands, and sent in casks to Moscow and St. Petersburg. So unerring is their instinctive knowledge of the precise time for migration, that they retain it even though reared and kept in bondage. A very singular proof of this is recorded by the Rev. Mr. Daniel, in his *Rural Sports*, in some young quails which, having been bred in cages from the earliest period of their lives, had never enjoyed, and therefore could not feel, the loss of liberty. "For four successive years," says he, "they were observed to be restless, and to flutter with unusual agitations regularly in September and April; and this uneasiness lasted for thirty days at each time. The birds passed the whole night in these fruitless struggles; and always on the following day appeared dejected and stupid."

They are very scantily scattered over Britain, and are imported from France in great quantities for the table. They are conveyed in square boxes, which contain about a hundred; the box is divided into five or six

compartments, one above another, just high enough to admit the quails to stand upright. Were they allowed a greater height than this, they would soon kill themselves; and even with this precaution, the feathers are generally beaten off the crown of their heads. These boxes have wires in front, and each partition is furnished with a small trough for food. They are forwarded in this manner without difficulty to great distances.

The author of *Letters from the Campagna Felice*, relates the following anecdote, which illustrates how incredibly abundant quails are on the Mediterranean coast:—"During the time that the Capitani Bey blockaded the harbour of Alexandria with his Turkish squadron, one of the Greek sailors of his ship had caught two or three quails which had perched on the rigging. The Mussulman rewarded him generously; and desirous of varying the hard fare which a blockading squadron has occasionally to sustain, by a more ample supply of such a delicate rarity, promised a piastre for every bird that should be brought him. In a few days the rigging, sails, and yards were covered with flocks of quails; great numbers were caught, of course, and every one was brought into the cabin, as the price was liberally fixed. To escape the dilemma of either ruining his purse or breaking his promise, the bey resorted to the alternative of standing out to sea, as by removing from the coast he got rid of the visits of these expensive strangers." Such prodigious numbers appear on the western coasts of the kingdom of Naples, that a hundred thousand have been caught in one day within the space of three or four miles.

## AN ADVENTURE WITH A KANGAROO.

"I remember well one day, on the M—e river, a place where you can see kangaroos of almost every description in droves, I have often counted twenty, thirty, forty, and once seventy, in one mob or drove, I was going home from one of my sheep stations, mounted on a blood mare, accompanied by my servant on foot, without any intention of hunting, but followed by my favourite kangaroo dog, one of the best I ever had, a brindle, just the stamp of a first-rate deer hound. My other attendant was Dan, a native of the 'Emerald Isle' who had passed most part of his life in Liverpool. He was about six feet in height, and very muscular. We had proceeded for some time when Dan suddenly stood still. 'What is it,' said I, 'Blacks?' He returned no answer to my question, but put his finger to his lip as a signal for silence. I pulled the mare up, and waited a few seconds, breathless, just in the same manner one feels in England on the first of September, when the dogs make their first point, and you're not exactly certain what it may be. 'Don't you see him? an old man as red as a brick,' said Dan, pointing down towards the river. I passed my eye carefully along the thick forest and there they were, 'the beauties,' a lot of them, hopping and playing, feeding and rolling over in the long grass, by the side of a big box-tree, the old man towering above them.—'Boomer,' said I, in a low voice to my dog, 'Boomer, come along, old boy,' and dashing the spurs into the mare's sides, away we go over a fallen tree, ride a hundred yards while they look and turn, hop a step or two, and look again; one, two, three, four, five, six, seven. 'Hold 'em, Boomer, hold 'em!' 'Twas enough: he was off, and was close, to them before they were aware of it. They hopped a few steps, then turned again to make sure, and then bounded away like race-horses, the ground trembling like a course. Boomer singled out 'the old man,' an enormous fellow at least six feet and a half high; he could not run far—old ones never can. Boomer turned him in about five hundred yards, when he made towards the river, down hill; in a few more yards Boomer caught him by the tip of the tail, held on for a few seconds, then let go, and seized him by the thickest part of his tail, close to the rump, gripped there hard till he got his wind; he then sprang at the old 'un's throat which he missed, but caught the fore-arm, where, however, he only hung long enough to bring the creature to bay, for it was very strong and full of fight. The object of the kangaroo was to strike the dog with his formidable hind legs, the claw of which, six inches long, and as hard as ivory, would have ripped him clean up; but old Boomer was as knowing as he, and danced around him like a 'light weight' fighting a clumsy yokel. Master Kangy, sitting erect upon his haunches, his knowing head cocked a little upon one side, his fore paws hanging down before, after the fashion of some demure young lady in a quadrille, followed every evolution of the dog, bounding up, and striking at him right and left, his legs coming to the ground with a heavy dead thump, like the kick of a horse. The scene was so comical and exciting, the pair so evenly matched—Kangy unable to get away, and Boomer never getting a chance to rush in—that I sat on the mare ready to burst my sides with laughing, without trying to interfere.

"Just then, as Boomer again caught the 'old man' by the shoulder, up came Dan out of breath from running.—'Ah! you ugly devil, you'll be after killing the master's dog. Sure master, said he, turning to me, 'you're not a going to let that big devil murder the dog; oh, and I'll be after settling of yer!' so saying he picked up a big stick, and brought it with such a thrack on Kangy's head that it broke short in the middle. However, it did not seem to hurt the beast, and as Dan was stooping to pick up another stick, the dog let go his hold, having lost his wind. Master Kangy missed Boomer, and seeing Dan in the way, he caught hold of him in his fore-arms, and hopped away towards the river. 'Oh—!



oh, mother of mercy!" screamed Dan; 'I'll be kilt intirely; ooh! save me—save me! Masther avourneen, save me!' It was a truly laughable sight to see Dan, with his long hair, black beard, and white smock frock, being carried away in the kangaroo's arms like a Broddignag baby. 'Arrah, by Jasus, bad cess to ye's, ye two-legged divil of h—ll! oh, by de powers that this should ever come to my father's son, and the masther standing on the mare laughing at me—sure an' I'll be kilt intirely!' The 'old man,' without heeding his roaring, went hop, hop, hop, till he jumped into the water with him; it was about five feet deep; there he tried to push Dan's head under the water. Dan resisted as much as he was able. But Kangy had his arms down, held him as in a vice, and ducked him two or three times, until I began to think that matters were going rather too far; so I sprang off the mare, ran into the water, drew my hunting knife, and plunged it into Kangy's shoulder, just under the blade—a start, a gush of blood, and all was over. We dragged our mighty gime to the water's edge, and cut off his tail, which measured exactly a fathom; he could not have weighed less than three hundred pounds. \* \* \* Dan was never so handy at going near 'old men kangaroos again.'—*Life and Sports in the Wild Bush of Australia.*

### THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF COACHING IN CONTRAST WITH THOSE OF THE RAIL.

PETER.—"A chair! my lord, a chair! rather say a coach—I know you prefer a coach; it is much better to ride in a comfortable steady coach than to be jolted about by a couple of drunken chairmen. Odds-bobs, how do I hate those confounded chairs."—OLD PLAY.

With precisely the same contempt with which Peter held a chair, do we hold those popular nuisances—railways. Instead of the natty well-appointed "drag," with its quartette of thoroughbreds, and the jolly good-humoured rosy-cheeked "coachey," with an enormous nosegay stuck in his left button hole, and a fragrant havannah in his gills, and the possession of at least the hearts of half a dozen of the waiting maids belonging to the respective inns along the roads. What have we? A snorting iron-limbed monster, whizzing, screaming, and whistling—throwing out clouds of smoke, dirt, and ashes.

With all our vaunted advances in the arts and sciences, it is perfectly clear that we were a happier and more contented people half a century since; but we have long since left our hold of the substance, and are now in hot pursuit after the shadow. Far be it from me to attempt to run down that acquisition of knowledge to which we have advanced. It is true that a great social improvement has been attained, for in even running after a shadow we may stumble over a great good—sometimes a great evil. But we are moralising; it is not our intention to moralise, but will at once to the pith of our discourse.

We must carry the reader back a quarter of a century, and lay the scene at the Swan with Two Necks, in Lad-lane; the time half-past-six A.M. precisely.

All is bustle, everybody is busy; trunks, portmanteaus, and baskets of game are brought out and packed on the top and in the "boot." Pretty rosy-cheeked chamber maids are bringing out handboxes and light articles of all descriptions, and receive "tip" for their pains. "Boots," in a state of perspiration, is lugging about leviathan boxes, and packages of no less ample proportions. Presently the horses are brought out and the harnessing begins, and soon everything is declared to be ready for the start.

In the meantime the coachman has been taking "summat short" as he expressed it, and ogling the barmaid over the counter. Presently the guard comes in and intimates to coachey that "all's right," and after finishing a glass between them, and bidding good bye to the barmaid, they go out. A blast of the horn is the signal for starting; the horses prick up their ears, a "kuk-kuk" from coachey, and off they go.

How widely different is this scene to that at a railway station. There all is order: not the least excitement prevails; everything is done methodically, and by certain prescribed rules. There is no running about of passengers—no opportunity for young gentlemen to show their gallantry in helping one of the fair sex up the ladder. By the way, how many matches (not in the sporting acceptance of the word) have been brought about in this manner. Everything seems to be done upon scientific principles. People look like automata, unable to act or stir till they are wound up. At the last bell, off starts the train like a comet with an unusually long tail.

The contrast must be vividly impressed on the mind of any person who has beheld the starting of a stage coach of five-and-twenty years since, and one of the smoky monsters of the present day.

Stage coaches, certainly, had their discomforts as well as comforts; but this was nothing but what might be looked for; we must always take the bitter with the sweet. An old stage-coachman, long off the road, observed the other day, that "If you did chance to be overturned in a stage, you generally found yourself seated comfortably in a dry ditch, though you might accidentally come upon a bed of nettles; but if you were overturned in one of those d—d things, ten chances to one but what you will find one half of yourself half-way to the clouds, with the other half of your body smashed amongst the carriages."

July 7th, 1845.

F. B. THOMPSON.

### CORRESPONDENTS.

R. W.—Libel was somewhere about last in the Derby; Alarm was certainly in before him. M. B. C.—You'll find the lines (which allude to the late Duke of York,) in a poem of Robert Burns, the Caledonian Bard:

"Than you, right reverend Osnabrug,  
None fits the lawn sleeve sweeter."

means the Duke of York, who was *Bishop of Osnaburg*, and a very pretty bishop, too. "Young royal Tarry Brooks" in the same poetical squib, is our King; "but the frigate 'well rigged for Venus' barker," was a young lady of Portsmouth (we think), certainly not Dora Jordan, the wife in heart (and in the eye of heaven,) of the Duke of Clarence.

B. WILSDEN, MANCHESTER.—Certainly. It is surprising every sporting reader seems determined to assume that every department but his favourite one is hardly worth notice. We wish we could see a little more cosmopolitan spirit among sporting men: the lack of it has led to the extinction of several branches of popular sports, and the crippling of many others. By decrying a recreation you have no mind to, you strengthen the hands of those who would put both your favourite pursuits, and the one you sneer at, in the same category, and denounce and suppress them both as equally sinful and disgraceful, though both are popular, nay more, blameless sports.

ENQUIRER.—Drury-lane theatre was last destroyed by fire, on Feb. 24th, 1809. That was the second time of its conflagration.

"EDWARD N."—As you ask our private opinion, we do not think the horse, although in the betting, has a shadow of chance for the Leger.—The public betting is not a safe criterion: observe, we say this subject to explanation of the "bookmaking" influences which work the averages. Sell the horse; sell him—he'll not be worth twopence long before the day. "Oh, No!"—You're a facetious fellow, no doubt. Try your hand at it, and you'll find it out. "CAVEAT EMPTOR."—We'll give you another article or two of the sort, as the others pleased you so much.

"R. JESSOP."—We do not know. Your second query is a legal one, of some obscurity and doubt. We suspect that you could not get a direct answer from a professional man; why then, consult us!—we do not pretend to be lawyers.

E. L. B.—You have no legal remedy. Two cases (within this fortnight) have been added to the list of precedents. Look at the daily papers.

M. R.—SHEFFIELD.—You have won the wager. It was S's fault that you were momentarily deprived of the means of showing your correctness, by a trick. He (S.) took a childish advantage and ought to pay.

S. T.—LIVERPOOL.—We never received your first letter. How did you address it? The question is perille; there have been tortoiseshell Tom Cats, though they are certainly scarce. We have seen more than one ourselves; and could find one in a few minutes in our own neighbourhood. It is an authenticated fact, that where a female cat had hurt her tail by an accident, that she brought forth one or more tailless kittens in each of her subsequent broods. We shall not try to account for this, but we know its truth.

ROBERT WESTON.—You may refuse them. Who told you postage stamps were a legal tender? Your "friend the lawyer," was hoaxing you: summon for the debt, (if you have a fair case) the offer of the stamps is not payment.

"SANDY SANDERSON."—Not over 'cute we think. The stone of meat by custom, is 8 lbs. at Smithfield and Newgate market. You cannot demand fourteen; these things are regulated by general usage.

L. B. N., BIRMINGHAM.—Dog Billy.—The Great Britain Steamer is the property of a company. You must take American statements with a liberal allowance; she is by far the largest steamer ever launched.

"SIBERT."—This is not the season. We will give all the breeds of sporting dogs, faithfully engraved, as well as articles relating to the gun, when August and September come.

REMINGTON.—Gunpowder is composed of very light charcoal, sulphur, and saltpetre.

You can buy it cheaper and better than you can make it.

"R. ENDERBY."—Strictly speaking, *fettors* mean chains for the feet.

"PUO."—There are sixteen battles in the P. R. against the name of Ned Stockman, in FIFTIANA. That is the authority. Unless you can show an omission of any recorded fight in the P. R. from a contemporary paper or magazine: *assertion* is not proof.

"SEE-TO-IT."—WOLVERHAMPTON.—Bill Perry (the Tipton Fisher) beat Tomner, who was called the Gorse champion, in Nov. 1837. It is nearly ten years since his first public fight. He beat Tass Parker the second fight, the first was interrupted.

CRICKET.—T. EVANS.—Severe illness is the only cause of the omission. The subject will be resumed in the forthcoming number.

T. UPTON, HIGHGATE.—Yes, at Hornsey, on Thursday last, when the Highgate gentleman won: The return not yet fixed.

ROBERT.—Both the *Era* and *Monday Times* are in error. The match between Kent and England (Gentlemen) was drawn at the request of the former on the third day (Wednesday).

H. A. BLONDILL.—But for unavoidable circumstances, NED REW would have gladly availed himself of your invite, and hopes for an early opportunity of seeing you.

TYROL.—Yes, you can try the Euston Club, or the Islington Clarence, both playing on the Brecknock Arms ground, Camden Town. Apply to H. Bromley.

D. E. N.—Not out, the ball being dead.

NEMO.—Procure Denison's Cricketer's Companion for 1845.

P. T.—Not out, certainly. It is easy for a practised eye to detect a bound, or bam, ball, as it is generally termed. It rises in a very peculiar manner when struck on to the ground.

T. T. L.—Out: you had no right to go off your ground, unless your bat (in hand) was over the crease.

TOM.—Twenty-seven inches out of the ground; and eight inches in extreme width.

### OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

SUNDAY, July 13th.—EIGHT SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.—Captain Barclay completed his task of walking 1000 miles in 1000 hours, 1810.

MONDAY, 14th.—Grand Cricket Match, Kent versus All England, at Lord's Ground.—Bastille at Paris destroyed, 1793.

TUESDAY, 15th.—St. Swithin's Day.—Tenbury Races.—Guildford Races.—The Season.—The insect tribes are now extremely numerous; the cheerful hum of the grasshopper enlivens the fields; and the beetle, buzzing through the air, breaks the silence of evening. The annoyances produced by many insects are so incessant as to lessen the pleasure of a twilight walk, though we may console ourselves by reflecting that they are not so troublesome and dangerous as those of tropical countries. The domestic animals seem to suffer from their bites more than human beings. These wounds of insects are sometimes made to obtain nourishment, at other times to deposit their ova; but most insects for this purpose resort to the plants or to the earth. The cool and grateful shade of trees is now too inviting to be neglected, and amid the woods we may meet with some of the most beautiful wild-flowers which this country produces, as well as many which furnish indications of the weather, which no one should neglect, if they desire to escape those sudden showers, of the approach of which we have no other intimation. The scarlet pimpernel, or *anagallis arvensis*, has received the name of "the poor man's weather-glass. The observation of this, and other plants, the opening and closing of which are regulated by the degrees of light, is at once interesting and instructive.

### AN INVITATION

Haste out of doors—from the pastoral mount  
The isles of ocean thine eye may count—  
From coast to coast, and from town to town,  
You can see the white sails gleaming down,  
Like monstrous water-birds, which fling  
The golden light from each snowy wing;

And the chinnied steam-boattossing high  
 Its volum'd smoke to the waste of sky;  
 While you note, in foam, on the yellow beach,  
 The tiny billows, each chasing each,  
 Then melting like cloudlets in the sky,  
 Or time in the sea of eternity!

WEDNESDAY, 16th.—Liverpool Races.—Match of the Royal Thames Yacht Club.—Stamford Races.

THURSDAY, 17th.—Camelford Fair.—Things to be remembered in July. Assessed taxes and poor-rates due on the 6th April, must be paid on or before the 20th, by all electors of cities or boroughs, or they will be disqualified for voting; which is also the last day for sending in claims for voting in counties.—St. Overseers to make out lists of county and borough electors.

FRIDAY, 18th.—Overton and Huntingdon Fairs.

SATURDAY, 19th.—Cricket Match at Harrow, M. C. C. against Harrovians. Arrival of the Spanish Armada on the coast of England, 1588.

#### TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High water at London Bridge.

	noon.	aft.		noon.	aft.
Sunday, July 13th	7 26	7 55	Thursday, 17th	8 36	1 3
Monday, 14th	8 26	9 1	Friday, 18th	1 33	1 55
Tuesday, 15th	9 37	10 12	Saturday, 19th	2 26	2 51
Wednesday, 16th	10 49	11 27			

Office, 42, Holywell-street, Strand, where all communications to the Editor must be addressed.

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 19, 1845.

### OTTER HUNTING.

THE wild habits of the Otter are but little known to men who are merely naturalists, as may be easily seen by turning to what are called standard authors on the subject of British quadrupeds; we shall not therefore confine ourselves to a mere zoologist's description of this "fish-like" animal, but proceed to the chase, incidentally noticing the peculiarities which offer themselves to the sportsman's notice, and leaving the animal itself until the description which we purpose giving next week with the engraved portrait of this fourfooted piscatorial prig.

Friend and brother—for sportsman I presume thou art—didst ever go a-hunting the otter on the banks of some fair river? If not, the sooner thou art entered at this noble sport, the better thou wilt be pleased; thy health will be profited, thy senses gratified, and thou wilt connect both ends of thy fox-hunting season with a most agreeable link. Accompany me in my rambles, and I will let thee into a secret of happiness, that wealth cannot purchase for its votaries.

Otter-hunting, though so charming a divertissement, is, nevertheless, an artificial sport to hounds; and I infer so from reasons which I will at once state. Any hound will run deer, and he becomes, as far as his powers admit, up to his work during the first season. A foxhound is most brilliant during his second season; and a harrier takes to his business almost instinctively. Not so with the otter-hound, whatever his breed; he requires a long apprenticeship (after his entry, which is very often tedious and protracted) to give him a notion of the animal's habits; and it is generally the fourth or fifth season with him ere he attain to anything like excellence in his vocation. Again, no pack of otter-hounds, however perfect in their work, if unassisted and left entirely to themselves, shall kill an old otter found on a fair, deep stream. In this sport, especially, man's hand and eye are indispensable to the hound. Thus, I infer, that no hounds would naturally take to drawing for an otter as they would for other game; that an otter in his element (if I may be allowed to call it so) is more than a match for hounds, and that, consequently, to them the sport is an artificial one. Notwithstanding, the deer excepted, no animal leaves a sweeter scent to hounds than the otter. Often have I seen the trail hunted among the dank weeds of a shady brook, where the sun had no power, forty-eight hours after the animal had been fishing there, when two or three tender-nosed old hounds spoke upon it, and the rest, though equally free on a fresh trail, could not be made to own it; at the same time knowing and not doubting their character, the seal has doubly convinced me of the authenticity of these hounds that threw their tongues. This fact may sound as "legendary" to the uninitiated, and I may probably be referred to that very credulous man, Judas Apella, for belief; but every old otter-hunter will know that what I have stated is the case.

An otter will occasionally land to go a-frogging amongst small gutters in watered meadows, particularly in the hay season; or he will cross over from one stream to another at a considerable distance. Clap hounds upon it, and they will run it "like mad" to and fro, and enjoy it the tenth time of asking as much as they did the first, when it was fresh and unfoiled. And it is not the tying hound that will do this, as may perhaps be conjectured—all hounds do it; even the flashy, go-a-head fox-hound, if he be cognizant of the scent, will career

like a steam-engine over the beaten track, and each time will throw up at the water terminus, all life and action, as though he expected a view of the animal itself. Still the sport, as I said before, is artificial to hounds; and though the scent be dear to them, why so is that of a red-herring, turpentine, or anisod, though I detest their taste in the last cases.

But as this, our present article, is but a preliminary to the description and picture of the next number, we will tail it by a spirited description of an otter hunt in the year of grace, 1845, from the pen of a writer in the "Sporting Review;" who hath chosen the legendary title of "GELERT," as his literary appellation.

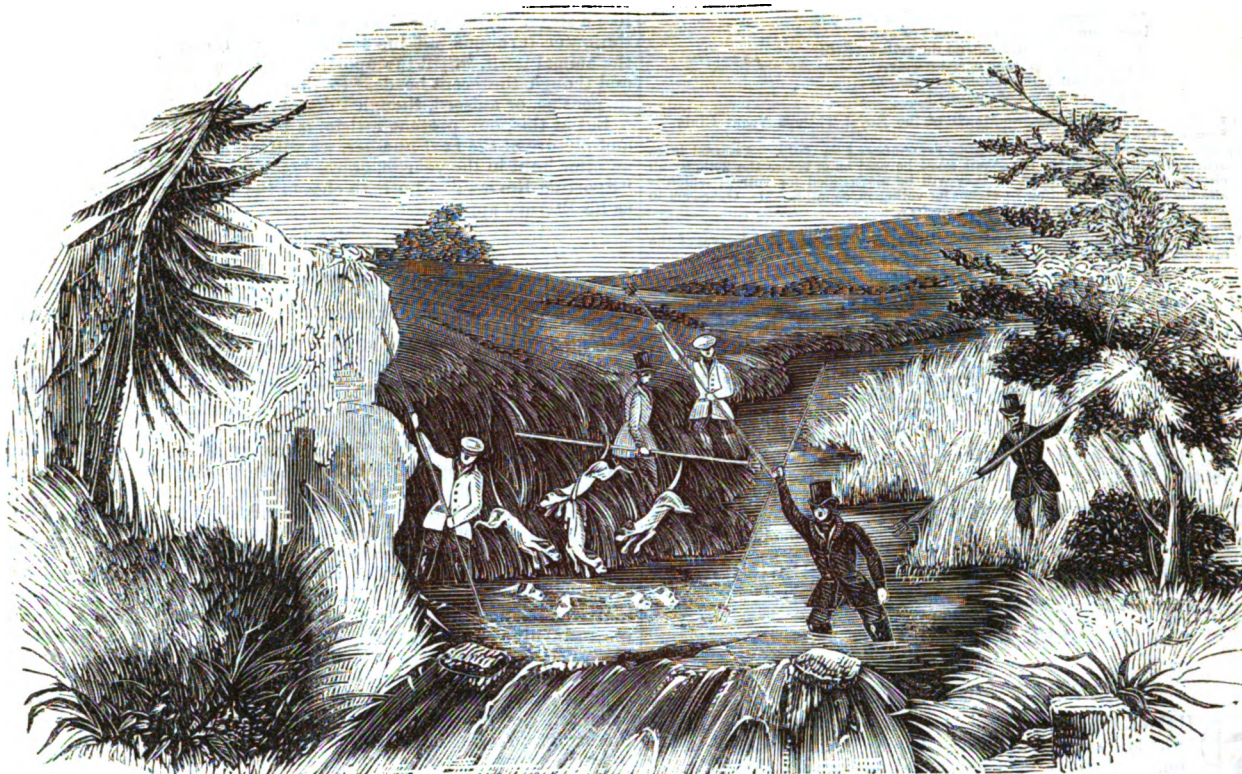
"Now huntsman, bring  
 Thy eager pack, and trail him to his couch;  
 Hark, the loud peal begins! how greedily  
 They stuff the fishy stream, that to each blade,  
 Rank scolding clings!"  
 H. SOMERVILLE.

"On Thursday, the 1st of May, 1845, the 'P.M.P.', a pack of otter hounds, met by appointment, at Saltstone-bridge, on the river Bow, at ten o'clock. The day looked everything that was amiable, bright, warm, and beautiful; the wind, however, though soft, might have blown a trifle more gently, for in the event of a find, the bubble of the beast would have been scarcely discernible on the rippled surface of the waters. The hounds, ten couples, seemed by their bearing as though they belonged to the Plantagenet blood—bold, muscular, and noble; the terriers as though they had been bred by Canning's "Knife Grinder"—torn, ragged, and up to a row. Happiness and contentment sat on the brow of every member of the hunt, and the whole *ménage* looked very much like business. A council of war was then held on the bridge, as to the advisability of drawing up stream or down; after some deliberation the ups had it, and accordingly the hounds' noses were set in that direction. By a few of the most sanguine of the party the decision was soon held to be a bad one, inasmuch as mid-day was at hand, the great Grist-mills had been passed, and as yet no hound had touched upon a trail; but scarcely had their objections been urged, and a downward course almost determined upon, when a few of the old hounds were observed to feather more freely upon the bank, and "Nestor" plunging into the stream, threw his tongue with so much energy and action, that all doubt and discussion ceased at once; his namesake's eloquence (the Grecian hight Nestor) never had half the effect upon the feelings of his followers. Several hounds then spoke simultaneously, and away they went up stream, carrying a merry trail, "at a good old hunting pace." From certain indications already alluded to, it was conjectured that we had commenced at the right end of the trail; and from the hounds landing frequently, cutting off the angles of the river, dropping into the deep pools, and avoiding the strong currents, it was pretty evident that the otter had been working up against stream. Somerville's well-known and practical description would apply especially to this part of the chase—

"Now on firm land they range, then in the flood  
 They plunge tumultuous, or through reedy pools  
 Rastling they work their way; no holt escapes  
 Their curious search."

Two or three miles of the river had been traversed in this manner, when "Baronet" came to a mark in a hover formed by an old oak tree. "That sounds solid," was the general observation, as the hound's peculiar earnestness carried conviction to all, that the game was at hand. "Solid and sure," was Ned Fullbert's reply, as he caught a terrier by the tail, and quietly dropped him through the hollow of the tree. "Now, look below, gentlemen; Fox is aboard him; and if he don't bolt in a second or two, I'm deceived; so look below, for he'll slip by you like a conger." War to the knife was at once heard at the roots of the tree, and a chain of small bubbles rising to the surface, told all that the otter had bolted. The hounds now settled upon him down stream, and for an hour or more worked him incessantly. "His life a't worth a farden," says Ned; "tis too hot to hold him." The otter now landed, unseen by any one, while the hounds flashed away down stream on the scent of the water for several hundred yards. Here they threw up for a time; but, at the sound of the horn, again heading back, they hit off his line with an avidity that seemed to say his very minutes were numbered. However, it was not so, for by the aid of a small copse through which he ran, he managed to reach the hover from which he was first bolted. Great was Ned's grief at this occurrence, for he knew the punishment that awaited his "fire-side friends," as he always called the terriers, and he predicted the very bones of their head would be cracked ere the otter could be made to quit his strong holt a second time. "Halloo-in-loo," said he, as a couple of them got in. "I'll warrant me they'll do their duty." Every hound pricked his ear, and every man seemed a statue of attention; it was a strange contrast to the scurry and excitement that had just prevailed. A rattling, rumbling noise was quickly heard, and the chain of bubbles again shot up, glistening like so many pearls, and announcing at once the evacuation of the fortress. The otter was now fairly beaten, he vented more frequently, and was "gazed" without intermission. "*Pavdum caput extulit undis*," old Beeswing grabs at him, then Rattler, then all, "*stant littore puppes*." "Well done, good hounds, well done." Worry, worry, worry; you can't 'tear him eat him,' lads, who-whoop." Ned took the otter by the tail with his left hand, and with the whip in his right he





OTTER HUNTING.

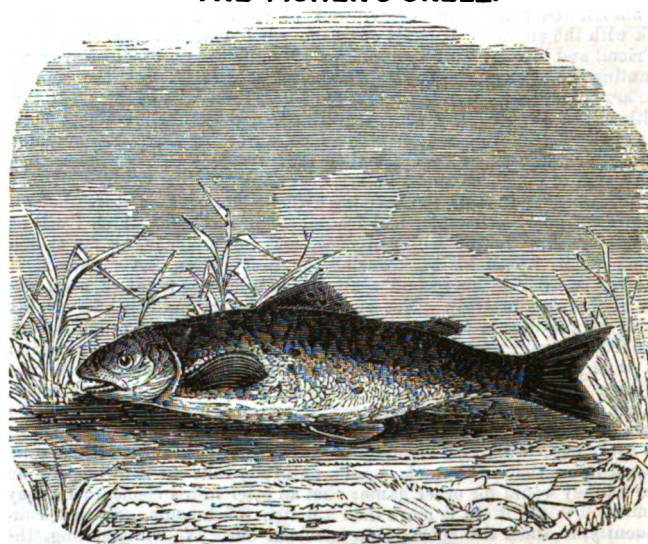
kept off the hounds that were baying in a circle around him, while he screeched at the top of his voice "Who-whoop."

It is of the greatest advantage that hounds should have blood as early as may be in the season, especially young hounds; because if they have not yet entered, a first impression of what they are to pursue is sure to have a future if not an immediate good effect. When short of blood, even old hounds that understand their work will become slack, and draw carelessly and with indifference. This is always regarded as a great misery; but I would not go quite so far as Daniel, who says of fox hunting that "the whole art is to keep hounds well in blood, therefore every advantage of the fox is taken." When there are many unentered hounds, an early hour is preferable for meeting, as in the morning a fresh scent is afforded, which is likely to make them draw more readily than a staler scent. Every encouragement should be given to induce them to stoop; and though they commence by marking small vermin, it may be regarded as a prelude to better things; and they should in no wise be rated before they are cognizant of that game which it is intended they should follow. Too many hounds are very objectionable for this sport, as in general they only serve to foil the water and add to the confusion when the otter is found, while upon a trail they are more apt from jealousy to get ahead, without using that steadiness and caution which is so essential for discovering an animal that conceals itself so effectually as the otter. The size of your pack, however, ought to be regarded by the size of your rivers: if they be broad, you cannot well manage with less than twelve or fifteen couple; but if they be chiefly brooks and small streams, eight couple would be ample. In the former case an otter when found does not adhere to the line of one bank of the river, but is constantly crossing as he is marked and dislodged on either side; to cope with him under these circumstances, it is necessary to have your pack divided and working both banks at the same time, or there would be no end to your day's sport, if indeed you did not lose him, which would be highly probable. When it comes to be a matter of swimming against diving, the wild beast has greatly the advantage, and without the spear would never be taken, unless the above method be resorted to. Upon small streams the case is different: there all your power, however short it be, is concentrated and brought into action at the same time, and your hounds cross and recross with as much or even more facility than the otter himself.

"Having decanted thus much of my stock, my friends will excuse me, I am sure, if I reserve some small quantity in bottle for future use. In the meantime I will promise them, at no very distant date, a biographical sketch of Ned Fullbert, who for forty years has had no common intercourse with our various beasts of venerie, and can supply yarns upon the subject as long as 'the great sea-snake.'"

THE OTTER'S portrait in our next.

## THE FISHER'S CREEL.



THE LAKE TROUT.

At the request of a correspondent we this week proceed to give a few particulars, such as we could gather, of the variety of the salmon-tribe, called the Lake Trout, together with a few wrinkles as to the method pursued in taking him.

That the lake trout is a distinct species from the common trout, has been shown by Sir Wm. Jardine. It is found in Loch Awe, Loch Laggan, Loch Ard, Ullswater, in Scotland, and Loch Neagh, in Ireland; and it is probable that the trout caught in the Swiss lakes is a different fish from the common trout.

It is called by naturalists *salmo ferox*, and well does it deserve the name, for it is the most powerful of fresh water fishes, exceeding the salmon in actual strength, though not in activity. The most general size caught by trolling, (for the mode of which see our paper on that subject a few weeks back) ranges from three to fifteen pounds; beyond that weight they are not of common occurrence. If hooked on tackle of moderate strength



they afford excellent sport; but the general method of fishing for them is almost as well adapted for catching sharks as trout; the angler being apparently more anxious to have it in his power to state that he had caught a fish of such a size, than to enjoy the pleasure of the sport itself. However, to the credit of both parties, it may be stated, that the very strongest tackle is sometimes snapped in two by its first tremendous springs. The ordinary method of fishing for this kind of trout, is with a powerful rod, from a boat rowing at the rate of from three to four miles an hour; the lure a common trout from three to ten inches in length, baited upon six or eight salmon hooks, tied back to back upon strong gimp, assisted by two swivels, and the wheel-line strong whip-cord. Yet for all this, in the first impetuous efforts of the fish to regain its liberty, it is frequently carried away for ever into the crystal depths of Loch Awe.

When in their highest health and condition, and indeed the whole of the time in which they are not employed in the operation of spawning, these fish will scarcely ever rise at a fly. At these periods they appear to be almost entirely piscivorous; so that, with the exception of night lines, baited also with trout, trolling is the only advisable mode of angling for them. The young, however, rise very freely at ordinary lake-trout flies, and are generally caught in this way, from one to one and a half pound weight. They occur abundantly near the outlet of the lake.

About the middle of August, and during the three following months, the parent fish retire, for the purpose of spawning, to the deep banks of the lake in the neighbourhood of the gorge, and into the gorge of the lake itself, where it empties its immense waters, forming the river Awe. They are said to remain engaged in this operation for two or three months, and at this time their instinctive tendencies are so far changed that they will rise eagerly at large and gaudily dressed salmon-flies, and may be either angled for from the banks, or trolled with a cross line, where the outlet of the lake is narrow.

The flavour of this great lacustrine species is coarse and indifferent. The colour of the fish is orange-yellow, not the rich salmon colour of a fine common trout in good season. The stomach is very capacious, and on dissection (differing singularly in this respect from the salmon whose stomach is invariably empty,) is almost always found gorged with fish.

It has been supposed, that by feeding on three or four sorts of shell fish, the common trout has its stomach altered from a soft and membranous, to a hard and fibrous texture, inaccurately said to be similar to a fowl's gizzard. These trouts, which are called gillaroo, are found in Loch Melvin, near Ballyshannon, and Loch Con, near Ballina, in Ireland, and differ little from the common trout, except in being of a bright golden yellow on the belly and fins, with more red spots on the sides, and somewhat broader and thicker in form.

The following remarks of Sir H. Davy show that the common opinion respecting the origin of this difference is, at least, very doubtful. Speaking of Loch Melvin, he says, "the common trouts of this lake have stomachs like other trouts, which never, as far as my experience has gone, contain shell-fish; but of the gillaroo trout, I have caught, with a fly, some not longer than my finger, which have had as perfect a hard stomach as the larger ones, with the coats as thick in proportion, and the same shells within; so that this animal is at least now a distinct species, and is a sort of link between the trout and char, which has a stomach of the same kind with the gillaroo, but not quite so thick, and which feeds at the bottom in the same way. I have often looked in the lakes abroad for a gillaroo trout, and never found one."

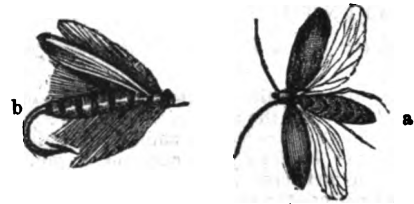
The high flavour and red colour for which the trout, taken in Lochleven, are found, are supposed to proceed from the food by which they are supported in the loch; it being a general rule, that while the flesh of trout is white in clear and limpid waters, the same sort when found where rivers pass slowly through a tract of foul or meadow ground, have more or less redness in their colour. A considerable part of Lochleven is spongy at bottom, and from it arise aquatic plants in great abundance; in many parts, towards the beginning of Autumn, its waters are covered with these flowers. But the circumstance to which the redness of Lochleven trout is chiefly ascribed, is the vast quantity of small red shell-fish, with which their stomachs are often filled. They generally lie in deep water, and will not rise to any hook however baited with fly or other object. Other sorts of river trout are found in Lochleven, which, after living a little time in the loch, and growing towards a pound in weight, grow red in flesh.

Thus much of lake trout, and now for the flies for July, which we postponed last week.

#### FLIES FOR JULY.

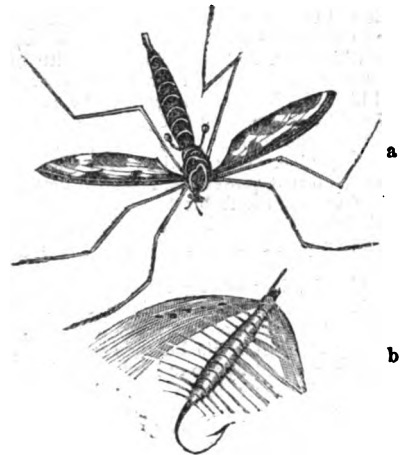
The water being in general clearer this month, the flyfisher requires proportionately more skill; hence mature anglers often meet with poor sport. The greater abundance of insect food also renders the fish shy of biting, and sport becomes scarce, except with a very fine line, and in windy or showery weather. We shall therefore append but a brace of flies.

1.—The red spinner, a well-known fly this month, and may be made either larger or smaller. The large sort has the body dubbed with seals' fur, dyed red, mixed with brown bears' hair, whipped with gold twist; the wings from a starling's feather; the hackle from a red game-cock. The hook No. 7. The small sort has the body dubbed with yellow fur from a spaniel's ear, whipped with gold twist; the wings and hackle as in the large sort. The hooks No. 8 and No. 9 are used.



The red spinner: *a*, natural beetle on the wing; *b*, artificial fly.

Besides the various species of small gnats and ant flies, the spider fly is mentioned in books of angling, though it is much too large, except in dark water or windy weather, or on rough currents. The body is dubbed with bears' hair or fox-cub down, whipped with yellowish or reddish silk; the wings from a partridge or landrail's feather. The hook No. 6 is used.



Spider fly, or daddy long-legs: *a*, natural fly; *b*, artificial fly.

The other flies for this month are the barn-fly, the owl-fly, the flesh-fly, the peacock-fly, the green-grasshopper, the wasp, the badger, the July dun, and the shell-fly. The Welshman's button, we shall figure among the flies for August.

#### WHITE BAIT.

"Who has been to Blackwall, and has not had a white bait dinner? In fact, they have become assimilated to each other so far that, Blackwall and white bait, and white bait and Blackwall, are at one and the same time mentioned—they cannot be separated.

White bait are of the Herring family, and about the end of March or early in April, begin to make their appearance in the Thames, and as Mr. Yarrell says, "are then very small, apparently but just changed from the albuminous state of very young fry."

During the months of June, July, and August, immense quantities are consumed by visitors at the different taverns at Greenwich and Blackwall. From the fact of their generally being caught in the Thames, it does not follow that they are not to be taken at other places. But as Mr. Yarrell observes, "It is rather to the want of a particular mode of fishing, by which so small a fish can be taken so near to the surface, than to any absence of the fish itself."

To be eaten in the greatest possible perfection they should be taken from the river and be put into the fryingpan almost immediately, and from thence to the table without the least delay; for after being caught, in a few hours (especially when the weather is warm) they lose their brilliancy, and the water becomes turbid; the fish will then have lost their elasticity, and become quite flaccid. The only method of cooking them, is by frying, which should only be done in sufficient fat for them to float in. When that has arrived at the greatest temperature it is capable of obtaining, (which may easily be known by sprinkling a little water on the fat, from the fingers, when it will produce a quick sharp crackling noise), a handful is taken out gently, so as not to bruise the fish, and after draining a little through the fingers, they are to be sprinkled on some flour spread on a cloth, and are thrown backwards and forwards in the cloth to cover them with the flour. Then throw them from the cloth into a cane or wicker corn-sieve, and sift the loose flour from them; put them from the sieve into the fat; fry them for a minute or two, but they must not be browned; take them out with a slice, put them into a colander to drain; toss them up, sprinkle them with salt, and serve in heap, on a hot plate with brown bread and butter, and half a lemon.

## COMBAT BETWEEN THE AFRICAN LION AND WILD BOAR.

(Extract from a Letter from a French Gentleman, some years a Resident in Algeria.)

"In one of the early expeditions into the province of Constantine, a very distinguished officer of the army of Africa (brother of one of our most famous sportsmen) was posted in ambush with his company at the mouth of a small river bordering the camp of Bream. It was one of those nights, so calm and serene, peculiar to meridional climates, when the slightest sound reaches the ear—so much so, that you perceive even the ticking of your watch, and when you might read and write with as much facility at midnight as you could in London at noonday. Every soldier was on the strictest watch. All at once a rustling in the leaves, which was quickly followed by the noise of some heavy body falling into the water, attracted general attention. It was a wild boar of enormous size, who was rapidly flying from danger, and had sought safety by precipitating himself into the river. A fresh rustling of the foliage and high grass announced that the poor beast was pursued by some terrible animal. In fact, a majestic and enormous-sized lion had, with prodigious bounds, approached close to where we were posted. Arriving on the bank of the river, he perceived his prey, took a spring, and with one leap pounced upon it. A short combat ensued, in which the boar stood no chance. The lion fastened his tusks in the boar's gorge, the current was streaming with gore, and the boar soon ceased to exist; the lion then left his prey, returning tranquilly to the shore, as if he had only been revenging himself of some former grudge. Our soldiers with their muskets to their shoulders, witnessed all that passed, and wished nothing better than to have interfered in favour of the feeblest in this too unequal contest; but the prudence of their chief opposed itself to it; a fusillade at that hour of the night and at an outpost could not have failed giving the alarm to the Arabs.

"The boar of Algeria, less strong although equally well armed by nature as those of France and Germany, is of a character infinitely less savage. But this want of fierceness does not approach tameness: when on the defensive they will kill or disable men and dogs the same as those in Europe. But when charged by the animal, there is more danger to the hunter in Africa than elsewhere, for in Africa there are no trunks of trees to afford shelter, you are reduced to the defensive, and the only chance you have is either the swiftness of your horse or lodging a bullet in the animal's forehead.

"Wild boar hunting still exists in Algeria, although from the war and other circumstances the animals are getting scarcer. This animating sport is conducted in a way which recalls to mind the bull fights of Seville. The hunter, with the assistance of the picador, amuses himself with planting a certain number of small lances, with little coloured flags attached to one end of them, into the animal's throat. The Arab horseman, who is the first of horsemen in the whole world, displays an admirable tact address in this species of sport. The Arab cavalier hunts everything and takes everything on horseback, except the gazelle. The Scheiks and noble families alone had formerly the privilege of hunting the boar with large dun-coloured hounds, who readily attacked and pinned it. This species of dog is still very much prized, is scarce, and highly valuable in Africa."

**PICTURE OF THE BEAUFORT HUNT.**—We have been very much pleased by an inspection of a large and very clever sporting-picture, painted by Messrs. William and Henry Barraud, representing his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, at the meet of the Beaufort-hunt, on the lawn at Badminton. The grouping of the human figures—of whom there are forty-five introduced into the picture, with the dogs and horses—has been managed with great skill. There is neither formality nor confusion in the composition, and every portion of the work has been finished with extraordinary care and knowledge of effect. The scene is admirably portrayed in all its details; in the centre of the principal group on the left of the picture, is the noble master of the hunt, on horseback. The likeness is an excellent one—somewhat younger and more erect, perhaps, than the original, but still a capital likeness. The Duke of Cambridge, who stands near, with the Duchess of Beaufort leaning on his arm, is an unmistakable portrait of the royal duke. Count Esterhazy, in the extreme left of the picture, and Lord Alfred Paget, who stands in front of him, resting his arm carelessly upon his horse's shoulder, are both striking likenesses; so are those of Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, the Earl of Jersey, John Shelley, Esq., Count Kinskey, and Francis Dovell, Esq. In the right-hand group with huntsmen and dogs, the portraits of the Earl of Chesterfield and Lord Shelburne will be instantly recognised by all who know their personal appearance. There are several other figures which we have been told are exceedingly like the individuals represented, but with whose features we are not sufficiently acquainted to speak with certainty of the fidelity of their portraits.

LORD FALKNER, the author of the play called *The Marriage Night*, was chosen very young to sit in Parliament; and, when he was first elected, some of the members opposed his admission, urging that he had not *sown* all his wild oats. "Then," replied he, "it will be the best way to *sow* them in the house, where there are so many geese to pick them up."

A MEDICAL student was asked the other day, what business he followed. He answered by saying that he was an *apprentice to the doctor business*, and had been taking lessons in *Botany* for some time past. He can now analyze an onion, a toadstool, a brickbat, a bustle, or any other exotic you have a mind to produce.

A SPORTING INCUMBRANCE.—At an early hour the other morning, two or three blades, who spent their daily lives amongst thread and tape, sallied out with a gun into the suburbs, with the sportsman-like intention of making havoc amongst a few harmless tame rabbits. Nimrod, a bold fellow, was the first to cock his dreadful tube in the face of an innocent doe. Crack went the gun, and away flew the rabbit past his feet, our hero exclaiming in bitter disappointment. "Dang it, if I hadn't had the gun, I could have killed it."

"Oh, Nanny, will thou gang wi' me?" as the man said when he stole the goat.

## SPORTS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

At this particular season of the year, when so many persons are annually attracted to the vicinity of the Pyrenees by the charms of wild romantic scenery, the pure mountain air, and for the benefit of the baths and mineral waters, it will be an acceptable piece of information, and useful to sportsmen visiting for the first time this locality, as well as interesting to the general reader, to learn some details of a new and invigorating species of sport (hitherto but little known in this country), and which may be enjoyed in the greatest perfection in the quarter we are about to name—the sport we allude to is chamois hunting.

Pau forms the principal rendezvous for British and other foreign visitors frequenting the baths and springs called Les Baux; there are two towns, one termed Les Baux Chaudes, and the other Les Baux Bonnes. They are about four kilometres, or two miles and a half apart from each other. The mountains around the valley abound with *izards* (chamois), which are sometimes met with in flocks of forty or fifty. The *chasse aux izards* is a favourite amusement with the visitors at the baths, under the guidance of experienced huntsmen, of whom there is no lack. The huntsmen most frequented by the chamois in this district are the Pies d'Ardizet, de Gaze, and de Ségui. At Les Baux Bonnes (to which our observations are principally confined) there are twenty hotels, or first-rate lodging-houses. The village is cradled in the lap of the mountain, precipices rising all round the houses, the rock having been blasted to make room for some of them. Above towers the majestic Pic de Gers, the grand feature in all the views of this neighbourhood; while in the east rises the serrated ridge of the Col de Torte. Bordering the Val de Gabas, above Les Baux Chaudes, with its luxuriant forests and its noble Pic de Midi, the grandest mountain in this district, abundance of game of various descriptions is to be found.

Bears, though less common, are often killed. A recent tourist writes—"Whilst at the Baux Bonnes, we were roused by several musket-shots discharged close to the baths, and on running out to ascertain the cause, were met by a curious procession. A young ass dressed up in the skin of a bear, which had just been killed on the mountains, led in by the successful huntsmen. Their tall athletic forms, dressed all in brown, from the *berret* to their stockings, armed with their guns and woodman's axes, had a picturesque appearance. The poor ass was sadly impeded in walking, by the bear's paws, which dangled about his hoofs, and by the bear's head piece, which compressed most uncomfortably his long ears. The bear had slain the night before ten sheep and had eaten two; he fell pierced with bullets, one entering precisely the centre of the forehead."

The following interesting information and details are penned by a distinguished foreign sportsman:—

"There is for every lover of sport a certain *prestige*, an indefinable pleasure in this noble chase (chamois hunting), at the summit of the peaks; the few obstacles to be surmounted pleases the imagination and the *amour propre*. Besides, on your return you are sure to have some pleasing episode in your adventures to relate to your less ardent sporting friends, whose pleasures are confined to the shooting of quail, rabbits, partridges, pheasants, hares, and occasionally a deer. Likewise in the chase of the chamois you often fall in with by chance a white partridge, a heathcock, a vulture, or an eagle, which require a good shot, and are not to be met with every day. Without too much fatigue, you will here find excellent sport; for on horseback you can ascend the mountains nearly to the spot to which your guides or scouts will bring down the game. Your party should consist of three or four: not less, to be able to stop the passages, but not more than six persons, otherwise you would lessen the sports by being too close to each other. You should apply previously to one of the guides named Esterle, Charbonnier, or Titon. You must not accept the terms they offer to strangers and novices; they will ask five francs for each scout, besides finding them with provisions. It is very embarrassing to find a stock of victuals and drink for such a caravan, particularly in these regions, where the mountain air gives every one a devilish appetite. At your hotel, whichever it may be (for I speak without prejudice), all that is extra, or you may require to take with you, is

charged double for. You should take with you no more than is absolutely necessary. This agreement of five francs per man produces the worst of consequences. Your guides will have no interest in your sport, whether it be good or bad, and it gives them less spirit to exertion and the use of their limbs. To interest them in your success, adopt a plan which I have often done. Say to one of the guides I have named, 'Here is a party of four sportsmen. We want six men. We shall not feed them; you shall receive five francs for each shot fired, and twenty francs for each chamois killed. No shot, nothing killed—no pay.' If you should have bad sport, you will have nothing to regret but the loss of time, and will not have to pay for a pleasure you have not enjoyed. The guides, who prefer a certainty to an uncertainty, will higgie at these terms, and will be unwilling to accept them. But, believe me, if you wish to enjoy the sport, and have something to fire at, hold out. This does not always succeed. If the guides of Les Eaux Bonnes, who are cunning fellows, are reluctant, threaten them to go to the Eaux Chaudes. Competition destroys the despotism of monopoly; and, with a little firmness on your part, they will comply with your wishes; and it is, at the same time, only justice. If you are courageous, and are not afraid of fatigue—if, moreover, you prefer going alone—if you do not care for the company of four or five jolly companions like yourself, do not go to the expense I have named. It is necessary you should have some guides or scouts; (*rébateurs* they are here called). If you prefer to sport *tele-à-tete*, apply to the guide Lanusse d'Aas. I speak from experience, having tried him. I left Bonnes at two o'clock in the morning. I had no other companion than Lanusse, who carried in his knapsack some bread, a cold fowl, and a pint of wine. Arrived at the post of the Salon, on the Ger, we engaged unexpectedly, as *rébateurs* or scouts, three or four shepherds, who were delighted with the thoughts of getting a twenty sous piece (tenpence) each. I killed on that day two fine chamois. But in sport, as with a good dinner, I prefer to have some one to partake of it with me, and am not egotist enough to wish to have all the fun to myself. In every case consult Lanusse d'Aas: he will give you valuable information. From experience, I would recommend, in shooting the chamois, to use nothing but good-sized buck shot. The animal's skin is thick. A good gun will easily carry thirteen or fourteen, which is a full charge."

We may add, that the season opens in June, and lasts till October. August and September are considered the best months. A diligence runs daily from Pau to the Eaux, performing the journey thither in six hours, and back in four. The waters are considered good for complaints of the lungs and chest, and very efficacious in the early stage of consumption. Their reputation is of long standing.

## ARCHERY.

(Continued from page 210.)



As we closed our last paper with a promise to illustrate the practice of Archery, we shall resume the subject by a description of the implements, and the method of handling them, accompanied by such observations, on ancient and present usages, as may prove interesting or useful.—And first, of

### THE IMPLEMENTS OF ARCHERY.

#### THE BOW.

Moseley, who wrote his Essay on Archery in 1792, says, "the modern bows used in England are made of several kinds of wood. Yew has been by far the longest in use, but it is not so much esteemed at present as some other kinds. The foreign woods imported into this country for the purpose of dyeing and cabinet-work, are some of them preferable for the making of bows, such as fustic, rosewood, &c.; and there is a kind which bears the name of cocoa-tree, which answers pretty well for making strong bows."

The revival of archery since the days of Ascham has introduced to the bowyer several sorts of foreign woods, which, says Roberts, have been found to make bows that rival, and even excel, those of the long-famed yew. Mr. Hastings, author of "The British Archer," remarking on this, says, "This may be true in a certain degree, particularly when applied to the novel and excellent invention and late improvement of the *backed-bow*; but most of these woods are of too brittle a nature to be manufactured into self-bows (or those made of a single piece of wood). The long-famed yew, (he adds), can never yield its natural superiority; and foreign yew, (as he contends,) free from knots or pins, still stands unrivalled. A yew bow is lighter in hand than any other, and the wood itself possesses a toughness and quickness of cast; a combination of good qualities not easily to be surpassed."

Among the foreign woods now used by bowyers, the dark ruby, a native of the East, is most prized. The tulip-wood, cocoa-wood, acacia, purple-wood, rosewood, laburnum, and lancewood, judiciously backed, all form excellent bows.

Modern bows are of two kinds; the former and more simple is made of one entire piece of wood; and the latter, which is infinitely more

durable and costly, is constructed of two pieces—a body part, generally of elastic, often of brittle wood, and a thin strip of ash, elm, or hickory, which is firmly fixed on the back of the other. This back not only prevents the body from splitting, but at the same time renders the bow much stronger, and more difficult to draw.\*

Our ancient archers besmeared the centre of their bows with wax, in order to fix it firmly in the hand; but in the middle of the modern bow there is a binding to enable the shooter to hold the instrument steadily. This binding is termed the *handle* of the bow; and is composed of shag, or worsted lace, answering the double purpose of a firm grasp and an ornament. Each extremity of the bow is provided with a horn with a notch in them respectively (termed by archers the *nocks*), for the purpose of securely stringing the instrument. The lower limb of the bow, it should be observed, has always the shorter nock; the upper horn being not only longer than it, but usually more curved and ornamented.

Ascham has omitted to inform us what was the proper standard length of the bow. The statute of 5 Edward IV. chap. 4, enacted, "that every Englishman, and Irishmen that dwell with Englishmen, and speak English, that be betwixt sixteen and sixty in age, shall have an English bow of his own length, and one *fist-meale* at the least between the necks;† with twelve shafts of the length of three quarters of the standard."

In the present state of archery, when the length of the arrow does not often exceed twenty-nine inches, we seldom use bows longer than five feet ten inches; more frequently those which are an inch, and generally, those which are two inches shorter. But, circumstances considered, five feet nine inches seems to be a very fit length for a bow, when the arrow is not shorter than twenty-seven, or longer than twenty-nine, or, at the most, thirty inches. It is, indeed, said that a bow of five feet eight inches (or two inches shorter if the bow will stand,) will cast an arrow of the length of twenty-seven inches, further than a longer bow will cast the same or a longer arrow.‡

As a good bow is an expensive article to the archer, and when adapted to his strength and practice, is generally highly prized by him, its preservation must naturally be deemed deserving of some attention. With this view it is recommended that it be deposited, after using, in an oil-cloth lined with baize, in order to protect it from wet or moisture: that it be always kept in a temperate atmosphere; and that it be rubbed about once a year with linseed oil. As to unstringing a bow after every shoot, (which appears to be much the fashion,) such precaution is wholly unnecessary; as it must be a bad bow indeed which will not remain strung for two or three hours without injury. Care should of course be taken that it be unstrung immediately after the shooting has concluded; and some archers observe the additional precaution of rubbing it with flannel previously to packing it in their case.

It has been matter of common remark that a yew-tree is generally found in old churchyards. Many good writers have affirmed that this hardy and long-lived evergreen was planted in those sacred and secure places, for the purpose of furnishing materials for bows. There does not, however, appear to have ever been any legislative order for their being so propagated, and the quantity which could by such means have been produced, must have been insignificantly small when military archery was in existence; added to which, English yew is so very full of knots, and consequently so liable to break, that not only our forefathers but modern archers have found it but ill adapted to their purpose, and, consequently, obtained their bow-staves from the continent. English yew was certainly used for the bows of boys, and other weak shooters; but even in Elizabeth's reign, it was settled by statute, that when a bow of English yew sold for two shillings, one of foreign yew might be sold for six and eightpence. It is also worthy of remark, that, by the statute of the 35th of Edward I., the planting of yew-trees in churchyards would seem to have been, in part at least, "to defend the church from the force of the wind."§

#### OF THE BOW-STRING, AND STRINGING THE BOW.

The safety of the bow itself depends in a great measure on the firmness of the string. The universal concussion and jar which the practice of the bow-string causes in the bow, never fails either to shatter it to pieces at the moment, or to raise splinters, which, getting more and more deep into the wood, as the bow is used, at length entirely spoil and ruin the instrument. Those bows which, as it is termed, "follow the string," that is, which bend a little inwards, are less liable to injury from the breaking of a string, than those which are in a straight position, or which bend backwards.

The bow-strings mentioned by ancient writers seem to have been made from leather, or thongs cut from the fresh hides of bulls and other animals. They were also anciently composed from the sinews of beasts; especially of such as were remarkable for their strength or activity, as, bulls, lions, stags, &c.; and even from those particular parts of each animal in which their respective strength was supposed to lie; from bulls,

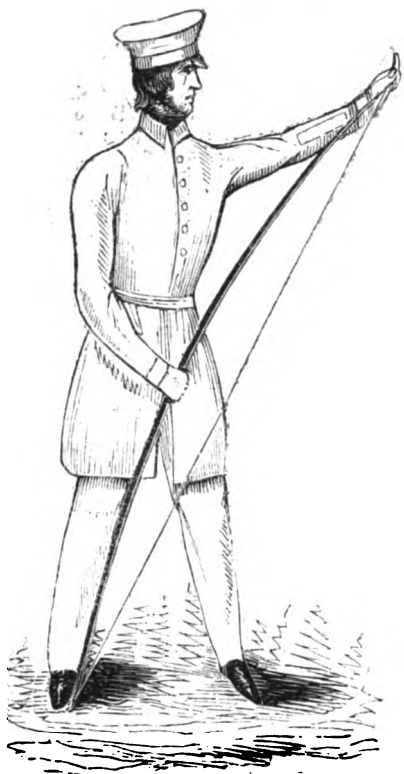
\* Bows have been made, consisting of three, four, and sometimes five pieces; but it would appear that none are better than those formed of two.

† Sometimes in old manuscript spells 'nicks,' and 'fist-mole' called handful.

‡ Roberts.

§ Brady's "Clavis Calendaria."





STRINGING THE BOW.

the sinews about the back and shoulders; from stags, those of the legs. Catgut, prepared from the intestines of animals, has been made serviceable for the same purpose, and continues to be so used in Eastern countries. Hair from the tails of horses was also formerly used for the same purpose, and is spoken of both by Homer and Ovid. And even human hair from the heads of women has, on pressing emergencies, been formed into bow-strings.

The material, however, of which strings are now made in England, is hemp, of which the Italian answers the best; and this substance possesses many advantages over all other sorts. Catgut is too much under the influence of heat and moisture to prove at all times of a proper tension. Hemp and flax have not this inconvenient and disadvantageous quality belonging to them.

Ascham says but little of the bow-string, leaving it to archers themselves to determine whether it should be made of good hemp, as he says it was in his time; or of flax, or of silk. Mr. Roberts,\* reasoning upon this, observes:

"It cannot be collected, either from record or tradition, that any other than hempen strings have been used for English bows. Indeed, silk was not brought into England in any quantity till the sixteenth century; yet a very old ballad (which mentions English archers), has the following line:

"Theyr stringes of silke full sure."

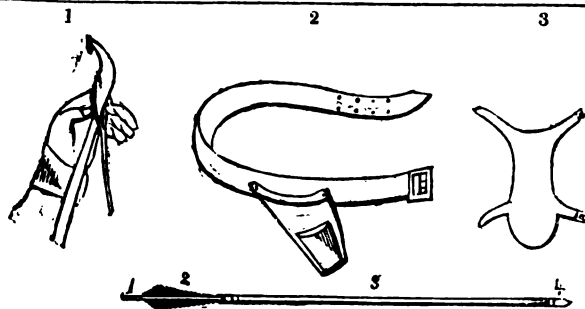
ADAM BELL, &c. part ii. 1, 126. *Percy's Reliq. of Anc. Eng. Poetry.*

"If silk was used, the string must either consist of a number of threads bound at intervals, (as those used with the Turkish, Persian, and Tartar bows, in which case it would be too thick for the neck of our arrows; (or of raw silk twisted, which probably would answer for this purpose if the fibres were long enough, and the elastic quality of silk could be diminished. The Italian hemp is observed to make the best strings, being stronger in texture, and having longer and finer threads than most other kinds.

"The string is made of the longest threads of the hemp, twisted very tight; and afterwards, as Sir John Smith notices, rubbed with a kind of water-glue, to preserve it from wet. The eye, (which is that part of the string that occupies the upper horn of the bow,) is first made, and is somewhat the thickest part; the other end is generally without an eye, (though strings have lately been made with two eyes, which answer well enough,) and, when put on the lower horn, is made into a twisted knot or noose, termed, and much used by those employed in moving timber, a *timber hitch*; as, the tighter it is drawn, the more securely it holds.—(See fig 6.)

"Bow-strings are always *whipped* (that is, wrapped) at the *nocking*

\* English Bowman, 1790.



point, and a little above and below it, generally the breadth of the fingers used in drawing, with fine twine or silk, first waxed. This whipping answers two purposes; that of filling the nock of the arrow, (which should always sit rather tight on the string,) and saving the string from wearing at that place. Some archers also whip the eye and noose of the string, and a little below each, adding a slight covering of gum, or glue, to the whipping, for the latter purpose; and in whipping are careful, when the string is sufficiently stretched, (for most new strings will give a little,) to whip the precise point on which the arrow should lie, (which is called the *nocking point*), with *white*, and, on each side, with *coloured* silk or thread, that they may always nock exactly. Catgut and silver-wire have, by some modern archers, been tried for this purpose; but, being harder than twine or silk, they have been found often to *burst* the nock of the arrow, when that goes on tight; and catgut, unless first moistened, is difficult to whip on the string."

The nocking part of the string should be waxed before it is whipped, that the whipping may hold the better; and afterwards, the whole string should be waxed, and also now and then rubbed with bee's-wax, or white wax, (though the former is most generally used,) to prevent its collecting moisture and untwisting: the latter inconvenience is remedied by retwisting the string at the bottom end.



After the string is put on, and so stretched that it does not want altering, the eye and noose, if not whipped, may be slightly rubbed with moistened Indian glue, which will prevent their fraying: and the eye of the string may be fastened to the upper horn, by means of twine or silk, carried through a hole in the latter, which will prevent the string from coming off continually at the lower horn, and thereby untwisting. Fair glove-leather, or any kind of tape or binding, wrapped round the eye of the string, will preserve it from being cut by the nock of the horn.

An old phrase says, "It is good to have two strings to your bow;" and it appears to have originated from an ancient custom. A passage in Ascham teaches us it was practised in his day; and there is reason to think it had much earlier existence. "In warre," says he, "if a stringe breake, the man is lost, and is no man, for his weapon is gone; and although he have two strings put on at once, yet he shall have small leisure and less room to bend his bowe; therefore, God send us good stringers, both for warre and peace!" A law of Charlemagne, made in the year 813, seems likewise to express the custom of using bows with two strings: this is further confirmed by the figure of an archer, represented on a curious antique ring, in the possession of Sir James Pringle. This ring was found in 1791, upon the field of the famous battle of Bannockburn, fought five hundred years ago. The bow with two strings had one of them drawn up with the arrow, while the other remained unemployed. Ascham mentions that they formerly made use of two strings in England; the large thick string, and a sort much smaller. "The one," says he, "is safe for the bow, but does not shoot strong; while the other is infinitely preferable in long distances, but at the same time does not direct the arrow so true, and is sooner broken."

In attempting to give the young archer directions as to the proper mode of stringing the bow, it may be necessary to premise that the *flat* part of the bow is the back, and the *round* part the *belly*, or the part that is bent inward; and that any endeavour to bend it the reverse way will, too probably, snap the instrument asunder.

The method of stringing the bow, as clearly as it can be described in writing, is as follows. The handle, or part round which the binding is affixed, must be firmly grasped with the right hand, taking care that the string be not twisted, and that the back of the bow be towards the body of the stringer, the wrist of whose right hand should be close against his hip. The lower limb of the bow, which, as before mentioned, may be readily distinguished from the upper from having a shorter horn, should

be placed on the ground against the inside of the right foot, to prevent the bow from slipping. The left leg, the knee of which should be kept quite straight, should be about three quarters of a yard apart from the right, and rather in advance of it. That part of the left hand which is close to the wrist, should then be allowed to rest on the upper limb of the bow, letting the thumb lightly embrace the outer part, and the first joint of the fore-finger the inner part, of the eye or loop of the string. The bow should then be simultaneously pulled back with the right hand, and pressed downwards with the left, the eye of the string being slid firmly up, reaches the nock, into which it should be carefully and securely fixed. During this operation, great care should be taken to keep the three unemployed fingers of the left hand clear of the string, to avoid the danger of a severe pinch. The cut (fig. 1), which we have given of the proper position of the hand when stringing the bow, will show the reader distinctly the precise manner in which each of the fingers should be held.

Nothing is more liable to cause the fracture of a bow than a bad string. "When the string begins to wear," says Ascham, "trust it not, but away with it; for it is an yll-saved halfpenny that costs a man a crowne. Many a good bowe has been broken through the failure of a stringe." It may be recommended, therefore, to the young archer, that he even exceed the advice conveyed in the old proverb, "to have two strings to his bow." It is advisable that he supply himself with several; and as good strings are now to be purchased for one shilling each, he can have little excuse if he neglect this counsel.

The thickness of the string must of course depend upon the power of the bow for which it is designed; and the only rule that can be laid down on this head is, that the string should be of sufficient consistency to insure the safety of the bow, which will frequently fly on the failure of a string. A backed bow will generally require a much thicker string than a self-bow.

A thick string, it should be observed, has the advantage over a thin one in a greater certainty of shot, but the thin one will cast the arrow further.

As to the formation of the noose for the lower horn, in cases where the string is not made with a loop at each end, the reader, by reference to (fig. 6. in the cut,) will readily acquaint himself with the mode of making the noose.

#### Of Unstringing the Bow.

The position of the archer and his bow, when he wishes to unstring, is the same as that described as preparatory to stringing. The handle of the bow being grasped firmly with the right hand, the left wrist should be placed so close to the top of the upper horn, that the fore-finger may with ease reach round the eye of the string. The fore-finger and thumb of the left hand should be kept close against the eye of the string, at the back of the bow, to await its loosening. The bow being then, as in stringing, pulled up sharply by its handle with the right hand, and its upper limb pressed down at the same time with the wrist of the left, the string will become loose, and the process of unstringing be completed.

#### THE ARROW.

The figure of the arrow has undergone, but slight variation from time immemorial. Indeed, the head or the feathers of an arrow, are the only parts which can be varied materially.

The substances, however, from which arrows have been fabricated, have differed in all countries. That they were frequently made of reeds, may be inferred from the fact that the Latin word *arundo* signifies both a reed and an arrow. We are, moreover, informed by Pliny, that reeds were in great request for the purpose, as well as that "the *calamus*, (another species of reed, and which also signifies an arrow,) had overcome half the nations in the world in battle." The tree called *corvus*, the palm-tree, and the fir-tree, or deal, were formerly used for the manufacture of arrows.

The natives of India, and the inhabitants of Guiana, use cane.

Ascham enumerates fifteen kinds of wood of which arrows were made in his time, viz.: "Brazil, Turkie-wood, Fustick, Sugarcheste, Hard-beame, Byrche, Ashe, Oake, Servistree, Alder, Blackthorne, Beche, Elder, Aspe, Salow." Of these he tells us Aspe and Ashe were preferred to the rest; the one for target-shooting, the other for war.

A simple stick, without any other alteration than pointing, was perhaps the first kind of arrow used by mankind. The hard wood found in some climates was well calculated for this purpose, as it was capable of retaining its point, though forced with violence against the firmest bodies. But the use of stones appears to be one of the first inventions, with respect to pointing, and there are many curious circumstances relating to this practice. The class of these substances principally made use of in all nations, was the siliceous; as common flint, jasper, agate, &c.

There are the best reasons for imagining that these arrow-heads were in use from the highest antiquity, as there is scarcely any country in which they have not been found buried in the earth. They are not uncommon in Scotland, England, and Ireland; and America produces them in all its parts.

Horn and bone were also anciently used for the pointing of arrows. This, however, must, it is presumed, have been before the knowledge of

metals; after which metallic weapons were no doubt fabricated and introduced in battle. Copper and brass, which are supposed to have been the metals first discovered, are those which were first used. Arrows and javelins were formerly headed with brass or copper, in the time of Homer, as appears from many passages in the *Iliad*. (See books 4 and 13.)

The soldiers of Greece and Rome had their spears, javelins, and arrows, pointed with brass.

Latterly, iron has been in general use for the pointing of arrows.

The figure of the arrow-head has been very similar in all countries; at least, those made for the purpose of war. They are sometimes barbed, sometimes plain and long, and often flat.

The common shooting arrows in England, as they are not designed to inflict death, are not very sharply pointed. The sides of the shaft converge to an obtuse point, at the distance of an inch.

"Stales," as the bodies of arrows without feathers or heads are termed, are made of six different kinds of wood; four light kinds, namely, *deal*, *aspe*, *abele*, a kind of poplar wood from Flanders; and two heavy, namely, *lime*, and *Jamaica lance-wood*. Yellow or red deal, (with the turpentine in it) makes a good arrow, but it is apt to wear and splinter. *Aspe* being lighter, is more used. The *abele* so nearly resembles the *aspe*, that there can scarcely be said to be any perceptible difference between them; the *aspe*, however, is the stiffer, and the *abele*, the more *spongy* wood. *Lime* is an excellent wood for arrows; but unless highly dried, it is too heavy for many bows for target-shooting; but forms a good roving-arrow; as also does *lance-wood*, which, being even heavier than *lime*, is indeed seldom used for any other kind of shooting.

The shape of arrows should be perfectly round, but tapering slightly in point of thickness from the shoulder, (or close to the pile,) to the nock.

For a representation of the arrow, for the purpose of rendering the titles of its subdivisions familiar to the uninitiated, see cut, fig. 2: 1, here represents the nock; 2, the feather; 3, the 'stale' or shaft; 4, the pile or head.

The pile of the arrow, says Roberts, should be precisely of such a weight as will cause the arrow itself to balance on the finger, at a distance of about one third, or rather more, from the pile to the nock.

As to the weight of an arrow, it should seem that one weighing from twenty to twenty-four dwts., and made of yew, was anciently considered by archers the best that could be made. The weight, however, is now proportioned to the distance to be shot; the greater the distance, the lighter the arrow, and *vice versa*. An arrow of the weight of four shillings sterling, is generally recommended for a length of 100 to 150 yards, and upwards; and one of five or six shillings weight, for a shorter distance. It was formerly usual to mark the weights between the feathers, by imprinting on the arrow as many short transverse lines as it weighed shillings; a practice still adopted by many modern arrowmiths.

The length of arrows varies of course according to the power of the bow for which they are designed. Those used in England and Scotland from time immemorial have been twenty-seven inches in length, including the pile; but it is now the practice to make men's arrows, for a full-sized bow, twenty-seven inches in length, exclusive of the pile.

The nock of an arrow, usually composed of horn let into the wood, (to prevent the string from splitting the shaft,) must of course be of such a size as to admit the string with convenience.

Arrows are commonly furnished with three feathers, which assist both the steadiness and velocity of their flight. These are usually plucked from the wing of an eagle, turkey, or a goose; most commonly, in this country, from the latter bird; and the second, third, and fourth feathers of the wing are preferred. Two out of the three feathers are commonly white: these are plucked from the gander; but the third, which is brown, or grey, is taken from the goose." The latter is always placed uppermost, by which means the archer's eye is readily directed to the proper position in which his arrow should be strung.

The feathers of the turkey are not only of a much stronger texture than those of the goose, but they are less affected by heat or moisture, both unquestionable advantages. Goose-feathers, however, may, it is said, be made equal to any others by being washed with a preparation, (as a solution of gum copal in spirits of turpentine,) which not only renders them impenetrable by moisture or wet, but will not in any degree impede the shaft, or damage the feather.

The head or pile of an arrow, intended for the pastime of archery, is now invariably constructed either of thin steel, or very hard iron, and should be about three quarters of an inch in length. In ancient times, different species of combustible materials were attached to the heads of arrows, and shot from long-bows; and even subsequently to the invention of gunpowder, this practice was continued. According to Neale, who lived in the reign of Charles I., and of whom we have before spoken, an archer might shoot an ounce of fire-works from an arrow; twelve score yards. Among the stores at Berwick and Newhaven, in the reign of Edward VI., "arrows with wild-fire," as well as "arrows with fire-works," are enumerated.

To be continued in our next.

"In the choice of a feather, fletchers prefer those which are dropped to those which are plucked."—*Roberts's English Bowman*.

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Extract of a Letter from the Earl of Aldborough, dated Villa Messina, Leghorn, 21st Feb., 1845.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.—  
SIR—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thanking you before this time, for your politeness in sending me your Pills as you did. I now take this opportunity of sending you an order for the amount, and, at the same time, to add that your Pills have effected a cure of a disorder in my liver and stomach, which all the most eminent of the Faculty at home, and all over the Continent, had not been able to effect; nay, not even the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad. I wish to have another Box and a Pot of Ointment, in case any of my family should ever require either.  
Your most obliged and obedient servant,  
(Signed) ALDBOROUGH.

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Copy of a Letter from Mr. Thomas Taylor, Chemist, Stockton, Durham, 17th April, 1845.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.—  
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I am, Sir, yours, &c., &c.,  
(Signed) THOMAS TAYLOR.

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Debility	Scrofula, or King's evil
Dropsy	Stones and gravel
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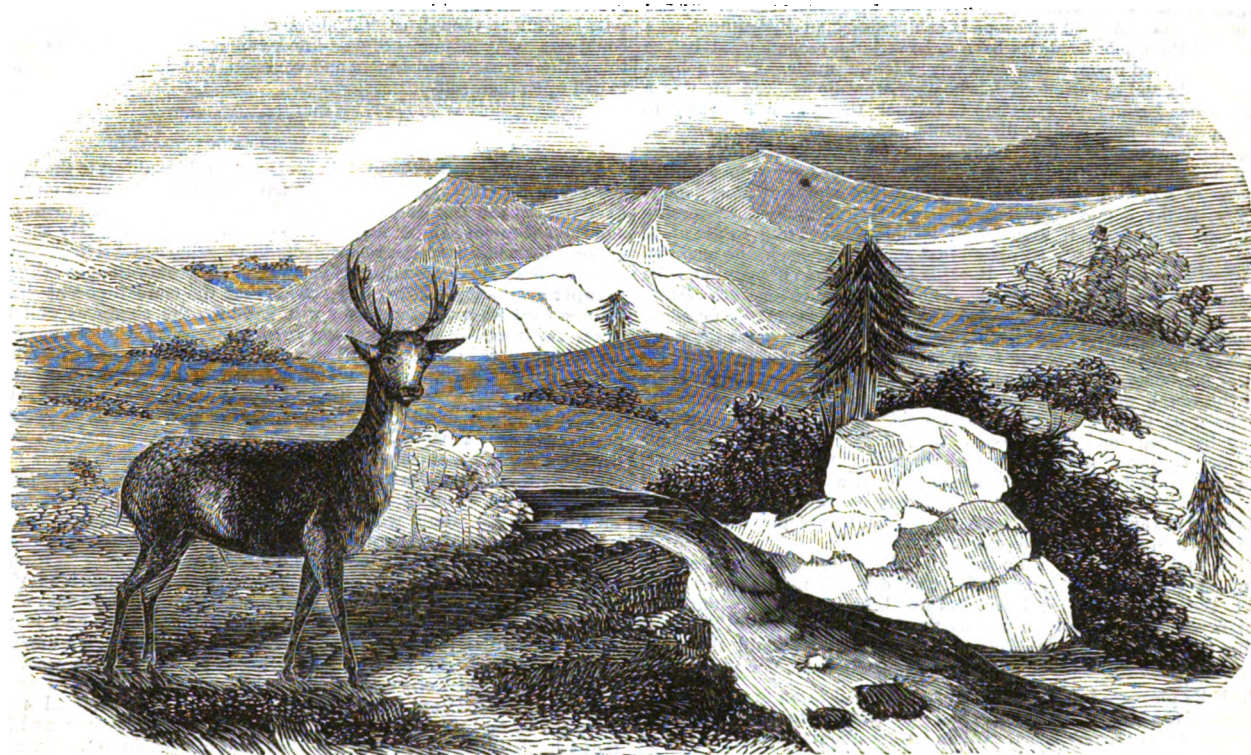
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# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 10. FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 26, 1845. THREE HALFPENCE.



DEER-STALKING—GLENARTNEY.

**W**UCH doubt hovered over our "magnum bonum" (which, we suppose, must be the future phrase, vice the grey-goose quill, so long known to prose) as to whether any article was needful to tell the story of the antler-bearing animal that figures on this page. The truth is, gentle reader, and we may as well make clean breast of it, we have been disappointed of several small engravings, wherewith, we had proposed to have commenced an article on "Swimming," which would have stood in place of this present picture. Nevertheless, we doubt not many will be pleased with the exchange, and had it not been for our excessive candour in informing them that they are indebted to an accident for the appearance of this noble deer, would have commended our judgment and good taste in presenting such a seasonable embellishment.

The royal excursions, which of late have been annually made to the north, have set all the London press to pillaging the handsome volume of Mr. Scrope on "Deer-stalking," and in some half dozen instances, we perceive, they have each treated their subscribers to the same spirited passage from his enthusiastic work; this is pitiful. Prince Albert, the poultry slayer of Stowe, (we would not willingly speak unkindly) has no more seen deer-stalking, albeit he shot seven bucks driven together in Glen Tilt, than a drove of black-stots in the middle of Smithfield market would deserve the name. To deer-stalking, in its integrity, all other British sports—so far as the *chasse au fusil* is concerned—must doff their caps. In point of fatigue and excitement, it excels them all; and there are many instances when men have had an opportunity of enjoying it in perfection, where it has given them a distaste for their previously most cherished amusements. Glenartney, the opening scene of the "Lady of the Lake" (at that supposed time it was a royal forest), lies about six

miles westward from the castle between it and Callander. It has continued a deer forest precisely and exactly the same ever since to this very hour; and the uninterrupted and lineal descendants of that fancied "Monarch of the waste," who led Fitzjames such a merciless chivy when he broke away over Ben Voirlich—a nearly perpendicular sugar-loaf mountain, only three thousand feet above the surface of Loch Earn, and three thousand three hundred above that of the sea—are the same species as they were in those days, still the only red deer which frequent this part of Perthshire, and who are here preserved by Lord Willoughby in their mountainous and time-out-of-mind native haunts. Shade of Jem Hill! was not the Great Unknown, now, alas! a fellow shade, astride of Pegasus with a vengeance when he detailed this Highland "Bilsdon Coplow day?" Nothing that ever was conceived or heard of, but a Hippogriff with dragon's wings could have come such a rummy chase through such a country. As to any "gallant gray" (by the way "the banks of the Seine" was the unlikeliest place in the world for Fitzjames to fall in with such a clipper), but a grey eagle, seeing a hound in it for ten consecutive minutes was impossible; but those were the days of magic, and Fitzjames's nag must have certainly, for the time, have been possessed of a devil (and a deuce of a one to go!), which deserted him at the "Brig of Turk:"—it would be a gruelling day's work for an air balloon.

The way in which these deer are now a-days followed is more suited to this poor prose, for it is altogether an affair of stratagem and circumvention. This celebrated glen commences just above the small village of Comry, where the impetuous Ruchill joins its waters to those of the Earn. In this lower extremity, on one side of which it is ascended by a tortuous road, its features are not particularly striking, it being little more than a shaggy dell, through which the Ruchill is heard, not seen, roaring through



the woods. On reaching the simple but beautiful bridge of Dulclothick, the glen expands, becomes destitute of wood, and progressively assumes a gloomy grandeur, which borders on the sublime. Just above the bridge stands the shooting-lodge, whence each feature of the glen is at once discernible. A pleasanter spot in the month of August no sportsman can picture to himself. The best and most extensive grouse-shooting can be reached from it: and the Ruchill at this period abounds with sea-trout, who run up to its impetuous and rocky torrents to spawn. On the naked hills which form the top of Glenartney the red deer resort, and it is called a forest only from old prescription and right; for in fact, as to its being a forest, it is, "*lucus a non lucendo*," seeing you would be puzzled, as Dr. Johnson says, to "cut a good walking stick." At this period of the year, however, there is fine sweet short herbage on them, and the harts feed and lie on the tops and sides of the most mountainous situations, whence they can see all around them—no animal which is the subject of man's pursuit being more apprehensive and wary: hence the extreme difficulty of approaching them with any certainty of success. Lower down among the dells and glens, where food and shelter are to be attained at less trouble, the hinds resort with their calves, and with them occasionally are a few young harts. A good telescope is as necessary an instrument as a rifle-gun, and the whole localities have to be strictly reconnoitred before any plan is resolved upon, much less any attempt made. I have been shown by an old and experienced deer-stalker what he assured me was a herd, but which I could not ascertain to be such, though, on resorting to the telescope, they were plainly discernible.

When the herd are perceived lying down or grazing, the first object (attain it how it can be done) is to get well to windward, for their wariness and power of winding their dreaded enemy are almost inconceivable. Sometimes, if the deer-stalker can undergo the fatigue of traversing these Alpine precipices, it may be advisable to endeavour to get up to them, as they sometimes are so placed that such advance can be made on them with a fair prospect of a shot. But this does not often happen, and the fatigue few gentlemen choose to incur. The shooters then resort to certain passes or stations, which the knowledge and experience of the foresters prompt them to recommend, according to the weather, the point the wind may blow from, &c.; most of whom are generally accompanied by an attendant or attendants (provided with spare rifles), and one or more large dogs of the rough greyhound species, termed (and I conceive properly) deer-hounds, as they add (mostly) to considerable speed the power of following by scent, and would seem, though they somewhat resemble them in shape, to vary, in fact totally to differ from the common greyhound: my own opinion is, that they are the same animal as the old Irish greyhound, now extinct in that country. They are not certainly so large as the Irish dog is represented to have been, but that could easily be accounted for from more than one cause.

The late Duke of Athol, who had one of the finest Deer Forests in Scotland, at Blair Athol, and who was devoted to the sport even almost to the very day of his death, had this breed in great plenty and perfection, and was certainly in his day the first deer-stalker in Scotland, excepting perhaps the late Macdonnell of Glengary. I shall, therefore, give an extract from the letter of an old sportsman some few years back.

"I had the pleasure to attend the Duke of Athol in an excursion into his extensive forest in August last, and will attempt to describe to you the manner of His Grace's sport. When he first alights from his horse the servants present him with telescopes, by the use of which, looking on the mountains' sides or in the valleys, it is easy to distinguish every hart, hind, or calf: and I may venture to assert that in eight hours not fewer had been perceived than from three to four thousand head, young and old; and were it possible to go over it in a day, I am confident a man might see ten thousand deer. When His Grace spies a herd settled, he uses all methods to gain the wind of them, approaching with the utmost caution till within a hundred or six score yards. He uses a single rifle gun, and, being a first marksman, seldom misses his aim. If the herd pass or cross him, his servants supply him with a second, and sometimes even a third piece, and he has frequently killed a hart at each shot. When they are not to be come at in the wide and open valleys, his men are sent round in all directions where the deer can catch the wind of them, and then or on sight, the deer return down wind, generally by some well-known pass or track, where His Grace, taking advance of the track, with the wind in his favour, can frequently fire his three rifle guns in the time they drive by him, and will hit them on full speed from one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards distance.\* When the deer is wounded in a general way he leaves the herd, or rather the other harts force him out as soon as he begins to bleed freely. The man who leads the greyhounds, by a signal from His Grace, or the forester, slips them, and they are laid on the spot or track; if the deer has not yet broke from the herd, the hounds will single him out from any number, and will not look at any other: sometimes he will run miles before the dogs can bring him to bay, where they will keep him until the foresters come up, who cut the deer's throat, and the dogs' reward is the hot blood, which makes them eager and keen.

\* A double rifle gun, as light as a common fowling-piece, made by Mr. Atcell of Perth, and at a hundred and fifty yards put the shot of both barrels resolutely into less space considerably than would be occupied by a full grown hart, even on full stretch.

The deer thus killed is paunched, laid across a horse, and tied on; and there are always three or four of these horses, and men, following at a distance to carry home the slain of the day. On some fortunate days His Grace has killed from four to six harts, weighing from twenty to twenty-five stone English weight; and I have seen several brought home to Blair Castle that cut on the haunches more than three inches of solid fat."

Such is a general outline of this grand sport amid the Alpine recesses of Glen Tilt, which is the most noted part of the Forest of Blair; and of all the scenes which may astonish the imagination in the wild bosom of the Grampians, none can be found combining more picturesque and characteristic features. But frequently it is found impossible, by the most skilful foresters, to drive the deer by the passes, as they either pass above or below them; in this last case it is then that the shooter is put to the exertion of every faculty; he will have to ascend as speedily as he can, or to descend a rugged and precipitous rock, or to run to endeavour to get in advance several hundred yards at the top of his speed, glad if he can then take his shot without rest or hesitation. But fatiguing, and frequently tantalizing as it is, I never yet knew one who had followed it who did not prefer it to all other sport. Indeed, it is so exciting that it frequently puts beginners, though capital shots otherwise, off their practice; and I could give many instances of well-known sportsmen who have experienced this to their great astonishment and vexation, and despite every endeavour to call upon their self-possession.

(To be continued in our next.)

**SHEEP SALVE.**—Mr Stewart, in his letter on this subject to the Highland Society of Scotland, observes, that "having got employment on the farm of Ballo, on the Lomond Hills, Fifeshire, power was given to me to manage the sheep entirely after my own fashion; and I instantly set myself to consider what were the real objects to be gained by salving. They are twofold: first, the destruction of vermin, and, second, the growth of wool of superior quality. Now, it is clear that the more innocent the substances used, so much the better will it be for the sheep as well as the wool; for it is easy to see that tar, turpentine, tobacco-juice, and arsenic, are all calculated merely to kill vermin, and cannot possibly be beneficial to wool; while the absorption of a portion of any of them through the pores of the skin cannot fail to hurt the animal more or less. Butter, therefore, appeared to be the only article that could benefit the wool, without injuring the sheep. I then considered that oil, of the cheapest sort used by itself, would serve the intended purpose; but as oil runs off easily by the heat of the sun, or even by that of the sheep themselves, it occurred to me to mix it with a portion of tallow, which, being nearly of the same nature, would tend to harden the salve, so as to retain it. Feeling assured I would get superior wool, I hoped also, it would prevent vermin on the sheep; but having some doubt on the propriety of leaving the tar entirely out, I mixed, in my first experiment, equal portions of tallow and train oil, weighing altogether 42 lbs., with 8 pints (16 quarts) of tar, for 160 hogs. I then smeared 400 with that sort of salve, and it proved much better than anything I had ever seen before, both for quality and quantity of wool, the vermin also being kept away. The wool stapler said he never had a clip come through his hands equal to it. Encouraged by success, I next year left out the tar entirely, and smeared 400 hogs with tallow and oil alone, in the proportions given above; and I found that I had still a larger growth of wool, and of superior quality, so much so that it realised in the market some shillings per stone more than the wool cured by the salves containing tar—at the same time that the advantage to the sheep was decidedly apparent." From these results Mr. Stewart confidently advises the shepherds of Scotland to use this salve only, if they wish to obtain—1st, about one third more money for their wool, on account of its superior quality and purity; and, 2nd, an improved condition of their sheep.

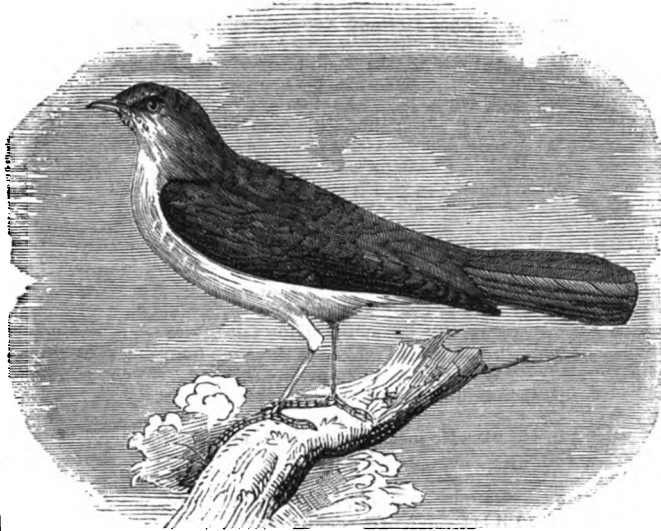
**CARROTS FOR HORSES.**—We were lately told by the proprietor of one of the most extensive livery-stables in this city that he has had an experience of several years in feeding the common yellow carrots to his horses, and that he considers the most valuable article for winter feed that he has ever used. He considers a peck of carrots and a peck of oats worth more for a horse than a bushel of oats alone; and that for horses that are not constantly employed, the carrots alone are far preferable to oats. His horses eat the carrots with a far better relish than oats; so much so, that, if a peck of each are turned into the manger, they will eat all the carrots before they taste the oats. When fed constantly on carrots, a horse will drink scarcely a pail of water in a week. The culture of carrots is recommended to our farmers as worthy of their attention.—*Connecticut Farmer's Gazette.*

**BENEFITS OF HABIT.**—A Benedict, on being asked whether he was seriously injured when a steam-boat boiler exploded, replied, "that he was so used to be blown up by his wife, that mere steam had no effect on him."

**A HANDSOME REWARD.**—An advertisement in a Philadelphia paper reads as follows: "Stolen, a watch worth a hundred dollars. If the thief will return it, he shall be informed, gratis, where he may steal one worth two of it, and no questions asked."

"I see the villain in your face, you rascal!" said a judge to an Irish prisoner. "May't please your wurship," replied Pat, "that must be a personal reflection, shure."

## BRITISH SONG BIRDS.—No. IX.



THE NIGHTINGALE.

**T**HE Nightingale, unrivalled as it may be in vocal powers, is one of the most homely of our native birds in its attire. In size it is a trifle larger than the Blackcap and the Garden Warbler, which it somewhat resembles in shape—although its bill and its hinder claw (or tarsus) are rather larger. Its general length is about five inches of which two and a-half are tail. But when well fed, or kept in confinement, we have known them (being bred from the nest,) grow as large as a lark. A condensation of the delightful and original sketch of the Nightingale, from the pen of the celebrated ornithologist, Mr. Audubon, shall first embellish our columns, and as we intend to devote more than one paper to this princess of the grove—the Sweetbreasted Philomela—we will give, ere we close this article, minute directions from the pen of a practical bird-fancier and breeder, full directions for breeding, keeping, and rearing the Nightingale.

"The blasts of winter," says Audubon, the American Ornithologist, "have passed away. The humble violet hangs on its delicate stem, embedded, as it were, in the midst of its deep green foliage. The sweet odour of the purple floweret diffused through the bland air proves that the delightful days of spring have returned. Its companion the pale primrose spreads all over the mossy bank; there the virginal eglantine prepares to open its snowy blossoms; golden butter-cups and daisies bright cover the green pastures; and the groves send forth from amid their yet tender foliage tufts of flowers, some yet budding, like the laburnum, others bursting into beauty, like the purple lilac, and the delicate cream-coloured elder. Peach blossoms brightly blushing glow amid the varied hues of the orchard, whose clusters of nectar-drops have invited the humble bee to trim her wings anew, to ramble hither and thither, and with constant and most industrious care to reap the delicious harvest intended for her sustenance during the gloomy months of winter.

"How often at such a season as I have here attempted to describe, have I left my downy couch, awakened, not by the rays of the orb of day, but by an intuitive sensation, far more pleasing than that of indolent repose, and sallied forth to watch the eventful moments when nature's rest was for a time interrupted, and she arose fresh, blooming, and full of renovated vigour! How oft, I repeat, have I betaken myself to the fields and groves before the objects around me were clearly discernible, to watch the first notes of the vernal visitors of the feathered tribe, which from their sojourn in more sunny lands have returned to the abode of their youth! Then the Winter Fauvette would be heard to sing its humble lay, the little Wren would pour forth its lively chirpings, the Chaffinches challenged each other on the sprays, the loud notes of the Blackbird came on the ear from afar, while perhaps overhead, amid the branches of that sturdy elm, the Song Thrush, cousin to the Mocking Bird, poured forth his unpremeditated notes, so sonorous, so varied, and so mellow that, methinks, while listening to the lay, the rogue has actually practised the gamut of the Louisiana songster.

"In the midst of a thicket I now see a solitary bird, humble in its attire, and of most modest mien, peeping at me with a caution so uncommon, and yet so inviting, that I feel tempted to seek its acquaintance. With care I gradually approach the feathered stranger. Its form is somewhat elongated, yet not incompact; its eyes are large, and of peculiar mildness; it stands rather high on a pair of light flesh-coloured, and as it were, transparent legs; its wings, which are of moderate length, droop and seem at intervals to tremble; and as it moves from one twig to another, I see that it hops or leaps, and does not walk step by step like

many other birds. Its colour is a dull brownish-olive, but the hind part of the back and the tail are of a richer tint, though corresponding with the general hue. At this moment it flies lightly to the ground, hops a few steps, picks up a grub, and then returns to its former station. Can it be a Thrush? surely, if it is not, it ought to be. But I will watch your ways; nay, I will note down every one of your actions, mark the situation of your nest, its form and component parts, your eggs and your brood, and all about you and your mate, who methinks has not yet reached this lovely and secluded spot; so that perhaps at some future time I may present you to some friend who feels as much for and toward you as I myself do at this moment.

"When I was yet quite a lad, my father spoke to me of the songs of birds, both of Europe and of other countries. and frequently would endeavour to give me some idea of the affinities of different species. 'The Sky-Lark, if not so abundant,' he said, 'would be thought a most charming songster; the Goldfinch, the Linnet, the Blackbird, the Song Thrush, and many others are all pleasantly musical; but the Nightingale is amongst our birds as much superior as the Mocking Bird of your country is to every other songster there: and, although I am fully aware that America possesses many song birds of considerable powers, nay perhaps, on the whole, more so than Europe, I have never been able to convince either my countrymen or Englishmen of this truth. Of all this however you may judge for yourself. Go early and late to the woods, listen with attention to the songs of the birds; and be assured that while you will find them daily becoming more and more pleasing, you will be enabled to establish the truth of these matters, to which, I am sorry to say, few persons pay much attention.'

"Such lessons, reader, have never been forgotten by me. With all the anxious enthusiasm of youth I resolved to judge for myself of the powers of song in birds, and to begin by studying first those of the Nightingale. the very bird which had attracted my regard in its plain brown garb, and most modest mien.

The arrival of the Nightingale varies by a full fortnight, in the latter end of April and the earlier part of May. In France they appear about the 20th of March, and are rarely later than the first week in April. But we will again resort to the delightful prose of Audubon:—

"Many of my readers may think it strange that I should say to them that I never heard a Nightingale sing on its arrival, or before it was on the eve of being mated when the first sight of the female appears to bring forth its musical power. On the other hand, I have heard these birds in full song until within a few days of their departure about the middle of August. But this may possibly have been overlooked by students of nature, who, having heard the song of the Nightingale at a very early period, were not aware that at the same moment the bird had already formed a nest, and its mate was snugly incubating.

"About a week after the arrival of the female birds, the male Nightingales first seen are mated, and a spot has been chosen for the nest. The situations of their choice are generally in the interior of close thickets, but not unfrequently also at the roots of the thick sets of hedge-rows. I never saw one either in a bush, or on a tree of any sort. The colour of the materials employed in the composition of the nest, and even that of the eggs, are in accordance with the dull reddish brown garb of the bird itself. The whole of this fabric may be said to be of a rather rude construction, it being large, loosely put together externally, and rather scantily lined. I have no doubt that, like some of the smaller Thrushes, as well as several of the larger Warblers, the Nightingale to some extent scratches a seat for the basis of its tenement. The outer layer is usually composed of the dried leaves of various trees of the previous season, extending at times in a loose manner to the distance of several inches from the proper nest. The latter is cup-shaped, with its cavity about four inches in breadth, and nearly as much in depth, formed of dry fibrous roots of small size, now and then interwoven with a few horse hairs. The eggs are from four to six, rather large for the bird, three quarters of an inch in length, seven-twelfths in breadth, and of a pale brownish colour. The parent birds incubate alternately, although the female spends more time on the eggs than her mate.

"Young Nightingales, like most young birds of their tribe, are at first fed with macerated substances, for eight or ten days, after which they receive small larvae, worms, and insects. On two or three occasions, I have seen the young, when yet not much more than half-fledged, leave the nest, and hop about its vicinity during the day, but return towards evening and huddle together, their mother covering them with due care. So similar is their colour to that of the ground at this period, that it is almost impossible to discover them, until the parents, through their anxiety for their safety, are seen to hop round them, and thus point them out to the searcher. At this early age I have observed that they exhibited a great desire for small insects, and even at times seized a butterfly extremely common in France, especially in the neighbourhood of gardens and orchards, to which the Nightingale not unfrequently resorts for food.

"During the summer, and towards the period of its departure, this species, Thrush-like, feeds on several sorts of small and juicy berries; those which tarry latest especially, for I have seen Nightingales in the neighbourhood of Paris as late as the 15th of September, or about a



month later than the period chosen by the young birds to migrate toward their winter quarters."

(To be continued in our next.)

### SETTLING DAY AT "THE CORNER."

[The following *jeu d'esprit*, from the admirable pen of the facetious Tom Hood, now that "Poor Tom's a-cold," will be read with a saddened smile. Truly of Hood it may be said, "He touched nothing that he did not adorn." Here is his touch at the Turf. We need not say it alludes to the events of the Derby of 1840.—Ed.]

"As I was going to (the) Derby,  
All on" &c.—OLD SONG.

I wish I'd never bet;  
I wish I'd never seen a horse or colt;  
I wish I'd never join'd that jockeying set;  
I wish I'd stopp'd away  
From Epsom on the Derby Day—  
And all such places!  
I wish I'd kept at home,  
And never shown my person at a  
Hippodrome.  
I wish, instead of going like a dolt  
To those horse-races,  
I'd gone to Cowes' Regatta!  
We've all our ups and downs, I know,  
Both great and small;  
But, oh!  
Those Epsom Downs are worst of all.  
What could have made me join those gambling jockeys?  
(Out-of-door Crockies);  
How could I reckon so without my host?  
How could I, cockney born and bred,  
So run my head  
Against that betting post?  
Brought up in staid pursuits  
(Not among nasty animals and brutes),  
How could I think, to such a blustering clan,  
My reason and my cash to yield?  
I never was a martial man;  
How could I "take the field?"

Why did I, stupid dolt,  
Back that confounded, desperate, Solace colt,  
Or of that mulish Muley make a pet?  
No doubt, large sums I thought of soon amassin';  
But what a double ass I was to bet  
On that Ass-ass-in.

The bounds of prudence, how hard to regain,  
When once a man o'ersteps 'em!  
But I have done: Richard's himself again!  
Yes, be assured,  
I'm now completely cured;  
At least, this *shall* be my last dose of Epsom.

It was an awful moment—that run-in—  
(Especially for those young minors short of tin!)  
I own I felt my heart sink then,  
And all my thoughts seemed driven into a "Corner":  
And then I thought of North America, and Canton,  
And then I turned a scorner  
Of men,

And thought of Joseph Manton.  
And then the race-course whirled before my eyes;  
And then I heard a voice, in words of thunder,  
Say,

"Heyday,  
Good sir! you seem to have some great surprise."  
"Yes, and it's Little Wonder!"

However, now  
That's past,  
And I have made a vow  
That bet shall be my last.  
All wagers now I nauseate and detest  
("Odds" and the rest).  
All jockeys hate,  
(Welter and feather weight),  
All meetings fly  
(October and July);  
In short, I think all racing sad,  
And all its courses bad.

And as for the stupidity of those who go  
The difference, I trow  
(If there's a tittle),  
"Twixt Donkey-ster and Ass-cot's mighty little.

I've burnt my "books;" no horse again I'll back  
(Racer or hack):  
No more I'll hedge: and, by the Grecian gods,  
I'll not stand on the long odds,  
With tens, and fives, and fours, and threes to one  
I've done. I've done with saying "Done, done, done!"  
My means no more I'll stake upon a Derby Day:  
It's my last lay.

From this day forth for evermore,  
Though I should live to four—or forty score,  
I'll never lay another shilling—  
If I do I'm a villain—  
(Be this the moral of my tale),  
Though you should make me the most tempting offer—  
Golconda to an empty coffer—  
A thousand sterling to a pint of ale—  
You shan't prevail;  
No matter what the sum,  
I won't.  
Come,  
I'll bet you half-a-crown I don't!

### THE THAMES REGATTA.

This Regatta was established in 1843, by a few gentlemen zealous in the cause they had espoused, at a time when the great increase of steam boats on the river had almost if not entirely deprived the Thames watermen of their occupation; and, by diminishing the number of both Amateur Clubs and rowers, had taken away the principal means of support of an industrious class of mechanics employed in boat building.

As soon as the project was made known, many noblemen and gentlemen residing on the banks of the Thames, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the principal London boat clubs, and the most distinguished amateurs on the river cordially responded to the appeal, Prince Albert kindly consenting to become the Patron of the Regatta and to contribute towards its support. In this the Prince was seconded by the Dukes of Northumberland and Buccleuch, the Earl of Ripon, Lords Castlereagh and Grimston, and that steady patroniser of the river Thames, Sir Launcelet Shadwell, the Vice-Chancellor of England, all of whom proffered their support, as well as their good wishes to the undertaking.

Never was there anything to equal the array of clubs and cutters of the present year. It ought not to be forgotten that, when these numerous clubs of gentlemen and the many others who add their quota to the funds of the Regatta contribute liberally to enhance its success—in addition to the promotion of sport and amusement—they are, in fact, rendering a great advantage to hundreds of industrious men, of gaining a livelihood, but whose opportunities of doing so were before daily decreasing. And furthermore, it must be recollected, that a pleasing change has been effected, and a gratifying interest established between the watermen and amateurs; for while in times gone by, violence of conduct and language used to characterise a waterman's match, there is now an increase of civility and correctness of conduct and demeanour among those whose bread is "cast upon the waters."

The influence before alluded to has extended itself far beyond the neighbourhood of London, for, instead of the bluff and coarse reception given by a "west-country bargeman" to him in the frail bark, and the "recklessness of acts and words" exhibited by the former to the latter, a greater degree of urbanity of manner may now be obtained from such a source. Again, we cannot but hail an institution which brings the landsman or the mechanic out of his humble domicile, his skittle alley, or some such places, to enjoy the fresh air, and invigorate his constitution with a "pull" on the bosom of Old Father Thames. And then the order and regularity which all competitors are bound, and we are perfectly assured are inclined, to keep, induce the practice of those habits which will always tend to raise a man in that scale of society to which he belongs.

FIGHTING ON THE WRONG SIDE.—Dick Wilson wrote for his servant to bring up two of his heaviest gamecocks, to fight at the approaching main at the "Royal Cockpit." His servant ignorantly put them in the same bag, and, when he got to town releasing them from their confinement, one of them was nearly pecked to death. Dick, after heartily cursing his servant for his stupidity, received this artless question from him:—"Who, sir, could have thought that there was any risk of their falling out, while travelling, when they were both backed to fight on the same side?"

Why is a pugilist, who refuses to strip, like D'Israeli? Because he has an aversion to PEEL!

**A BATTLE BETWEEN TWO HARES.**—On Easter Sunday, in the afternoon, as I was proceeding with my brother-in-law, Mr. Carr, to look at a wild-duck's nest, in an adjacent wood, we saw two hares fighting with inconceivable fury on the open ground, about a hundred and fifty yards distant from us. They stood on their hinder legs like two bull-dogs resolutely bent on destruction. Having watched them for about a quarter of an hour, we then entered the wood, I observing to Mr. Carr that we should find them engaged on our return. We stayed in the wood some ten minutes; and, on leaving it, we saw the hares still in desperate battle. They had moved along the hill-side, and the grass was strongly marked with their down for a space of twenty yards. At last one of the sylvan warriors fell on its side, and never got upon its legs again. Its antagonist retreated for a yard or two, stood still for a minute, as if in contemplation and then rushed vengefully on the fallen foe. This retreat and advance was performed many times; the conqueror striking its prostrate adversary with its fore feet, and clearing off great quantities of down with them. In the meantime the vanquished hare rolled over and over again, but could not recover the use of its legs, although it made several attempts to do so. Its movements put you in mind of a drunken man trying to get up from the floor after a hard night in the alehouse. It now lay still on the ground effectually subdued, while the other continued its attacks upon it with the fury of a little demon. Seeing that the fight was over, we approached the scene of action—the conqueror hare retiring as we drew near. I took up the fallen combatant just as it was breathing its last. Both its sides had been completely bared of fur, and large patches of down had been torn from its back and belly. It was a well-conditioned buck-hare, weighing, I should suppose, from seven to eight pounds.—*Waterloo's Essays on Natural History.*

**AN INNOCENT REPLY.**—A gentleman who was ordered to attend one evening at the bar of House of Commons, respecting the Isle of Man, was asked by Mr. Dundas M.P., if the population of the island was on the increase? "Very much," answered the witness, "since my living there."

## CORRESPONDENTS.

**CRICKET.**—P. T. W.—As you ask our candid opinion of slow bowling, and as we are by no means inclined to "hide our light under a bushel," (which, indeed, would be an impolitic measure,) you shall have it. Of course, as you instance the style of Clarke, of Nottingham, and Mr. Denison, of Marylebone, we conclude that you mean not only *slow* bowling, but the *slowest*, and therefore the candour which you ask at our hands compels us to say that it is very far from efficient, and that if generally followed up, would much reduce the science and interest of the game. One thing is past dispute, namely, that if well practised at by the batsman it would be far easier to play than any now in use, and long scores and protracted matches would become again the order of the day. As regards Mr. Denison, we are bound to admit that he has on several occasions been very successful; but his ball has a very peculiar twist, working from the leg into the wicket, crossing behind the bat, and often taking the off-stump; but this is a peculiarity not to be looked for in all slow bowlers, or if looked for—not found. On the whole, it is not ours alone, but the opinion of the cricketing world in general, that moderately fast overhanded bowling, such for instance, as that of Hillyer and Martingale, is that which is best calculated to carry out the interests and science of this much admired game.

**INQUIRY.**—It was Martingale who so finely caught Pilch at the slip, in the Kent against England Match; and Hillyer made a most difficult catch off his own bowling on the same day. Both were highly applauded by the spectators.

**S. T.**—We cannot agree that the "little Nonpareil," of Marylebone, is a very fine bat; he certainly has been very successful this season, and no one can dispute his being not only a first-rate, but one of the very first-rate players of England; still, there is too little of style in his batting for it ever to be considered as standing A. 1 in the list of batsmen, especially while we have Mr. C. Taylor, Messrs. N. Felix, Pilch, Gny, Hawkins, Bushby, Barker, Martingale, Bailey, and Sewell in the field.

**G. S. S.**—The Hornsey and Euston Clubs are shortly to enter into a contest; you may yet be in time.

**QUI.**—Hillyer, most decidedly. He is the first scientific bowler in England—indeed, in the world. This is a proud pre-eminence, and he deserves it.

**A. Z.**—Apply to Caldecott, Townsend-road, St. John's Wood.

**J. ROBERTS,** Birmingham.—Langan was born in 1798; his fighting weight 12st 5lbs. We do not consider Langan, though a brave, steady, and game pugilist, as a scientific one. Spring was unquestionably so. We shall be happy, as humble labourers in the good cause, to forward the progress of the "Testimonial" to the worthy host of the Castle. But why not send your note to "Bell's Life"? Anything we may receive we will duly acknowledge, and announce its transfer to the appointed treasurer.

**"L. EXMERSON,"** Dudley.—See the memoirs of BELCHER and of the GAME CHICKEN in this and the three former Nos. of the History of British Boxing in the "Sportman's Magazine." Deaf Burke's last fight was with Bob Castles, at Rainham Ferry, Essex, June 18th, 1843. The Burke mentioned in the lives first alluded to is called Bourke in FISTIANA; he is also called Joe Berks in the BOXIANA, but Burke is the spelling in the majority of newspapers of the time. He, although a game man, of great strength, and weighing 13 stone, was very unlucky in his antagonists, being twice beaten by Belcher, and twice by Pearce, both of whom were such men that defeat at their hands is anything but a proof that the beaten man was a bad one.

**"A. NOBODY,"** Dick Cahn, of Leicester, was never beaten but once, and that was by Clarkey Jones, of Manchester, Dec. 31, 1838. Cahn, (of Liverpool) beaten by Haydon, is the person you are confounding with him: the one is a 9st. 10lb. man, a sporting publican, much respected, and well known; the other a third-rate bigun, about 13st., whom we know nothing about, except that he was twice beaten in 1842.

**"A. YOUNG ANGLER."**—There are deeps at Twickenham and Richmond, respectively of the length of 400 and 700 yards; in that of Lord Howe's, at Twickenham, perch, roach, and dace, barbel and gudgeon may be caught; but the best gudgeon fishing is from the bank of the river. The London tackle-shops sell better articles, and at a more reasonable price, than you can otherwise procure them. The Oak, at Teddington, is kept by Kemp, and the Kemps and Dear are the puntmen: or there is the Bel Pie House on the Ait at Twickenham, kept by Coxon.

**"LONDONER."**—The Surry Canal Dock at Rotherhithe is well stocked with jacks, perch, roach, barbel, bream, and eels. It is a subscription water, a guinea a year, or a shilling for each day's angling. Lewisham river (the Ravensburg) has trout in it, *probatum est* we have taken them this year.

**"JOCKEY,"** Southampton.—At present we think of closing the volume with the year. But there is plenty of time yet to decide upon that. We shall, of course, give a title page and index, as the "Sportman's Magazine" is in a good form for binding.

**"JOSEPH MASON,"** Manchester.—Thanks for your recommendation; if every "Brother Bob" would "go and do likewise," our circulation would be such that a few pounds extra in the way of illustration would be no consideration. Your letter did not come to hand until the 12th of July. You have, of course, seen "The Perch" which was printed before the receipt of your request, which otherwise we would readily have complied with. "YOUNG PISCATOR" is certainly among you, for his letters bear the regu-

lar postmark, and he lately dropped us a drawing of a contrivance for spinning the minnow which should have been engraved had not the cuts for minnow-fishing been already in hand.

**WILLIAM MELLODEW.**—BURY.—The bet is drawn.

**"No HUMBUG"** has our best thanks. If all our readers were as liberal as himself, we would quickly improve the publication, and raise the price to 2d., but upon a fair calculation, based upon some experience, the vendors calculate we must lose one half our circulation by the change. This, therefore, will not do. We shall see in a week or two, when we give our "Map of the Thames."

**"J. B."** is correct: there is a typographical error in the calculation.

**"SETTON.—NOTTINGHAM."**—Yes; Caunt and Bendigo were merely announced, the interest will be more general as the event approaches.

\*. The SECOND PART of "THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE," for July, containing FORTY-THREE engravings, and upwards of fifty pages of letter-press, in an embellished wrapper, may be had of all booksellers, price sevenpence. ALL the numbers of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE are now in print, and procurable. We shall shortly, so soon as the arrangements are completed, publish a STAMPED EDITION, to forward by post. Price 2½d.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND BARNES.

**SUNDAY, July 20th.**—NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.—Warner's invisible shell tried at Brighton, 1844, such a capital joke that the whole ship *split her sides!*

## WARNER'S LONG RANGE.

Oh! Captain Warner,  
Whose wished-for fortune keeps within the bounds  
Of some four or five hundred thousand pounds,  
You will not keep your merit, like Jack Horner,  
Hid in a corner;  
But at the treasury put in your thumb,  
And at one venture pull out half a 'plum.'

What's this "long range"  
Respecting whose great power you elate us?  
Is it a monster cooking apparatus,  
Which, when a careful guard its bars environs  
Will roast, bake, boil, stew, steam, or heat flat irons,  
Like those which did so—doubtless do so still,  
At Mr. Marriott's, on Ludgate Hill?  
Or, during war time, is its only use,  
To quote a common phrase in street abuse,  
For some dread enemy to "cook their goose,"  
With its huge boiler never giving quarter,  
Keeping the whole of Europe in hot water;  
How very strange!

What! is meant for Joinville's force to do,  
Settle their ash, or keep them in a stew!

The vapouring Tom Noddies.  
Did you intend when foreign victims fell,  
Instead of placing bodies in a shell  
To place shells in their bodies?  
How was it, by the Times so sadly goaded,  
That your invisible grenade, when loaded,  
E'er it had time to blow up was 'exploded'?

Answer me this.  
Come, Warner, let the fiction be confessed  
And give to your long range a few bars rest.

**MONDAY, 21st.**—Dudley and Tipton Races.—News received from the Warpsite that "the boy Jones" had thrown himself overboard, 1843. Sir Charles Napier perpetrates a joke by saying, he don't believe it, for to his certain knowledge in the present "short-handed" state of our ships of war, no vessel in the navy has its compliment of men and a boy over!—Not so bad for an "Old Commodore," eh?

**TUESDAY, 22d.**—Cork Harbour Regatta.—Battle of Salamanca, 1812.—Extraordinary birth!—This is a common heading in the provincial papers, but this is the most extraordinary of all. There is a birth under Government with a salary of 5,000l. per year, and really something to do for it! The department, however, has not yet been discovered.

**WEDNESDAY, 23d.**—Newton and Ipswich Races.—Three hundred nobility and gentry present at "the Waverley Ball," 1844. It is generally understood that Sir Walter Scott furnished written characters for all the people out of place there.

**THURSDAY, 24th.**—Tewkesbury Races.—Isle of Wight, ditto.—Cheap Furniture.—You must not give a house warming if you have bought cheap furniture, for the warming of the house will melt the glue, and the furniture will fall to pieces. A house may be furnished for 40l., if your necessities are confined to a deal table and a knife-box, a couple of Japan chairs, and a Pembroke two-flap. It has been said, that the cheap furniture is made of green stuff, but the stuff is not half so green as those who buy it.

**FRIDAY, 25th.**—HARWICK REGATTA.—Henlock Races.—Oldham ditto.—Gibraltar taken, 1704. A grand game at chess—the Spanish castle taken by the English Rook. Birds.—Most of the feathered tribe are now mute; the blackcap, the chiff-chaff, and the yellow-hammer are occasionally heard. Moths and butterflies abound, and the glow-worm shines at twilight hours. The death-watch beats and the grasshopper sings.

**SATURDAY, 26th.**—Westminster and Eton eight-oared match.—Wonderful Cold Water Cure.—Sir Peter Laurie commits a young woman for throwing herself into the Thames, 1843; he also announces he has "put down" suicide: "poor people have no business to kill themselves," and Sir Peter has ordered a number of boards with the intention of putting them up on each of the bridges and wharfs on the Thames, inscribed "No admittance except on business." They are not yet fixed, but the alderman expects that no despairing wretch will dare to jump into the river when forbid by the order of the corporation.

## THE MOON IN JULY.

New Moon, 4th	...	...	...	4	20 aft.
First Quarter, 12th	...	...	...	2	22 aft.
Full Moon, 19th	...	...	...	6	2 morn.
Last Quarter, 26th	...	...	...	3	20 morn.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High water at London Bridge.					morn.		aft.			morn.		aft.		
					morn.	aft.	morn.	aft.	morn.	aft.	morn.	aft.	morn.	aft.
Sunday, July 20th	...	...	...	...	2 28	5 11	Thursday, 24th	...	...	5 29	5 51			
Monday, 21st	...	...	...	...	3 15	3 30	Friday, 25th	...	...	6 12	6 35			
Tuesday, 22d	...	...	...	...	4 1	4 22	Saturday, 26th	...	...	6 58	7 22			
Wednesday, 23d	...	...	...	...	4 46	5 7								

## NOTICE:

SEVERAL letters having been delayed from being directed either to the Publisher or the Printer (and in one instance to a vendor) of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, the Editor begs to notify that all communications must be addressed to him at the OFFICE, 42, Holywell-street, Strand.—July 12th, 1845.

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 26, 1845.

### THE FISHER'S CREEL.

As time flies and the seasons roll and change, so do the sportsman's pursuits vary with the varying year; a few weeks, and the rattling tube in the hands of senators and the spoilt children of the world's good fortune, will be awakening the echoes of the northern hills and scattering the feathers of the thick-legged grouse. Another month, and nearer home, the brown partridges will be sprung from the stubble; and the townsman, striding over the enclosed lands, will avail himself of his certificate to scatter whole coveys, and rightly deeming it

"Better to range the fields for health unbought,  
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught,"

purchase strength, cheerfulness, and recreation, at the low price of active sport. Another month, and the brilliant pheasant in vain whirrs aloft from the grove, "the swift messenger of lead" overtakes him, and he sinks to the earth a falling rainbow! Soon the echoes awake to the cheering horn. "Sly reynard breaks cover, hark forward, away!" The timid hare doubles before the fleet greyhounds, the lordly stag is unharboured, and royalty adds splendour to the scene. The woodcock and snipe are flushed, and all the joys of the chase and trigger are rife. The courser's sport increases, the young year buds into spring, the angler looks to his "books of tackle," the graceful race-horse takes his early gallops, preparatory to the fleet strife for victory; the dancing yachts spread their sails upon the wave, and behold our pen, the minister of our imagination, has brought us round again to the present article in the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE for July 26, Anno Domini, one thousand eight hundred and forty-five.

And now, reader, a word with you: every species of literature, save and except "Sporting," has been brought down in price within the reach of the many, and its general cheap diffusion has enlarged the circle of readers, we had almost said a thousand-fold. This little Miscellany is an attempt to do for every admirer of field sports and manly exercises, what has been done for every branch of popular reading; here, the various admirers of various sports are offered a medium for their communications, their experiences, and their queries. For ourselves, so long as we can avoid pecuniary loss, the "pleasure that is in the labour outweighs the pain."

We would not willingly see this attempt prove unsuccessful, else should we despair of the chance of cheap sporting literature; therefore we respectfully call on all who wish us well to extend the circulation of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE by recommending it—if they deem it worthy—assuring them that if the sale rises so shall the embellishments, and, as far as in us lies, the contents be improved. Let each well-wisher remember that thousands are merely aggregations of units, and think not a single additional copy is an unimportant increase. But to return, not a *nos montons*, but to our FISH.

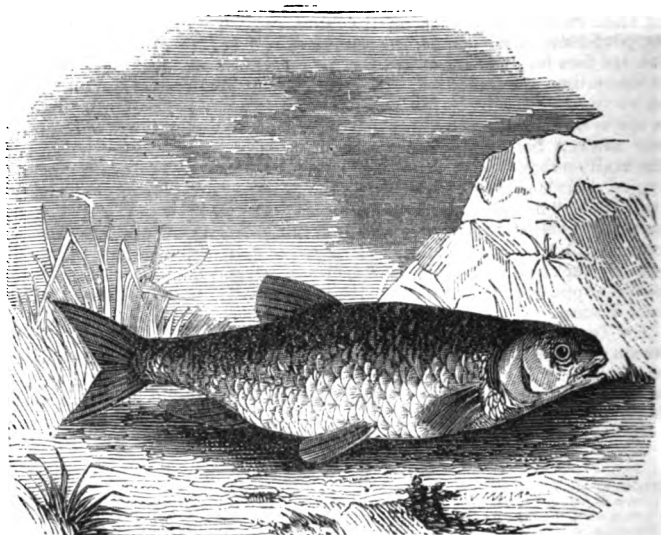
### THE CHUB, OR CHEVIN.

RE cannot say much for the Chub, either for the table or the sport of catching him, yet to thesecond-rate angler, and of these are 99-100ths of the brotherhood composed, he often affords a few hours' amusement: and is this nothing, ye who delight to dilate about the silvery salmon and the speckled trout? Hence will we say our say on the Chub, and give him a due consideration in our FISHER'S CREEL.

The Chub, Chevin, or Botling, is fond of large rivers with sandy or clayey bottoms, and haunts the deep holes and angles of eddies where the water runs slow and is much shaded. Hence they are generally found in deep and sluggish water, where the banks are much underworn by the stream setting directly into them; a hollowed bank is their chief delight, and it is not, depend on it, when other circumstances in the locality suit them, mere rapidity of stream that will drive chub from their hole. I know the head of one of the aits on the Thames, a little below Hampton, (it is the one which extends down to Hampton lock) where the stream is so rapid that it is every year fast wearing it away; yet this spot is excellent for large chub, and I could name several others like it. The side of a much worn bank, if the water be swift and deep, is

sure to be a haunt of chub, and a regular pike-hole is often a good chub hole. Trout and grayling, though to be found in the same streams, do not lie over a muddy bottom like the pike and chub.

For ourselves, as we are not what the shooter or the huntsman would call "pot hunter," and what, as applied to the angler, we would call a *kettle* hunter, we regard the chub with much more favourable eyes than the "aristocracy of the angle" are inclined to do. There is a fashion in writing, as in everything else, and of late years nothing but the salmon and the trout—the art of throwing thirty yards of line—the merits of an eighteen foot rod—the imitative or non-imitative intention of dragon-flies—the salmon rivers of Wales and of Scotland, seem to have become the staple commodity of every scribbler who spills ink in the pages of a



THE CHUB.

magazine or the columns of a Sunday paper—while, Heaven help the mark!—our noble Thames, and "one thousand rills and streams of note" in broad England are passed over as beneath the notice of these poor "Brummagem" imitators of Titus, and "Christopher North." There is a fashion in these things, as in most others, and it shall not be the fault of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, if we don't laugh this cockney pretension for the distant—this quackish affectation of superior science—this attempt to impose *omne ignotum pro magnifico* on gaping Southrons, and bring them back to a due appreciation of their own unrivalled streams and fertile plains, where the "Contemplative Man's Recreation" may be even better enjoyed, than in those romantic regions, which the one in a thousand who reaches comes back from, ashamed to confess what a fool he has been, and therefore incontinently, like the fox who had lost his tail, advises others to go into the same trap, that there may be more company in "the ship of fools."

A running line is indispensable for taking chub, and great caution should be used to keep out of sight: when the fish is hooked, let him run a little before you attempt to turn him, the first rush over, with ordinary caution the fish is your own. The line should be strong with a good silkworm gut at bottom, and the hooks Nos. 3 or 4. A pleasant way of taking chub is what is termed dibbing, dipping, or daping, and is effected in the following way. In a hot summer's day, go to any hole where chub is known to haunt, and probably thirty or forty of them may be seen basking themselves on the surface of the water. You must be sure to place yourself out of sight behind some bush or tree, for the chub will fly to the bottom of the water at the very shadow of your rod, being a most timid fish; it will even make instantly to the bottom on the shadow of a bird flying over the water, but will presently arise and be floating on the top again; at which time move your rod slowly, let your bait fall softly on the water three or four inches before him, and he will infallibly take it. As he is a leather-mouthed fish, out of which a hook scarce ever loses its hold, you may therefore give him play enough before you offer to take him out of the water.

There are many baits to take the chub, such as a black snail, with its belly slit to show the white: sometimes a worm, or any kind of fly, as the ant fly, flesh fly, dor or beetle, or a bob, which is a short, white worm, like to, but bigger than, a gentle, or a cod or case-worm; he will take any of these very well, and never refuses a grasshopper at the top of a swift stream, or a young wasp-grub at the bottom. These grubs are found in the holes of banks, and discovered by the old ones going in and out, and are often found by the mowers while cutting grass: they must be boiled or baked before used: the chub will likewise bite at red cherries, provided you bait the pool with them the night before you fish. Let the bait lie almost on the ground in bottom-fishing, but if brains, about midwater is best. The landing-net is particularly necessary in angling for chub, as the best spots are generally encumbered by trees or bushes. Thus much



of the chub; and now after this chat upon the fish we will proceed to that obie enemy of all the finny tribes—THE OTTER.

## BEASTS OF CHASE.—NO. I.



THE OTTER.

WITH regard to the size of the Otter, naturalists vary materially. Captain Burn and other zoologists give three feet three inches as his length, while in the *Wiltshire Independent* for March 5, 1840, we find that Mr. Wyatt, of Ilffley Pound, near Abingdon, shot one four feet eleven inches long. Bell, in his "History of British Quadrupeds," says, a full grown male otter weighs from twenty to twenty-four pounds; but we have seen the skin of an otter killed in the old river Deben, near Norwich, at Letheringham, which weighed when alive 29 lbs.; and Pennant speaks of one killed on the river Lea, between Hertford and Ware, in 1794, which weighed forty pounds.

The upper parts of the body are of a brownish or chestnut colour; the nose is black, and the lips are whitish; the inner sides of the legs, the throat, breast, and belly are brownish gray. In Scotland, an otter is sometimes found spotted with white, and called by the common people "the King of the Otters." The head is flat, the ears short, semicircular, and erect; and the eyes are so placed that the animal can see objects above, even while its head is in a horizontal position; the feet are webbed, the toes covered with hair, and the tail flattened.

The habitation of the otter is in the bank of some well-stocked river or stream. But the account given by Pennant, and copied into almost every book of natural history, is altogether wrong: he says "it forms its habitation by burrowing underground on the banks of some river or lake, and always makes the entrance of its hole under water; works upwards to the surface of the earth, and there makes a minute orifice for the admission of air: it is further observed that this animal, the more effectually to conceal its retreat, contrives to make even this little hole in the midst of some thick bush." Now in the many otter's retreats we have seen, we never found any of this ingenious contrivance, which is very pretty reading for little children's books on natural history; but though such matter may amuse them, it certainly will not instruct them.

The otter's claws are unfitted for burrowing at all; they bear no resemblance to those of any burrowing animal; his retreat, it is true, is always at the edge of the water, but it is merely sheltered by the impending bank, or consists of some shallow hole, without the otter apparently making any efforts for its formation or its improvement. Its excrement or "seal" is generally the guide to its "holt," but the otter seldom goes straight home when pursued, but passes over it, then doubles back to lodge. A few words from "Geleret" on the habits of the animal shall conclude our say.

The period of the otter's gestation is stated at sixty-three days, and they produce two or three young ones at a birth, Old Izaak Walton's Venator says five; about March the young ones frequent the sources of rivers, or small brooks, where they may secure an abundance of fry and spawning fish, and guard their helpless young against the sudden rise of floods which, farther down stream, they would be liable to encounter. That otters do not attain to maturity under the fourth or fifth year I am convinced, from specimens under my own observation, where the growth of the animal has been so gradual as to warrant the above conclusion, though I have never had them in my possession for quite so long a period.

The organ of adhesiveness as regards localities, however, does not belong to the otter, for he is always on the move up or down stream, and

sometimes on the sea-shore, especially about the end of summer, when the surf is not heavy on the beach, and the old and young fish securely together, and retire to inaccessible holts and caverns in the cliffs: but the *Lutra vulgaris* must not be confounded with the *Enhydra* or sea otter, which has a short thick tail, very glossy fur, and is otherwise distinguished from the common otter.

We suspect the otter occupies a fresh bed every day after his night's exercise, where he rests high and dry until the dark shades of evening again invite him forth to satisfy his craving appetite: and I may add that I am borne out, in my opinion that he shifts his quarters nightly, by one of the most experienced and observant sportsmen in the west of England; I allude to Mr. H. Terrell. A very singular circumstance that occurred to myself, whilst staying with a friend on an otter-hunting visit in 1842, tends to corroborate what I have stated. The very night I arrived at Brimpt's, a tenant of his informed us that he had seen a "yellow otter" on the East River, in company with a dark one: accordingly next morning, May 3rd, we drew for this marvellous beast on the river in question, but came only on a stale trail. We then trotted off to the West River, where the hounds hit upon it in earnest, and brought up to a solid mark in a clitter of rocks. The terriers were at him hammer and tongs, and out he came into the pool below, when, to our great astonishment, he was "yellow," as the farmer had described him. He got into the rocks again, however, and having lots of water there the terriers failed to bolt him. The next day at him again; but I will not quote from my journal:—"May 4th—Met at Hexworthy Bridge; the albino or *Lutra natara* we found yesterday had now shifted his quarters about two miles down the stream, and we came upon him without a trail in a shallow hover near 'Huccaby Cleaves.' Midnight was the first hound to mark him, and old Prince bolted him. He appeared quite white in the water, and from the black soil at the bottom of the river of course there was no difficulty in 'gazing' him. After half an hour's diversion, we killed, and he proved to be a dog otter about 19lbs. weight, of a beautiful cream colour. I presented the skin to my host, who was glad to possess so rare a specimen of the lutrine tribe."

Having already observed that otters dotted with white are not very uncommon; they are called by the lower orders of Scotch "King of the otters," I will here add that they are supposed to bear a sort of charmed life. The spots are occasioned by ticks which attack themselves in vast numbers to the neck, shoulders, and back of the animal. I have killed one thus infested, and of course he was in sorry plight while the plague was upon him. An otter's sense of smelling is exquisite; so fine, that he can distinguish from the bank of a pool whether there be fish in it or not, and, I verily believe, whereabouts in the pool they lie. Having domesticated two otters at different times, which always came to a whistle, it was my chief amusement in leisure hours to practise them at their own particular game, and being provided with small live fish, I used to contrive to slip one unseen into a pond that was nigh at hand; the otter, after cantering round it in his own easy undulating style, and tossing his nose up to catch the wind, would always glide into the water like oil, and generally at the nearest point to the fish, which he took with a rush, and not, as has been asserted, by getting under it first by stealth. When there was no fish in the pond he scarcely noticed it, and objected to wetting his feet in search of prey which his nose told him was not there. If hounds draw a stream and come upon a trail, but disturb not the otter, and on the following day draw it again, all fresh trail will have vanished. The foiled bank alarms him, and the next night he fishes and retires to his holt without landing, and generally at a considerable distance up or down stream. His upper lips are large and thick, and apparently full of olfactory nerves, which give him this power. The jaws, too, are remarkable, being interlocked with each other at the points of junction, and not united by ligaments, as is the case with all other animals of which I have knowledge; and the canine teeth are peculiarly situated, but very advantageously so for securing their slippery prey.

The male otter possesses another peculiarity in the sexual department, viz., a solid piece of ivory, which in some countries is valued as the *spolia opima* of victory, and when mounted with silver, serves for a seal or tobacco-stopper to the lucky captor. Its excrement, called by the sportsmen "spraints" or "wedgin," is far from offensive to the smell, and varies according to sex; that of the male is hard and caked, but that of the female always in a state of mucilaginous pulp. The knowledge of this fact is sometimes very useful, as it enables the hunter to distinguish the sex of the animal before he disturbs him, which late in the season he would be loath to do if he suspected a female on one of his rivers. The position of the wedgin on a stone assists the hunter in deciding whether the animal is up stream or down; for the wedgin will almost invariably be nearest the water on the side that the otter emerges, and consequently his head will be pointing in the opposite direction. This remark I had many years ago from a famous otter and fount-hunter in Glamorgan-shire, called Evan Llanwensant. I have also heard the same from Sellick and John Roberts, in Devonshire, and my own observation assures me it is a correct one.

The seal of the otter is distinguished from that of other beasts of chase by its impression of five toes, without showing the nail-marks; and this we take also to be a proof against his burrowing. In our last we gave an otter hunt, and having now got upon his trail we have here "bolted" the beast himself for the reader's amusement.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## BLINDNESS IN TROUT.

SIR,—The following singular occurrence may not be uninteresting to your readers, and some of them may perhaps be enabled to explain the cause of it. Into a pool of about four acres, partially surrounded with trees, and terminating a range of other pools above, through which constantly runs a small and irregular supply of waste water, about thirty brace of healthy trout were turned, varying from three quarters of a pound to a pound each, and taken from a neighbouring mill-pool. The pool, into which the trout were returned in the month of August, contained a great quantity of roach, some carp, tench, bleak, and perch, all healthy and thriving fish; but the trout, when taken out during the summer and the following season, seemed to have increased very little in weight. With the exception of one healthy fish of three pounds, nearly all the others were found to be entirely blind, or partially so, and doubtless would soon have died of starvation, as they were black, thin, and poor. Those which were not too far gone to recover, I turned into a neighbouring brook: but what could have caused this effect upon the trout alone, when all the other kind of fish upon being taken out of the same water were healthy and in good condition, I am at a loss to imagine. In the early part of the following month of March, I caught one of those trout of about two pounds, which I had the preceding summer turned into the brook; and although it was a very good colour, silvery and bright, it did not appear to be well fed, though no defect in the eyes could be perceived. Doubting whether to kill it or turn it in again for another day, I placed it in a small hoop net, while I tried for another fish, and threw the net into the stream. After taking two smaller trout in good condition, I took up the net and was surprised at perceiving this silvery bright fish had become perfectly black, so much so, that, but for its shape, it could not have been known as a trout. Trout when killed sometimes lose their colour, but here was a fish which, but a few minutes before, was perfectly bright, and suddenly, while alive, had become totally discoloured and black in the water, though apparently uninjured in any way; and probably, in a few minutes after being liberated, it would have regained its former beautiful hue. Could this sudden and singular change have arisen from fear, or from what other cause?

GEORGE AUSTIN, JUN.

## A FRAGMENT FROM A CREEL LEDGER.—THE RIVER DART.

BY WILL WHOOP.

(From the Sporting Review for July.)

The months of March and April last were more than commonly congenial for the purposes of the fly, and many a creel has been borne fruitlessly many a weary mile on the back of the desponding Piscator, without containing a single token of success to bless the burden. Fine water and cold winds are the elements against which he has had to contend; though his line fall never so delicately, or his fly never so softly on the surface of the stream, not a trout will move. Though he fish "fine and far off," and his feathers vie in neatness and colour with the living insect, still is he foiled; the skill and experience of his life go for nothing. Hope, however—that relic and gem of Pandora's box—buoys him up, and day after day he perseveres in his vocation, till at length, after a weary waiting, Favonius springs up, favours him for a while, but again soon resigns the field to the blood-curdling Eolus, who delights in blighting Piscator's short-lived happiness.

In bleak weather during these months I have ever found the stone fly to be the one on which most dependence can be placed; for a killer on rapid streams I would recommend its use, more especially as an end-fly. It is made on a large sized hook, with a grizzlecock's hackle and a dirty yellow body, ribbed with tarnished silver tinsel. This fly will frequently do execution when the fish will not look at any other. It should be allowed to sink a little below the surface of the water, as trout, when shy of springing, often take it freely in mid-water, and wholly disregard its more elegant brethren that are dancing and bobbing on the tops of every ripple. Thanks to this fly, I have had two tolerably good days during April, one on the Ely, in Glamorganshire, where I killed about 10lbs. of fair trout, including a few salmon-pink; and the other on the Avon, in Devonshire, where I laboured long and hard to make up 8lbs. The fish on this latter stream were not in such season as those of the former, but they were larger generally.

Were it not for the quantity of brushwood with which the Avon is bounded and fringed, it would be as pretty a fishing stream as any in England; as it is, few surpass it. Poaching, however, by torchlight (burning the water as it is called) and spirt-nets have thinned its streams, and it is much to be deplored that some steps are not taken by the contiguous landowners or neighbouring gentry to discountenance and prohibit such practices. Were the river properly stocked, abounding as it does with sharps and stickles, every hundred yards of it would afford a day's diversion to the fair fisherman, and many a traveller would be induced to diffuse the contents of his purse in the neighbourhood, and to wander on its banks in his piscatory passage among the very beautiful

and picturesque scenery. Still, despite of the poaching and alder bushes, many a good day might be had in genial weather; and it may be as well to add, for the information of any passing pilgrim, that Brent, Deptford Cot, or Aveton Gifford, afford the best quarters on this river. The pool, which I look upon as identical with the Tewin of Wales, is found here in great abundance, and, for the cuisine, is held to be superior in flavour to the king of the fresh waters. Salmon-pink, and what are called "white fish" (being as I imagine peel-fry), are also abundant in the Avon, and assist in filling up the corners of one's creel most conveniently.

Truly there are some noble rivers in Devon for throwing the fly. The Dart, so called from its headlong and impetuous character, is inferior to none; it affords a succession of streams and rapids, gurgling pools from Cranmere on Dartmoor down to Dartington in the Vale, a distance of about thirty miles, in which space it falls no less than one thousand eight hundred feet ere it gain the level of the sea. Spenser (author of the "Faery Queen") certainly took poetic license when in his "Wedding of the Medway and the Thames" he described the Dart as

"Nigh choked with sands of tinny mists."

The Dart is a rock-bound river, dancing and foaming for miles over masses of sparkling granite, which form its slippery bed; it remembers not in its course, but, like a mountain torrent, rushes on as though the "flood-gates of heaven" were let loose to supply it. The fishing on the Dart varies much in its character; above Hocene Climes, and on the Moor, the trout run small, but are very abundant; below that point heavy fish are very commonly taken. A good salmon, too, is occasionally caught during the season, and the uncertainty as to what comes next adds greatly to the interest of the fisherman, and increases his pleasure tenfold.

"Voluptates commendat rarior usus."

The salmon of the Dart is famous for its flavour, and well deserves the application of the following passage from Dryden's *Polyolbion*:—

"The lusty salmon, then, from Neptune's wat'ry realm,  
When, as his season serves, stemming my tideful stream,  
Then being in his kind, in me his pleasure takes  
(For whom the fisher then all other game forsakes),  
Which bending of himself to th' fashion of a ring,  
Above the forced weirs himself doth nimbly fling,  
And often when the net hath dragg'd him safe to land,  
Is seen by natural force to 'scape his murderer's hand;  
Whose grain doth rise in flakes, with fatness interlarded,  
Of many a liquorish lip that highly is regarded."

The fishing alone, however, is a small part of the pleasure derivable from a tour on the Dart; the grandeur and wildness of its scenery is surpassed by none in England. With the Moor at its back and the Mead at its foot, let the lover of nature follow its course from Bear Down to Staverton Bridge, and he will not fail to express his wonder that tourists should go abroad to seek for beauties of scenery which their own country could so well supply. Many a mighty oak may be seen towering above the precipice on which it has cast anchor, and apparently, from its stag-headed brow, may be coeval with the rocks themselves. The black cock, the buzzard, and the kite impart an additional charm to this wild scene, and impress the traveller with a belief that he has now fairly escaped from the haunts of man. Ere I close this sketch, I must be allowed to quote from a poem that has lately been published, and to the sentiments of the poet "every pulse of my heart" beats a wild response.

"Enamoured by Nature, her charms I revere  
In creatures of life on the mountain and mere;  
The jetty black cock and the watchful curlew,  
The loud booming bittern and the harrier so blue—  
Oh the buzzard's wild scream and the cataract's roar,  
Are the sounds that I love on the rugged Dartmoor."

It may be well to know that Asburton, Buckfastleigh, and Totnes afford the most comfortable and convenient quarters for fishing or viewing this river.

LIFE IN CANADA.—In Canada the lover of nature in her primeval magnificence, and to him who loves to view a city in embryo, and to him who is attached to the sports of the field, Canada is the place to gratify his most sanguine expectations, either in the chase or with his "Manton" or rifle; or if perchance he is of a piscatorial turn and a follower of "Imak," he will find plenty of sport to gratify his propensities, in the latter more especially; he may walk into the affections of some of the finest specimens of the finny tribe, altogether unknown in England. The woods are well stocked with deer, which may be disposed of without fear of "dabbling in the stocks;" plenty of game sans the dread of the keeper, or a "six months' residence" within the "wooden (or rather stone or brick) walls of Old England." Steeple chases are of frequent occurrence; and although they cannot boast of a "fives court," they have a "racket alley" where "milling" comes off in good style.

A HINT.—Never send anything to a newspaper "to be continued," unless it is a legacy or a dozen of port.

EMIGRATION.—A dentist and family left their happy homes last week to settle in one of the back shops in the interior of the Exeter Change Arcade. The scene at parting was heart-rending.—*Punch*.

## ARCHERY.

(Continued from page 225.)

## THE QUIVER.

All nations that have used the bow have found it expedient to adopt some method of carrying their arrows, without engaging the immediate attention of their hands. It may be inferred, therefore, that the invention of the quiver speedily succeeded that of the bow and arrow. That it was a concomitant of the bow in the time of Isaac, is clear, from the passage which we have already quoted, in our first part, from the book of Genesis: "Now, therefore, take, I pray thee, thy weapons, thy quiver and thy bow," &c. The high antiquity of the implement in Asia is thus satisfactorily proved; and there is no reason to suppose that, in the other parts of the world, its invention was much posterior to that of the bow.

The bark of trees, and the skins of animals, says Mr. Moseley, were most probably the materials from which quivers were anciently constructed. Those found among the savages of the present day are for the most part formed of such materials; some of them ornamented with elegant and curious workmanship, usually composed of the teeth of wild beasts, or fish, intermixed with shells, or feathers.

The quivers of the ancient Greeks, like those of other nations, were made of skins or leather. They were of various forms and sizes; sometimes round, sometimes square, open at the top, or closed with a lid. They were usually carried on the back, the upper end just rising above the right shoulder. Diana and Apollo are invariably represented by painters as carrying their arrows in this fashion.

By some the quiver was used, not merely as a case for their arrows, but also as a kind of rosary, by which the events of every day were registered. On retiring to rest, the Scythian threw a small stone into a quiver placed near his couch: and if he had spent the day in comfort, and to his satisfaction, he chose a white pebble; but if in trouble, a black one. At his death, the quiver was reversed, and the stones counted, and the owner was esteemed to have spent a happy or unhappy life, in proportion as the number of the white or black stones predominated.

Some of the Ethiopians are reported to have made use of no quiver, but, in preference, to have carried their arrows stuck round their heads, like *radii*.

The Normans not only carried their arrows by the quiver, but they also used that instrument as a kind of drum, to assist the clamour they usually raised at the opening of a battle.

The Corymbos, or Corymbus, was a kind of case used by many nations to carry their bows in. It appears to have been made on the same principle as the quiver, and not to have much exceeded it in length; its object being to admit half only of the length of the bow.\*

The quivers used by modern archers are seldom, if ever, carried on the back, but serve merely as a receptacle for the arrows at home. The pouch and loop appended to the belt (Cut, fig. 2, page 224.) are the substitutes now made use of on the target-ground.

## THE BRACER. (Cut, fig. 3, page 224.)

"A bracer," says Ascham, "serves two purposes; one to save the arrow from the stroke of the string when loosed upon it, and the coat from creasing; and the other that the string, gliding sharply and quickly off the bracer, may make a sharper shoot."

It is best, however, he adds, that the bow should have just so much bending that the string need never touch the arm, and consequently that a bracer should be needless.

He also says, that in a bracer (if used) three things should be particularly attended to; that it should have no nails in it, no buckles, and that it should be fastened on with laces without tags.

Ascham says nothing of the form or material of the bracer in his time. His annotator (Mr. Bennett) observes, that this account of the bracer is somewhat obscure, and that it seems to have been a kind of close sleeve laced upon the arm.

The modern bracer is composed of a piece of stout leather, polished on the exterior side, in order to allow the string to pass over it freely. In form it is either oval, or like the half of a coat-sleeve. The colour is either black or brown. The size of the bracer depends upon that of the arm, and the manner of holding the bow; for good archers (who hold their bows always steadily and alike, when they loose the arrow) find that the string generally strikes nearly in the same place, and can therefore shoot with a small bracer; but, in shooting with much elevation, the arm cannot be so well guarded by a very small one. Some modern archers have made use of a plate of horn fastened on the bracer, while others have glued small pieces of hard wood upon woollen cloth, having the sides opposed to the string made round, in order that the string might have the swifter passage in its return; but the leather bracer is the most commonly used; and it is now generally made from six to eight inches in length, with two straps and buckles to fasten it on the arm. See cut.

When the exterior becomes rough, the bracer should either be re-polished, or a new one purchased, lest the string should wear by the friction of its rough surface, and the safety of the bow be thus endangered.

## THE SHOOTING GLOVE. (Fig. 5, page 224.)

In modern times, various inventions for guarding the drawing fingers from the effect of the sharp loose of the bow-string, have been made use of; of which every archer uses that one which upon experience, he finds suits him best. The following are the most generally used, namely,

1st. *The shooting-glove*, which consist of finger-stalls fastened to thongs buttoned round the wrist, and may be used with or without a glove.

2d. *Finger-stalls* sewed to a common glove.

3d. *The tab*, which is a piece of flat leather, into which the fingers are let, and which lies on the inside of the hand.

The best leathers for each of the above is what is called *horse-butt*, or cow-hide leather, dressed on that side which is used outwardly.

## THE BELT, POUCH, TASSEL, AND GREASE-BOX.

The belt is usually made of the same leather as the bracer, provided on the right side with a sort of pouch, in figure somewhat resembling a small bucket, into which the pile ends of the arrows are inserted, through a leather loop which serves to keep them steady by the archer's side. (See cut, Fig. 2, page 224.)

The tassel, which is for the purpose of dusting or keeping the arrows clean, and usually made of green worsted, is slung on the belt on the archer's left side. (See cut.)

The grease-box hangs by the side of the tassel, and is a very necessary appendage to the sport of the Bowman; as the grease contained in it, which should be suet and bees-wax in equal quantities, is designed to keep up a moisture on the fingers of the shooting-glove, which, if allowed to become dry, will prove a great impediment to easy loosing. A neat fancy box may be procured for this purpose.

## THE TARGET.

At a time when wars were almost perpetual, and the hunting of wild beasts necessary, archers could seldom be at a loss for living objects against which to direct their arrows; but as these opportunities, in the progress of civilization, became less and less frequent, men had recourse to stationary targets, at which to try their skill, and exercise their art.

The heroic games instituted of old tended effectually to preserve and cherish in peace those accomplishments which are necessary in war; and the palm which was held out to the victorious in those combats, excited emulation and pride, from which all great efforts originate. Archery, however, does not appear to have holden any very conspicuous place among these exhibitions. Among the Greeks, says Moseley, there is no instance of its practice in the arena, though among the Romans there are several. But that the Greeks had places set aside for the practice of the art seems unquestionable from frequent references by classic authors. Xenophon clearly speaks of the ancient *butts*; and a line in *Æschylus* mentions that archers were accustomed to shoot at them.

The Persians of old practised at shields formed of raw hides, or sometimes of solid wood, which their arrows pierced without difficulty.

With respect to the Roman practice, Vegetius tells us there were places where the archers and slingers exercised, and where butts, were erected for the soldiers to aim at. These butts, or targets, were sometimes single posts only; sometimes they were usually placed at the distance of a *stadium* (or about six hundred feet) from the place at which the shooter stood.

These exercises were regulated by particular laws, and under the inspection of masters. One law was similar to a privilege granted by Henry VIII. to the Finsbury archers; namely, an indemnification from the charge of murder, if any person shooting should kill another passing between him and the butt. This was enjoyed by the Roman archers and slingers; but the Aquilean law denied the same to those who used the other weapons, such as the pilum, javelin, or plumbatum.

(To be continued in our next.)

**FONDNESS OF POULTRY FOR PEPPER.**—The *Capsicum frutescens*, which, and which alone, affords, when dried and powdered, the genuine Cayenne pepper, is commonly known in Jamaica by the name of bird-pepper, or hen-pepper, on account of its being so much eaten by birds, and especially by hens and turkeys, which will not leave a pod remaining on the bush that is within their reach by jumping up to them. They are so fond of these pods, as to eat a great number of them at a time. These peppers are called chillies in England. Even the Cayenne sold in Jamaica is prepared from several sorts of red capsicums, mixed with the *Capsicum frutescens*; but they are all much inferior in pungency and fine aromatic flavour; and persons who would have it genuine, are obliged to prepare it themselves.

**DYING A GOOD COLOUR.**—A sheriff's officer (says a Scotch paper), going last week to execute a writ at some dye-works at Govan, Glasgow, was thrown into a vat—the poor man, we hear, dyed in consequence; but he did not pay the *debt of nature*.

**A COMMERCIAL REFRESHER.**—Men go into the *Gazette* now-a-days just as they go to Margate, or take a plunge in the Serpentine to freshen themselves up, and feel the stronger for it.

"I feel a shooting pain in my head," as the partridge said on the 1st of September.

\* Moseley's Essay.

\* Cyr. Inst. lib. i. † Æschylus, Ag. v. v. 637



## HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CRIBB.

## CHAPTER III.

HEN. (OR HENRY) PEARCE, THE GAME CHICKEN, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

**H**IS friends of the Chicken, who had upon all occasions found him game, readily came forward and backed him for six hundred guineas to four hundred, to fight on Saturday, the 20th of July, 1805. Various rumours were now afloat among the Fancy, and the sporting world were somewhat divided as to the issue of the contest. Virginia-Water was the appointed rendezvous, and thither the company repaired; but it being understood that the fight would take place at Cobham, about three miles farther, the company quickly started thither, to obtain good places. A ring was made at Cobham, and nothing wanted but the combatants to enter it, to gratify the longing eyes of the spectators. But John Bull had more disappointments to contend against: some talked of a cross—others, that it was a mixed-up concern—and several of the would-be intelligent, prognosticated that no fight would take place that day. While this parley was going on, it was buzzed about that the magistrates had got scent, and it became necessary to brush off towards Blackwater, a few miles beyond Bagshot. This step determined on, the whole cavalcade were off like a shot—but upon their arrival at Blackwater, the *gammom* was again pitched about a cross; and Mr. Fletcher Reid, being assured that most of the bets were off, determined there should be no mill. But to prove the fallacy of such assertions, Mr. Berkeley Craven and Mr. Mellish publicly offered to support the Chicken to any amount, and said they should feel no hesitation in permitting Pearce to fight six hundred guineas to five only, so strongly were they convinced of his integrity and courage. This balm increased the anxiety of the Fancy in general, and stories out of number were in circulation; but the bets kept in favour of the Chicken, and the odds given upon his side. At length, the important day (Tuesday, October 8, 1805,) arrived, and all the admirers of the pugilistic art that could quit the metropolis set off for Hailsham, a small village, situate between Brighton and Lewes, in Sussex. The number of spectators was immense, the Downs being literally covered with equestrians and pedestrians. On a green adjoining the village of Hailsham, a twenty-four feet rope ring was made, and, at one o'clock, Gully entered, with Tom Jones for his second, and Dick Whale as his bottle-holder; immediately followed by the Game Chicken, attended by Clarke as his second, and Joe Ward, as his bottle-holder, in a few minutes after the men were in a position for

## THE FIGHT.

- 1.—The Fancy were never more attentive or anxiously interested than upon the present occasion, and every look of the combatants was turned to account. Gully had come well recommended, and he was gazed upon with more than ordinary degree of concern; when, after some little manoeuvring, he made a tremendous hit at the Chicken, but lost his distance. Pearce, always prepared, knocked Gully down. [The Chicken three to one.]
- 2.—Gully, upon the alert, gave the first hit, which the Chicken sharply returned, and Gully fell.
- 3.—The Chicken aimed a blow at his opponent's head, but it fell short. Gully made a hit and dropped.
- 4.—Pearce stood up heroically, and a smile of confidence was seen upon his gallant brow; several good blows given and well stopped; but Gully fell.
- 5.—The Chicken put in a tremendous blow in the neck, and levelled his opponent.
- 6.—Pearce made play right and left—planted good hits, and brought his man down again. [The Chicken ten to two.]
- 7.—Pearce, immediately on his opponent's facing him, knocked him down.
- 8.—Considerable science displayed on both sides; the Chicken put in a blow, but Gully, in the most finished style, stopped it, when they closed and fell.
- 9.—The Chicken, rather pricked, went in and floored Gully by a desperate effort.
- 10.—Gully rose in good spirits, and made a hit at his adversary; but Pearce neatly warded it off, and brought Gully down with a tremendous thump on the breast.
- 11.—Gully, full of gaiety, made an excellent hit; but the round finished in favour of the Chicken, who completely knocked Gully off his legs.
- 12.—Gully put in a most tremendous blow on the mouth of the Chicken, which he sharply returned; and in closing they fell.
- 13.—Gully distinguished himself in this round for most excellent courage and science; he put in some admirable blows, but fell from their force.
- 14.—Gully rose quickly, and met his man undauntedly; but Pearce got him down.
- 15.—The Chicken made a pretty hit, which Gully as smartly countered. Gully made another blow, but fell.
- 16.—Rather shy upon the part of Gully, who, it was asserted, fell without a blow.
- 17.—The spectators were uncommonly interested by the manliness displayed in this round—and it was the general opinion that a better one was never contested by any pugilists; it was, most certainly, the best-fought round in the battle. Pearce, full of gaiety and confidence, nobly opposed his adversary; while Gully, with an equal degree of valour and firmness, rallied, and

made several excellent hits, which were instantly returned by Pearce. Gully put in two severe blows on the Chicken's left eye, and partially succeeded in hitting him away; indeed he reduced the odds considerably—six to four on the Chicken.

18.—Torrents of blood flowing from Pearce—no fighting—and Gully slipped in making play.

19.—Gully, full of spirit, rallied, the Chicken quickly returned—several good blows were exchanged, when they closed fell.

20.—One of the Chicken's eyes so much swelled that he could scarcely see out of it; and the blood flowing from him copiously; his appearance shy and retreating, which Gully improving upon, followed the Chicken round the ring, several blows exchanged when they closed fell.

21.—The Chicken particularly cautious of his adversary; when Gully in making a hit, fell.

22.—Several sharp blows upon both sides, when Gully fell, and while in the act of falling, the Chicken put in a desperate blow on the side of Gully's head, which made him vomit considerably.

24.—The Chicken in making a hit lost his distance, when Gully returned a severe blow over Pearce's right eye, and fell upon his knees;—the Chicken, in giving the return quickly, struck Gully in that situation. Cries of "fool!" but not considered of consequence enough to stop the fight.

25.—The Chicken not so confident as heretofore. Gully, with determined resolution, followed him over the ring—good blows given and returned. Gully once more fell.

29.—The Chicken improving every round.

30.—Gully made a tremendous hit, and fell. The Chicken, much irritated at this conduct, stood over him with an indignant countenance.

31.—Several feints made, each trying for the advantage, when the Chicken, in putting in a blow, lost his distance. Gully, with great agility, struck over his guard, and nearly closed his right eye.

33.—Pearce on the look-out, acting on the defensive; when Gully, in the most manly manner, followed him round the ring, but in the event received a terrible blow in the throat, the severity of which brought him down.

36.—Gully now betrayed symptoms of weakness, but endeavoured to put in a blow at the Chicken's head, which he parried, and returned a slight hit. Gully, not dismayed, made a severe blow, which the Chicken caught with his left, and knocked down his adversary with his right hand.

37 to 43.—In the last six rounds the Chicken displayed a manifest superiority the punishment was severe in the extreme. Gully was literally covered from the torrents of gore which flowed from his ear; his head was truly terrific.

44.—The Chicken, with considerable science and force, planted his favourite hit in Gully's throat, when he fell like a log of wood. The fortitude which Gully had displayed in this most trying conflict had raised him considerably, not only in the estimation of his friends, but the sporting men in general. He had been so severely punished, that he was not able to face his man with his former resolution and propriety—his brave heart was reluctant to acknowledge superiority, and he endeavoured now and then to put in a hit, and falling, until

59.—When his friends interfered, and positively insisted that he should fight no longer, as the chance was against him; and at length he complied with their request, by surrendering victory to the Game Chicken. The contest lasted one hour and ten minutes!

In conquering such a formidable antagonist as Gully—a man whose determined resolution and science had gained universal praise, and who bid fair to be a most distinguished pugilist—the Chicken, if possible, had raised himself higher in the estimation of his friends, and the sporting world in general.

Pearce now received a challenge from his friends and patron, Belcher, for five hundred guineas, to fight within two months, play or pay, which was accepted by the Chicken. The amateurs were considerably divided in their opinions respecting the event of this contest—the combatants were men of such sound prowess, science, and bottom, that the most knowing were somewhat puzzled to come to any thing decisive upon the subject. The Chicken had performed such prodigies of valour, and Belcher had accomplished all that his most sanguine friends had wished, that it could not but unsettle the minds of the Fancy—and much better it might have proved had they never met—

"But who can rule the uncertain change of war?"

Supporters were not wanting upon either side, and Mr. Fletcher Reid, firm to the cause, and true to the *had been*, backed his old favourite, Jem Belcher, for five hundred guineas; while Captain Halliday, with great liberality, covered the above sum on the part of the Chicken; and promised, in the event proving successful, that Pearce should receive two hundred and fifty pounds. That no disappointment should take place, by the interference of the police, it was determined that the battle should be decided at least one hundred and fifty miles from the Metropolis; and the particular place to be settled by a toss-up between the combatants, when Belcher, proving the winner, decided for a Common, within a short distance from Captain Mellish's seat, at Blythe, three miles from Barnby-moor, nine from Doncaster, and one hundred and fifty from London, and the day was fixed for Friday, Dec. 6, 1805. A roped ring was formed twenty feet square, within another of forty feet; and every precaution taken to pre-

vent inconvenience being felt from the pressure of the spectators. The partisans of each of the heroes sported their favourite chief's colour:—the gay yellowman, long the boast and pride of the ring, and, for many years since known all over the kingdom, by the name of 'a Belcher,' was to be seen in great numbers; while the blue bird's eye graced the throattles of the backers of the Chicken. Bill Ward and Bill Gibbons waited upon Pearce; Belcher had for his second Joe Ward, and for his bottle-holder Dick Whale. Upon stripping, Belcher did not appear in such rude health as upon former occasions; but his spirits were good, and he seemed to feel his usual confidence. The Chickens looked in better condition, and the stronger man. The combatants shook hands, and the battle commenced.—Five to four upon THE CHICKEN was the current betting.

## THE FIGHT.

1.—The opening attitudes of the men were masterly, and the scientific manoeuvres of these finished professors to obtain an opening excited general admiration; at length Belcher popped in a severe hit over the Chicken's guard upon his eye, the blood following rapidly. Pearce was short in the return; the men closed, and Belcher was thrown.

2.—Belcher, upon the alert, made some feints, which the Chicken guarded, and put in a blow. Jem, full of spirit, gave the Chicken two sounders on the body, when they closed, but soon separated. Pearce endeavoured to put in a tremendous blow; but Belcher, with considerable neatness and agility, stopped it: a rally took place, in which the Chicken struck twice with some effect, and Jem was thrown again. [The Chicken twenty guineas to twelve].

3.—A well contested round, in which considerable skill was displayed, but Pearce had the best of it. The Chicken rallied, and several good hits were exchanged. A close, and Belcher thrown upon the ropes.

4.—The Chicken lost his distance, and his blows were ineffective; Belcher rallied, and obtained some advantage, but in the event was thrown.

5.—Pearce, full of confidence, though bleeding very much, went in and hustled Belcher, but Jem threw him.

6.—Belcher exhibited some fine specimens of the art, but did not appear to meet his adversary so gallily as heretofore; nevertheless he rallied, and some excellent hits were exchanged, during which they closed and fell, the Chicken uppermost.

7.—Pearce made a blow, which Belcher parried very neatly with his left hand, and with his right gave the Chicken a desperate fencer: a rally ensued, when the advantage appeared on the side of Belcher; but, in closing, Pearce got Jem's head under his arm, and punished him severely with his right: in the struggle, both went down.

8.—Belcher, with the most determined courage, went in and rallied—and never did he display a finer knowledge of the art: his superiority in this round was manifest, by putting in several hits with his right, and warding the Chicken's blows off with his left hand; he at length threw Pearce out of the ring. [The bets became level.]

9.—Belcher gave the Chicken a severe fencer, which marked him strongly. Both appeared in good spirits, and several sharp hits passed, when they closed and fell.

10.—Jem exhibited symptoms of becoming exhausted; and the Chicken appeared to have the best of the round.

11.—Pearce, in endeavouring to put in a good hit, lost his distance considerably, when they closed. Jem neatly disengaged himself, and gave the Chicken a blow, but ultimately was thrown.

12.—The true character of a pugilist was never seen to greater advantage than in this round—the Chicken rattled away furiously, and Belcher [was losing his strength fast; they closed, and Pearce threw him upon the ropes: in fact, Belcher was in such a position that Pearce might have put an end to the fight, had not his humanity rose superior to every other consideration. His antagonist was balancing on his back in a defenceless state; but the Chicken was above taking so cruel an advantage of his former friend, and putting himself in an offensive posture, to show that Belcher was in his power, exclaimed, most feelingly, "I'll take no advantage of thee, Jem—I'll not hit thee; no, lest I hurt thine other eye!" Such a circumstance ought never to be forgotten; the spectators hailed it with universal plaudits: it deserves to be written in letters of gold, and hung over the portrait of THE CHICKEN, as a pattern for future pugilists.

13.—Belcher's hits were scarcely of any effect, and Pearce forced him to a determined rally, when they closed; but, notwithstanding Belcher's weakness, he gave the Chicken a severe cross-buttock.

14.—More sparring than necessary; Belcher, who was bleeding from the effects of the last round, wishing to gain time, and somewhat shy of his man. Pearce followed him over the ring, and put in, through his guard, a severe blow under the eye that was dark, and threw Jem easily.

15.—It now became a forlorn hope to poor Jem, who felt terribly the loss of his eye, and also found out that his constitution was not so good as heretofore. This round decided the bets concerning the first knock-down blow; Belcher being hit clean down.

16.—The Chicken received a fencer; but Belcher was now too feeble to do much execution. Pearce hustled him, and, as in the twelfth round, got him once more on the ropes, but was too honourable to take advantage of his unfortunate position, and walked away. It was feared that Belcher's ribs were injured, by his being thrown against one of the stakes. [The odds were ten to one, but no takers.]

17.—Belcher, game as ever, was determined to make another stand; he endeavoured to put in a good hit—his courage was good, but his strength was gone, and the Chicken had it all his own way, following him to the ropes, and throwing him.

18.—Belcher stood up; but it was only to display his exhausted state, as his left arm was entirely useless, and he could not move it from his side; Jem, now, for the first time in his life, declared he could fight no longer. The Chicken, elated with the sound of victory, and overjoyed at his conquest of the

hitherto invincible Belcher, leaped in and out of the ring, and threw a somerset, to show his activity.

(To be continued.)

## THE LAY OF THE SHABBY ONE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—If you consider the enclosed verses worthy of publication, you are perfectly welcome to print them, gratis, which will be very flattering to me. Should you feel disposed to combine the *salce* with the *stale*, and send me the price of a four-and-ninepenny gossamer, or a pair of strong bluchers, I will be happy to meet your views in either extremes or extremities, and you will find me, as the motto of some nobleman states, *In utraque fortuna paratus*.

I am, sir, your most devoted servant,  
TIMOTHY SQUIB.

O, listen to a tale of woes,  
And one that's most distressing,  
Told by a dandy, who well knows  
The value of good dressing!

This coat was of the newest ton;  
Stultz said, that "ne'er indeed be  
Had seen such cloth;" the grain is gone,  
And now it looks quite seedy.

It got, I'm sure, as many dips  
As Colonel Pasley's diver;  
'Tis now a mass of rents and rips,  
Defying Scott's reviver.

One ragged waistcoat's all I've got;  
When made, 'twas for full-dress meant;  
Had I the means (I have not),  
I'd make a new in-vest-ment.

Inson and Rothe, they made for me  
In former days; but now, sirs,  
'Twould break the hardest heart to see  
The breeches in my trousers.

My shirt (one only can I find,  
Off further wear hath shuffled),  
Resembles much a tranquil mind,  
For 'tis no longer ruffled.

My boots, their uppers worn away,  
My poverty revealing;  
No ointment made by Holloway  
Those boots has power of healing.

My shoes are in no better plight,  
I shun the waltz entrancing;  
I surely must be done up quite,  
For I've no sole for dancing.

HOW TO FALL FROM A HORSE.—In all falls, the horseman should roll away from his horse as soon as he possibly can, lest in his struggle to rise again he strike him with his legs or head. It frequently happens that the horse himself rolls after he falls, and if in the direction in which his rider lies, is apt to crush and injure him. Indeed there is scarcely any hard rider who has not been thus served; but here, again, self-possession often stands his friend. When he sees the body of his horse approaching him, he frequently saves himself by meeting it with one of his feet, and, by obtaining a fulcrum, shoves his own body along the ground out of his reach. Coolness in this hour of peril likewise serves the sportsman in another way. Instead of losing hold of his reins, and abandoning his horse to his own will, as the man who is hurried at this time invariably does, he keeps them in his hand, if not always, perhaps in nine falls out of ten, and thus secures his horse. It was the remark of a gentleman who was, from his desperate system of riding, and despite of his fine horsemanship, known to have more falls than any other man during the time he hunted in Leicestershire, that nothing had so low an appearance as that of a man running on foot over a field calling out, "Stop my horse!"—*The Horse and Hound*.

FEAT EXTRAORDINARY.—An Irish Newspaper, dated January 8, 1821, mentions an extraordinary feat performed by Mr. Huddy, the postmaster of Lismore, co. Waterford, in the 97th year of his age. "He travelled for a wager," says our authority, "from Lismore to Fermoy, in a Dungaroon oyster-tub, drawn by a badger, a pig, two cats, a goose, and a hedgehog, with a large red night-cap on his head, a pig-driver's whip in one hand, and in the other a cow's horn which he blew to encourage his team."

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### OPINION OF THE PRESS.

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Your most obliged and obedient servant,

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To Professor HOLLOWAY.

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# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 11. FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUG. 2, 1845. THREE HALFPENCE.



WINDERMERE LAKE—CHAR-FISHING.

**W**OTTED as our "tight little island" is with lovely and enticing spots, with which few in the continental countries to which the tourist scampers, and whence the "travelled fool" returns with an ignorant contempt for home-bred beauty, few can claim superiority, though some may rival, the Lake of Winder, or Winander-mere, in the county of Lancaster. The shores of Devon and Derby may have their respective attractions, the one in its salubrious climate and park-like scenery, the other in its romantic dales, its sparkling streams, and, lastly, to the enthusiastic angler, as the favourite abode, during his latter years, of the good and venerable Izaak. The gratification of the tourist, however, is less strongly impressed upon his mind than when the eye rests for the first time on an irregular range of high and rugged mountains, whose peaks are made household words by poetry and tradition. But, if the craggy mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland, visible by climbing the rocks which skirt the prospect here given, present features of grandeur to the contemplative, themes of inspiration to the poet, subjects of study to the painter, and of investigation to the geologist; they afford no less variety of amusement to him who seeks health and relaxation in the recreations of the field, or would lure the glittering tribes from the lakes which sleep in the bosoms of these eternal barriers.

By the true sportsman it is allowed that in proportion to the danger, difficulty, and fatigue attending the pursuit of game, in the same ratio is the pleasure we experience when our skill and labour are rewarded on the death of the quarry. Thus, then, your true man will shun the murderous battue as being at once a bastardized form of old English sport, and destitute of that excitement which, in a great degree, constitutes its chief de-

light. It cannot but be evident that the more frequently we are conversant with Nature in all her forms—whether in the Indian jungle, on the Alpine crag, or in her sweet-smiling aspect of the sunny south—the more humanized and real does the character become. By such sweet intercourse with our benign mother, the rust, the stain, that soils her fair handiwork in our contact with the world is obliterated, and the true and proper surface again shines forth in all its native comeliness and purity. Go where we may, even though it were into the black depths of the trackless forest, albeit the courage may flag, and the strength fail, yet in that very solitude there is a healing balm to the harassed soul, that whispers sweet comfort to the wanderer, and confirms in him the assurance that, although far removed from the busy haunts of men, he, at least, breathes not its contaminating atmosphere. There exists, therefore, another and more powerful reason why game should be pursued in their native wilds; and, we doubt not, a ready response will be accorded, in confirmation of the truth of the above speculations, by the heart of every reader. To a greater or less degree, sensations of this kind have been felt by all (for it is absurd to assert that even the most vicious do not retain some portion of their humanity); and to the poets, in particular, it has proved a source of rich and graphic illustration.

"Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court?  
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
The season's difference; as the icy fang,  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;  
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say—

(Continued on p. 241.)



## DEER-STALKING—GLENARTNEY.

(Concluded from page 238.)

No person ever took such delight in, or more pains in breeding and improving the Highland deer-hound than the late Chieftain of Glengary. I am enabled to say some little concerning his method of breeding and training. I have before stated that, in my own opinion, these rough deer-hounds were of the same species originally as the Irish greyhound; their appearance is exactly similar; and I have seen likenesses of some of the Altamont breed. The only old notice of either I can find is the following:—"The Highland Greyhound, now very scarce, is of great size, deep-chested, and covered with long hair. This hound was much esteemed in former days, and used in great numbers by the powerful Chieftains in their magnificent hunting matches. It had as sagacious nostrils as the blood-hound, and was as fierce. The Irish greyhound, a very rare dog even in that kingdom, was probably the *Iorarius* or *Iyerner*, and these were probably imported into Ireland by the Danes."—The truth of the matter is, they were both used as *Iyenners*, as they were led in thongs—the word *Iyenn* signifying a thong. That, however, the Highland breed has degenerated (the Irish is nearly if not altogether extinct) may be gathered from the fact, that Glengary and the Duke of Athol both crossed them, and, as may be inferred from the crosses, for deficiency of nose, which was, says the above quoted extract, as good as the blood-hound. Hoyland, Glengary's late forester, told me, that during his time, the last twelve years previous to the latter's death, they had not been crossed; but Mr. Brown, in his work on Dogs, states, on Glengary's own authority, that he had at one period crossed them with the genuine Pyrenean wolf-dog; and I know that when Glengary (his name was Macdonnell, but the Scotch gentry are always called by the name of their estates) went with his dogs into Blair in Athol, they did not consider them to be pure bred, and moreover deemed them too heavy. Hoyland's information was, that in his day they were bred promiscuously from all and the nearest affinities, provided they were possessed of any signal qualification, or had distinguished themselves on any particular occasion. The principal care they took was to make them at first seize a weak wounded deer by the throat or ear, which being early and carefully attended to, they never after, when thus once fairly entered and confirmed, broke or tore any other part of the animal. When they happened to run in on a wounded one by themselves, who was too much hurt or exhausted to turn to bay, their early dispositions, or more properly attributes, were carefully watched, and they were trained for coursing or retrieving, as they indicated or evinced more or less tenderness of nose.

The mountains in Glengary's country, for it was of that extent it could be termed nothing else, are rugged and precipitous in the extreme. There is however, a good deal of natural wood in the glens, among which the deer at some periods more particularly harboured. This sometimes rendered the shots more difficult, and the deer were frequently only wounded. The manner of following them in such instances was this: one Highlander led a brace of good runners, in slips, while another put a staunch-nosed one on the track or spot, holding him in a rope attached to his collar, precisely after the fashion of the ancient *Iyerner*. The dog acknowledged the scent by a few whisks of his tail, and, thrusting his nose high and forward, went straight on, just as a pointer does, only more regularly and quickly, when drawing up on running birds, the man always holding him. When they came to fault, which the hound indicated by putting his nose to the ground, they allowed him to cast as he liked, though in hold, and he scarcely ever failed recovering. When they came to brooks and small rivers, which were frequent, the hound, when well entered and up to his business, instantly went up the side, and the moment he lost scent took the water at once; and my informant assured me that their sagacity, perseverance, and truth on these occasions beggared conception, and, that, long experience as he had, it continued to strike him with wonder and admiration to the last.

At night (for these followings sometimes lasted a day or two) a special mark was set down; and if there was a shepherd's hut, of which many were scattered over the hills, they made for it, and were sure to find a good peat fire, with plenty of milk, whiskey, and clean straw: they carried other provisions. After a hearty meal and plentiful libations, seasoned by some tremendous long yarns from the Chief—who to the great delight of the Highlanders, who adored him, was a grand *raconteur* in Gaelic—they all lay down together; the only extra luxury the Chief had being a pair of blankets, instead of, or rather added to, a *rachan* or plaid. Sometimes, no hut being near, they lay out on the mountain, where Glengary was always the first man to be asleep. For the convenience of crossing the rivers they all wore kelts, so that their limbs were comparatively dry. By day-dawn they commenced again, and, incredible as it may appear, the track-dog scarce ever failed, sooner or later, to take up the scent. To lose a wounded deer rendered Glengary furious; and as his anger was in keeping with the unceasing perseverance which actuated him in the pursuit of this one sport, and quite in character with his notions of his rank and power as a Chieftain—which were of the most antiquated and romantic die—his attendants, as well as his hounds, did all that in them lay to avert such a catastrophe, and it was of very rare occurrence that they were defeated. Sometimes they came upon the deer dead, or in so great a state of exhaustion as to secure it easily: at other times it was viewed

at a distance; and in this case the coursing hounds were slipped, and never failed bringing the quarry to bay. All the hounds were always rewarded with a share of the blood.

Such were the dogs crossed with the Pyrenean wolf-dog, and such the practice of one of the most indefatigable deer-stalkers, of modern days at least, on record. In the sporting line, though possessing all kinds of game in abundance, he did nothing else. He was the last of the Highland proprietors who attempted to keep up the old associations, &c. of Chieftain and clanship, which, though he was possessed of excellent qualities, hardly suited these our times, and sometimes rendered his conduct what might be termed even more than eccentric.

His death was in keeping with such associations. Passing up the Caledonian Canal in a steamer with two of his daughters, the boat was in danger of being wrecked near shore. One of the young ladies had been landed, when Glengary, thinking he could be of more assistance to the remaining one, cast himself into the water, but was dashed by a wave with such violence against a rock that he survived but a short time. The lady was saved.

I have before mentioned the Duke of Athol's system; but with respect to hounds he bred differently, crossing the Highland rough deer-hound with the modern stag or fox-hound, but never breeding again from that cross.

These methods of getting at and killing the red deer are similarly followed in the Old Royal Forest of Glenartney, though not so unceasingly prosecuted. The noble owner is an excellent rifle shot; the head forester, Cameron, though an old man, a skilful man in his craft.

On the opposite side of the Ruchill the moors extend in multiform heights and undulations through the solitudes of Fenderglen towards Dumblane, near where they join Lord Kinnoul's moors at Cromlix, a distance of nearly ten miles; while right and left they expand, under various denominations, to the Roman Camp and the Castle, in both directions in still greater range. The Loch Katrine moors I have already mentioned; Glentarkin, a wide tract of itself, lying between Loch Earn and Loch Tay, must be deferred to its own place. Vast as this—for any number of sportsmen almost, if they had tents, might migrate through these wilds, and shoot for days and days—it is in most years thrown open to many of the first shots in Britain, who experience at the Castle and Roman Camp a refined and commensurate hospitality.

Before taking leave of this glen, there is a feature in it, and in some parts a considerable one, which to some few of your readers would present no small attraction. This is the mountain-stream of the Ruchill, which at some periods only shows an almost dry, rugged, and rocky channel, in every variety of naked and almost savage rudeness, presenting to view what might scarcely be deemed even a trickling rill, occasionally intersected with deep pools; at others, after a flood, exhibiting a "torrent roaring loud," and foaming in impetuous eddies over all these time-furrowed impediments. As the waters begin to clear, when they first subside a little after these speats or floods, the Ruchill is then one of the best rivers in Perthshire for sea-trout, which, in this month particularly, force their way from the Tay up the Earn, to this favorite and sequestered haunt, for the purpose of spawning. The smaller sea-trout is always to be found and fished for in the neck, or most impetuous and strongest part of all streams, and none is too violent for it; while the larger fish, the *grilse* or *salmen*, as invariably lie in the quieter parts and tail of the stream. If they be the same fish, and it is said they have been marked when fry, and ascertained to return in each gradation to the parent stream, it is singular that they should prefer in their smaller and weaker state the torrent which they never haunt in their more advanced and matured strength: but that it is so, every old *Piscator* knows. These wild rocks, and being clothed with wood on both banks towards its lower extremity, renders the Ruchill an extremely difficult stream to fish. Take it all in all, there can be nowhere a more romantic glen than this, which, as the scene of the opening lines of the "Lady of the Lake," is in some sort familiar to most readers:

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
Where shone the moon on Monan's rill,  
And deep his midnight hair had made  
In lone Glenartney's hazle shade."

## SONNET BY A COCKNEY ADMIRER OF SCOTTISH POETRY.

I stood upon Ben Primrose. It was morn.  
The wind was westerly; the day was fine.  
Far in the distance gleamed Loch Serpentine,  
Like patent-leather boot beneath the sun;  
Hard by thy chestnut-groves, Glen Kensington;  
Before me, like a giant steep'd in wine,  
Or kraken, slumbering on the Norway brine,  
Enormous London lay. There was I born;  
Ay, there, within the echoes of Bow-bells;  
And when I gaze upon thy dome, St. Paul,  
And think of Clapham, Islington, and all,  
With patriotic pride my bosom swells,  
And I exclaim, with lip serenely curl'd,  
"There's not a place like London in the world!"

Punch.

This is no flattery: these are counsellors,  
That feelingly persuade me what I am."

But the reader will be disposed to ask the *ad quem finem* of this exordium. We may, however, be pardoned for dwelling on a topic which must, or ought to be, a grand source of pleasure in the breast of every sportsman; and blest is he who, like Christopher North, can so mingle philosophy and sport, as to quaff large draughts of health, mental and bodily, by the same effort.

In general estimation, the lake district is peculiarly adapted for the residence of the wearied denizens of life's great theatre; and thither the politician, the *roué*, the college don, and the tourist, hasten, with eager steps, to emancipate themselves, each from his own peculiar demon of *ennui*. Whatever may be the disparity in rank, the entire crowd may be properly considered as of one class. For a time, their pursuits and pleasures are the same; as Nature is as kind and bountiful to the peasant as to the peer. But there is another class of lake frequenters, whose avocations are written on their backs as distinctly as shooting-coats, fishing-rods, and other sporting paraphernalia, are capable of demonstrating: there is, moreover, a *je ne sais quoi* kind of manner, an unmistakable expression, that distinguishes at a glance, your keen and knowing hand from the mere cockney in sporting clothes—the ass in the lion's skin. There is a sort of free-masonry by which men are enabled to distinguish the true from the untrue, the real from the would-be, in all that relates to the field; just in precisely the same manner as the habituated and observant eye detects the attempted fraud of the *parvenu*, through all his silly dazzle and glitter, who, with swaggering gait and exterminating look, would force the world into a belief of his transcendent magnanimity and importance. Such people, as Johnson remarked, are walking lies.

Let the reader imagine himself to be hovering about the lake Winandermere, Buttermere, or Ulleswater, amusing himself one while with the gun, another with the rod, and anon struggling up the mountain side, to breathe both himself and dogs; now searching for an extensive prospect from the summit of a bleak and perilous crag, and again following in its tortuous course the sparkling rill, as onward it rushes in its rocky and uneven bed—let him realize this in imagination, and he will comprehend the capabilities of the locality.

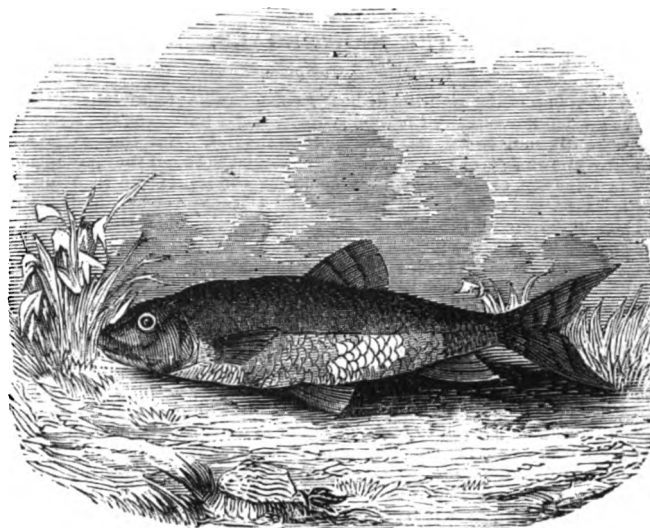
But a truce with dissertation and description. The "gunning" to be had hereabout we postpone to a fitter season, and conclude by speaking of the fishing, and of that peculiar fish "The Char," best known, we imagine, to most readers in its "potted" state, as a delicious addition to the breakfast table.

The CHAR, whose beauty is only exceeded by its excellence, is a fish of prey, hunting deep cool lakes, and is seldom found near the surface until late in the autumn. They will take either fly or minnow. The same flies may be used in angling for char as for the gwyniad (of which Welsh first cousin of the char, we will give a few words anon), and the smaller lake trout, treated on a few numbers since. Ground bait and trolling, however, are not generally successful, as these fish by no means bite freely. Sir Humphrey Davy, in his "Salmonia," says, "I have taken char both with the fly and minnow, even in summer-time, in one of those beautiful small, deep lakes in the Upper Tyrol, near Nazereet; but it was where a cool stream entered from the mountains, and the fish did not rise, but swallowed the fly under water." The char is always a very brilliant fish in its colour, but in different countries there are many varieties in its tint, though the form does not vary. The dorsal fin of the char has eleven spines, the pectoral fourteen, the ventral nine, the anal ten, and the caudal twenty.

Old Isaac, speaking of the char, observes in his quaint delightful phraseology: "Bat, scholar, there is a fish that Lancashire do much boast of, called a char, taken there, (and, I think, there only) in a mere called Winander-mere; 'a mere,' saith Camden, 'that is the largest in the nation, being 10 miles in length, and some do say, as smooth as the bottom as if it were paved with polished marble.' This fish never exceeds fifteen or sixteen inches in length, is spotted like a trout, and has scarce a bone but on the back. But this, though I do not know whether it make the angler sport, yet I would have you take notice of it, because it is a rarity, and of so high esteem with persons of great note."

On this we may observe, that tinctured as it is with the taste of our forefathers for the marvellous, so far as the fish is concerned the description is pretty accurate, that of the bottom of the lake where it dwells is more than apocryphal; and so far from Windermere being their sole habitation, they are found in several of the Cumberland and Westmoreland meres; and Professor Kennie says, he has dined deliciously on the piscatorial dainty of fresh char taken from Buttermere in Cumberland. There are two species of char, one called the turgoch, the other the case-char; both highly esteemed for the table. The turgoch has a scarlet red belly; the case-char has the belly a buff orange with pale red spots. The turgoch spawns in January, the case-char as early as Michaelmas. And now, having roamed so far from home to catch our fish, let us return to humbler, but not less pleasing sport; and leaving the higher regions of the art piscatorial, into which it is given but to the select few to soar, come back to "fishing for the million," and what can more aptly illustrate that sport than the subject of this week—THE GUDGEON?

## THE FISHER'S CREEL.



THE GUDGEON.

**BE**IT the *Gobio fluvialis*, as the learned call it, be but a small fish, yet is he, as Sir Thomas Browne would say, "a plenty and a good." To describe him is almost superfluous, yet as this comporteth with our plan, we will briefly do so. He is a fine shaped fish of the carp kind, of a silver colour, having black spots on his body and tail. He is leather mouthed, having his teeth in his throat, and as he bites freely, and is seldom lost when once hooked, is, as Isaac Walton says, "an excellent fish to enter a young angler," which the reader may understand in a double sense, both sporting and gastronomic, if he likes. Gudgeon delight most in gravelly and sandy ground, and in a slow stream; though they inhabit large rivers, and often little brooks, yet they are chiefly to be found in small rivers of a fine sandy gravel bottom: in the hot months they lie in much shallower waters, but all the rest of the year, from about Michaelmas till April, they dwell in the deepest places that are most sandy. They spawn in the latter end of April or May, and, as some say, three or four times in the year. They may be easily taken with small worms or maggots; by muddying the water and stirring up the sand with a pole you may draw them together in shoals, and by now and then throwing in a few chopped worms or maggots, you may take great quantities of them with a bait on or near the ground; they are usually scattered up and down the shallows of every river in the heat of the summer, but in autumn, when the weeds begin to grow sour or rot, and the weather begins to be cold, they keep together in the deeper parts of the water. If you angle for them with a float or cork, your hook must always touch the ground: but many fish for the gudgeon by hand with a running line upon the ground without a float, and this is an excellent way if you have a tender rod and a gentle hand; he bites all day long from March till Michaelmas, but will not bite in very cold weather, nor for some time after spawning, nor immediately after a shower or land-flood; he bites well in gloomy, warm, or hot sunshining weather, but seldom before sun-rising, commonly beginning at or about an hour after the sun rises, or after sunset, ceasing indeed, about an hour before the sun sets; for which, as Paddy says, "small blame to him," seeing he is but a delicate morsel, and runs a terrible risk of being "catawampously chewed up" by the bigger fish, which are just then ranging in search of provender.

WHAT IS LAW LIKE?—Law is a country-dance—people are led up and down in it till they are fairly tired out. Law is like a book of surgery—there are a great many uncommon cases in it. It is like physic, too—they that take the least of it are best off. It is like a homely gentlewoman—"very well to follow;" and like a scolding wife—very bad when it follows you. Law is like a new fashion—people are bewitched to get into it; and like bad weather—most people are glad to get out of it.

"I smoke as well as you," as the chimney-pot said to the counter-jumper.

"Be sharp, my blade," as the butcher boy said when grinding his knife. Why is Echo personified as a lady? Because, like a lady, Echo will have the "last word."

A VALUABLE CALF.—Last week (says the *Leeds Times*), a gentleman had a party of friends to see a fine (or rather superfine) calf; and while showing it off, he gave the interesting pet his hand to suck. On withdrawing it, he found, to his dismay, that his little finger was minus a handsome ring!



## BRITISH SONG BIRDS.—No. X.

## THE NIGHTINGALE.

(Continued from page 230.)

"The young of the nightingale bear a considerable resemblance to those of the garden fauvette, and female redpole, and I have seen the latter not unfrequently sold in the markets for nightingales. But the person who has any knowledge of the difference that exist between the two species, will at once see, even at this early age, that the bill of the true bird, is much larger, and that its tail, however short it may yet be, shows a dull red tint never seen on that of the fauvette. Again, when the nightingale has become of age, the female is often palmed upon the unknowing as a male, and I have often been amused by seeing how careful the vender of the female bird had darkened her prison with a green cloth, under the pretence that this species seldom sings unless in darkness. Now, reader, it has been my fancy to keep many nightingales in my youth, and although I never employed any trappings about their cages, they never failed to sing both at early and at late hours, but never at night, unless the moon was near its full, the weather calm, and the sky serene. Indeed it has never been my fortune to hear one of these birds sing at night, that is, at midsummer, from eleven to one o'clock, or at an earlier time from nine to three, for they always cease in an hour or so after sunset."

Thus far Audubon, on the manners, habits, and peculiarities of the wild bird; and we feel sure that the bird-fancier will thank us for this description, copied, as it is from one of the most delightful, accurate, and enthusiastic of modern writers, but whose works of necessity are beyond the reach of the many, from their extent and costliness. The next branch of the subject will be the nightingale in confinement, wherein the MODE OF TAKING, THE CAGE, BREEDING, THE FOOD, &c., shall be briefly and practically treated on, as in our former papers on birds.

**MODE OF TAKING.**—Nothing is easier than to catch a nightingale in the season of pairing. If a little furrow, smooth at the bottom, is dug in a dark soil, and some meal worms or ants' eggs are thrown into it, he will immediately fly to these delicacies. By putting also in the same place limed twigs, or a small net which may be easily dropped, he will soon be caught; it is even sufficient to fix over the furrow a bit of wood supported by a stick, which will fall as soon as the bird perches upon it. He is so unsuspicious that he observes the snare being laid, and then foolishly falls into it; when the bird-catcher has moved only a few steps from it; he will even allow himself to be led to it when at a little distance, if in a gentle manner. A birdcatcher may thus, in a few hours, depopulate a whole district of these delightful songsters. If, however, this is feared, there is a means of baffling his intentions, by anticipating him, and catching the nightingale we wish to preserve in our neighbourhood, either by a limed twig or in a net, and letting him go again. This experiment will prevent his falling so readily into the snare in future. In the greater part of Germany, indeed, it is forbidden, under a very heavy penalty, to catch nightingales. Another mode of taking them is by nooses and springs, and suspending for a bait, instead of berries, live meal worms; but there is one disadvantage attending it, while struggling the bird almost always injures his feet, especially in springs.

**THE CAGE.**—In confinement nightingales may be allowed to fly freely, as I have often permitted them; but they do not then sing so well as when in a cage, where they are less subject to interruptions, and where also they live longer and more healthily, from being fed with more care and regularity. The nightingale's cage, of whatever form, must not be less than a foot and a half in length, by about one in width, and one or more in height. The top should be made of linen or soft stuff, that when jumping and struggling, especially when first caught, he may not injure his head. The drinking-cup and feeding-trough are fastened on the outside, unless it is preferred to introduce the latter within, in the form of a drawer. The following are the best form and proportions for a nightingale's cage, that I am acquainted with:—Length, one foot and a-half; breadth, eight inches; height, fifteen inches in the middle; thirteen at the sides, because the roof is arched. The sides are made of osiers about a quarter of an inch thick; the bottom is made of the same material, but it is covered by a drawer an inch and a quarter in depth. In order to clean it more easily, I cover it with coarse paper, which I renew every time. The feeding-trough is introduced on one side, with edges high enough to prevent the bird's spilling too much of the food. In the middle of the front of the cage, and extending from top to bottom, is a cylindrical projection in the form of a belfry, in which is suspended a large drinking glass. The upper stick of the cage is confined here, terminating in a fork, or fixed to a semi-circle, that the projection may not be prevented from moving. This projection is made of osiers, like the rest of the cage. The middle and lower sticks are covered with green cloth, firmly sewed on, that the nightingale may have a softer perch, and not have his feet so soon injured, which is very common with imprisoned birds. The arched roof is also covered with green stuff, which is painted that colour with oil paint, as well as the whole of the cage. But it must be well dried, and quite free from smell before the bird is put into it.

My reasons for preferring this cage are, first, because being small, it occupies less room, without disadvantage to the bird or to the apartment;

second, because the size of the osiers leave small intervals for the admission of light, and it is consequently darker: third, because the bird can bathe without wetting his cage or his perches: and consequently his feet remain cleaner and more healthy.

**FOOD.**—When wild nightingales feed on insects, especially little green caterpillars, of which they clear the bushes and trees, small butterflies, flies, and beetles, and the grubs of insects hid among moss or in the earth, which are discovered by turning it up. At their departure, towards the end of summer, they also eat elderberries and currants.

In confinement, meal worms and fresh ants' eggs are the first things which should be offered to birds which are just caught; in place of these, when it is not possible to procure them, some persons prepare a mixture of hard eggs, ox heart, and white bread, some mouthfuls of which they force the birds to swallow, and then throw some meal worms on the rest, to induce the nightingale to eat it; but this artificial food is so unfit for these birds, especially at first, that it kills the greater number. They may also be injured by forcibly opening their delicate beak. When ants' eggs cannot be procured, it is better to set the birds at liberty than thus to sacrifice them. Their best food in summer is ants' eggs, to which are daily added two or three meal worms; when none of the former remain fresh they must be supplied by dried or rather roasted ox heart and raw carrot, both grated, and then mixed with dried ants' eggs. The carrot, which may be preserved fresh in sand in the cellar, prevents heat in the stomach and bowels; a little lean beef or mutton minced small may also be used sometimes; after different trials, it is in this way I feed my nightingales. The cheapest food is very ripe elderberries, dried and mixed with ants' eggs, in the same way as the carrots and white bread.

**BREEDING.**—Each nightingale has his little district; and if in the pairing season several males are found together, very angry battles take place, which end in the flight of the weakest.

The nest is built in a grove or orchard, among a heap of branches, or on a thorn bush, or the trunk of a tree surrounded by briars; or even on the ground when it may be hid by tall grass or thick bushes. Its form is simple and inartificial, on the outside dry leaves, on the inside hay, fine roots, with the hair of animals, is all the apparatus. The female lays from four to six eggs, of a brownish green, on which she sits a fortnight. The young are fed with small caterpillars and butterflies. As the low position of the nest exposes them to become the prey of carnivorous quadrupeds, they soon quit it, even before they can fly. Their plumage before moulting has no resemblance to that of the old birds except the red of the tail; the upper part of the body is of a reddish grey, spotted with yellowish white on the head and coverts of the wings; the under part is of a rusty yellow, spotted on the breast with dark brown; but after moulting the resemblance is so perfect that they can hardly be distinguished. If, therefore, any of these birds are caught towards the end of summer, they are carefully examined on the back of the head, round the eyes, and under the beak and neck, for, provided there remains in these places a small feather, or mere yellow point, it is sufficient to ascertain that they are young. As these are the only means of judging, if no marks appear, it is necessary to wait for a few days till the bird begins to sing. This, however, is not a sure sign, as the young females sing as well as the males, till the month of April, though in a weaker and more unconnected way, and without so visibly swelling their throats: it is by these nice observations that connoisseurs succeed in distinguishing them. It may also be remarked, as a help to those who wish to rear nightingales, that, when in the nest, those which are marked with white, and especially those which have a white throat, are males; the reddest and brownest being always females. The young, when taken, are fed with ants' eggs mixed with white bread, grated and moistened. The males begin to warble even before their tails are quite grown: if the father and mother are taken at the same time as the young ones, they will, when caged, continue to feed them as before.

**DISEASES.**—In general moulting amounts to a disease among nightingales: at this critical time they require a more succulent diet, and sometimes a spider by way of purgative. If their stomach is disordered they

\* The means of always having a plentiful supply of meal worms is to fill a large earthenware or brown stone jar with wheat bran, barley or oatmeal, and put into it some pieces of sugar paper or old shoe leather. Into each of these jars, of about two quarts in size, half a pint of meal worms is thrown (these may be bought at any baker's or miller's), and by leaving them quiet for three months, covered with a bit of woollen cloth soaked in beer, or merely in water, they will change into beetles. These insects soon propagate by eggs, which renew and increase the number of maggots so much that one such jar will maintain a nightingale.

† Many persons who are not in a situation to buy ants' eggs (improperly so called, since they are the pupae in their cocoons), will doubtless be glad to know the method used for getting them out of the ant-hill. A fine sunny day in summer is chosen, and, provided with a shovel, we begin by gently uncovering a nest of the large wood ants, till we arrive at the eggs; these are then taken away, and placed in the sun, in the middle of a cloth whose corners are turned up over little branches well covered with leaves. The ants, in order to protect the eggs from the heat of the sun, quickly remove them under the shelter which is prepared for them. In this manner they are easily obtained freed from dirt, and from the ants also. In the absence of a cloth a smooth place is chosen, around which some small furrows are cut, over which the branches are laid, which leads to the same result.

puff up their feathers, half shut their eyes, and remain for hours with their head under their wing. They are relieved and cured by ants' eggs, some spiders, and by giving them occasionally water impregnated with saffron till it is of an orange colour, to drink.

As to those diseases which they have in common with other birds, they are treated according to the directions given under the various species. It is especially necessary, every three months, carefully to remove the large scales from their legs and toes. A nightingale may be kept in confinement fifteen years; whilst in a wild state they are never observed to exist so long in the same spot, which seems to prove that they do not attain so great an age when exposed to all sorts of accidents, both from birds of prey and bird-catchers. I have an instance of a nightingale which has lived twenty-five years in confinement. When they have reached six years they begin to sing less frequently and long, with less brilliancy and ornament; it is then better to set them at liberty in the month of May. The open air often invigorates them so much that they regain their song in all its force and beauty.

### THE MOORS.

In the Highlands, in spite of the myriads of boxes of birds sent to the south, by land and water, every autumn, moor game of all descriptions continues steadily to increase. Individual ranges of shooting ground do occasionally get fearful sweeps towards the end of a lease; yet one year's jubilee generally puts things to right again; and experienced hands will rather "bite" at good grounds that have been well "shot," than grounds that have been "carefully preserved," and none allowed to shoot upon them without "written leave from the proprietor." It seems rather paradoxical to assert, that the killing of any sort of animal should tend directly or indirectly to the increase of its numbers; nevertheless, we believe it to hold good in regard to grouse, as the grouse in the northern counties have certainly increased under the murderous guns of our southern aristocracy. The fact, however, may be satisfactorily accounted for by the circumstance, that the moment a southern signs his lease of the shooting grounds, he engages his keepers and orders his vermin traps, and from that day declares war against every description of poacher, whether clad in hair, feathers, or hoddie grey. A regular sportsman, let his disposition be what it may, is a perfect tyrant in all matters touching his game, and would *jamb* the legs of the golden eagle—the monarch of the air—in a steel trap, as pleasantly as he would jamb the legs of his fellow-creature in the stocks, if caught with a gun in his hand and a bushel of birds in the corner of his plaid. In the north, this iron rule seldom fails to have the desired effect, and shooting grounds are comparatively unmolested.

It will thus be seen that a proprietor, in letting his shootings, only transfers the right to kill from one description of the *carnivora* to another, and that, whereas the eagle, the fox, the raven, the pole-cat, &c., &c., pay no attention to the term-days and other provisions of the game act, but pursue their sports and pastimes the whole year round, and in all weathers, the sportsman is circumscribed to three or four months in the year, and even this space is much curtailed by such contingencies as bad weather, sprained ankles, worrying dogs, &c. These things considered, the grouse have evidently exchanged rulers for the better; and this is seen, as in all well-governed realms, by the increased amount of population.

But besides the increase which arises from the destruction of the natural and direct enemies of the grouse tribe, other and less direct causes, called into play by the system of killing, undoubtedly, tend to the same end. Systematic and judicious sportsmen invariably pick out the old birds of a covey, and these, especially the old cocks, when past the age of breeding are generally believed to be hurtful to the rising generation, not only in breaking eggs, but in usurping the place of vigorous and young male birds. Again, some imagine, and perhaps with reason, that when a range is judiciously but sharply shot over, so many family compacts are broken up, and so many widows and orphans left desolate; that adventurous youths of both sexes are tempted from neighbouring districts to fill up the void, and a great infusion of fresh blood is thus added to the stock, which, as every naturalist knows, tends to add to the prolific properties of almost every description of animals. This may be quite imaginary in as far as relates to grouse; but if it be generally a law of nature, why should we doubt it in the case of the grouse? It is, however, enough for us to know, that under severe shooting, grouse will increase, provided the vermin be well kept down. All the disputes about burnt heather, which arise between the proprietor, the storemaster, and the lessee of the shooting, should at once cease, if this is rigidly done, as grouse naturally avoid rank heather as much as sheep do. They never feed upon and never seek shelter from it in stormy weather, at least if the weather be at all wet. In short, they only fly to it to avoid their natural enemies, and when these are destroyed, the shepherd should be allowed to burn away, as he will thus be serving both the storemaster and the sportsman, provided that he does it judiciously, and in the proper season.—*Inverness Courier*.

A CON.—When is a man really gone to the dogs? When he allows anybody to roll him in the kennel.

### A FEW WRINKLES ADDRESSED TO SPORTSMEN ON THE BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF EXERCISE ON THE SYSTEM.

What can be a more splendid sight, or one more calculated to inspire us with a noble idea of our species, than the sight of a hale and hearty old man descending to his grave, the very reverse of Shakspeare's "lean and slippered pantaloon," but with a halo of health and robustness encircling his brow; yet in large and populous towns how rare are these sights! The cause of this is easily explained: men in large towns are generally mechanics, sometimes their work is of a sedentary nature, and when they are freed from their daily labour, instead of going out in the open fields and enjoying nature and her works, that she so bounteously offers to us, what do they do? They go into the tap-rooms of public-houses and there sit and drink, and smoke and return home, ten times worse in every sense than when they set out; and this is what they call "enjoyment." What can more aptly illustrate our subject than the following extract from the *Medical Times*—

"In proof of the influence which even temporary physical education exerts upon the human frame and its stamina, may be mentioned the following example:—In the summer of 1839, we had an opportunity of witnessing one of the trial races of Oacraft, at that time one of the swiftest runners in England. On the occasion we speak of he ran 120 yards in eleven seconds; his pulse, just before starting, beat 61 strokes per minute, and at the termination of his extraordinary feat, it beat only 94. \* \* \* \* Two months previously he had been taken from a stocking frame, and, by a process of merely careful training, was brought into the state of bodily condition alluded to."

Who can for a moment doubt the salutary influence on the body after this quotation from so high a medical authority?

How many persons, sunk into imbecility from actual lassitude, would be roused by the busy and cheerful objects of worldly enterprise; yet that would be but a temporary stimulant when contrasted with the effects of proper bodily exercise. How many persons have been hurried to an untimely grave through want of attention to this necessary of life, for we can regard it in no other view. The writer above quoted, gives a striking lesson to the man of business whose whole soul is centred in worldly gain: he says—

"We would fain teach the man too hardly attached to world's business, that with all his toil and care, and penury of time, that he is no gainer; he may appropriate to his idol object an hour that should be sacred to his own service, and in his so doing he is a loser of twain: let him husband his moments as niggardly as he will, there is a certain reckoning which he must daily have with himself, a certain time for his own rest and refreshment, and if that time be not granted, it becomes no matter of idle debtorship; day after day registers a fresh account against him, and at the end of a few years the unsuspected fact of old age is announced by decrepitude, decay, and—death."

After the able manner in which the matter is treated in the above quotation, further words would be unnecessary.

July 12th, 1845.

F. B. THOMPSON.

John Adams, ex-president of the United States, being called upon for a contribution for foreign missions, said, "I have nothing to give for that purpose. But there are here in this vicinity, six ministers, not one of whom will preach in the other's pulpit—now I will give as much and more than any one else to civilise these clergymen."

RECIPE.—HOW TO PROCURE A COLD.—First take an omnibus with a few ladies already in it, then seat yourself between the door and window, afterwards beg permission to open the window before mentioned for the lady next you, sit quiet, and the cold will be made. The process may be repeated if pleasant.

### CORRESPONDENTS.

\* \* The continued illness of our esteemed contributor Ned Rub, has prevented not only the continuation of his "HINTS TO CRICKETERS," but also a projected article of "A Day at Lord's," accompanied by portraits of the most celebrated cricketers; we hope shortly to "report progress."

22—The Official Return of the Target lists at the Great National Archery Meeting, are of such length that we have, of necessity, postponed it until the next number, in order that it and the conclusion of the article on Archery, may appear at one view.

"BURNLEY."—You will find the information you seek in "Darvill on Breeding for the Turf."

SPORTSMAN.—In the number after that containing Goodwood Races, we hope to obtain space; we will then devote a page to COCKING for some weeks in succession. Charles Freeman has little or no pugilistic pretensions, we have heard him admit as much; and his whilom friend and pal Ben Count, as well as Tom Spring, know that he was only saved by darkness from defeat in his first combat with the Tipton Slasher, himself a formidable rough, but a pigmy in comparison to the American, who is somewhere about a foot taller. In the second fight (we witnessed them both), the Slasher made no fight; he was over-clever, shifty, and cunning, and in attempting to reduce the big 'un by a protracted contest, he over did it, and lost the battle by palpably getting down without Freeman having let go his hand. The Slasher was not at all punished in either fight; a pretty conclusive proof, seeing that he is not much of a defensive boxer—that Freeman, with his 17st., and 8 foot 10½ inches, is nothing very formidable in the fist department of gymnastics.

DOUBLESIGHT.—NORTHAMPTON.—Any person shooting with a gun or pistol within fifty feet of the centre of a carriage-way, is liable to a penalty not exceeding 40s. and costs of proceedings, over and above any damage which may be done. Any person may prefer information, and produce a witness who saw the gun or pistol fired off.

W. SLEAY.—No. The article is not suited for this paper. Miles's Boy's pen has been busy in our columns, but not in his usual "veins," or rather that by which he is popularly known. He will take a series of "Lounges in London" very shortly, which shall be illustrated; at present though not "abroad," he is "out of town."

# The Sportsman's Magazine.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 2, 1846.

## GYMNASTICS.—NO. I SWIMMING.



HE present is the first of a series of illustrated Essays with which it is proposed to enrich the columns of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE; among which will be included, WRESTLING, BOXING, SINGLESTICK, FENCING, CRICKET, QUOITS, RUNNING, LEAPING, RIDING, and the most prominent and popular manly sports and exercises.

The scope and extent of these will, of necessity, be considerable; yet, as a body of information, we flatter ourselves, should the public lend us the encouragement we hope for, and will endeavour to deserve, that this series of papers will stand *nulli secundus* to anything of the kind hitherto attempted in any serial publication.

SWIMMING is incontestably one of the most useful exercises, and should form a part of every man's physical education: we say physical because, alas! the instructors of mankind are too generally priests and pedagogues. Ignorant, enfeebled animals, whom "too much learning hath made mad." Parchment-skinned bookworms, who estimate the value of a man's acquirements just as a spectacled virtuoso of the Society of Antiquaries would a coin—by its rust, worthlessness, and loss of currency. But we have not here taken up the pen to cast our "anathema maranatha" at the humbug that yet leads upright man; he who boasts—

"Erectos ad sidera tollere vultus,"

in the leading strings of the fatuitous and the feeble, so far as sport and exercise are concerned, but to indite a chapter ancient and concerning swimming.

### SECTION I.

#### OF SWIMMING IN GENERAL.

The different positions which the human frame necessarily takes in swimming cause the muscles of the inferior and superior extremities to be in play at the same time, particularly those of the arms and chest. The ancients placed a high value on the art of swimming; and it is probable that this exercise greatly tended to give the chest that full and rounded form (from the frequent exertion of the muscles of inspiration and expiration) so observable in ancient statues, and in many muscular men of the present day.

To urge the claim of swimming on the score of cleanliness would be superfluous—the cold bath is too well known as one of the most potent remedies for restoring health and strengthening the body. It is as a means, not only of self-preservation, but of high humanity and gratification, in enabling us to save less fortunate fellow-creatures from a watery grave, that we here advance its eminent claim to general adoption and practice. In a minor but more general point of view, swimming furnishes an agreeable excitement (the usual attendant of manly and brisk exercise), on account of the mastery which it gives us over an element for which the human structure is but partially fitted. The means which it affords of preserving our own lives, or those of others, in situations of peculiar peril, is also a great recommendation of this exercise, which may be easily learned wherever there is water of five feet depth, and there is no real danger connected with it.

There are those who maintain that man possesses all the required qualifications for exercising this noble art; and if we inquire of them how it is that all men do not swim alike? they reply that they render themselves incapable by yielding to fear and prejudice, as well as by impatience and disappointment at the slow progress they make, which are often increased by occasional hair-breadth escapes from dangers into which precipitation sometimes leads them.

We need only refer the reader for proof of this to those numerous instances of persons noted for the superior manner and dexterity with which they have exercised the art, and it will be found that they swam well from the first. Some of these performed extraordinary and surprising deeds, as Leander, for instance; and, in later days, we have imitators of these worthies, who perform things not less wonderful. As Leander crossed the Hellespont, that he might enjoy the society of his beloved Hero, so Byron, in emulation of this achievement, and without an object of such high magnetic power as drew Leander across, attempted and did the same, which he has recorded in a piquant couplet.

An Art at length has been formed, reducible into rules, which it is our object here to bring before the reader, and we hope that those who read will soon be able to perform the aquatic evolutions described, to their own gratification and profit.

Swimming is one of the most healthy and agreeable exercises in the world. After swimming for a short time in the evening, you will sleep coolly the whole night, even during the most ardent heat of summer. Perhaps this may be accounted for by the increased perspiration which the open state of the pores of the skin allows.

"SCOTICUS."—We this week give you an article on "Scottish Shooting Quarters;" in a week or two we will give you an illustrated article on the "GROUSE." We endeavour to blend instruction with amusement, as the school-books say.

HARRY STEVENS.—DOCKHEAD.—We should be very glad to insert the intelligence you wish, but it would come under the denomination of *news*; and the gentlemen at Somerset House, ycleped "The Honourable Commissioners of Her Majesty's Stamps and Taxes," would have us before them on the Stamp Act, and we should be liable to the small fine of ten pounds only for every sheet we printed that had not a small red stamp at the corner, signifying that we had paid one penny to the revenue of the kingdom for that same sheet of paper, over and above its commercial value. Now as we do not get (including the thirteen copies given with every dozen) from the wholesale vendors quite one penny per copy for this little miscellany, H. S. will perceive that we must give Government 1s. per dozen (of twelve) for stamps, sell thirteen for the same sum, and give in paper printing, engraving, and editing, which might be pleasant to the purchaser, but would certainly not get our petition through the New Bankruptcy Court, in case we got up before that tribunal.

PISCATUS.—MORDEN.—Thanks for the correction; the slip of the pen of "Protection Society" for "Preservation Society" is of no moment. It appears from PISCATUS's communication that we erred last week in stating that Coxen keeps the "Eelpie House," at Twickenham (it was a *lapsus memorie*); Mr. Mayo is host of that same; however, Richard Coxen has a bed and cooks for anglers, and (with his son) is, we perceive, the puntman of the place in the list printed by the Society. The sign of S. Kemp's house is "The Anglers." We are obliged for the "Report" forwarded, and regret that this admirable association is not better situated as regards its pecuniary resources. We daily see, however, that it is not the most praiseworthy attempts or the most laudable associations, that have the largest share of public support.

A WHITE NIGGER.—You're a funny chap; your hard toll don't seem to have saddened you. This is as it should be. In reply to your query—there is no "deep" at Isleworth, but there is capital fishing; and the puntmen's names are S. Styles and John Platt. They are civil fellows, and will put you in the way. At Hampton, either the Red Lion, or the Bell (Powell's) on which house you will find a few words by Miles's Boy, and a picture in No. 7 of this publication.

SAMUEL MEWBURN.—ISLINGTON.—You are a trump. We received your letter, although it was wrong directed. Publishers and Editors are very distinct persons; read the notice of last week.

A BATH CHAP IN LONDON.—The Lea is preserved for many miles, and to those parts an annual payment admits you, in some parts this is a guinea, in some half a guinea. It contains jack, pike, carp, tench, perch, barbel, chub, bream, roach, dace, bleak, gudgeon, eels, and occasionally, a trout is taken. In the Mole, which empties itself into the Thames at East Molesey, in Surrey, good sport may be had near Esher, Leatherhead, Chobham, Dorking, and Reigate. The Surrey Canal at Rotherhithe is a subscription water at one guinea per annum, or one shilling for a day's fishing. The Wandie, Roding, and Brent, are free in parts. The Wandie at Ackbridge, and Beddington Corner near Camshilton. The Roding has a good deal of free water; and jack-fishing (small) near Woodford Bridge. The Brent has a subscription water at the reservoir, at two guineas per annum, near Flury's (the Welsh Harp). But free fishing may be had in the above river both below the reservoirs and above on to Hanwell. Principal fish, Jack and perch. ENQUIRER.—Jem Ward fought Simon Byrne, July 12, 1841.

### OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

#### AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

SUNDAY, July 27th.—TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.—Robespierre beheaded, 1794.  
MONDAY, 28th.—Northfleet (near Gravesend) Regatta.—Lord Viscount Huntingtower makes his "first appearance" on the "boards" of the Bankruptcy Court; a wag declares that there is a literal error in his title, and that in future he should be printed in the peerage as Lord D-iscout Huntingtower.  
TUESDAY, 29th.—GOODWOOD RACES.—Spanish Armada destroyed, 1588.  
WEDNESDAY, 30th.—WYMOUTH REGATTA.—Leominster Races.—Charles X. de-throned, 1830.—The thieves' haunt in West-street, Smithfield, pulled down, and the materials sold, 1844; the auctioneer recommended the premises as "a capital plot for a Neugate novelist to build three stories upon."  
THURSDAY, 31st.—GOODWOOD CUP DAY.—Bridgnorth Races.—Greenwich Hospital foundation stone laid, 1836.  
FRIDAY, AUGUST 1.—Description of the Month.—This month was named in honour of Augustus Caesar, because in this month he was created Consul, thrice triumphant in Rome, subdued Egypt to the Roman Empire, and made an end to civil wars. Previous to the time of Caesar it was called Sextilis, being the sixth from March. The Romans placed this month under the protection of Ceres, the protector of corn and harvests.—The Gloucester Chronicle states, that "at a recent christening there were present, the child's mother, grandmother, great grandmother, and great-great-grandmother." This child was wrongly named if it was not christened "Morning Herald."—A Winkle about Wasps.—Professor Henslow has discovered that turpentine placed at the entrance of the nest is fatal to these insects. The mode of applying is to put the turpentine in a bottle, a small quantity, enough to wet the sides of the bottle, being sufficient; and insert the neck of the bottle in the hole which leads to the nest, and then plastering the sides of the orifice with dirt. It should be applied in the dusk of the evening, after the wasps are gone to rest, and if the orifice be pretty free the whole will be dead in the morning. The remedy will not fail unless the distance from the hole to the nest be considerable, or unless there be two holes, in which case discover and stop up the second.  
SATURDAY, 3d.—Wonderful Instinct.—A cat in this town (the editor of any country paper can fill up the blank at his good pleasure) having lost its kittens, was lately seen following a mutton-pie man and mewling most pitifully.—Battle of Blenheim, 1704.—Gardener's Calendar.—Sow onions, early cabbages, and parsley, for the succeeding year; and lettuces, spinach, brocoli, and cauliflowers, to stand the winter. Earth celery: hoe and thin turnips: transplant brocoli, savoy, and cauliflowers; and the principal crop of celery into trenches for blanching. Cut those herbs which are adapted for distillation or for winter use. Make mushroom beds, propagate kitchen herbs by slips, and take up all onions, garlic, and shallots, that are ripened in the stem. Continue to bud on fruit trees and roses so long as the bark rises freely and the weather is cloudy. To obtain new varieties, sow auricula, polyanthus, and anemone seeds, and mignonette, to blow in winter; as also the seeds of tulips, hyacinths, irises, and all the other bulbous-rooted flowers. Support and thin dahlias, to improve their bloom.

### THE MOON IN JULY.

New Moon, 4th	...	...	...	...	4	29 aft.
First Quarter, 12th	...	...	...	...	2	22 aft.
Full Moon, 19th	...	...	...	...	6	3 morn.
Last Quarter, 26th	...	...	...	...	3	30 morn.

### TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK

#### High water at London Bridge.

		morn.	aft.			morn.
Sunday, July 27th	...	7 46	8 14	Wednesday, 30th	...	11 16   11 50
Monday, 28th	...	8 50	9 34	Thursday, 31st	...	—   0 23
Tuesday, 29th	...	10 0	10 36			



## SECTION II.

## ON THE SELECTION OF A SPOT TO SWIM IN.

Select a spot, when you purpose bathing, where the water is clear, without scum or froth on the surface. Ascertain the nature of the bottom, that there be neither weeds nor mud, as great annoyance, if not danger, may be the consequence of neglecting these precautions. The best bottom is gravel or smooth stones, so that you may stand as much at ease on dry *terra firma*, and escape sinking in the mud, or wounding the feet,—both which inconveniences are anything but pleasant. Observe also that the bottom be level, and not variegated by hill and dale; or rather, strewed with pits, some six feet deep, because it is very awkward on setting your foot over one of these to find yourself unexpectedly soused over head and ears with your mouth full of the delicious beverage. To ascertain this you may take a stick or a plummet, and carefully examine a given space, especially if you are a tyro, that you may make all the necessary efforts without danger or apprehension. And when you have found a fit place to learn in, do not venture elsewhere until you can "rule the element." The following, which is based on Dr. Franklin's method is the best way to acquire confidence in the water. The best place to learn to swim is where there is a shelving bank. Before you attempt to swim, rid yourself of the fear of sinking, which is a great hindrance, by ascertaining your own buoyancy in the water; and it is probable that in this experiment you may find you possess as it were, an intuitive knowledge of the mode of "striking out."

After having followed our directions as to the mode of entering the water, take an egg, walk into the water until it is up to your breast, then turn round your face to the shore, and throw the egg into the water between you and the shore; it will sink to the bottom, and you will easily see it if the water be clear. It must lie in the water so deep that you cannot reach to take it up but by diving for it. To encourage yourself to do this, reflect that your progress will be from deep to shallow water, and that you may at any time, by bringing your legs under you, and standing on the bottom, raise your head far above the water; then plunge under it with your eyes open, which must be kept open *before* going under, as you cannot open your eyelids afterwards with ease, owing to the weight of water above you; throwing yourself towards the egg, and endeavouring, by the action of your hands and feet against the water, to get forward, till within reach of it. In this attempt you will find that the water buoys you up against your inclination; that it is not so easy to sink as you imagine, and that you cannot, but by active force, get down to the egg. Thus you ascertain the power of water to support you, and learn to confide in that power, while your endeavours to overcome it and reach the egg teach you the manner of acting on the water with your feet and hands, which action is afterwards used in swimming to support your head higher above the water, or to go forward through it.

## SECTION III.

## HOW TO GO INTO THE WATER—PLUNGING.

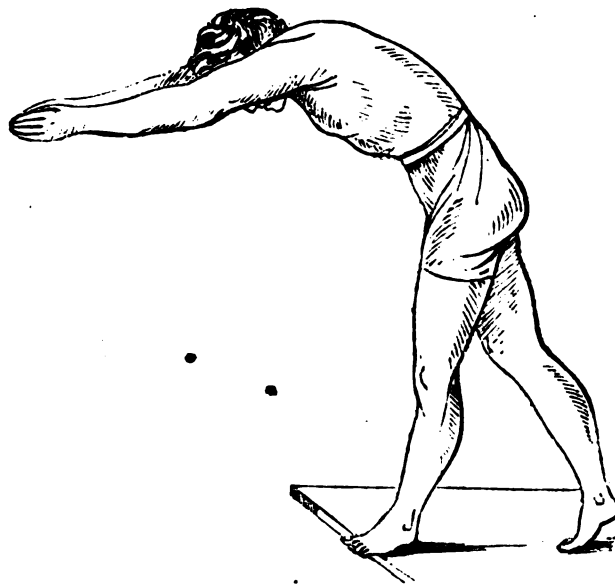
Having given these few preliminary notices, intended chiefly for the juvenile and the tyro, we proceed to the best way of going into the water. This is unquestionably by leaping or plunging. Of this there are two methods—either with the feet or the head foremost. In the first, which is often used by good swimmers when the depth is uncertain, the feet should be kept together and the body inclined forwards, rather than backwards. In the second, which is here figured, and called the *headlong plunge*, the modes are various. The method we prefer is given in the cut beneath, (Fig. 1.) and is thus



THE HEADLONG PLUNGE.

effected. The swimmer takes his stand on the edge of the leaping-board (we presume him to be learning in a bath or swimming school) with his arms extended, his knees bent, and his body inclined forwards. When the head comes almost in a line with the feet, then the legs are rather stretched than impelled, the knees are kept very stiff, and the legs in their position impel forwards. The beauty of the headlong plunge is, when the swimmer so manages it as to plunge quite noiselessly into the water, and does not raise more bubbles or make more disturbance than a thin piece of wood falling perpendicularly would do.

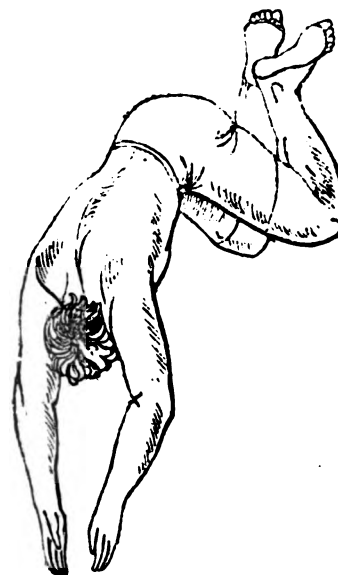
Our second figure represents the



RUNNING PLUNGE,

in making which the swimmer flings himself from the leaping-place in the posture above figured. A third may be added of a rather more complex description, inasmuch as it can only be made from a small elevation. It is termed the *FLAT PLUNGE*. In this the swimmer flings himself as far forwards in a horizontal line as possible, and in such a manner that his head reaches the surface of the water before the impulse ceases. So soon as the swimmer touches the water, he must keep his head back, his loins hollow, and his hands, which are extended forwards, flat and somewhat erect. In this manner he will dart along for a considerable space, close under the surface of the water. This leap is to be recommended where the water is shallow or doubtful.

The last figure we shall this week present is that of the true position for *DIVING*. In



DIVING.

swimming under water, he may either move exactly in the same way (to be explained in our next number), varying his angle of descent according to his wish, or keep his hands stretched before him, which he will find materially to assist him in cutting the water, and also greatly relieve the breast. If the diver find that he approaches the surface, he must press the palms of his hands *upwards*, striking with them rapidly and repeatedly, whilst the feet are in a state of rest; and when he has attained a perpendicular position, he should stretch out his hands like feelers, and make the usual swimming motion with his feet; he will then descend with great rapidity. It is well to practice yourself in opening your eyes and keeping them open under water, at least in all places where the bed of

(Continued on p. 248.)

## HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE BATTLE OF CREE.

## CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

HEN. (OR HENRY) PEARCE, THE GAME CHICKEN, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

Pearce displayed great science and courage throughout the fight: in point of strength, he was much superior to Belcher, as was shown by the tremendous falls which the latter received when they closed. The advantages were all on the side of the Chicken, excepting science, and Belcher's defective sight rendered even that of less importance every round. It was the serious opinion of Pearce, that twice in the fight he could have finished the battle, so exhausted and defenceless was Belcher. The Chicken now sported the blue spotted silk handkerchief, as the Champion's colour; and that handkerchief, which had so long been the fashion, and which had so often formed a part of the dress of the successful partisans, in compliment to their favourite hero, was placed in a secondary rank. But though, like the colours of an admiral, deprived of precedence when taken by an enemy, its honour remained unsullied, having been lost in a fair fight.

The Chicken had now proved himself a thorough bred Game Cock, and the walk might fairly be said all *his own*! But a gamekeeper of the name of FORD, who was dazzled with his own good qualities, rashly challenged him, but as he could not raise the stakes a forfeit was the consequence. This perhaps was a fortunate circumstance for him, as there is but little doubt he would have soon proved *blind* to his own interest.

Pearce, like too many of his predecessors of pugilistic notoriety, foundered on the same rock on which they had split. Examples, advices, and lessons, it should seem, all lose their effect on persons, who, in the bloom of youth, health and vigour, laugh at the idea of incurring any serious consequences from intemperance, till they find it out themselves, when, generally it is too late to be remedied. The Chicken, during his residence in the Metropolis, had made rather too free with his constitution; yet we have authority for observing, that it originated more from circumstances and place, than sheer inclination. His health became impaired, and he retired to his native place, to enjoy the comforts of domesticated life; and by the advice of his friends, the relinquished profession of a pugilist for that of a publican.

We are now arrived at an episode in the life of Pearce, which we would earnestly recommend to the perusal of "Craven," and other calumniators of pugilists and pugilism; we doubt if a similar deed can be recorded of many of the canters who decry prizefighters as "*inhuman savages*!" Let "Craven" chew upon this. In the month of November, 1807, a fire broke out at Mrs. Denzill's, a silk-mercer, in Thomas-street, Bristol, and the flames had made such rapid progress, that the servant of the house, a poor girl, who had retired to rest in the attic story, was nearly enveloped in flames before she awoke to her dreadful situation. Frantic with despair, she presented herself at the window imploring help—her screams pierced the hearts of the spectators, who appeared rivetted with agony to the spot, expecting every moment her threatened destruction. But none move; all are petrified with fear and horror. At length, Pearce, "the Prize-fighter by profession and the savage by nature," according to "Craven" appeared in the crowd; he sees the life of a human being in danger, and feels prompted to the perilous endeavour of an immediate rescue. By the aid of the adjoining house, he reaches the parapet, and hanging over it, firmly grasps the wrists of the wretched girl—the multitude are lost in astonishment, and never did a more, if such an interesting moment present itself—hope, fear, and all the higher emotions are on the rack at beholding the intrepidity of a man losing every thought of self to the hope of delivering a fellow-creature from a dreadful death. The additional weight, added to the height, from the parapet, was almost too much for the nearly exhausted exertions of Pearce.

"Cowards die many times before their deaths,  
The valiant never taste of death but once."

and so it proved:—his brave heart leaped within him, and with a noble effort he draws his trembling charge from the window, places her safe upon the parapet, and in an instant she is out of danger.—Universal joy prevailed. The delighted multitude was loud in their plaudits—and the almost lifeless sufferer clinging round the knees of her deliverer, invoked blessings on his name. This was the happiest moment of Pearce's life. The shouts of victory, and the flattering praises that had so often attended him in the field of honour, were mere shadows to his feelings—compared with that of an approving conscience.—Yet, this was the act of a pugilist!—one who had entered the field to obtain a purse of gold as a prize-fighter. Here was no gold to tempt him to risk his life: the smallest deviation of balance must have precipitated him headlong to destruction; and no opportunity of retreating from the consequences. The gallant soldier in mounting the forlorn hope, and the hardy tar in boarding the ships of the enemy, are stimulated by a thirst of glory and love of country, that prompts them to those deeds of heroism; but Pearce

was actuated by no other motive than that of *humanity*; and when that "recording angel," who dropped a tear and blotted out for ever the intemperate expression of my uncle Toby, shall turn the page of the evil deeds of Pearce, may be similarly obliterated, we sincerely trust.

A short time after the noble deed we have just narrated the Game Chicken again distinguished himself in rescuing one of the fair sex from insult and danger. In his way over Clifton-downs, near Bristol, Pearce perceived a young woman suffering much from the brutal attacks of three men. Regardless of the consequences, Pearce instantly interposed, when they fell upon him with fury; but the courage and science of Pearce soon made them severely repent of their temerity. The Chicken received their onset with such coolness and intrepidity, and so successfully planted his levelling hits upon their frames, that one of them, of the name of Hood, was so satisfied, in seven minutes, that he bolted, and left his companions to the care of Pearce. In a quarter of an hour, the Chicken so served-out Morris and Francis, the other two, that they declined the strife, and apologised for their rudeness: while the terrified female could only thank her gallant defender for his seasonable protection. It appears that, however Pearce might have been crowned with honour, gratified by the enviable title of Champion, and admired by his friends in general—yet still he was not happy. That source of true felicity and real consolation, to which a man flies to alleviate his troubles or participate in his honours, was unhappily polluted, and his wife's incontinence had rendered home so miserable, that he left his native place, never more to return.

Pearce now went to different country towns exhibiting sparring, and teaching the art of self-defence, and we need hardly say was much patronised. The Chicken was in the neighbourhood of Oxford when Jem Belcher and Cribb fought their last battle, and felt so anxiously upon the issue of the combat, that he set off in a post-chaise to witness the fight. On Cribb's proving victorious, he exclaimed, with great earnestness, "that he hoped he should get well, that he might teach Cribb how to fight!"

Pearce took a benefit at the Fives Court, on February 9, 1809, when some good sparring was exhibited. Every interest was exerted to give him support. Pearce was now the victim of palmarian consumption, and in the last stage of that afflicting disease; he was scarcely able to walk to the Court to thank his friends.

The appearance of the Chicken was much lar; his height about five feet nine inches; and the roundness of his chest and limbs denoted considerable strength, in some degree resembling the manly contour of the champion, Tom Johnson. During the time Pearce enjoyed sound health, his excellence as a pugilist was admitted by all parties; and he stood above all competitors. In uniting the courage of a lion with true kindness of heart, Pearce must command our praise. He was a tremendous hard hitter, and his left handed blow was so terrible in its effects, that his opponents have been seen in a complete state of stupor for several seconds, and often never recovered the proper use of their faculties during the fight.

As a proof that he was not fond of vainly courting the popularity of the multitude, or in making a show of himself, by figuring upon the box of some spoilt child of fortune's four-in-hand, immediately upon getting his clothes on, after his memorable fight with Burke, upon Wimbledon-common, he stole away unobserved; and being missed, a general inquiry took place among his friends, to know what had become of him. After considerable time being lost in search of the Chicken, some person recollected that he saw a man like Pearce run and jump up behind a coach; upon which information, his second, Bill Gibbons, endeavoured to trace him along the road, and, at length, observed the Chicken in a public-house at Chelsea, cooking himself mutton-chops at the fire, with the most perfect indifference. Pearce immediately invited Gibbons to partake of them, without alluding to his singularity in leaving the ground instead of making his return to town in triumph on some swell-drag, after the fashion of the days of which we are writing.

At the Coach and Horses, St. Martin's Lane, (now in the occupation of Ben Caunt, the Champion,) on Sunday, April 30, 1809, the Game Chicken departed this life. His fortune never forsook him, and, in the most trying moments, he displayed calmness and resignation; he experienced no terrors from his approaching end, expressing a wish to die in friendship with all mankind. He expressed a strong desire to be buried by the side of Bill Warr, in St. James's burying ground, Pancras; and this wish was complied with. Pearce was in his thirty-second year.

"Strength, too; thou surly, and less gentle boast  
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring;  
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down  
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling  
That rashly dared thee to th' unequal fight."

"Silence gives consent," as the man said when he kissed the dumb woman.

## QUADRILLE DANCING IN NEW YORK.

Jest then cousin Beebe called out my name from t'other side of the room. I wish you could a seen how they all stared. It warn't more than ten minits arter that, afore eeanmost every one in there was at cousin Beebe to be introduced to me—the fellows with the brusties and all. The purtyest gals in the room kept a flocking round me as if they'd never seen a man that wrote for the newspapers afore. Talk about soft sodder!—there's nobody on arth can put it into a chap as smooth as a harnsome gal. Somehow they melt it with their smiles, till it sinks through his heart afore he knows it. I was talking with a rare peeler of a gal, with two of the brightest black eyes that I ever see, when somebody struck up a tune on the pianer-forte, and two or three couple got onto the floor as if they wanted to dance. "Do you dance quadrilles, Mr. Slick?" sez the black-eyed gal, as if she wanted me to ask her to dance. "Wal, I don't know," sez I; "I never tried them kind of things; but I rather guess I can, if you show me how." With that I took the tip end of her white glove between the fingers of my yaller one, and went with her into the middle of the room. I didn't know what they were a going to dance, but I warn't much afeard, anyhow; for there warn't a chap in all Weathersfield could beat me at a double-shuffle, or could cut so neat a pigeon-wing without music, as I could. Wal, the music began, and one of the fellers that had the hair on his lip began to slide about with his eyes half-shut, and his hands hanging down, and looking as doleful as if he'd just come away from a funeral. Did you ever see a duck swim in a mill-dam, or a hen turning up it's eyes when it's a-drinking? If you have, you can git some idee how the lazy oots danced. I thought I should go off the handle to see him; but the gals all stuck out their little feet, and pocked about jest in the same way. "Think," sez I, "when it comes to my turn, I'll give you a little specimen of genuine dancing. I only wish I had thought to put a little loose change in my pockets to jingle, if it was only jest to show how well I keep step. A young lady, with her hair twisted all up with little white flowers, balanced up to me jest as you've seen a bird walk, and then it came to my turn. I took two steps for ards, and then I cut a peeler of a pigeon-wing, and ended off with a little touch of the double-shuffle; but my trousers were so plaguy tight, that I couldnt make my legs limber, all I could do; besides, the music warn't much more like a dancing-tune than Greenbank or Old Hundred. At last, I went up to the gal that was playing, and sez I, "Look a-here—jest give us something lively—Yankee Doodle, or Monsey Muse, or the Irish Washerwoman, or Paddy Carey. I ain't a going to twist and pucker round in this way!" With that the young fellers with their hair lips begun to push their cambric handkerchiefs into their mouths, and the young gals puckered up their mouths as if'd done something to make fun at. But instid of sneaking off, and letting the stack-up varmint think they's scared me so that I dairen't dance, I felt me dander a getting up, and sez I to myself, "I guess I'll let 'em see that I warn't brought up in the woods, to be scared at owls, anyhow;" so I jest turned to the black-eyed gal that was my partner, and sez I, "Come now, miss, and let us show 'em how it's done;" and with that I began to put it down right and left like a streak of lightning. It warn't more than two minits afore I heard the gals a talking to each other, and a saying, "How odd! How strange! Quite the eccentricity of genius! These literary lions never do anything as other people do. I don't wonder Miss Beebe's proud of him!" The young fellers joined in the minit they begin to see how the wind was blowing up in my quarter; and when I finished off and led the black-eyed gal to one of the footstools, there was no end to the soft sodder they all put on to me. Sez I to myself, "Nothing like keeping a stiff upper-lip with those stack-up fashionables; for, arter all, they ain't more than half-sartin what's genteel and what ain't."

—Jonathan Slick.

A PARADOX.—Verily, children do put strange questions to their papas and mammas, to wit:—"Pa; why do you wear straps?" "To keep my trousers down, Jehn." "Pa; why do you wear braces?" "To keep my trousers up, Jehn." "Well, pa, that is funny."

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.—A pompous fellow made a very inadequate offer for a valuable property, and calling the next day for an answer, inquired if the owner had entertained his proposition. "No," replied the other, "your proposition has entertained me."

"DON'T ANSWER QUESTIONS, MY LAD."—It is well known that the jockies are not the most honest people in the world, and that they have to deal with turf characters of all sorts, even more dishonest than themselves. The father of a jockey brings his son up with instructions to be cautious, and the order to the student of jockeyship is, not to answer questions. A lad of diminutive size won a race at Ascot, completely felling his older competitors. The Queen, struck by the appearance of the youth, sent Lord Errol to bring him before her. This Lord Errol did, and on the youth arriving in the presence of the Queen, her Majesty began with, "Well, my little man, how old are you?" The boy replied, "Mussn't tell you, marm. Feyther could me to answer no questions." Her Majesty smiled, and thus ended the interview.

A MATRIMONIAL HINT.—"I am afraid," said a lady to her husband, "that I am going to have a stiff neck." "Not at all improbable, my dear," replied her spouse. "I have seen strong symptoms of it ever since we were married."

## THE ART OF SHAVING THE LADIES.

By an Old Shaver.

Many advertisements appear—"Wanted a Young Man of Genteel Address for an Assistant to a Linendraper." We now see what is meant by a "genteel address." It is that conversational art whereby the process termed "shaving the ladies" is effected.

"Shaving the ladies" is a very delicate operation; and a few hints as to its mode of performance may be acceptable to those whom they may concern:—

No sort of shaving can be effected without soap, except what is called "close shaving, as practised at workhouses and the Mansion-house. Without impertinently inquiring how drapers' assistants in general are circumstanced with respect to that article, we will at once present them with a little cake of it, premising that the soap which the ladies are to be shaved with must be particularly soft—*soft soap*, metaphorically speaking, is the rhetoric of the counter.

The first figure to be studied to this species of rhetoric is that called hyperbole, which is derived from two Greek words, signifying to overshoot a feat to be accomplished by the use of the long bow; that is to say, by telling enormous fibs. So when a lady asks, "Will this wash?" "Will that wear?" and so forth, no hesitation must be made in answering, or, if necessary swearing in the affirmative.

Be careful in laying on your soap. You must not do this too violently. Your situation, with respect to the lady whom you are to shave, is not such as to admit of telling her that those sparkling eyes, those raven or auburn tresses, that roseate cheek, that sylph-like form of hers will be set off to such advantage by this or that silk, satin, muslin, bombazine, or what not. You are only to insinuate all this. As thus—

"That pink lining, Miss, is lovely—really quite lovely—for any lady with a delicate complexion."

"These flowers, ma'am, are exquisite to match dark hair and a high forehead—I assure you they are considered so. If I might venture the remark, ma'am, they would become a lady like yourself extremely."

"This is an article, my lady, which I would strongly recommend to your ladyship. It is true that it would only suit a first-rate figure; but I am quite confident that it is just the dress for your ladyship."

You will find it advantageous, having named a sum considerably above the mark, to abate a little of it sometimes, and to lead a lady to suppose that she has won upon you so to do. As, for instance—

"Well, really, ma'am, this is seventeen and six; but to you—I don't mind saying sixteen."

You will also do well to practice a little on female apprehension and eagerness, as follows:—

"I assure you miss, 'pon my honour, that this article is the very last we have got: and I am certain you wont meet with it at any other establishment." The fact may be that both your master, and the man over the way are overstocked.

A CLEVER BOY.—A farmer's wife in speaking of the smartness, aptness, and intelligence, of her son, a lad six years old, to a lady visitor said, "He can read fluently in any part of the Bible, repeat the whole Catechism, and weed onions as well as his father." "Yes, mother," added the young hopeful with a broad grin, "and yesterday I licked Ned Rawson, throwed the cat into the well, and stole old Hineckley's gimlet."

Why are women indispensable in mining? Because there must be a chamber made at the end of each gallery.

Upon what supposition would you build a house with your pocket-handkerchief?—Supposing it be cambric (became brick).

HOMEBRED BULLS.—The Marquis of Clanricarde, an Irish peer, told their lordships the other day, that "the *Nation* newspaper was read to the people by those who could not read themselves!" Sir Robert Inglis, who represents Oxford University, being anxious that England should not be outdone by Ireland, subsequently asked the speaker of the House of Commons "whether any member, referring to another, had a right to express his unutterable contempt."

## DEED OF MEMORY.

When Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free;  
Of late he's grown brimful of pride and pelf.  
You wonder why he don't remember me.  
Why not? You see he has forgot himself.

A PORTENT APPEARED FOR A SLEEPY SHOPKEEPER.—About half-past eight o'clock one morning last week, the shutters of a certain shopkeeper, not far from the centre of Oldham, presented, to the surprise of all passers-by, the following choice morsel of poetry, written in chalk:—

"Dismiss your fears, we are not dead,  
But sleep securely on our bed;  
Should we awake in course o'th day,  
We'll open shop without delay."

A CANDID ENCOURAGEMENT.—"Sam," said one little urobin to another, the other day, "Sam, does your schoolmaster ever give you any rewards of merit?" "I s'pose he does," was the rejoinder; "he gives me a lickin' every day, and says I merits two!"

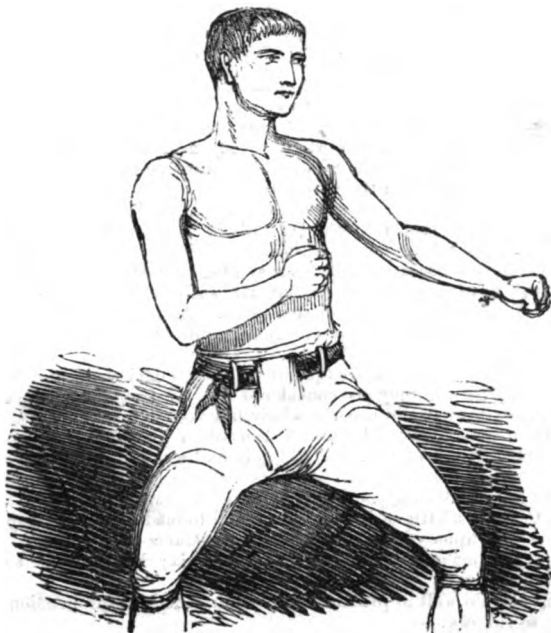


water will admit the light, as it will give confidence by enabling you to ascertain your position and depth.

In our next paper we propose to give General Pfuffel's method of teaching swimming by means of the pole and belt, which is taught in the Prussian 'swimming schools, and which is a modification of the plan made known to the British public by Captain Elias, in his "Gymnastic Exercises." (To be continued.)

### YOUNG REED,

THE ANTAGONIST OF GILL, ON JULY 22.



Alas! frail and uncertain are the prognostications of the "knowing ones." The reader is here presented with an accurate and life-like sketch of "Young Reed," whom we, as well as thousands of others, had reckoned on as the victor in Tuesday's tourney. But the fates proved unpropitious, and after a hard struggle, the details of which will be found in *Bell's Life* of the present week, the young one, whose previous exploits were a neatly won victory over young Clarke, at Maidenhead, December 14, 1841, and the conquest of Peter Stevens on the 11th July, 1843, was forced to succumb. Despite his defeat of Tuesday, we take it he will yet prove an attractive 8st. 10lb. little 'un, and have given his portrait, regretting that we cannot this week procure that of the victor Gill, of Coventry, to accompany the same.

### THE FERRET.



The ferret was originally a native of Africa. Strabo mentions its importation from that quarter of the world into Spain, from whence it

has become distributed over Britain, France, Italy, Germany, and other European countries.

The length of the ferret from the nose to the end of the body is one foot two inches, or, including the tail, one foot seven inches and a half. The eyes are fiery red or pink; and the body is usually of a yellowish colour, with more or less white intermixed, owing to the long fur being partly white, whilst the shorter is almost wholly yellow. Franzius describes the ferret of his time as having "a little head, a red back, and a white belly." (*History of Brutes*, translated by N. W. (1670), p. 216),—a description which, as far as it goes, would agree with the African fitch (*Putorius Africanus*, Desmarest).

In temperate climates the utmost care and great warmth are required to preserve this delicate animal. It is usually kept in a hutch or box containing wool, of which it forms a warm and snug bed for itself. It sleeps during the greater part of the day; but towards night it wakes up, and shows great impatience for a supply of food, which, in its domesticated state, generally consists of bread and milk. It is not difficult to be tamed, and then will permit itself to be handled and played with, and this appearance of gentleness and good temper sometimes leads to its being indulged with the run of the house. But no reliance can be placed on its conduct; for unless carefully watched, and well fed, it will make savage and indiscriminate attacks upon all around, if it should chance to smell or taste blood. It is easily irritated while in its hutch, and will then bite severely, diffusing at the same time a more strongly offensive smell than ordinary.

In its half-reclaimed state, the ferret is a useful animal to man; for he employs it to pursue and kill rats and other vermin, and to assist him in catching rabbits by driving them out of their burrows, for which purpose it was also used in the time of Pliny (*Hist. Nat. lib. viii. cap. iv.*). It was introduced into Spain expressly to reduce a most inconvenient superabundance of rabbits in that country. When it is required to assist in catching the rabbits alive, it is muzzled previously to its being sent down their burrows. The ferret being thus rendered incapable of injuring the rabbits, can still alarm them, so that in their fright they attempt to make a hasty retreat from the mouth of the burrow, where, however, they become inextricably entangled in the meshes of the net, which the warrenner has placed there to catch them. Should the ferret, while in the warren, get disengaged from its muzzle, it will seize the rabbits, gorge itself with their blood, and then fall asleep instead of returning to its master. When the ferret is guilty of this dereliction of duty, the warrenner has either to dig his way down to it, or to smoke it out. Sometimes, however, the ferret has been known to succeed in maintaining this state of liberty all the summer, regaling itself with the blood of the rabbits during the whole season; but when the winter has set in, it has either perished from cold, or been obliged to leave its lodging, and submitted to be recaptured. If permitted to seize a rabbit above ground, it generally seizes it by the neck, winds itself round it, sucks its victim's blood, and does not leave it until completely satiated.

Frequent attempts have been made to keep the ferret on board ship, for the purpose of killing the rats, which prove so destructive to vessels and their cargoes; but this mode of life appears so badly suited to it, that it seldom stands it for any length of time.

Besides rabbits and rats, it will feed upon pigeons, fishes, and milk.

The ferret breeds twice in a year, and the female goes with young six weeks. She has from six to nine at a litter, and is reported to bring forth more females than males. Sometimes she will devour her young as soon as they are born, and will breed again soon afterwards. "Warrenners assert," says Pennant, "that the fitch will intermix with the ferret, and they are sometimes obliged to procure an intercourse between these animals to improve the breed of the latter, which, by long confinement, will abate its savage nature, and become less eager after rabbits, and consequently less useful. The Rev. Mr. Lewis, vicar of Llansowel, in Caermarthenshire, had a tame female ferret, which was permitted to go about the house. At length it absented itself for several days, and on its return proved to be with young, and produced nine of a deep brown colour, more like the fitch than the ferret. What makes it more certain that they were begotten by a fitch is, that Mr. Lewis had no male ferret; neither was there any within three miles, and these closely confined." Buffon denies that these animals ever breed together, yet he has published a figure of what he calls *le furet putois*, or fitch ferret, which, as Pennant observes, has much the appearance of being the spurious offspring of such an intermixture. Professor Bell says, he can obtain no authentic verification of the assertion that the breeders of ferrets have recourse to the fitch to improve the breed; but Mr. Yarrell assures me that it is a fact, and that he has often seen ferrets whose coats were, consequently, of a brown colour. Goldsmith speaks of brown, blackish, and also parti-coloured ferrets. Mr. Blyth says, that "the stoat and pine-marten, in confinement, have been known to breed with the ferret, or domesticated fitch."

Goldsmith says, the ferret has been known to attack and kill children in the cradle; and Mr. Jesse relates, that at Kingston in Surrey, some years ago, a poor woman, having left her child (about six months old) in a cradle, while she went to market, a large ferret, which was formerly shy and gentle, made a ferocious attack upon the helpless infant. The neighbours heard the child's screams for more than half an hour; and it was not until the return of the mother, that it was found almost killed. She

carried the child to a surgeon, who found that the face, neck, and arms were dreadfully lacerated, the jugular vein and temporal artery were opened, and the eyes greatly injured. Having stopped the flow of blood, the surgeon accompanied the mother to her home, on entering which, the child, somewhat recovering from its exhausted state, began to cry, and in an instant the ferret rushed from his hiding place, and with his head erect boldly approached towards the infuriated parent, who still had the infant in her arms. The surgeon kicked the ferret, but the animal tried to seize his leg; and not until his back was broken by repeated kicks, did he discontinue his eager attempts to renew his sanguinary feast; and, indeed, whilst in the agonies of death, he seemed to make vain efforts to regain his prey.

"A bargeman, of the name of Isles, procured a ferret to kill the rats which did great mischief in his barge. Not seeing the ferret for a considerable time, and supposing that it was feasting on some of its prey, the man went to sleep, but was awakened early next morning by the ferret making a regular attack upon him. The animal had seized him near his eyebrow; and the man having vainly attempted to shake him off, at length cut off the body with a knife, but the head still stuck so fast as to be with difficulty removed."

#### DESTRUCTION OF RATS.

Dr. Ure has communicated to the Royal Agricultural Society of England, the following results of his experiments on the best mode of preparing phosphorus as a poison for rats:—In the *Journal* of the Royal Agricultural Society, there was published, several months ago, a prescription for preparing a poison for the above purpose, by an English gentleman resident in Germany. That preparation consisted essentially of phosphorus mixed with flour and sugar. It has been tried by a friend of mine in Derbyshire, who has a most extensive farm, and found to answer the purpose well; but there is a great difficulty in preparing it, from the insolubility, and even immiscibility, of phosphorus in water, attended with no little danger of fire. The process I have found to succeed perfectly is as follows:—"Melt lard in a bottle plunged in water heated to about 150 deg. Fah.; introduce into it half an ounce of phosphorus for every pound of lard; then add a pint of proof spirit of whisky: cork the bottle firmly after its contents have been heated to 150 deg., taking it at the same time out of the water-bath, and agitate smartly till the phosphorus becomes uniformly diffused, forming a milky-looking liquid. This mixture being cooled, with occasional agitation at first will afford a white compound of phosphorus and lard, from which the spirit spontaneously separates, and may be poured off to be used again, for none of it enters into the combination; but it merely serves to communicate the phosphorus, and to diffuse it in very fine particles through the lard. This fatty compound, on being warmed very gently, may be poured out into a mixture of wheat-flour and sugar incorporated therewith, and then flavoured with oil of Rhodium, or not, at pleasure. The flavour may be varied with oil of aniseed, &c. This dough, being made into pellets, is to be laid in rat-holes. By its luminousness in the dark, it attracts their notice, and being agreeable to their palates and noses, it is readily eaten, and proves certainly fatal. They soon are seen issuing from their lurking places to seek for water to quench their burning thirst and bowels; and they commonly die near the water. They continue to eat it as long as it is offered to them, without being deterred by the fate of their fellows, as is known to be the case with arsenical doses." My friend in Derbyshire bought a pot of Mr. Meyer's rat-poison, and found it to be an analogous phosphoric preparation. The present mode of preparing it is the result of my own experiments, made with a view of diffusing phosphorus through a mass of flour and sugar, &c., without the risk of fire.

**REWARDING HONESTY.**—A nigger servant, sweeping out a bachelor's room, found a sixpence on the carpet, which he carried to his master. "You may keep it for your honesty," said he. A short time after, he missed his gold pencil-case, and inquired of his servant if he had seen it. "Ees, massa." "And what did you do with it?" "Keep it for 'im honesty, massa!" replied Sambo, exhibiting his ivory. His master exploded.

"Oh, sing, again that melody," as the old woman said to her tea-kettle.

**A DANGEROUS POSITION.**—When Rabelais was on his death-bed, a consultation of physicians was called. "Dear gentlemen," said the wit to the doctors, raising his languid head, "let me die a natural death."

A very corpulent man being accosted by another, to whom he owed money with a "How d'ye do?" answered, "Pretty well, I thank you. You see I hold my own." "Yes," replied the creditor, "and mine too, to my sorrow."

**SHARE GAMBLING.**—The butler of a lady at the West end, with many a hum and a ha, lately requested that she would look out for another, as he was about to retire from "service" altogether. On being pressed for his reason, he said—'Why, ma'am, I have been rayther fortunate in rail-ways: I have made 4,000l.'" "But how could you have made so much?" "Why, ma'am, I dates my letters from your house, and it being a werry swelly situation, I gets my shares; for if they makes inquiries, you know, ma'am, I answers them myself."

#### THE DISAPPOINTED SPONGE TO HIS HOST.

I CALL'D on you, designing  
To stop and take pot-luck,  
On mutton you were dining  
When I expected duck;  
You had no currant jelly;  
Aha! how I was dish'd:  
Your soup was vermicelli;  
I for mock-turtle wish'd.

I for potatoes care not,  
Except they're mash'd or fried;  
And yours, confound you! were not,  
Nor had you greens beside:  
Then you were out of mustard;  
Your tart was fruit, not jam;  
Nor had you any custard,  
Of which so fond I am.

And Cheshire cheese succeeded;  
The proffered plate I wail'd;  
Stilton was what I needed;  
How badly you behaved!  
I hoped to taste your Sherry,  
That fav'rite drink of mine;  
But found, disgusted, very,  
You'd nought but ginger wine.

You've hurt my feelings greatly,  
You have, you have indeed;  
You never, until lately,  
Gave me so poor a feed.  
Oh! keep a better table,  
Or, though 'twill give me pain,  
I never shall be able  
To dine with you again.

**VERY LIKELY.**—"How is your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Squiggs?" "Why, the doctor says as how as if he lives till mornin', he shall have some hopes of him; but if he don't, he is afeard he must give him up."

**SUSPENSION.**—Why was the bridge from Hungerford to Surrey called the Suspension bridge? Because the public was so long kept in suspense upon the subject of its completion.

**THE LATEST CASE.**—The very latest case of modesty is that of a young lady who wore green spectacles, because she objected to looking at gentlemen with her naked eye.

**A HARMLESS THREAT.**—A physician, quarrelling with a neighbour, swore, in a great rage, that some time or other he would be the death of him. "No, doctor," replied the other, "for I shall never send for you."

**TIGHT SHOES.**—Corns are undoubted offspring of tight shoes; and tight shoes the proper punishers of human vanity. If the rules of society require that I should imprison my toes, it does not follow that I should voluntarily force them on the treadmill. The foot of man does not end in a point; its termination is nearly circular. Hence it is plain and obvious, that a pointed shoe will have the effect of forcing the toes into so small a space that one will lie over the other for want of room. By having always worn shoes suited to the form of my foot, I have now at sixty-two the full use of my toes.—*Waterton.*

**POTATOES.**—The *Edinburgh Weekly Register* says, a correspondent from West Lothian informs us, that one row of potatoes, twenty-three yards long, off which he pulled the bloom, produced 13½ lbs. weight more potatoes than any of the rows in which he left the bloom growing.

Why is a dog with a broken leg like a boy at arithmetic? Because he puts down three and carries one.

**SUPERSTITION AMONG COLLIERIES.**—Pitmen consider it unlucky to meet a woman or a pig on their way to work: of course they are on the look-out through the day for some untoward event, when that has been the case. That it always happens so, is more than I can vouch for, but there is no rule without exception.

A correspondent says—"Water has been so very scarce here in Lancashire, that farmers and graziers have been obliged to send their milk to the market genuine in consequence."

**WHAT TO PURCHASE, AND WHERE.**—Buy your penny trumpets of the *Herald*—your flags from the *Standard* (for the *Standard* is likely to flag)—your beer (no matter how small) from the *Tap-Tub*—your images of Cupid, at the office of the *Globe*—your kitchen-stuff from the *Post*—your eclipse (if ever you undertake to make darkness visible) from the *Sun*—your history of the past, from the *Chronicle*—and your news, knowledge, and intelligence of the present, from the *Times*.

"Mother," said a little square-built urchin, about five years old "why don't my teacher make me monitor sometimes? I can lick every boy in my class but one."

"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "did you ever read of the plague in London?" "No, I don't want to read it; it's enough to have a plague in my own house."

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To Professor HOLLOWAY.

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I am, Sir, yours, &c., &c.

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# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 12. FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUG. 9, 1845. THREE HALFPENCE.

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## HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE BATTLE OF ORIBE.

### CHAPTER IV.

TOM BELCHER.

**W**HILE engaged on the bright galaxy of fistic heroes which Bristol produced at the close of the last, and the opening of the present, century, we will take, though a trifle out of the order of strict chronology, the career of Tom BELCHER, many years "Mine Host of the Castle," and the worthy predecessor of the worthy Tom Spring, in that ancient head-quarters of the Fancy. Tom, who still survives in a green old age, first saw the light at Bristol, April 14, 1783. The descent of his family from Slack has already been noticed under the memoir of his brother James; and Tom, though not so pre-eminently successful, by no means disgraced the descent. On his earlier years we need not dwell, and where there is little or no authentic material, we hold nothing in deeper contempt than the system of "gagging" up a parcel of clumsy, apocryphal battles, after the fashion of "Boxiana," some of which never could have taken place.

Tom's first salaam in the ring (which, on this occasion, was forty feet instead of the present twenty-four) was made on the 26th of June, 1804. His opponent, on this occasion, was Jack Warr, son of the celebrated

Bill Warr, and the prize contended for was a subscription purse of fifty guineas, and the battle-ground was Tothill-fields. Warr was much the firmer set and stouter man; but Belcher had the advantage in the reach, and, upon stripping, the odds were rather in favour of Belcher, from the *prestige* of his family name, and the predilection of the amateurs from the school from which he came.

From the pedigree of both of the combatants, great expectations were formed in the sporting world as to their capabilities. It was a good fight, and every round was not only manfully but scientifically contested; the hitting of Warr was desperate, generally directed at the body of his opponent; while Belcher, on the contrary, fought at the head. The successes were alternate, and the betting various; and it was not till after thirty-three minutes had elapsed, and nineteen rounds had taken place, that Warr gave in. He was carried off the ground. Belcher obtained considerable fame by this contest.

Tom was next matched with Bill Ryan, (son of the celebrated Michael Ryan,) on November 31, 1804, for a subscription purse, on Wilsden Green. Belcher had for his second George Maddox, and as bottle-holder Joe Norton; Ryan was attended by Paddington Jones and Dick Whale. The odds were six to four upon Belcher.

## THE FIGHT.

1.—Anxious to commence offensive operations, sparring seemed out of question; hitting and stopping on both sides, the men soon got to work, but closed and fell.

2, 3, 4.—Several good exchanges, but mostly in favour of Ryan.

5.—A better round was never witnessed, nor finer courage displayed; at length, Belcher caught his opponent so severely on the temple as to knock him down. [Seven to four on Belcher.]

16.—For the eleven previous rounds no visible difference was discernible—both the combatants displaying courage and science, entitling them to the character of first-rate boxers. Tom put in a desperate blow over the mouth of his opponent, Ryan, in the return, knocked him down; and took the lead, in superiority of strength, till the

30th.—Belcher was now much exhausted, and he appeared to be contending against nature, but his display of the science was elegant and attractive.

31.—A few hits were exchanged, when Ryan put in a knock-down blow.

32.—Ryan repeated his hit.

33, 34.—Belcher felt the severe effects of his opponent's powers; he was levelled in both these rounds.

37.—Tom, full of heroism, nobly contended for glory; but it was against him, and he fell from weakness.

38.—Belcher put in an appearance, but it was only to be knocked down; upon which some little commotion took place, by the ring being broken, and the friends of Belcher declaring the last blow to be foul. The Umpire, however, decided to the contrary, and Ryan was declared the victor.

O'Donnell, "the Irish hero," fought Tom Belcher for a purse of twenty guineas, on Saturday, August 27, 1865, at Shepperton, Surrey. Considerable science was displayed by Belcher upon this occasion; and O'Donnell showed himself entitled to respectable attention. The Emerald was, however, thoroughly satisfied in fifteen rounds, and Belcher was proclaimed the conqueror.

Tom Belcher, anxious to recover the lost laurel, entered the lists once more with his late opponent, Bill Ryan, on June 4, 1866, near Chertsey, Surrey, for twenty-five guineas a side. Belcher had Tom Blake for his second; and Ryan was attended by George Maddox. The odds were considerably in favour of Ryan. The battle lasted fifty minutes, during which time twenty-nine rounds were spiritedly contested, but at the close Belcher was declared the conqueror, his opponent being heavily punished.

On February 8, 1866, Tom Belcher fought Dutch Sam, in whose memoir, which will form the fifth chapter in the present division, the detail of the battle will be found. Belcher's second contest with Dutch Sam, on July 28, 1867, which was declared a drawn battle, will also be found in Sam's career; in which also see Tom's third and last contest with his terrific opponent, August 21, 1867.

On April 14, 1868, Belcher fought Dogherty, in a twenty-one first roped ring, upon Epsom Downs, near the Rubbing House. Dogherty was seconded by Cropley, and had for his bottle-holder Dick Hall; Belcher was attended by Mendon and Clarke. Odds six to four on Belcher.

## THE FIGHT.

1.—Above a minute transpired before any blows were exchanged, both sparing to obtain the advantage. Belcher stopped his opponent's attempts with great neatness—a rally took place, when they closed, but broke away. Some trifling hits took place, they again closed, and Dogherty threw Belcher.

2.—Belcher stopped a terrible left-hander which Dogherty aimed at his head; the latter rushed in, but Belcher hit him off his legs.

3.—Skill and courage by no means deficient on either side: Dogherty tried to bustle his man, but Belcher was cool and prepared, he stopped his plunges, and put in some severe blows on Dogherty's face, who terminated the round by throwing Tom.

4.—The skill of both men was conspicuous in this round; but Belcher had the best of it. Dogherty received a tremendous fencer in endeavouring to plant a hit, and Belcher in settled in fine style: Dogherty convinced the spectators that he was no novice, by his dexterity in stopping—yet Tom, following his opponent round the ring, punished his head most terribly, and brought him down by a blow under the jaw. [Three to one on Belcher.]

5.—Belcher, with uncommon dexterity, broke through Dogherty's guard, and with his left hand planted a most dreadful blow in his throat, which so completely confused him, that he repeated the hit three times before Dogherty could recover himself, when they closed and fell.

6.—Belcher upon setting to dropped his opponent from the first two blows.

7.—Dogherty's efforts were completely scientific, and he stopped Belcher's blows with great neatness; nevertheless Belcher rallied him down.

8.—Belcher had enough to do in warding off the well-aimed hits of his adversary—who now went in full of impetuosity, yet not without science; in closing, Tom was thrown upon the ropes by Dogherty, and to all appearance, without difficulty.

9.—Several good blows were exchanged—but Belcher was not seen to so much advantage in this round; and in closing, Belcher fell underneath.

10.—Belcher, rather cautious, retreated; when Dogherty, coming living something might be gained by following him, put in two good hits; but, in closing the round, Dogherty was thrown.

11.—Belcher put in two fencers, when both the combatants fell out of the ring.

12.—Dogherty was again thrown; previously to which Belcher planted two good hits.

13.—Dogherty, full of pluck, rattled in, but Tom threw him with considerable force.

14.—Tom, evidently superior in this round, rendered the bustling of Dogherty unavailing, and again threw him violently.

15.—The game of Dogherty claimed admiration, his appearance commiseration—his head was terrible, and his strength was nearly exhausted, nevertheless he still forced the fighting; but his blows were of no effect, and he fell beneath the superiority of his opponent.

16 and 17.—In both these rounds the exhaustion of Dogherty was visible, and, to the honour of Belcher be it recorded, he declined taking any more advantage than was necessary to insure his contest. Such humanity ought not to be forgotten.

18 and 19.—Dogherty's spirits were good, but his stamina was departed—his blows did not tell, although he still stopped with considerable science. Belcher kept the lead in fine style; in closing both men fell.

24.—Up to this round it was evident that Tom must win; but his brave opponent was determined to try every effort while the least chance remained of success. Tom put in three desperate fencers, and followed them by so severe a body-blow that Dogherty fell quite bent and exhausted.

25—33.—Dogherty, still determined, contended for eight more rounds, but was nothing more than a mere object of punishment to his opponent, who continually hit him down, with ease; this could not last long, and in the 33rd round, at the end of forty-five minutes' sharp fighting, Belcher was declared the conqueror, who, upon hearing the welcome sound, threw a somerset.

Cropley now entered the lists with Tom Belcher, for a subscription purse of fifty guineas, on October 25, 1866, at Moulsey Hurst, in a thirty-foot roped ring. Cropley was seconded by Tom Jones; Dick Hall acted as his bottle-holder; and Belcher was waited on by Mendon and Dutch Sam. The combatants were looked upon as well matched, and considerable expectation of a fine display of the art was entertained. The odds upon setting to were in favour of Belcher. During a contest of thirty-four rounds, which occupied fifty-six minutes—and it is but justice to observe that a more real scientific fight was never seen—Cropley proved himself an excellent boxer, and possessed of undeniable game; but his attitude was bad; and his defeat was principally attributed to a knock of bringing his head too forward when putting in his blows. Belcher saw this advantage, and accepting the present thus made him, punished his face so dreadfully, that in the latter part of the battle Cropley was no longer recognizable. Tom's blows however seem to have been rather more showy than effective, for it was with the utmost difficulty that Cropley was persuaded to give in; and he was still steady and strong.

One FARNBROUGH, who rested his pretensions upon his game, had the temerity to fight Tom Belcher, on Epsom race-ground, in a thirty-foot ring, on February 1, 1866. He proved a mere pretender; and after the first round, Belcher treated him with the most perfect sang froid. In the course of twenty minutes, he so completely polished him off that Farnborough was glad to cry "enough," while Belcher was scarcely touched.

(To be continued.)

## ANTIQUITY OF HORSE-RACING.

The following extracts from "Mortimer's History of Wirral," may perhaps be interesting as an addition to your article last week upon "The Antiquity of English Horse-racing." It is taken from a work printed for private circulation, which, therefore, may not have reached you, and it occurs in the description of Leasowe Castle, the residence of the Hon. Sir Edward Cant—Yeats, &c.

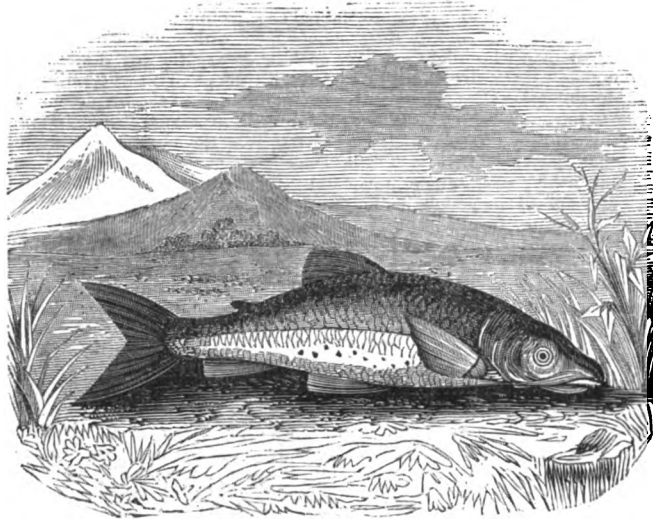
Wallasey, Cheshire, July 13, 1845.

BUCEPHALUS.

"In the drawing room is, among other valuable pictures, a very ancient one of a horse-race that occurred here in the days of James I., including portraits of that monarch and his sons sharing in the sport, in which also a buxom lady, in a carriage driven by servants in the royal livery, participates. The Wallasey Leasowe is probably the oldest gentleman's race-course in the kingdom, being noticed by Webb as existing in the early part of the seventeenth century. The races at the Rood-eye, at Chester, or at Smithfield, and other places, were comparatively the sports of a mere fair, and could offer no rivalry to the aristocratic amusements of the Leasowe course, which in 1633, had rather an illustrious jockey, in the person of the famous Duke of Monmouth. Attended by a great retinue of gentry, the duke was on a tour, courting popularity in the western counties. At Chester he condescended to become sponsor to the daughter of the mayor of that city, and, amid the festivities attendant on that event, hearing that the principal families of the country had assembled at the Wallasey Races, he went thither and rode himself, which he won, and presented the prize to his infant god-daughter.

"In addition to the high antiquity and noble jockeyship of the Leasowe Race-course, it also claims to have once offered the highest prize in the kingdom; for, in 1721, the great families of the west entered into an agreement to subscribe liberally for a Sweepstakes, to be run for ten seasons on this course. In conformity with this arrangement the Grosvenors, Stanleys, Cholmondeleys, Egertons, Wynnes, and some others, subscribed twenty guineas each annually, and undertook that their own horses should be brought to contest the stakes. The last of these races occurred in 1732; they were then removed to Newmarket, where, for many years, the 'Wallasey Stake' formed a leading prize, but the Leasowe continued to be a trial or training course until the middle of the last century. An old building in the village of Wallasey, said to have been the Grosvenor Stable yet exists, on the doors of which the horses' plates remained until the last three or four years."

## THE FISHER'S CREEL.



THE CHAR.

**EST** the account of this beautiful fish, given in the last number in the article on Windermere and Char-fishing, should be deemed incomplete without a figure of the CHAR itself, we have procured an engraving of that fish, from a faithful drawing made by a Lancashire friend, which we trust will be an acceptable addition to the Series of British Fishes, which the numbers of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE will, in time, render perfect. With these few words we proceed to figure and give directions for dressing a few flies for the season.

## FLIES FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

1. *The Ant Fly*.—This little insect is the female of several sorts of ants. It is a taking fly for grayling, as well as good sized perch, and if made small, the bleak. We give both the natural and artificial fly. The body is dubbed with blackish brown cow's hair, whipped with silk of the same colour; the wings from the feathers of a hen or landrail.



Ant fly: a, natural: b, artificial.

2. *The Gold Spinner*.—This fly appears about the middle of June and is well on until the end of August. Wings from a starling's feather, the body of orange silk, ribbed with gold twist; the legs of a red purple. It is a good fly for dull water and gloomy days.



3. *The Willow Fly*.—This fly appears about the end of August, and will be found to kill well until the close of the season. The wings are made of a dark grizzled cock's hackle, and the body of blue squirrels' fur, mixed with yellow mohair.

4. *The Whirling Blue*.—This fly appears about the beginning of August, and is in for the remainder of the season. The wings are made of the feather of a swallow, the body of pale blue fur mixed with yellow mohair, and a pale blue hackle for the legs.

## NIGHT FLY-FISHING.

**NE**ed hardly observe that the night feeding habits of fish may, in a great measure account for their capricious appetites during the day. And this is more especially the case with the larger and older trout; who lie upon the feed near the top of the water in dark nights, "watching," as Isaac says, the motion of any frog, rat, or watermouse, that swims betwixt him and the sky. It is to this habit that night fly-fishing owes its success." We cannot here resist, instead of transcribing the facts in our own language, giving the passage from Thomas "Barker's

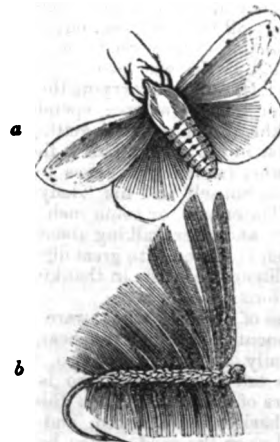
Delight," (published in 1651, two years before the first appearance of Walton's Angler.) which contains the marrow of all that can be said on night-fishing.

"My lord sent to me at sun-going-down, to provide him a good dish of Trouts against the next morning, by six o'clock. I went to the door to see how the wanes of the air were likely to prove. I returned answer, that I doubted not, God willing, but to be provided at the time appointed. I went presently to the river, and it proved very dark: I threw out a line of three silks and three hairs twisted, for the uppermost part; and a line of two hairs and two silks twisted, for the lower part—with a good large hook. I baited my hook with two Lob-worms, the four ends hanging as meet as I could guess them in the dark. I fell to angle. It proved very dark, so that I had good sport; angling with the Lob-worms as I do with the flies, on the top of the water:—You will hear the fish rise at the top of the water; then, you must loose a slack line down to the bottom as nigh as you can guess; then hold your line straight, feeling the fish bite; give time, there is no doubt of losing the fish, for there is not one amongst twenty but doth gorge the bait: the least stroke you can strike fastens the hook, and makes the fish sure; letting the fish take a turn or two, you may take him up with your hands. The night began to alter and grow somewhat lighter; I took off the Lob-worms, and set to my rod a white Palmer-fly made of a large hook; I had good sport for the time, until it grew lighter; so I took off the white Palmer, and set to a red Palmer, made of a large hook: I had good sport until it grew very light: then I took off the red Palmer, and set to a black Palmer; I had good sport, and made up the dish of fish. So I put up my tackles, and was with my lord at his time appointed for the service.

"These three flies, with the help of the Lob-worms, serve to angle all the year for the night; observing the times (as I have shewed you,) in this nightwork; the white fly for darkness, the red fly *in medio*, and the black fly for lightness. This is the true experience for angling in the night, which is the surest angling of all, and killeth the greatest Trouts. Your lines may be strong, but must not be longer than your rod.

"Now, having taken a good dish of Trouts, I presented them to my lord. He having provided good company, commanded me to turn cook, and dress them for dinner."

This passage will show better than any precepts how right angling should be practised. The flies should be large and light-coloured, and the more clumsily they are dressed the better. I would always recommend a live caddis worm, or the body of some natural fly, to be put on the hook at the same time.



"Moth" or "Owl fly." a, natural. b, artificial.

The flies are usually termed "Owl" or "moth" flies, and the body may be dubbed with light bear's hair or any whitish fur, or white ostrich herl; the wings from the feathers of a white owl, or of a tawny owl; the hackle from a white or a pale yellow cock.

"These flies," says Taylor, "are most killing in warm, gloomy nights, after hot days; and when you angle this way, let out your line to be but a little longer than the rod. You may hear the fish rise as in the day time, and feel them when they take."

**FILING A BILL**.—A solicitor, who was remarkable for the length and sharpness of his nose, once told a lady that if she did not immediately settle an affair in dispute, he would file a bill against her. "Indeed, sir," said the lady, "there is no necessity for you to file your bill, it is sharp enough already."

**—TRAINED ANIMALS**.—A correspondent raises the question as to whether the pigs, sheep, and horses sent up to London by rail, may with propriety be considered as trained animals; and if the oil used to diminish the friction of the engines, &c., can be any other than train oil? And also, if civil engineers would not counteract any unpleasant occurrences upon cross lines?



## A SUNDAY IN LONDON.;



THE streets of London always present an aspect of quietness and desolation early in the morning, but on this day particularly so. All is still, save and except now and then, when the steps of the distant policeman are heard breaking with their echoes the death-like silence of the streets, or when a party of young "brother Bobs" pass by, carrying "shoulder arms" fashion, formidable apparatus, intended for the capture of roach and gudgeon, and baskets filled with provisions for the day, provided over night by their anxious mammas, who have the knowledge that they are out. Now and then some bacchanalian who has been offering at the shrine of his favourite, passes along, roaring out,

"We won't go home till morning,  
Till daylight does appear,"

with stentorian lungs, thereby much disturbing the peace of her Majesty's liege subjects; but as A. 91 is on the watch for the female cook at no 17, he lets him pass on.

The coffee stalls that on week days are patronised by artisans, have no business on this day, as the said artisans lie in bed for an hour or two longer than is their wont; at half-past seven the day may be fairly said to commence. The shrill voice of the vender of water-cresses is now heard; the milk-woman is going her rounds, she is a stout, rosy-cheeked, good-humoured Irishwoman, with a passing joke for the policeman; and for the servant-girl, an inquiry into the state of health of her "young man;" and gives sage advice to the maid-of-all-work at No. 10½, who disgusted at being brought to an account about a shoulder of mutton that only appeared once at table, resolves "to give that missis of hers warning (as she hates such stingy ways) this blessed day!"

The chimneys now begin to smoke, and the chandlers' shops in the poor localities open one by one. Down the narrow courts and alleys, windows are thrown open to let the chimney draw; and a confused mass of sounds composed of the rattle of cups and saucers, and the screams of little urchins who are undergoing involuntary ablutions. In a short time mothers are deep in the mysteries of making pies, while eldest daughters are ditto concerning the stuffing of legs of pork and peeling potatoes; and the fathers, after being knocked about by everybody, and made complete tools of—having been alternately set to hold the baby, pare apples, and sharpen knives—indignantly retire to the street door, where with their coats off and in very white shirt and trousers, smoke their pipes and peruse the "SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE," which they purchased "out and out" on the preceding night.

During the hours of morning service, the streets are as empty as in the early part of the morning; all those who set out for a walk before dinner form but a limited proportion to those that "go out for the day;" these generally consist of small parties who go down by rail or steamboat to that place of cockey resort, Greenwich, carrying their dinner in a big bellied basket, picnic-ing it under a chestnut tree, spending their afternoon in riding donkeys on Blackheath, or perhaps getting up along with some other party a game at kists in the ring. This is the time also chosen by the young shopkeeper, who, (shutting his eyes to the expense,) hires a gig for the day, and trusts himself and his "lady-love" with a drive to Harrow, Richmond, or Tottenham, or some such favoured place, where they dine at an ordinary; and after walking about in the neighbourhood, return at six to tea, which is served with great dignity by the young lady, whose great point of politeness consists in thanking the waiter separately for every service he performs.

There is another class of persons, who, aware of the fact that simple and economical amusements are often the best, both for pocket and pleasure, carry their family, and a friend or two, to Epping Forest in a taxed cart drawn by a tall bony horse, who is generally supposed to possess unlimited powers of *drawing*. When this party has arrived at its destination, a large basket is unpacked, and a cloth spread on the ground, and they all fall upon the good things before them with hearty appetites and merry laughter. After dinner a fire is made with dry sticks, and a small kettle of water is put on, which serves the double purpose of preparing the old gentleman's grog and making tea for the ladies and their intendeds. In the meantime the young ones stroll about, arm-in-arm, gathering wild flowers, and the old folks sit down together and talk of things that have been. Others, with their dinner in a handkerchief, repair to Hampton Court by means of a pleasure-van. Perfect magazines of fun are these pleasure-vans. Many an acquaintance begins in them which is destined to reach its climax at Hymen's union office. These pleasers look down with a sort of superiority on pedestrians, and many are the jokes and repartees bandied between the two as they pass.

Well, as has been said, it is eleven o'clock. The main streets that lead out of town are thronged with pleasure-seekers, and Mrs. Smith, having resisted for some time the importunities of the children for a fruit pie, to their great delight at length gives in, and hurries out for the necessary components, albeit with many misgivings in her mind, when she considers the quantity of sugar that will be necessary to make them palatable. Good managers, as they style themselves, put off the buying of their Sunday meat to this moment, in the hope that the butcher will sell it a half-penny a pound cheaper rather than keep it till the next day; but they

meet with the fate of most very good managers, and are often obliged to put up now with what they would have rejected last night. Little boys, with their jackets off, carry earthen dishes containing shoulders of mutton, with potatoes under them, to the baker's, feeling all the way in a state of nervous trepidation lest they should meet with some strong and unscrupulous man who might not have such a dainty for his dinner. Behind comes a little girl who is intrusted with the pie, and who, on her return home, gives her mamma an account of what all the neighbours are going to have for dinner. It is astonishing how penetrating girls are, especially if they are the eldest in the family. Boys neither know nor care about anything that is not in some way or other connected with marbles or leap-frog, but we never knew a little girl who did not know the names of all the people in the street, and more of their affairs than could be gleaned from any other source.

The church-bells are now ringing, well-dressed people are walking along with a quiet and serious air, carrying prayer-books in their hands, and making Mrs. Smith wish that she had done all her marketing on Saturday evening, so that she might not have been seen before she had "cleaned" herself. The shops are all shut, and in a quarter of an hour the streets are comparatively empty. The cabman, despairing of a fare for the next two hours, collect in groups opposite the coach-stand, and regale themselves with the feast of reason and the flow of soul, in lieu of better things; the public-houses, being rigidly closed until one o'clock, except—but we are no informers; while in St. Giles's and Seven Dials, Irishmen, dressed in blue coats with brass buttons, lean against posts, or, seated in rows on the kerb-stone, smoke in a state of apathy, occasionally addressing some monosyllabic observation to one another, which is answered with a grunt of assent.

It is one o'clock, and Mrs. Smith is dressed, and nursing the baby; and Mr. Smith, having finished his second pipe, and read the "SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE" through, advertisements and all, is indignant because he cannot think of anything to grumble at except the heat of the weather. The younger branches of the family individually seated on a chair, in order to preserve their muslin frocks and white trousers; but which, however, they are constantly leaving, in order to look if the people have come out of church, keeping their mother actively employed in reseating them. At last, however, the streets begin to fill. The clock strikes one, and out the young Smiths rush to the baker's, without stopping for bonnets or hats. If they did not get there before anybody else, who knows that somebody might not make a mistake and take away their pie? Such things have happened before, and it is a remarkable fact that the person who makes the exchange has always the best of it. However, on this occasion it is all right. The pork is well done, and is encased in a coating of such delicious crackling; the potatoes are nicely brown, and soaking in fat; and as for the pie, it is the *mutton in parvo* of the baking art. It is a fine sight, too, to see the stout woman handing the dishes over the counter, and receiving the money with an air of cool unconcern, as if a gooseberry pie were a mere every-day occurrence. During the time the dinner has been sent for, Mr. Smith has brought a pot of porter from the public-house at the corner, stopping every minute to drink a mouthful lest it should spill. On reaching home, he finds that his wife has laid the cloth with scrupulous neatness, bringing out to advantage the imitation ebony cruet frame that they have had ever since their marriage, and the best knives and forks, which had been a present from mother. The cloth is laid, too, on their best table, a small, round, unsteady, and somewhat dissipated-looking article, made of walnut tree. It is certainly rather a hard squeeze, but the other table will not do for Sunday; and Mrs. Smith takes the youngest boy on her lap, and Mr. Smith one of the little girls, and thus they all manage, somehow or other, to get within reach of the dainties.

The dinner is over, the things are put away, and everybody is dressed, and anxious to go out. So Mr. Smith goes for the children's "shay" from the back yard, and with great difficulty lugs it up the narrow steps, looking very red, and feeling very wrathful from his having whitened his best coat against the wall, and received a blow on the shins from the handle of the chaise. However, he cools down when three of the younger children are placed in the vehicle, and the party at length set out, three other children walking behind with his wife and the baby, while he himself draws the chaise, wrapped up in the enjoyment of a new clay pipe, which he had hid away over the clock, to be out of the reach of the juveniles. Through the streets they go, Mrs. Smith screaming out every moment to the children to get out of the way of the carriages; and herself, by way of setting a good example, running every now and then under the horses' heads, as is the usual custom with all timid ladies. They cross the New Road, down which crowds of people are making for Regent's Park, to sit down on benches or on the grass, or form a circle round one or other of the many peripatetic methodist preachers who there gratuitously hold forth; and perhaps after that to make a pilgrimage to Primrose Hill.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SCOTCH BULL.—At a benefit in Edinburgh, not long since, the play-bill stated, that the evening's entertainment would conclude with an *interlude*.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

- "SEVERENDROOG."—The height of St. Paul's is 386 feet, of St. Peter's at Rome, 432 feet. The length of the former 500 feet, the latter 653 feet.
- "A. FANCINIA."—The food of the Mistle-thrush, when wild, is insects and earth-worms, which it finds in abundance in fields and swamps during the spring and summer; in autumn and winter berries of all sorts make a great addition. In confinement it is not dainty. The universal paste, which you will find given in a former number, are very well liked, but it will put up with plain oatmeal, or even bran moistened with water. It is thus that our bird-fanciers feed it throughout the year, as well as many other large birds caught in traps, which they are obliged to keep as a lure for the snare. It is true, that if this meagre diet is sufficient to keep it alive, it will hardly serve to enliven it and make it sing; for this purpose it must be better fed, with bread and milk, meat, and other dishes served at table, none of which it refuses; and it must also be allowed to bathe, since nothing does it more good, or enlivens it so much.
- POOL.—A B and C play pool. C is striking (his stroke) B's ball holes A's in the centre pocket, and B's by the same stroke also goes in. Do A and B both lose a life?—They both lose a life to C.
- "BURNS."—Chelms.—A publican is liable to be fined if he allows billiard playing in his house for money, but not for amusement. There is no license for billiard-tables.
- R. BURNHAM.—If a coat, however, in delivering cash on my premises, should break a pane of glass, he is answerable for payment. The master must be applied to for the amount of the damage, he is answerable in law for his servant.
- "W. T. LONCH."—We have no recollection of the race alluded to.
- "N. R. L."—Metallic ran 180 yards in nine seconds.
- "B. C. C."—The duty on newspapers was reduced to its present rate on the 15th Sept., 1836, by the act 6th and 7th William IV., cap. 76.
- S. BURNHAM, Manchester.—Left feet a little in advance, shoulders squared, left hand a little in advance, and well up, right hand up, and ready to stop, both hands below chin. The new rules of the Ring are in "Fistiana," why should we copy them? Buy the book. You say, in one part of your letter, that "you don't mind a little expense, provided," &c.: prove it by expending a trifle on that work; in giving which advice we never had, nor ever shall have, the slightest pecuniary interest. But to ask us to accept it placemal in our columns is shabby on your part and insulting to us.—*John Ward bought Stamen Byrne July 12, 1881.*
- "E. R. D."—Thistlewood, the Calo-street conspirator, was executed at the regular place of execution in the Old Bailey, opposite the Debenhams.
- "A. THAMES ANGLER."—The gudgeon has been stated by many, who have written merely from a local knowledge of the few streams they have been acquainted with, to be found in almost every stream in the kingdom. This is perfectly erroneous; he is not to be found in one-third of the streams inhabited by fresh-water fish. In some parts of the midland counties they are very plentiful; in the north they are rarely to be found; but the greatest quantity I ever met with is in a river that runs through Frome, in Somersetshire. The keepers get them for their masters' tables with casting nets when they find a shoal; and they are used, when snails cannot be procured, as garnish for serving up turbot and other fish.
- A. J. LLOYD, Hereford.—Could you favour me with the meaning of the word "Entire," as placed after the name of brewers—as "Barclay, Perkins, and Co's Entire"?—Before 1730 the malt liquors in general use in London were called ale, beer, and a drink called twopenny. It was then customary to call for a pint or tankard of half and half, i. e., half of ale and half of beer, or half of ale and half of twopenny. In course of time it also became the practice to call for a pint or tankard of three-thirds, meaning a third of each, ale, beer, and twopenny, and thus the public had the trouble to go to three casks, and turn three casks for a pint of liquor. To avoid this inconvenience and waste, a brewer of the name of Harwood conceived the idea of making a liquor which should partake of the united flavours of ale, beer, and twopenny, he did so, and succeeded, calling it entire, or entire butt, meaning that it was drawn entirely from one cask or butt, and as it was very hearty and nourishing liquor, and supposed to be very suitable for porters and other working people, it obtained the name of porter.
- "R." Islington.—A heifer does not, properly speaking, become a cow until she attains her third year, although in common parlance she is called a cow on having her first calf.
- "HALIFU."—Apply to Mr. Little, of Fetter-lane. It is a paltry objection to take, and your friend don't deserve the name.
- "E. G. B."—Birmingham was first, and Priam second, for the Doncaster St. Leger, 1880. We gave the "Winnies" of the Derby a few weeks since.
- "LAWLACE."—R. Johnson rode Beswing for the St. Leger.
- "S. P."—Putting aside the p.p. rule, the odds alone (20 to 1) would make this a bet; the lawyer wins.
- CHUCKER.—NEMO asks us whether an umpire has not a right to destroy any bat that he may find to exceed the given proportions?—We should say that such an act would be clearly unjustifiable, and a decided violation of the rights of property. He asserts a proper exercise of power in preventing such a bat being played with, but in doing so he goes to the extent of his acknowledged duty.
- I. O. B.—The Players beat the Gentlemen last season by 36 runs. Martin did not play on that occasion.
- W. S. (Durham).—You had better apply to Caldecourt, at 1, Townsend-road, St. John's Wood; W. Burden is now at Sherbourne, in Dorsetshire, and Stalbridge, in the same county.
- QUEENIST.—The Earl of Winterton is a member of the Petworth Club, as is also E. Napper, Esq.—D. is out for having left his wicket. He should not have retired until the umpire had given his decision.
- G. L. R.—Continued and painful illness has alone caused the temporary discontinuance of "Hints to Cricketers," by NED RUS, who soon hopes to resume his duties in a description of "A DAY AT LORDS," embracing the progress of a crack match, with descriptions of the most celebrated players.
- M. complains that a match in which he played was described in *Bell's Life* as a "gentlemanly one." If he drops a line to that effect to the talented Editor of that Levithan of Sporting Journals, he will doubtless avoid falling into a similar error in future. We should have deemed it a compliment, but there is no accounting for taste.
- G. G.—Get a practised bowler to give them all to the leg, which he can mostly do; or, better still, practice to a catapults, which can be so managed as to give any number of any description of balls you may require without any difficulty or trouble.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

## AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND earnest.

- SUNDAY, Aug. 3rd.—ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.—Borough and county lists of voters must be affixed to Church doors.—Mr. Green makes his first nestural ascent, 1836. He rises in the middle of the night, "wishing to be up with the lark."
- MONDAY, 4th.—Blackley Races.
- TUESDAY, 5th.—Banbury Races.—Newport Races.—The oyster season begins.—The Duke of York born, 1844.—The Bishop of London takes a special train to Slough, at 7 o'clock in the evening, to be present at the important event, but lo! he met "the Duke" and some other nob coming back, who chaffed him awfully, at being too late for the "royal mate!"—This joke is bad enough for royalty itself.
- WEDNESDAY, 6th.—Harwich Races.—Brighton Races.—Aberystwith and Great Marlow ditto.—The Members of Lincoln's Inn resolve on building a new Hall, 1842.—i. e., the Lawyers being determined to have another haul—out of the pockets of their clients.—Ben Jonson died, 1637.
- THURSDAY, 7th.—Edgware Races.—Beeches Races.—Dr. Lamb, aged 80, says the *Morning Herald*, has himself always abstained from meat, and brought up a numerous family on vegetable diet.—Ha, we see how this is: *Lamb and greens* agree well.—Queen Caroline died, 1821.
- FRIDAY, 8th.—Marshal Ney shot, 1815.—The Nabob of Surat visits the Court of Chancery, 1842; he does not stay there long. A good thing too, says Joey Hume, for if he had, he would certainly have had *nae bob* left.

SATURDAY, 9th.—Annual shower of meteors observed on the night between the 8th and 10th of August.—The last remaining Stocks in London removed from Portugal-street, 1830;—and several puffing linen-drappers have been selling off at "a tremendous sacrifice" ever since.—Accession of Louis Philippe to the French Throne, 1830.—Isaac Walton, the author of the "Complete Angler," and various admirable biographies, born 1693.—Lord Rosse completes polishing the large lens of his telescope, 1843.—Great commotion among the "skiey influences;" Venus consults her looking-glass; Mars blackleads his moustaches; the Milky Way is mopped down; Jupiter polishes his belts; Saturn rubs up his rings, and the Man in the Moon washes his poodle and mends his last quarter's rent in his smalls, expecting to be seen by a large company of very inquisitive people.

## THE MOON IN AUGUST.

New Moon, 3rd	...	...	...	7	24 morn.
First Quarter, 10th	...	...	...	10	40 morn.
Full Moon, 17th	...	...	...	1	16 aft.
Last Quarter, 25th	...	...	...	6	27 aft.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

## High water at London Bridge.

	morn.	aft.		morn.	aft.
Sunday, Aug. 3d	2 11	2 28	Thursday, 7th	4 30	4 30
Monday, 4th	2 47	3 2	Friday, 8th	4 55	5 11
Tuesday, 5th	3 18	3 35	Saturday 9th	5 29	5 49
Wednesday, 6th	3 49	4 5			

## NOTICE:

\* \* SEVERAL letters having been delayed from being directed either to the Publisher or the Printer (and in one instance to a vendor) of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, the Editor begs to notify that all communications must be addressed to him at the OFFICE, 42, Holywell-street, Strand.—July 12, 1845.

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 9, 1845.

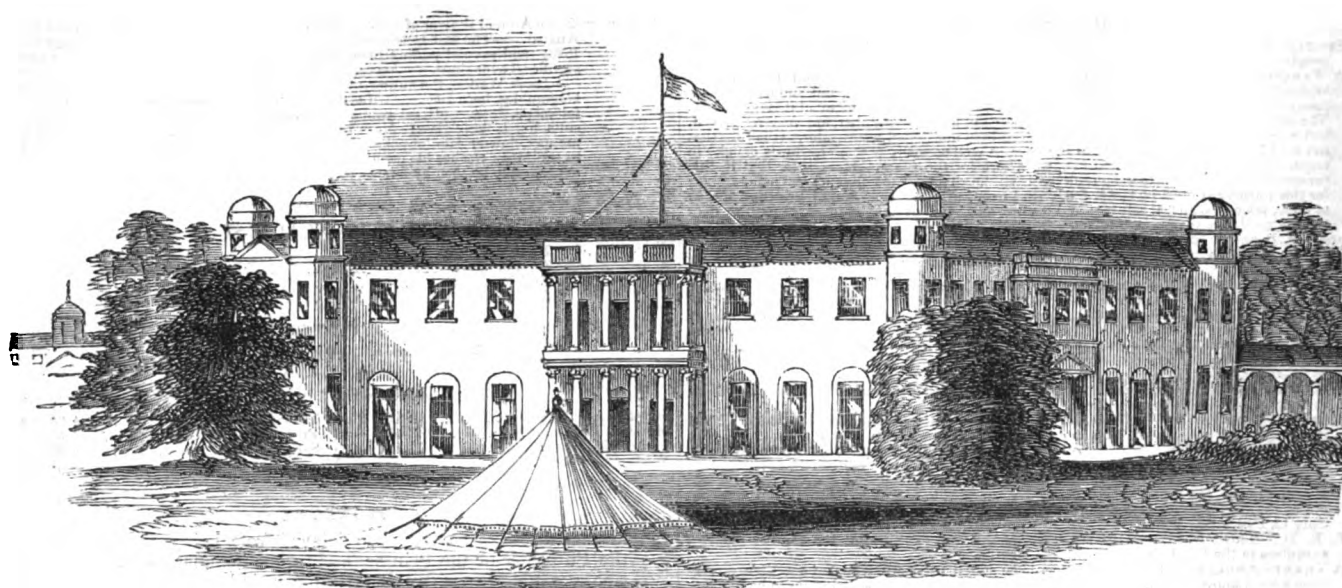
## GOODWOOD.

RIGHT well do we remember when it was only by a journey of weary length and dreary tedium, that the dwellers in "great Babylon," could reach the lovely plain and bosky groves of Goodwood, but now among the latest additions to London suburbs, we may enumerate the lovely domain of Richmond's Duke.

Railroads have made Goodwood as practicable a racing locality as Epsom or Ascot. Shortly it will be quite so. Indeed, we opine that ere long, a whisk off to Saturn and Jupiter with the speed of their own transits, will be quite a matter of course, unless the mere fitness of this atmosphere to our lungs should induce us to remain within it till we discover the means of carrying it with us. Yet that mortal had been indeed ungrateful who, locally placed as ourselves, had desired any other abode than his own planet on the days of the unequalled Goodwood meeting. Never sun beamed more brightly than that which disclosed the beauties of art and nature on the table-land of gorgeous beauty, ycleped the race-course, as we surmounted the summit of the mountain whereon it stands (which we did just as the coursers were preparing to run for "the Craven")—the effect of the coup d'œil was unique in the calendar of sights. The extent of the prospect alone was worth much; the country now clothed in its richest luxuriance, the bold winding and circular sweep of the coast of the Isle of Wight traced like a map at our feet, the noble domain of the Lennox within our more immediate ken, these claimed at first much of our admiration. The brilliant racing, the show of the best horses in the world, the splendid equipages, the rank and wealth abounding, and the galaxy of beauty displayed in the Grand Stand, soon fixed it within the arena of this the most peculiar and picturesque race-course in England.

"If anything be set to a wrong taste  
'Tis not the meat here, but the month's displaced;  
Remove but that sick palate, all is well."

The selection of a view of the mansion of the Duke of Richmond, as an embellishment to this week's number, we take to be a "cut in season," inasmuch as we herewith give the winner of "the Cup," known as "the Goodwood" par excellence. Being only run for on the Thursday we have been tied for time, and are therefore prevented from adding to our engravings the trophy itself, of which and the Chesterfield Cup, we will anon present their delineations. But to return to our subject, of which, in the next page, is an accurate view from a sketch made on the spot, (including an outline of the stables on the left of the mansion,) is situated in the midst of a noble domain in Sussex, within twenty-one miles of the Fareham Station, on the South Western Railway, and nearly equidistant from that of Shoreham, on the Brighton line. The emulation of the rival lines, (one of which only was open in 1843), produced this year the usual public advantages of competition, by dividing the stream, or rather



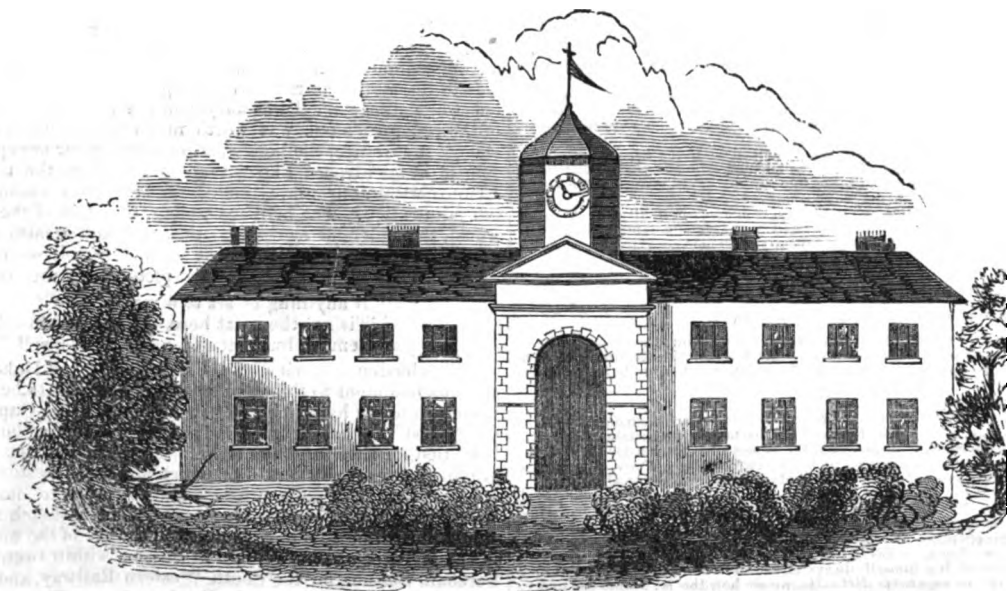
GOODWOOD, SUSSEX, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

torrent of visitors, and also procuring increased accommodation for the visitors to this right princely festival. It is but just to state, that the directors of the railways liberally stepped forward, by starting special trains at such hours as the public would find most convenient for going or returning, and offering encouragement to coach proprietors, to place conveyances on the road from the station to the course, by conveying for next to nothing, horses and vehicles for that purpose.

Postmasters, and the owners of provincial conveyances quickly foresaw the value of these arrangements, and thus a regular line of communication was established productive of the best consequences to all parties, and which, in future years, will no doubt be more systematically matured. On Sunday a number of public carriages and horses were transferred to Fareham, and on Monday the bustle commenced—trains of immense extent were quickly filled—that at eleven o'clock consisted of 36 first-class carriages, with a large proportion of private drags and horses, was so unusually heavy, that although three engines were employed, it was nearly an hour and a-half behind time at Fareham, but from the facilities there prepared, no time was lost in getting on. The one o'clock train was equally full; and here again no difficulty was felt in obtaining vehicles to proceed to Chichester, at which the arrivals were never more numerous. Bognor was completely thronged, and all the hamlets and villages in the neighbourhood overflowed, while the active exertions of the postmasters in all directions were scarcely sufficient to meet the calls on them.

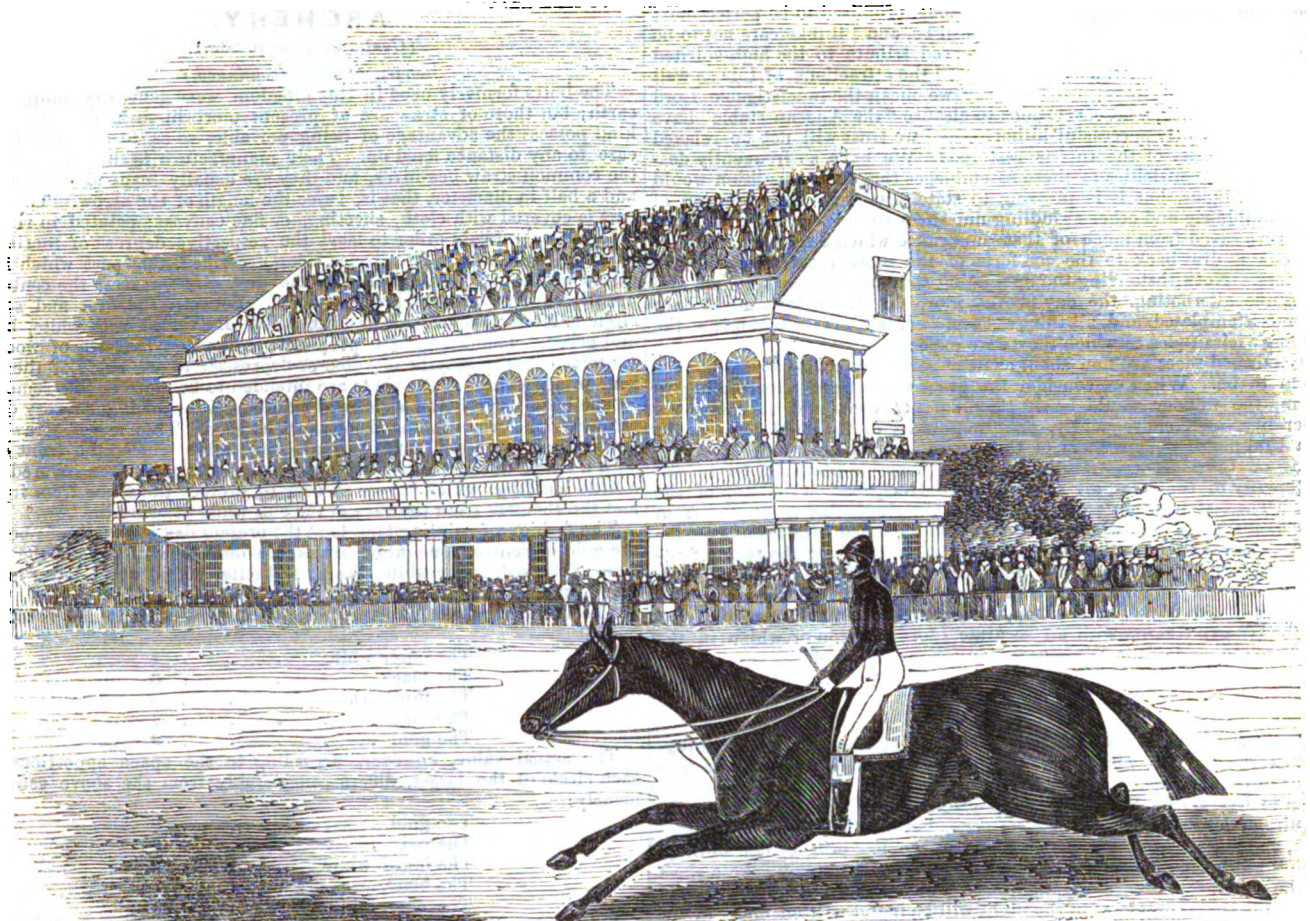
We will now turn from the demesne to the owner and originator of this important gathering on the Sussex shore, the Duke of Richmond, whose "royal" liberality (for barring the bar-sinister he is of royal blood,) gladdened the visitors of Goodwood, during the past week. Charles Gordon Lennox, Duke of Richmond, is descended from King Charles the Second, being the son of the "Merry Monarch," (a name in celebrity since last Epsom, but defeated on this very turf at this very meeting), by Louise de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth. His grace has ten children. He is Duke of Richmond, in England, Duke of Lennox, in Scotland, and Duc d'Aubigny, in France; the French title was conferred on the fair Duchess of Portsmouth, with succession to her male heirs, by Louis XIV., in 1684, and was confirmed and registered by the Parliament of Paris in 1777, and by Louis XVIII., in 1816.

The Duke of Richmond entered the army at an early age, served as aide-de-camp to the Duke during the Peninsular war, and was in attendance on the Prince of Orange in the same capacity at Waterloo. His Grace sat in Parliament for Chichester (of which borough he is High Steward,) for several years, while Earl of March. He was Colonel of the Army, and is Colonel of the Royal Sussex Militia, as well as Lord-Lieutenant and Vice-Admiral of Sussex. He was a member of the Grey Cabinet, as Postmaster-General, but is understood now to be a Liberal Conservative. Without ever having been much on the turf, his Grace is the well-known patron of all good old English sports. Under his fostering



THE STABLES AT GOODWOOD.





**LORD C. BENTINCK'S MISS ELIS, WINNER OF THE GOODWOOD CUP, 1845.**  
(RODE BY ABDALE, TRAINED BY KENT.)

patronage, [Goodwood, Races] have attained a very great celebrity. His hospitality is proverbial, and, whether we view him as an hereditary legislator, an encourager of rural and national sports, the head of a fine family, or a resident landlord, it must be admitted that his Grace of Richmond may be held up to his "order" as an example.

The meeting at this paradise of racing places has this year surpassed all former gatherings and though the éclat of foreign princes may have given a more royal spectacle to those who go only to such places to sow their "gapesed," the Goodwood of '45 has never been exceeded in quantum of sport; and if less excitement existed as to the Cup, than usual, that falling off is amply compensated by the increased interest which the Goodwood Stakes Handicap exhibits, and which far exceeds anything previously witnessed on that race. A glance at the programme, occupying, as it does, no less than eight columns of the Racing Calendar, will be sufficient to indicate the amount of racing set before us.

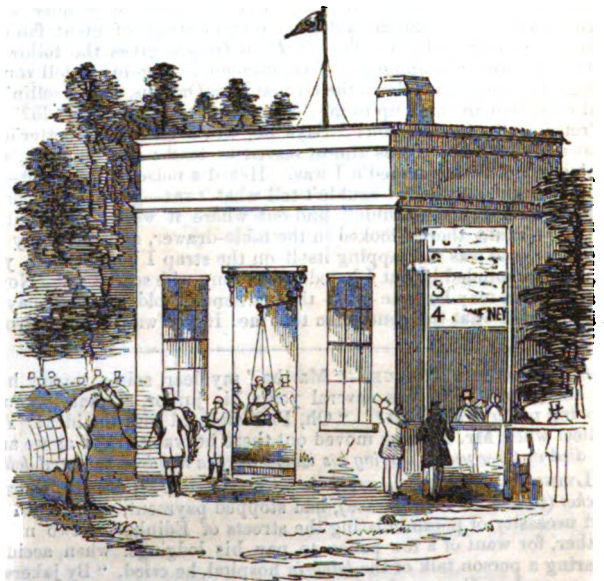
Tuesday had no less than eleven races on paper; Wednesday, six races, two of them in heats; Thursday, eleven races, including the "Great Cup;" and Friday, six races, including the "Chesterfield Cup," and the March and Bentinck Stakes, rode in classes by "Gentlemen Jockeys." Here in sooth is racing enough both in quality and quantity to satisfy the most craving turf-goer. One word on the amateur jockeyship of gentlemen: of late years, (barring the drawback of weight), the performances of our patricians in this amusing branch of racing have so vastly improved, that leaving aside the question as to whether

"— it is a custom

More honoured in the breach (*breech?*) than the observance,"

we fearlessly assert that their riding, as riding, would not have disgraced professionals. Some persons may smile; but we consider first-rate horsemanship as an important acquirement, and cannot help viewing not only with leniency, but with pride these little outbursts of the right sort of spirit. Fun and merriment too, aye and harmless merriment are no trivial things in this "valley of penitengiousness and tears," as Sairey Gamp styles this gladsome and glorious world; and lastly, a great philosopher has said, "Qui vit sans folie nést pas si sage qu'il croit,"

which we translate "He who don't now and then make a fool of himself isn't much of a philosopher." "A friend of ours, who is somewhat splenetic, once said, "Why can't these amateurs have a day to themselves?" This reminded us of a rejoinder to an amateur in another



WEIGHING-HOUSE.



line, who, having broke down in his song, promised to be perfect next time—"Pray let me know when that will be, and I'll take care not to be there!" And here let us pay a deserved tribute to the high-spirited nobleman whose exertions have enhanced the attractions of this as well as other race-meetings; need we say we mean the indefatigable Lord George Bentinck, whose exertions to cleanse "the Augean stable" have been so eminently successful hitherto, and we trust will not be relaxed until the purity of the turf is restored? We have so frequently described the eccentricities of these assemblages that their repetition would be superfluous, but it is pleasing to state that from the exclusion of the thimble-rig and other swindling nuisances from the course, the visitors were saved from much of that annoyance which elsewhere forms so serious a drawback to the comforts of the more respectable class of visitors. Notwithstanding the fluctuating state of the weather, rain and sunshine alternating, the day proved more favourable than might have been contemplated, and, all things considered, few had to grumble at the trifling vicissitudes to which they were exposed.

Goodwood races are now about as near perfection as it is possible for them to be. When we consider the great advantages appertaining to them, the wonder would be if they did not command success: the liberality, and, consequently, great popularity of the noble Duke, the beautiful picturesque scenery of the course, and the indefatigable exertions of Lord George Bentinck, whose heart appears to be in the prosperity of the races, all tend to place Goodwood at the top of the list. The last meeting passed off without a single flaw to detract from the brilliancy of the whole: the mansion was filled with friends of the Duke, the ground crowded each day with spectators, and the racing first-rate, without a whisper of foul play or wrong doings. Limited time, space, and the number of embellishments, forbid us giving more than a sketch of the winner of the Cup, taking a preliminary canter in front of the GRAND STAND, with an accurate representation of which in the background, and of the WEIGHING HOUSE, we break off.

#### "CHEAP JACK."

There are few who have not heard of Hunt, of Sheffield and Birmingham-ware notoriety, whose humorous sayings have afforded much amusement in the principal towns throughout England. Lately, at a market-town in Essex, the following articles were offered by him for sale, viz., a quire of letter-paper, box of steel-pens, bottle of ink, stick of sealing-wax, and a seal; all these were offered at the low price of one shilling, with the following information, by way of commendation:—"Take a sheet of the paper, fold it carefully, and place it under your pillow, and depend on't all that you dream of in the night will be found written on it in the morning. The pens are so fast, and the ink so free, that you can scarcely commence a letter before they will run to the end. If, in the hurry, anything is omitted from the letter, it may be stuck in by the wax; and should any article be in the letter you desire not, it may be pressed out by the seal. If you think there are not enough for the money, I will add a slate, a pencil, and sponge, with this additional information—hang the slate in the most conspicuous part of your house; be careful to have the pencil along with it; now look as attentively at the slate as at your barometer when hoping for a change in the weather, and you will perceive your duty plainly written thereon; then take the sponge, and, if dexterously used, it will wipe from your mind all false impressions." All this is very well; but our countryman, honest Hunt, clever as he is, must yield the palm to Brother Jonathan, a dealer in razor-straps of great fame in the State of Kentucky, U. S. The *St. Louis Gazette* gives the following report of one of his harangues:—"Gentlemen, I am going to tell you something as happened me down the river at New Orleans. I was sellin' straps, and a gentleman came up to me; says he, 'Strapman, how do?' Sez I, 'Pretty well; how're you?' Says he, 'I'm a good deal better'n I was. Last night,' sez he, 'I was almost scared to death; and my wife, she was a plaguy sight wuss scared'n I was. Heard a noise in the night—waked me up—waked my wife—couldn't tell what 'twas—got up—struck a light—looked all round—couldn't find out where it was—looked out of the window—'twant there—looked in the table-drawer, and there my razor'd got loose, and was a-strapping itself on the strap I bought from you! I wouldn't a minded it, but I hated to have my wife scared so.' Now, gentlemen, that may be true what the gentleman told me, an't may not; I tell you just what the gentleman told me. If you want a good strop, &c."

**A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.**—"Martha," my dear, said a loving husband to his spouse, who was several years his junior, "what do you say to moving to the Far West?" "Oh, I'm delighted with the idea! You recollect when Mr. Morgan moved out there he was as poor as we are; and he died in three years, leaving his widow worth a hundred thousand dollars."

**LYING-IN AND LYING-OUT.**—A poverty-struck Hibernian, whose bank-pocket (to use his own phrase), had stopped payment, was forced to the sad necessity of perambulating the streets of Edinburgh two nights together, for want of a few pence to pay his lodgings, when accidentally hearing a person talk of the *lying-in* hospital, he cried, "By jakers, that's the very place I'm wantin, for here have I bin *lying-out* these two nights past."

## ARCHERY.

(Continued from p. 235.)

### THE TARGET (continued.)

The butts formerly used in this kingdom were generally composed of earth; but those of straw are at present more in fashion. The latter kind possess the advantage of being portable, so as to be moved with ease to any distance fixed on. Their manufacture is similar to that of the common straw bee-hives, and they are usually made about four feet and a half in diameter, that is, twice the length of the arrow. The front part is covered with cloth, sheeting, or fine canvass; painted in rings of different colours, in order to mark the respective degrees of merit each arrow is entitled to. The circles being described, that part which is enclosed within the circumference of the first circle nearest the centre, is usually covered with gold or silver leaf. Between the first and second circle is often a red colour, and the others are varied with white, black, and green. The target, thus prepared, is fixed on a frame of wood, so contrived that it may be elevated or depressed to any angle of the horizon, in proportion as the shots are intended to be more or less remote.

The butts used by the archers at Edinburgh are made on a very different principle, when intended for short lengths. They are of straw, laid endwise, and pressed hard with a screw; after which, the front is cut with a knife, in the manner here is traced. They are then covered with a little building, which serves at once to protect the straw from injury, and the shooters from the rays of the sun while drawing the bow.

The fashion of painting targets at the present day is as follows: besides the gold or centre, four other circles are described on it; and these are termed the red, inner white, black, and outer white, which latter is bordered by green.

The average value of each circle is now generally computed as follows, namely:

The outer white	. . . . .	1
The black	. . . . .	3
The inner white	. . . . .	5
The red	. . . . .	7
The gold	. . . . .	9

The actual value, however, according to the space apportioned to each circle of the target, differs considerably from the above estimate, namely:

The gold	. . . . .	9
The red	. . . . .	3
The inner white	. . . . .	2
The black	. . . . .	1½
The outer white	. . . . .	1

Target-shooting is generally conducted under the management of one particular archer, styled the Captain of the Target, who acts as umpire in all disputes or differences.

In shooting at targets, either at private or public meetings, the usual distances are fifty or sixty yards for ladies, and a hundred for gentlemen.

The following plan, suggested by Mr. Hastings as a desirable arrangement for a party of six ladies and as many gentlemen to shoot at targets, may be recommended as judicious; though we feel somewhat disposed to contest the point, as to whether it would not be more gallant to give the ladies the preference, by escorting them to their banner, in the mode prescribed, before any gentleman ventures to draw his bow.

"A pair of targets," says he, "placed opposite to each other, say at the distance of a hundred yards, would do for six gentlemen and as many ladies. Let the whole party assemble at one end; the gentlemen will commence shooting; and, after having discharged their pouch, or three arrows, let them escort the ladies to a mark, or two banners opposite to each other, placed halfway between the targets, from which they will discharge their arrows at the same target as the gentlemen did. Should the number of archers and archeresses exceed twelve, (i. e. six gentlemen and six ladies,) it would be advisable to have other targets, arranged laterally at convenient distances, and each set may be distinguished by a small silk banner. When all the arrows shall have been expended, (and not *all* them,) a simultaneous movement should be made by the whole party engaged, towards the opposite target."

The game may be counted, either according to the number of hits on the entire target, without reference to its circular divisions, or, according to the value assigned by the previous consent of the parties playing, to the several circles respectively. The usual mode of keeping an account of the game is by a card ruled after the fashion given at the end of this article, on which the hits of each shooter are scored, either with a pin, or a sort of needle termed a prickler.

Or, in preference to this plan, some archery societies use the *target card*, or a card of about two inches and a half in diameter, on which is painted an exact representation of the target itself. This being attached to the left breast of each shooter, the hits are pricked by a bystander.

As an appropriate conclusion, and a matter of interesting record of the skill of bowmen in the present year of our Lord 1845, we here append the official return of the number of hits during the two days' shooting at the great National Archery Meeting at York, June 26th and 27th, 1845:—

\* Moseley.

† Hastings' British Archer.

## GENTLEMEN'S TARGET LIST.

NAME.	SOCIETY.	HITS.	VALUE.
TARGET 1.			
* Mr Peckett	Thirsk Bowmen	..	..
Mr H C Legh	Royal British Bowmen	38	136
Mr Heath	Fraternity of St. George	62	208
* Mr Walker	Outwood Rangers	..	..
* Mr Thirlwell	Richmond Archers	..	..
TARGET 2.			
Mr H Clifford	Archers of the White Rose	41	145
Mr Sanders	Heath Common Archers	36	156
Mr N Hood, jun.	Ebor Bowmen	13	57
Mr H Smith	West Berks Archers	39	116
Mr B Jacobs	Hull Archers	46	180
TARGET 3.			
* Mr B Smyth	Toxophilites	..	..
Mr Hutchins	Fraternity of St. George	83	267
Mr A E Hargrove	Ebor Bowmen	20	58
Mr Clark	Salisbury Archers	15	59
Mr Blackley	Pilkington Archers	101	417
TARGET 4.			
* Capt Brown	Queen's Park Archers	..	..
* Mr Cook	Fraternity of St. George	..	..
* Mr Wilson	York Archers	..	..
* Mr Harding	Wellisburne Archers	..	..
TARGET 5.			
* Mr Belletti	Fraternity of St. George	..	..
Mr C Rosher	West Kent Toxophilites	36	96
* Mr Silver	Fraternity of St. George	..	..
* Mr Warwick	Royal Sherwood Archers	..	..
* Mr W Blow	..	..	..
TARGET 6.			
Mr Dixon	Fraternity of St. George	78	260
* Mr Bradshaw	Broughton Archers	..	..
* Mr A Robinson	Richmond Archers	..	..
Mr C Wilkinson	Neville's Cross Archers	73	229
* Mr Sidebottom	Broughton Archers	..	..
TARGET 7.			
Mr March	York Archers	98	97
Mr Edwin Meyrick	West Berks Archers	116	446
Mr Wallis Hargrove	Ebor Bowmen	60	274
Mr Murray	Salisbury Archers	51	186
Mr Lambert	York Archers	15	61
TARGET 8.			
* Mr W. Gray, jun	Thirsk Bowmen	33	127
Mr M Bradley	Richmond Archers	63	239
Mr Prinole	Kilwinning Archers	20	89
Mr Garnett, jun	York Archers	55	173
Mr Flower	York Archers	67	263
TARGET 9.			
Mr Starbuck	Thirsk Bowmen	18	56
Dr Ainsworth	Broughton Archers	48	184
Mr O Luard	Royal Sherwood Archers	86	196
Mr Joseph Lookwood	Ebor Bowmen	34	124
Mr P C Maxwell	Richmond Archers	21	76
TARGET 10.			
* Mr H Wanklyn	Broughton Archers	..	..
* Mr Maynell, jun	..	10	30
Mr J Gibby	Beverley Archers	47	173
Mr Schofield	..	46	182
Mr Porteus	Salisbury Archers	60	170
TARGET 11.			
Mr Harrison	Kingston Archers	58	290
Mr H C Maxwell	Vale of Mowbray Archers	31	87
Mr Rothwell	Heath Archers	45	178
Mr Dond	John o' Gaunt's Bowmen	30	106
TARGET 12.			
* Mr E G Walker	Ebor Bowmen	..	..
Mr W Swire	..	66	264
Mr W R Dryden	Hull Archers	46	213
Mr Marr	Fraternity of St. George	103	389
Mr Horne	York Archers	29	89
TARGET 13.			
Mr Beadle	Hull Archers	26	94
Mr Young	Kingston Archers	29	105
Mr Atwood	West Berks Archers	64	262
* Mr J Lovett	Royal British Bowmen	..	..
Mr C Croft	Richmond Archers	51	151
TARGET 14.			
Mr M'Naught	St. Mungo Archers	73	267
Mr Swarbeck	Thirsk Bowmen	63	203
* Mr Cunliffe	Royal British Bowmen	..	..
Mr H Hawkins	Thirsk Bowmen	34	67
* Mr W Helme	..	..	..
TARGET 15.			
Mr Muir	Salisbury Archers	136	557
* Col Markham	..	10	46
Mr T Mayler	Savernake Foresters	25	289
* Mr Dickson	..	14	60
Mr E Steward	York Archers	66	236
TARGET 16.			
Mr J Lee	Heath Common Archers	57	213
Mr A Leatham	Circus Archers	80	326
Mr Bramhall	Fraternity of St. George	97	377
Mr Toleens	York Archers	72	277
Mr Nicholson	..	39	163
TARGET 17.			
Mr H G Dunbar	..	36	117
* Mr G Luard	Royal Sherwood Archers	..	..
Mr W Gibby	Beverley Archers	57	206
Mr J Jones	..	150	699
* Mr H Coates	Carlisle Archers	..	..
TARGET 18.			
Mr C Lamb	..	59	247
Mr Stapleton	..	41	163
Mr G Willis	Queen's Park Archers	36	200
* Mr Harris	Fraternity of St. George	..	..
Mr H C Wilkinson	Archers of the White Rose	38	136

\* Those marked \* were either not present, or did not shoot the whole of the time.

NAME.	SOCIETY.	HITS.	VAL.
TARGET 19.			
Mr W S. Lees	Middleton Archers	54	202
Mr H Lookwood	Ebor Bowmen	40	140
* Mr Fenwick	Fraternity of St. George	..	..
Mr H Anderson	Archers of the White Rose	41	143
Mr Knox	Glasgow Archers	69	254
TARGET 20.			
Mr C Turner	York Archers	33	129
Mr Rider	Thirsk Bowmen	60	232
Mr G Cates	York Archers	20	78
* Mr J Blow	..	..	..
Dr Fleming	Broughton Archers	44	150
TARGET 21.			
* Mr Salisbury	John o' Gaunt's Bowmen	..	..
Mr Simpson	Beverley Archers	59	245
Mr Davies	Thirsk Bowmen	25	83
Mr M'Michael	Savernake Foresters	80	308
Mr Dove	York Archers	9	41
TARGET 22.			
Mr Fisher	Richmond Archers	41	139
* Mr Gibson	St. Mungo Archers	..	..
Mr Garnett	Broughton Archers	75	263
Mr Hubback	Thirsk Bowmen	97	369
Mr Story	Kingston Archers	39	146
TARGET 23.			
* Mr Thompson	John o' Gaunt's Bowmen	..	..
Mr Forsyth	Fraternity of St. George	83	315
Mr D Dunn	Heath Common Archers	17	41
Dr Horner	Hull Archers	88	334
* Mr C Reynard	Vale of Mowbray Archers	3	7
TARGET 24.			
Mr C Leatham	Heath Common Archers	76	296
* Mr Hewitt	John o' Gaunt's Bowmen	..	..
* Mr C Wilkinson	Archers of the White Rose	12	52
Mr H Steward	York Archers	84	312
Mr Radcliff	Heath Archers	90	336
TARGET 25.			
Mr T Jones	Pilkington Archers	52	216
* Mr Reynolds	Fraternity of St. George	..	..
Mr J P Marsh	..	90	362
Mr Boyce	Hull Archers	54	194
Mr Morgan	Toxophilites	56	199
TARGET 26.			
* Mr Craig	Salisbury Archers	..	..
* Mr Anderson	Archers of the White Rose	..	..
Mr G Reynard	Vale of Mowbray Archers	41	163
* Mr Toucher	York Archers	2	8
Mr W Simpson	York Archers	11	35
TARGET 27.			
* Mr W Lookwood	Ebor Bowmen	..	..
Mr J Simpson	York Archers	29	107
* Mr Somes	Fraternity of St. George	16	71
Mr E Gray	..	39	145
Mr North	York Archers	38	133
TARGET 28.			
Mr Holland	Pilkington Archers	61	261
Mr M'Nier	Hull Archers	57	269
Mr H Cudley	West Essex Archers	38	149
* Mr Stuart	Broughton Archers	39	96
TARGET 29.			
Mr Higginson	Thirsk Bowmen	74	276
Mr Turner	Cheetham Hill Archers	46	172
Mr Hippisley	Toxophilites	85	263
Mr Backhouse	Outwood Rangers	27	207
LADIES' TARGET LIST.			
Miss Johanna Barrow	Royal Sherwood Archers	36	149
Miss C Lamb	..	13	51
Miss Trebeck	Royal Sherwood Archers	7	31
Miss Lloyd	M. Royal British Bowmen	43	123
* Mrs W Helme	..	..	..
Miss H Cudley	West Essex Archers	11	39
Miss Townshead	M. Royal British Bowmen	45	163
Miss Emma Wyld	Royal Sherwood Archers	23	101
Miss Mackay	Queen's St. Leonard's Archers	17	69
Miss Leavelle Thelwall	M. Royal British Bowmen	23	99
Miss Thelwall	M. Royal British Bowmen	48	166
Miss Jane Foster	Royal Sherwood Archers	40	155

## SCORING CARD.

Names.	Gold 9	Red 7	Inner White 5	Black 3	Outer White 1	Total hits	Value of
A.							
B.							
C.							

RECIPE FOR THE LOVESICK.—Hard boiled eggs are said to be a cure for love; they lie so heavy on the stomach as to make the sufferer forget the weight upon his heart.

"Look out for your head," as the hammer said to the nail.  
"We've met only to divide," as the guillotine said to the criminal.  
Why is a Cockney lover like a dog? Because he bows and sniffs.



## BATHOS BALLAD.

THE LAST REQUEST.

*Sentimental Song of a "Grand Stand."*

Alas! our joy is over, and our dream of wedded bliss;  
Long ago, how little thought we of a parting such as this,  
When our fervent vows were plighted, in the sunny days of youth,  
And time with rustling pinions, was a witness to their truth!

Oh! how my brain is tortured, when I think that we must part,  
And memory like a lava flood, comes rushing o'er my heart;  
Too truly do I feel, as remembrance stealth o'er me,  
My path must be away from thee—the wide world is before me!

Yes! fate hath doomed our parting, and with cold, relentless eye,  
Looks calmly on to see us each, fulfil its destiny;  
And like a streamlet that divides, in passing to the main,  
Our paths in life are severed, and we never meet again!

Farewell, farewell, mine eyes are dry, and feverish is my brain,  
This is the deepest cup of grief, that ever I shall drain;  
So just one word at parting let me whisper in your ear,  
HAVE YOU SIXPENCE IN YOUR POCKET? WILL YOU STAND A POT OF BEER?

**CELEBRATED IGNORAMUSES.**—In England, the Admiralty rejected the paddle-wheel steam boat invented by Mr. Bell, declaring in a lengthy report, that "it could be of no use in navigation." At Paris, the minister of marine, and the commission of naval officers to whom Fulton afterwards submitted the same invention, gave a similar decision; Napoleon, then first consul, declaring that the inventor was only a *charlatan* and an adventurer! and since then, Dr. Lardner, in his "Treatise on the Steam Engine" (the passage is cut out in the later editions) philosophically proved, that no steamvessel could ever cross the Atlantic, it being *physically and mechanically impossible*.—N.B. The "learned Theban,"—he is a Greek by birth—lived long enough to bolt to America in a steamer along with another man's wife! Oh, dear—these official personages, mighty men, and great *feelosofers*, pretend to a precious deal more than they really know, after all.

**REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF SAGACITY IN A DOG.**—Mr. Dennis O'Connell, cider presser, of Lismore, County of Waterford, in the year 1840 possessed a dog to which he was much attached. One day, having had business to attend to at Fermoy, County of Cork, which is twelve miles from Lismore, having concluded his business, he called at a friend's house, and after being there for some time, what was his surprise when he heard his favourite bark at the door, and upon its being opened, the dog, who was called Haro, rushed in and fawned upon him in the most affectionate manner; when he returned home he made inquiries, and found that the dog had left the house at Lismore two hours after himself, and that he had scented off his master for twelve miles!

**MILKING COWS.**—A farmer, writing to the *Stafford Advertiser*, says:—"Having read some of the recent works published on agriculture, and respecting the management of dairy cows, I was induced to try the milking of a cow three times a day, viz., morning, mid-day, and night; and I find that it has answered better hitherto, this dry hot weather, than under the old system of milking twice a day. More milk is obtained; and the cream on the mid-day's milking is twice as thick as on the morning's milk, and three times as thick as on that milked at night."

**FRENCH AND ENGLISH.**—A pugilistic encounter took place lately at Avaranhes, between a Frenchman and an Englishman! Need we record the result? From the extreme novelty of the exhibition perhaps some few particulars may be interesting to many of our readers. Johnny Crapaud, be it said in *limine*, was permitted the manly privilege of kicking in addition to the other systems of attack, whilst his antagonist, a John Bull pedestrian, named Cootes, confined himself to "the noble art of self defence" in all its purity. We subjoin an outline of the fight!—Round 1. Monsieur commenced by dancing à la Taglioni, round Cootes, kicking at the head and body, both of which Cootes avoided by stepping back; in the second attempt of Monsieur, Cootes met him with a tremendous counter with the left on the nose, which nearly floored him, and drew the claret in abundance, which made him look with amazement; again he rushed in, with his head down, when Cootes planted a heavy upper cut and grassed him.—Round 2. It was evident that the first round had nearly decided the affair, for Monsieur could not be gammoned to approach his man, but Cootes stepped up to him, hit out left and right, and again floored him.—Round 3. The Frenchman slowly advanced to the scratch, but planted a kick on the leg with little effect; Cootes again attacked him with his left, when the Frenchman cried out for mercy, and declined any further contention.—The fight lasted nine minutes.

**TO MAKE BRITISH GUANO.**—Take equal parts of horse and cow-dung, steep them in a tub or pan in treble their quantity of water for 24 hours, well stirring; then strain it through a sieve or colander. Water the roots of the flowers or plants with it, taking care not to water the leaves, as it is a very strong alkaline, it will be found superior to any other manure. If the pots are dipped into the liquid for a short time, they will appear as if new.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## SPORTING COURTESY AND HARSH LANDOWNERS.

SIR,—A celebrated author has declared that there is an etiquette appertaining to all things. Then why should there not be one set of rules appertaining to sportsmen, and belonging exclusively to sporting?

A true sportsman requires no borrowed art; his manners are softened down with good humour; he has always got the ready smile on his lips, and a ready welcome for his companions.

But with all this there is still something necessary; for a man may just as well and just as easy act the gentleman in the field as at Almacks. We will take for example the proprietor of a shooting ground.

It is truly deplorable to see at the present time, the selfishness exhibited by some of these proprietors, (for there are some exceptions) and yet these men call themselves sportsmen! It is not out of place here to tell these gentlemen that they are not sportsmen. A true sportsman is devoid of all selfishness, and in them it is only an usurpation of the title. A true sportsman acts upon the golden rule of "Do unto others as ye yourselves would wish to be done unto;" and it is only by acting upon this rule that they can lay claim to the title.

These gentlemen prove a striking illustration of their fallaciousness by the manner in which they treat their tenantry, (and here again we must remark that there are some exceptions.

They prosecute them for the least deviation from arbitrary rules laid down by them; and it amounts to a felony\* for them to shoot or otherwise destroy the game that ruins their crops—their only dependence to pay these gentlemen their rent and provide for their families during the winter, and by this system the peasantry are driven to desperation and turn poachers, because they cannot see their wives and little ones starve before their eyes. And yet these gentlemen wonder! And this is produced by a non-observance of *sporting etiquette*; for, let me tell these gentlemen that it is most derogatory to them to display a *little of it even towards a peasant*.

There is many a man at Hobart Town or New South Wales, at the present time, that if he were questioned as to the cause of his transportation, would reply that it had been caused by the treatment he experienced from a merciless landlord. Think on this, ye sportsmen!

Odiham, July 27, 1845.

; R. W. S.

## GAME MONOPOLIZERS.

SIR,—A correspondent of the *Times*, speaking of the "Game Laws," observes:—"A friend of mine possesses an excellent wooded estate, stocked with game of all descriptions, and is so touchy on his 'rights,' as he calls them, that I verily believe he would put to death a cat whom he found destroying a field-mouse on his grounds." This is no solitary instance. At the present time there are many of these Sporting Dives to be found, who, for the consideration of the market value of half a dozen woodcocks or pheasants, would deprive a man of a day's sport. And yet we every day see the products of this bad—nay, vile—system: they (the monopolizers) are universally hated, and, as the phrase goes, "sent to Coventry," by all who know them.

The offshoot of all this is, that the person is no gainer who monopolises the free gifts of Nature.

What is the contrast between the two gentlemen we here take for example?

Mr. G— is a steady upholder of the good old plan, despising all modern innovations, and deals forth to all with an unsparing hand. A person may readily obtain his consent to a day's shooting over his preserve, and yet, with all his liberality, Mr. G— finds himself none the poorer.

On the contrary, Mr. S— is a monopolist, and deals to all with a gruff, unaccommodating manner; he would as soon eat his hat as allow anybody carrying a gun upon his estate, and by so doing he loses that respect in which he would otherwise be held, and gains nothing by his parsimony, for we can regard it in no other light.

July 18, 1845.

F. B. T.

**TO THE AFFLUENT.**—A young gentleman, who from a habit of dining out at parties, has acquired a taste for Champagne and other expensive wines, but whose means, alas! do not admit of his indulging in the same at his own expense, makes this earnest appeal to the benevolent and kind-hearted, in the hope that, through their liberality, his small but too empty cellar may be supplied. Even single bottles would be most thankfully received.—Please to address to the Hon. X. Y. Z., 92, Fleet-street.—*Punch*.

**A VILLAGE GREEN.**—Lord Lincoln could not define a "Village Green" the other night in the House. Robin Hood's uniform was Lincoln green—the green of the forest; but Lincoln green—or green Lincoln—could not understand "Village green" at all. We come to his rescue in the form of question and answer. What is a Village Green?—Any "Village" that is "Green" enough to put up quietly with the Commons' Enclosure Bill!

"I'm down with ye," as the fat alderman said, when he seated himself on the soft cushion of his easy chair.

\* It has been so decided at a late county quarter sessions.

## MY DANCING DAYS ARE OVER.

*By the Gentleman in the White Waistcoat.*

My dancing days are over now,  
My legs are just like stumps;  
My front of youth dried up, alas!  
Went answer to the pumps.  
Yet who so fond of jigs as I?  
Of hornpipes such a lover?  
Of gallopes, valses,—but, alas!  
My dancing days are over.

In feats of feet, what foot like mine  
(Excuse me if vain-glorious :)  
Like mine for grace and dignity  
No toe was more notorious.  
Oh! then what joy it was to hear  
*Roy's Wife* or *Kitty Clover*!  
But *Drops of Brandy* now won't do:  
My dancing days are over.

My feet seem fastened down with screws,  
That were so glib before;  
And my ten light fantastic toes  
Seem toe-nail'd to the floor.  
I cannot bear a hall-room now,  
Where once I lived in clover;  
Terpichore quite makes me sick:  
My dancing days are over.

I used to dance the New Year in,  
And dance the Old Year out;  
Ah! little did I then reflect  
That chaos I am gout.  
All summer thro' I skipped and hopped,  
At Margate, Ramsgate, Dover.  
The year was then one spring—but now  
My dancing days are over.

I'm eighteen stone and some odd pounds:  
So all my neighbours say.  
I'll go this moment to the scale;  
But I can't balance.  
When in a hall-room I appear,  
As soon as they discover  
My presence, off the girls all fly:  
My dancing days are over.

I'm quite as fat as Lambert was,  
Or any old maid's spaniel;  
And when I walk along the street  
They cry, "a second Daniel!"  
And if I go into a shop  
Of tailor, hatter, glover,  
They always open both the doors:  
My dancing days are over.

My college chums all jeer at me,  
And cry, "Lord, what a porpus!"  
Who'd take you for a Johnnie?  
You seem to be of Corpus!"  
The stage-coachmen all look as if  
They wished me at Hanover:  
The safety-cabs don't think me safe:  
My dancing days are over.

My great pier-glass that used to show  
My waist so fine and thin;  
Now, turn whichever way I will,  
— Won't take my body in.  
My form, that once a paragon  
Would always amply cover,  
A gig umbrella now requires:  
My dancing days are over.

In vain my hand I offer now;  
Away each damsel stalks;  
Chalk'd floors no longer may I walk,  
So I must walk my chalks.  
For me there is no woman-kind:  
None want me now for lover.  
Maid, widow, wife, all fly—they know  
My dancing days are over.

**SCHOLASTIC INTELLIGENCE.**—We have been requested to insert the following intimation to parents and guardians:—The Misses Whalebone take in a select number of young ladies to board, wash, and educate, at twenty guineas per annum. A coal merchant's daughter might be received on terms of mutual accommodation; the usual branches being considered as an equivalent for the best Walstead coals. The Misses Whalebone would be glad to meet with a butcher who would place a young lady under their care, and take out the amount of meat in the police accomplishments. A young greengrocer might also be finished in the piano as a compensation for the potatoes required for the use of the establishment. There is also an opportunity for a milkman to place a young lady, who may dance out the milk score, at the rate of 94 quarts for six lessons. There is still a vacancy for a parlour boarder; and any landlord having a large house might arrange to receive the rent, in the shape of lodging for one of his daughters, who could receive her board and education on the usual terms.—N.B. An assistant is required to superintend the school-room in the absence of the principals, and who would be expected to look upon her tuition in those branches she may be deficient in, as a compensation for her general services.—*Punch*.

**POLITICAL FESTIVITIES.**—On Thursday the Members of the Irish Tail, remaining in Town, dined together at the *Slap-bang Shop* in Roper street, and did not leave the establishment more than thirteenspence-halfpenny in debt. After depositing a small fragment of the blarney-stone in the hands of the waiters as security, they proceeded in a body to St. Stephen's, where they fell asleep over the debate on the Slave-trade;—Liberty—now that they are privileged from arrest having—ceased to interest them as citizens. On awaking for the division, they adjourned, on foot, to the Coal-Hole, the Cider-cellars, or the Piccadilly Saloon, each member, as a matter of course, diverging to the locality in which his credit was not quite exhausted.

**THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.**—Mr. A. H. Baily, the City publisher—and in those days given to the sport of book-printing in right earnest—was publishing the current, and re-publishing the past productions of Hood, and the poet used frequently to call upon his temporary Macnemas. It is fair, and we suppose no harm, to say that Baily was as much given to gossip, as was Hood to fun, and it was some time—pleasant fellow as he was—before a man could get away from him. Hood called one day, and had what an Irishman would call—an interminable interview. A few days afterwards he called, and had no interview at all—for the very excellent reason that Baily was out. Hood, who had tried and understood the practice of an attorney's office, made out, and left behind him the following bill of costs:—

A. H. Baily, Esq., Dr.

To Thomas Hood.

	£.	s.	d.
To calling upon you once when you were out .....	0	6	8
To calling upon you once when you were at home...	6	8	0
Total.....	6	14	8

Or, as Hood wrote it—"Please to remember, the last item is cheap at the infliction. The joke has endured against Baily up to the present hour.

**IMPORTANT TO ANGLERS.**—By the new Fishery Act all rivers in England and Wales are to be closed on the 18th of September in each year, and any person catching, or having in his possession any trout measuring in length less than seven inches from eye to fork, will subject himself to a penalty not exceeding £10 nor less than £5.

**HOW TO "RAISE THE WIND."**—Insert in a newspaper an advertisement of a tempting "situation." Request every applicant to enclose a postage stamp. The advertisement will cost about 6s. 6d. or 6s.; the applicants will be innumerable. An ingenious knave tried the experiment in the *Times*, and got 219 "*Rowlands*" for his "*Oliver*."

**A PALPABLE CONTRADICTION.**—A Taffy, advertising for a wife, says "money is of no consideration;" but, he economically adds, *Pre-pay* your letters.

An editor out west gives vent to his indignation as follows:—"He that steals my purse, steals trash; but he that stole my umbrella—cuss him."

**THE HISTORY OF MAN.**—A paper down east tells of a negro who proposed to write a book on Natural History. He commenced as follows:—"Man is de first animal in de creation; he spring up like a sparrow-grass—hop about like a hopper-grass—and die de same as a jackass."

**LONG, LONG AGO.**—A lady, who was very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed by a friend to use her tongue pretty freely after. "There was a time," said her friend! "when I almost imagined she had none." "Yes," said the husband, with a sigh, "but it's very long since."

**PORTICAL.**—I sat by the open window on a fine dewy evening. The stars shone out, and the moon flung her mild beams over the rocks that bounded my view. The birds had retired to rest—the wakeful frogs made music in the neighbouring marsh! and the fireflies bespangled the darkness. I looked out on the charming scene—I raised my eyes to the milky way, and recollected that I had not a clean shirt for Sunday.

**SECRETS WORTH KNOWING.**—Lawyers rarely go to law, and doctors seldom or never take medicine.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**THE NEW RACE GLASS,** to be had only of the inventors, **THOMAS HARRIS and SON,** Opticians, No. 52, opposite the entrance to the British Museum, London. The extraordinary magnifying power of this glass, with its approved adjustment, made to suit all sights, enables the possessor to keep the horses distinctly in view, the entire course, from "the start to the coming in." Caution: No. 52, opposite the British Museum, London, is T. H. and Son's only establishment. Established 70 years.—To prevent mistaking the house, notice the name, *Thomas Harris and Son*, and the number (52) is laid in *Mosaic pavement* in the footway contiguous to their shop.



**TO THE LOVERS OF ANGLING.—J. K.** Farlow, 5, Crooked-lane, London-bridge, being the actual manufacturer of Rods, Flies, Tackle, &c., is enabled to offer to his brother anglers, the following low list of prices: four joint hickory fly rods, 10s.; four joint best hickory fly rods, two tops, partition bag, double braided socket, spear, &c., &c., 21s.; three joint walking stick rods, 2s. 6d.; best hickory or cane punt rods, two tops, 15s.; the best town made taper fly line, twenty yards, 3s.; thirty yards, 4s. 6d.; thirty yards patent eight plat, 3s. 6d.; the best trout flies on Limerick hooks, dressed on the premises, 2s. per dozen; winches from 1s. 6d.; fly hooks from 9d.; best gut hooks 1s. per dozen; best gut lines 2d. and 3d. a yard. Lists of prices forwarded on application; country and export orders executed on the shortest notice; old netting for preserving fruit trees from frost, blight, and birds, or as a fence for fowls and pigeons, and can be had in any quantity at 3d. the yard, two yards wide, or 1½d. the square yard; the above netting being tanned, will stand exposure to the weather. Observe the address, 5, Crooked-lane, London Bridge.

**BROTHER ANGLERS.—HUTCHINSON and SMITH,** 67, Wood Street, Chapside, beg leave to offer to their Brethren of the Angle their unique Basket Seats, being light, commodious, useful, and a sure prevention against damp. Also their novel Glass Roach Floats, 6d. each, hermetically sealed; balance handle fly rods, 21s. warranted; cane roach rods, trolling rods, winches, lines, floats, cans, hooks, nets, and every article in the above line at the lowest prices, and best quality. Live and all other kinds of baits always fresh.

N.B. An excursion to the Hampton Ait Fishery every fortnight; Tickets 3s. 6d. each. Observe, 67, Wood Street, Chapside.

**THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.** BEN CAUNT, Champion of England, respectfully announces his benefit for Monday, August 4th, at THE TENNIS COURT, Windmill-street, Haymarket, previous to going into training for his grand pugilistic tourney for 2001. aside, and the high honour of the CHAMPION'S BELT.

N.B. All the talents in the fistio world have promised their helping five. Masters of the Ceremonies, Jemmy Shaw. Boxes 3s.; pit 2s.; gallery 1s. Tickets to be had at every sporting house in London, and at Ben Caunt's, Coach and Horses, St. Martin's Lane.

Vivant Regina, et Princeps, et Kids!!!

**OKEY'S ST. LEGER SWEEPS ARE NOW OPEN.**

Three classes of Leger Sweeps divided as follows:—

	First.	Second.	Third.
97 at £2	2..... £112 0.....	£24 0.....	10 0
97 at 1	1..... 56 0.....	12 0.....	5 0
97 at 10	6..... 30 0.....	6 0.....	0 0

Each starter, £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

N.B. The prizes go with the stakes. Disqualified horses not drawn. Post Office Orders to Mr. N. F. Okey, Hero of Waterloo Inn, Waterloo Road, London, will be duly attended to.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

**DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.**—The truly wonderful Cures of Asthma, Consumptions, Coughs, &c., which are everywhere performed by this Invaluable Medicine, have now established it as the most certain and perfect remedy in existence for all disorders of the breath and lungs.

CURES IN MANCHESTER.

Extract of a letter from Mr. Lynch, chemist, Market-street, Manchester; October 22nd, 1844.

Gentlemen—I enclose you a letter received from a party who has derived great benefit from Locock's Wafers. I have no doubt if you were to advertise them in this town, the sale would be considerable, as we are constantly receiving testimonials of their efficacy.—I am, &c., J. R. LYNCH.

More astonishing Cures of Asthma, Coughs, Colds, &c., in Chester.

Read the following extract of a letter from Messrs. Platt and Son, 13, Foregate-street, Chester; dated March 25, 1846.

Sir—Your invaluable Wafers continue to perform wonders here. Since our last we could send you dozens of cases of the most astonishing cures. One gentleman, who had a bad cough for years, bought one box, and was cured before using the whole of it. He gave the rest away, and they were equally beneficial. One medical gentleman here is so convinced of their value, that, besides regularly recommending them to his patients, he had some a few days since for one of his children. One of our clergymen, also, who labours under an asthma, received such extraordinary benefit himself, that he

now gives many boxes away every week among the poor. Other persons almost daily call upon us, who had laboured under asthma, asthmatic coughs, consumptions, &c., for years, to thank us for recommending them this "instant cure," &c. (Signed) M. FLATT and SON.

Cure of Ruptured Blood Vessels of the Lungs. From H. Huntley, Esq., 15, Albion-terrace, Old Tiverton-road, Exeter. March 20, 1846.

"Sir—I ruptured a blood vessel of the lungs, about three months since, which, being partially recovered from, a most troublesome cough succeeded. I tried everything that my surgeon, friends, and self could think of, but without alleviation. It was at length suggested that your wafers might be useful. I tried them, and very soon their good effects were apparent; a single wafer taken when the fit of coughing was about to commence, never once failed of giving it a complete and instantaneous check.

"A lady also, a friend of mine, and who, by the bye, is in her 66th year, is, or rather was, troubled with a hard distressing cough. The good effects I derived from the wafers recommended them to her; she has used them, and wonderful was the relief she experienced. (Signed) "HENRY HUNTLEY."

The particulars of many hundred Cures may be had from every agent throughout the Kingdom and on the Continent.

Dr. LOCOCK'S WAFERS give instant relief, and a rapid cure of asthma, consumptions, coughs, colds, and all disorders of the breath and lungs.

To SINGERS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS they are invaluable, as in a few hours they remove all hoarseness, and increase the power and flexibility of the voice. They have a most pleasant taste.

Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box: or sent free by post for 1s. 3d., 3s., or 11s. 6d., by DA SILVA & Co., 1, Bride-lane, Fleet-street, London.

CAUTION.—To protect the public from spurious imitations, Her Majesty's Honourable Commissioners have caused to be printed on the stamp outside each box, the words DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS in white letters on a red ground.

If purchasers will attend to this caution, they will be sure to get the genuine article.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors.

## THE EARL OF ALDBOROUGH CURED BY HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

The Earl of Aldborough cured of a Liver and Stomach Complaint.

Extract of a Letter from the Earl of Aldborough, dated Villa Masina, Leghorn, 21st Feb., 1845.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.—

SIR—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thanking you before this time, for your politeness in sending me your Pills as you did. I now take this opportunity of sending you an order for the amount, and, at the same time, to add that your Pills have effected a cure of a disorder in my liver and stomach, which all the most eminent of the Faculty at home, and all over the Continent, had not been able to effect; nay, not even the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad. I wish to have another Box and a Pot of Ointment, in case any of my family should ever require either.

Your most obliged and obedient servant, (Signed) ALDBOROUGH.

A Wonderful Cure of Dropsy of Five Years' standing.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Thomas Taylor, Chemist, Stockton, Durham, 17th April, 1845.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR—I think it my duty to inform you that Mrs. Clough, wife of Mr. John Clough, a respectable farmer of Aeklam, within four miles of this place, had been suffering from Dropsy for five years, and had had the best medical advice without receiving any relief. Hearing of your Pills and Ointment, she used them with such surprising benefit, that, in fact, she has now given them up, being so well and quite able to attend to her household duties as formerly, which she never expected to do again. I had almost forgotten to state that she was given up by the Faculty as incurable. When she used to get up in the morning, it was impossible to discover a feature in her face, being in such a fearful state. This cure is entirely by the use of your medicines.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., &c.,

(Signed) THOMAS TAYLOR.

These truly invaluable Pills can be obtained at the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, near Temple Bar, London, and at most respectable Venders of Medicines THROUGHOUT THE CIVILIZED WORLD, at the following prices:—1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N.B.—Directions for the Guidance of Patients in every Disorder are affixed to each Box.

Fourteenth Edition of the "SILENT FRIEND" or Human Frailty, with coloured engravings.

Just Published, price 2s. 6d. Free by Post (in a sealed envelope), 3s. 6d., a new and important edition of

**THE SILENT FRIEND; a Medical Work** on the infirmities of the Generative System in both sexes; and on the loss of the reproductive powers, with means of restoration. The beneficial effects of solitary Indulgence, neglected Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Secondary Symptoms, &c., are fully pointed out. Illustrated by Engravings; followed by observations on Marriage, with plain directions for the removal of certain disqualifications. By R.

and L. PERRY, & Co., Consulting Surgeons, London. Published by the Authors, and may be had at their Residence, 19, BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET.

Sold by Strange, Paternoster-row; Hannay & Co., 63, Oxford-street; Gordon, 146, Leadenhall-street; Purkin, Compton-street, Soho, and all Bookellers.

"The Authors of the SILENT FRIEND seem to be thoroughly conversant with the treatment of a class of complaints, which are, we fear, too prevalent in the present day. The perspicuous style in which this book is written, and the valuable hints it conveys to those who are apprehensive of entering the marriage state, cannot fail to recommend it to a careful perusal."—Era.

"This work should be read by all who value health and wish to enjoy life, for the truisms contained therein defy all doubt."—Farmers' Journal.

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# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 15. FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUG. 30, 1845. THREE HALFPENCE.

[Sent Free by Post, Twopence-halfpenny.]



## MY POINTER.

— "See my pointer stand:  
How beautiful he looks!—With outstretched tail,  
And head immovable, and eyes fast fixed;  
One foreleg raised and bent—the other firm,  
Advancing forward, presses on the ground."

**S**UCH is the whole-length portrait of "my pointer," as penned by Somerville; his head, as here pencilled, is we trust, as expressive as a whole length; does it not tell its own story? Can you not, readers, without any extreme sketch of imagination, imagine the volatile particles of airborne scent, the subtle effluvium of the crouching partridge, the closelying black cock, the cunning moorhen, streaming towards those quivering nostrils? If you cannot, you have not the sporting spirit strong within you. Of him

— "Whose joys awhile did sleep,  
And now his old companion calls again;  
With nose-sagacious pointer, and brown gun,  
Onward he hies, o'er moor or stubble plain,  
And startles the wild game, ere scarce appears the sun."

And now, to drop to a few sentences, of plain prose about the pointer in general.

Like the untutored savage, the wild dog hunts from necessity, to supply the cravings of his appetite; and perhaps it is not beyond probability to suppose he delights in the pleasure of the chase much in the same manner as the wild Indian, who occasionally amuses himself with the pursuit even when the calls of hunger are neither imperious nor even pressing. The domestic dog is equally inclined to hunting, and, so soon as he is able, pursues the hare, the rabbit, and also most of the lesser animals, and also birds, with headlong ardour. When reduced by discipline, and taught a system, far from testifying any unwillingness, the dog's alacrity seems to increase, and he appears to feel the greatest delight in administering to his master's amusement, though fully aware that, however successful the chase may be, he will not share the fruits of it. If we reason upon the matter, it exhibits the fidelity and good qualities of this invaluable animal in a most amiable and a most disinterested point of view; but instances are not wanting where the dog will not only manifest what we have just mentioned, but a degree of disappointment, truly astonishing, when ill success attends the exertions of the sportsman.

As an anecdote pertinent to this, we cannot resist transcribing an anecdote from a well-known contributor to the "Annals of Sporting."

"Some years ago, I was presented with a young liver-coloured bitch—she was eight or nine months old, but had never been broke or trained, yet as I clearly saw she was well bred, I did not hesitate (in the month of November) to take her out with an old steady dog, without any previous education. From some cause with which I was never acquainted, she testified considerable alarm at the sight of the gun, and it was not without some difficulty that I induced her to follow me to the field. I had no sooner, however, arrived on the ground than all obstacles vanished, for she instantly made a dead point near a bush, about two yards distance from the place where I stood, and continued her position all the time I was loading my fowling-piece. She stood steady as a statue, and on shaking the bush a pheasant rose, which I killed, which I suffered her to run up to and mouth for a few seconds. From this moment my bitch hunted with the utmost alacrity, she set or pointed also, and the only trouble I experienced in her education was in teaching her to range, and preventing her breaking fence. She proved an excellent dog, and I shot over her for five successive seasons. A gentleman, who happened to see this bitch out in the early part of last September, became anxious to purchase her, and I sold her to him accordingly. As she had never been used to any person but myself, and no home but my residence, (at least for upwards of five years,) I requested him to keep her chained up till she became reconciled to her change of abode. In about six weeks afterwards, however, on going out of the door one morning, the bitch presented herself and welcomed her former master with every possible demonstration of affection, and took up her old quarters with the utmost self-satisfaction and complacency. I immediately sent her back to the gentleman who had purchased her (15 miles distance); but the following week she paid me another visit, and indeed she has returned half a dozen times since. I have lately learned the following particulars:—happening to meet with the present owner, he informed me, that after he had taken the bitch to his residence, she became apparently reconciled to him, and he took her into the field, she followed him without the least hesitation, and manifested all imaginable eagerness for the sport; unfortunately he missed six or seven shots in succession, and the bitch became uneasy, whimpered, and in the course of the day caught a brace of birds which she happened to find in the hedge-rows, and returned at night by no means satisfied with the day's diversion. The gentleman candidly admitted that he was a very indifferent shot, and that the bitch uniformly became uneasy and apparently dissatisfied at his inability; she repeatedly ran in, evidently with the intention of seizing the game; and matters thus continued for several weeks. One morning he happened to meet with some pheasants, and after firing in vain for twelve or fourteen successive shots, the bitch dropped her tail, quitted the field in defiance of calling, whistling, &c., and made the best of her way to my dwelling. Even now she accompanies her master on his shooting excursions with reluctance; and to his very indifferent performance as a marksmen, I am indebted for her frequent visits."

That the pointer enjoys the diversion as much as its master, is a fact so generally known, and so incontestable, as to need no confirmation in this place; but what we have mentioned above seems extraordinary (though we have heard of occurrences somewhat similar), and clearly shows, not merely the attachment of the animal to the sport, but the interest it feels in the success of it. It is a common remark amongst sportsmen, that a bad shooter can never have a good dog; at all events, a bad shooter must very soon spoil such a one. "As to the bitch in question," says the narrator of the anecdote, "I never recollect being possessed of a better either as to temper or ability in the fields; I uniformly found her very sagacious, uncommonly steady; yet I have known her exhibit symptoms of discontent when I have missed several shots in succession."

**WESTMINSTER-BRIDGE.**—This unhappy old structure, which has long ago been condemned, on being tried by its piers, has been the subject of a conversation in the Commons. It seems that several engineers and two or three commissioners have sat upon it, and "the mercy is," as the old women say, that the rickety concern did not give way with them. We never see a loaded omnibus going over it without wondering whether it will get safe to the other side, and we are quite certain that a Life Insurance-office at the foot of the bridge at either end would be a profitable speculation. Everything has been tried with this dreary pile, but nothing seems to answer. It has been made to lower its proud head to the extent of several feet, but still it is almost as bad as climbing up a rock, and descending a precipice, to go on to the bridge at one end and off at the other. The first experiment was to scoop a lot of our mother earth out of the centre of the bridge, and the foot passengers are consequently walking on the heights while the vehicles are placed in a valley "down, down below;" but nothing answers the purpose. The crazy old concern is past mending, and the only remedy is that proposed in the House of Commons the other night, namely, to pull it all down, and build a new one.—*Punch*.

Why is a dandy like a dog? Because he has more collar than shirt.

## LAY OF THE LOCOMOTIVES.

THE NERVOUS OLD LADY AND THE INTREPID GUARD.

A DUETT.—AIR, "Fanny Grey."

OLD LADY.

So, so! well—here I am at last; thank goodness safe and sound, But with the bustle, my poor head is turning round and round, Don't bang the door so, my good man, it jars my very brain.

GUARD.

Now, ma'am, make haste, the engine's up, and hooking to the train. Now, ma'am, make haste, &c.

OLD LADY.

Dear me! I've dropp'd my spectacles! Policeman, look about, And see if you can find them—stay, I think I will get out.

GUARD.

You can't, ma'am, now, the bell has rung.

OLD LADY.

I'm frightened into fits.

Yes—these they are—bump the wheel!—and now they're crush'd to bits!

Yes, these they are, &c.

OLD LADY.

Stop, stop the train!—where is my box?—my luggage I can't find!

GUARD.

It's all right, ma'am, upon the track, two carriages behind.

OLD LADY.

No, that's it on the platform there! Policeman, stop the train!

GUARD.

Can't ma'am. They'll keep it safe until you comes this way again.

Can't ma'am. They'll keep it, &c.

OLD LADY.

But where's my darling little dog?—oh, tell me, I implore.

GUARD.

That's him, ma'am, yelping in the van; his tail's stuck in the door.

OLD LADY.

Ah! there's a jolt! what can it be; I really can't divine.

GUARD.

They've cut a man in two, ma'am, as was drunk upon the line.

They've cut a man in two, &c.

OLD LADY.

Good gracious, what a dreadful noise! the engine's going to burst.

GUARD.

No matter, ma'am, the third class falls will be blown up first.

And if it does, you'll finish the day's journey, my how.

By only going up to Heaven, instead of down to Slough.

By only going, &c.

OLD LADY.

Stop; let me get my ticket out—oh! there, it's blown away.

What must he do now?

GUARD.

Oh, nothing, ma'am; you'll only have to pay.

OLD LADY.

Thank goodness, here's the station: now, good man, undo the door,

I'll never try the rail again: no, never any more.

I'll never try the rail, &c.

**OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.**—It is extremely gratifying to have had the assurances of Ministers, that in the event of war requiring the whole of our troops, England has still got the Chelsea pensioners to fall back upon. We understand that a review of the Chelsea pensioners will shortly take place, as a preliminary to bringing the veterans into active service. There may be some difficulty in obeying the words of command, for the ordinary operation of shouldering arms will be somewhat of a puzzle to those who have no arms to shoulder. "Recover arms" will be an evolution that many would be delighted to perform if it were practicable, and "Stand at ease" will be a suggestion that those who have lost their legs may find some difficulty in complying with. Whether the Chelsea corps is to form a portion of Her Majesty's Foot we have not heard, but the regiment of "No Foot" would perhaps be a more appropriate title to most of them. "Quick march" will, we understand, not be insisted upon as a part of the exercise to be performed by the veterans, who will be divided into rank and file, some of whom will rank as old files according to seniority. The guns dealt out to those who have no legs will be constructed on a principle that must prevent them from kicking, for it is felt to be hard on the old legless boys to have kicking guns given them, when it is out of their power to kick in return.—*Punch*.

Why is flannel like mahogany? Because it is made into drawers.

## CRICKET.



PILCH.

We subjoin a sketch of PILCH, the LION OF KENT, and must beg the indulgence of our readers for the continuation of "A DAY AT LORD'S," in consequence of a fatal accident that has befallen a bosom friend of NED RUN'S, for particulars of which we refer our readers to our Stamped Edition.

## THE DOG STEALING BILL.

[As this act is now attracting the attention of the public from the daily convictions taking place under its provisions at the police offices, we give the whole bill, as it has the singular merit of being very brief—for an act of Parliament.]—EDITOR.

*An Act for the Further Prevention of the Offence of Dog Stealing.*

Whereas, by an act passed in the seventh and eighth years of his Majesty King George the Fourth, intituled an act for consolidating and amending the laws in England relative to larceny, and other offences connected therewith, certain provisions were made for the prevention of dog stealing; and whereas it is expedient, for the further prevention of the said offence, that the provisions of the said recited act, so far as relates to dog stealing, and to dealing with the offenders in respect to the said offence, shall be repealed: Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the lords spiritual and temporal, and commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that from and after the passing of this act the said provisions, so far as aforesaid, shall be repealed.

2. And be it enacted, that if any person shall steal any dog, every such offender shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and being convicted thereof before any two or more justices of the peace shall for the first offence, at the discretion of the said justices, either be committed to the common gaol or the House of Correction, there to be imprisoned only, or be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for any term not exceeding six calendar months, or shall forfeit and pay, over and above the value of the said dog, such sum of money, not exceeding twenty pounds, as to the said justices shall seem meet; and if any person so convicted shall afterwards be guilty of the said offence, every such offender shall be guilty of an indictable misdemeanor, and being convicted thereof shall be liable to suffer such punishment, by fine or imprisonment, with or without hard labour, or by both, as the court in its direction shall award, provided such imprisonment do not exceed eighteen months.

3. And be it enacted, that if any dog, or the skin thereof, shall be found in the possession or on the premises of any person by virtue of any search warrant, to be granted as is hereafter in that behalf provided, the justice by whom such search warrant was granted, may restore the same to the owner thereof, and the person in whose possession or on whose premises the same shall be so found, such person (knowing that the dog has been stolen, or that the skin is the skin of a stolen dog) shall, on conviction before any two or more justices of the peace, be liable for the first offence to pay such sum of money, not exceeding 20*l*, as to the justices shall seem meet; and if any person so convicted shall be afterwards guilty of the said offence every such offender shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and punishable accordingly.

4. And be it enacted, that if any person shall publicly advertise or offer a reward for the return or recovery of any dog which shall have been stolen or lost, and shall in such advertisement use any words purporting that no questions shall be asked, or shall make use of any words in any public advertisement purporting that a reward will be given or paid for any dog which shall have been stolen or lost without seizing or making any inquiry after the person producing such dog shall forfeit the sum of 25*l*. for every such offence to any person who will sue for the same, by action of debt to be recovered with full costs of suit.

5. And be it enacted, that any person found committing any offence punishable either upon summary conviction or upon indictment by virtue of this act, may be immediately apprehended without a warrant, by any police-officer, or by the owner of the dog with respect to which the offence shall be committed, or by his servant or any person authorised by him, and forthwith taken before some neighbouring justice of the peace, to be dealt with according to law; and if any credible witness shall prove upon oath before a justice of the peace a reasonable cause to suspect that any person has in his possession or on his premises any stolen dog, such justice may grant a warrant to search for such dog; and any person to whom any dog shall be offered to be sold or delivered if he shall have reasonable cause to suspect that such dog has been stolen, is hereby authorised, and, if in his power, is required, to apprehend and forthwith to convey before a justice of the peace the party offering the same, together with such dog, to be dealt with according to law.

6. And be it enacted, that any person who shall corruptly take any money or reward directly or indirectly under pretence or upon account of aiding any person to recover any dog which shall have been stolen, or which shall be in the possession of any person not being the owner thereof, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and punishable accordingly.

7. And be it enacted, that any justice may, if he shall think fit, remand for further examination, or may suffer to go at large, with or without sureties, upon his own personal recognizance, any person who shall be charged before him with any offence or misdemeanor punishable by this act, whether the same be punishable by summary conviction or as an indictable misdemeanor.

8. And be it enacted, that in every case of summary conviction under this act where the sum shall be forfeited for the value of any dog as is hereinbefore provided, or which shall be imposed as a penalty by the justices, shall not be paid either immediately after the conviction or within such period as the justices shall at the time of the conviction appoint, it shall be lawful for the convicting justices to commit the offender to the common gaol or house of correction, there to be imprisoned only, or imprisoned and kept to hard labour, for any term not exceeding two calendar months where the amount of the sum forfeited, or of the penalty imposed, or of both (as the case may be), together with the costs, shall not exceed five pounds, and for any term not exceeding four calendar months where the amount, with costs, shall not exceed ten pounds, and for any term not exceeding six calendar months in any other case; the commitment to be determinable in each of the cases aforesaid upon payment of the amount and costs.

COURT CIRCULAR.—On Thursday, Mr. Always Cut-and-run, of Never-stop Place, was unavoidably detained at home by his two pairs of trousers, —the cloth ones playing the truant at the pawnbroker's, and the ducks at the wash.

What is nothing? A footless stocking without a leg.

Why is a young lady like a bill of exchange? Because she ought to be settled as soon as she comes to maturity.



## HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CRIBB.

## CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

## DUTCH SAM.

Samuel Elias was born April 4th, 1775, in Petticoat-lane, Whitechapel. His first introduction to the pugilistic world at the age of 16, was occasioned by the following circumstance:—As Harry Lee was returning from Enfield on the day that Jem Belcher and Burke were to have fought, (Oct. 12, 1801), he witnessed a quarrel, followed by a turn-up between a man of superior size, of the name of Baker, and a youthful Israelite. It was a sort of bye battle arising out of a quarrel. In "FISTIANA," we find (we know not on what authority) the fight recorded as a regular pitched battle, and the sum of five guineas placed against it. Be this as it may, Lee was struck with the stripling's skill, quickness, and astonishing severity of hitting. He accordingly lent him the light of his countenance, and Sam appeared at various sparring exhibitions. With the exception of one Shipley whose pretensions Sam extinguished in fifteen minutes, in 1803, our hero does not seem to have been engaged in any public contest until August 7, 1804, when he met at Wood Green, near Hornsey, in the roped lists, the renowned Caleb Baldwin, the pride of Westminster, for a purse of 25 guineas. This battle excited great attention; that Caleb was well known we need hardly say, while the young Israelite's fame stood deservedly high among "the peoplesh." The odds on stripping were in favour of Baldwin. And here we cannot resist giving a specimen of the way in which the volumes on which the public are called upon to pin their faith, are vamped up. "The Historian," who conglomerated "BOXIANA," has insulted common sense, grammar, and fact, by the following fabricated account of this battle, which appears in vol. 1, page 310 of that work, under the memoir of Caleb Baldwin.

"First round.—The spectators were extremely anxious to witness on which side the first advantage appeared—great expectations were placed upon Caleb, whose experience, well-known bottom, and scientific accomplishments rendered him a finished pugilist; and Dutch Sam was an object of considerable attraction among the *Fancy* in general; after some displays of the art, Sam made a hit, which did not tell; but Caleb, eager for the fray, returned the compliment extremely sharp and put in a desperate facer, that levelled his opponent. Three to one in favour of Caleb.

"Second.—Sam felt impressed that he had a *trump* to deal against, and appeared rather shy of Caleb; when the latter, full of spunk, and knowing there was no time to lose when a favourable opportunity offered, punished away both right and left, treating Sam with a *prime taste* of his *millling* qualities, that levelled him once more with his mother earth.

"Third.—Sam displayed a little more confidence, and put in some hits; but the superiority of CALEB was now manifest, who dealt out punishment so severely upon his opponent's frame, that, upon the termination of this round, Sam positively declared to his second he was beaten, and must give in; but Bill Wood smothered the sound, and brought him forward again to face his man!

"The fourth, fifth, and sixth rounds were all in favour of Caleb, and Sam was so perfectly convinced in his own mind it was against him, that he declared once more to his second he could fight no longer; when Bill Wood clapped a handkerchief upon his mouth, and would not let him speak, and assisted by Pass, they again brought him up to renew the contest! which was continued with uncommon severity and both bleeding profusely, till the

"Ninth.—When, after the exchange of some good blows, Caleb put in a tremendous hit on Sam's temple, that brought him down instantly: and Sam appeared considerably depressed from its effects, and till the

"Thirteenth.—The superiority of Caleb was manifest to all the spectators; and with the experience of a veteran pugilist, endeavoured to improve every favourable turn that presented itself. Caleb displayed good science, and Sam considerable talent; and the judgment and bottom exhibited on both sides were of the first quality—stopping dexterously, and returning sharply were often discernible in both the combatants, till the

"Twentieth.—When Caleb for the first time began to show some slight symptoms of fatigue; and Sam seemed rather to be gaining ground till the

"Twenty third.—When the Champion of Westminster was considered something on the decline, and although he put in several blows, they were not of any serious effect; while, on the contrary, Sam appeared to increase in gaiety, and dealt out his hard blows with considerable success, till the

"Twenty-sixth.—When the decision of the battle was nearly left to the effect of chance, as both the combatants were so completely exhausted as not to be able to stand up at the appointed time—and in this precarious state of things, if any proper criterion could have been established to form a judgment, which was the most likely of the two to prove the conqueror, it was Sam, whose exterior did not appear quite so much disfigured as his opponent; and it ought not to be passed over here without honourable mention, that Sam's conduct was highly praiseworthy, and his humanity conspicuous, in nobly disdaining to hit his brave adversary, who was already stunned from a severe blow of his left hand, and nearly in the act of falling, when Sam, instead of following up the advantage with his right, with a manly feeling made no use of it.

"Thirty-seventh.—For the last ten rounds, Caleb was much distressed, and that true game which had been so much distinguished in all his other battles, here, if possible, showed itself greater than ever. From his exhausted state, the blows of Caleb, although well meant, lost their effect. And it was with

the greatest reluctance that his brave heart acknowledged that he was conquered, who had so long, and so often been accustomed to the shouts of victory.

"Sam, in proving the victor, had not much to boast of; and who was so severely punished, that he could not have lasted much longer: and so strongly was he impressed with the valour and hardihood of CALEB, (who was by no means in good condition, from bad health, at the time he fought,) that, upon being matched to fight in the ensuing September, at the particular challenge of BALDWIN, for twenty guineas, Sam forfeited his deposit and declined."

Surely such rubbish as this can hardly impose upon any man: it bears absurdity and improbability on the face of it, and when read in conjunction with the rest of the inflated and exaggerated accounts of the prowess of the "Westminster Champion," affords a pretty specimen of the impartiality of the concocter of this precious report. Sam "took the lead throughout the fight," says the only contemporary account which we can find of this battle, and surely this sentence is enough to show that the detail above given is an entire fabrication. We now pass to Sam's next encounter, which took place April 27, 1805, at Shepperton Common, Surrey; his opponent on this occasion was with Britton, of Bristol, for 50l. aside. Britton was a pugilist of considerable pretensions, and had fought a good battle with Jem Belcher, when that fistic phenomenon was in his prime. It was a well-contested fight, and after thirty rounds of sharp work, Sam was declared the conqueror.

Sam was next matched with Tom Belcher, for one hundred guineas, and the mill came off Feb. 8, 1806, at Moulsey Hurst, in a roped ring. Gully seconded Tom Belcher, and Dick Whale was his bottle-holder; the attendants upon Dutch Sam were Mendoza and Tom Blake. Betting was extremely brisk, but no odds offered.

## THE FIGHT.

1.—Great expectations were formed of a fine display of science. Sam made a feint, and tried to draw his man; but Tom was not to be had; he popped in a little one, which was quickly returned by the Jew; Belcher tried to get closer, but in making a hit overreached himself, and fell.

2.—Belcher extremely active, and got in right and left with good effect. Sam returned slightly, when they closed and fell.

3.—Sam tried to punish Tom's ribs; but Belcher's guard was too secure. After an exchange the men closed and fell. [Five to four on Belcher.]

4.—In this round Tom proved himself a first-rate pugilist, and appeared the readier man; notwithstanding Sam's rallying, he warded off his sharp hitting with great dexterity, and punished away with his right hand; Sam, by main strength, threw his opponent.

5.—No mischief done.

6.—Both the combatants resolved losing no time, and severe blows were exchanged, but in favour of Tom, who stopped the desperate hits of his antagonist with remarkable adroitness.

7.—Tom, in a rally, made his opponent's head rattle again; but Sam received the shock undaunted, and caught Belcher an astonisher on the eye; in closing, both down.

8.—Both pelling away; Belcher threw Sam. [Two to one on Tom.]

9.—Belcher a little the worse for his exertions, which Sam perceiving, ran in, and knocked him clean down.

10.—Belcher tried to punish his opponent's nob, but ineffectively, and fell through exhaustion, while Sam was busting him, and forcing the fighting. [The odds now shifted, and seven to four were offered upon Sam.]

11.—Sharp blows and neat stopping on both sides; in the close, Sam was uppermost.

12.—Belcher made the best of himself, and showed off rather gay; but his blows did not seem effective, and he fell, during a short rally, to all appearance weak. [Two to one on Sam.]

13.—Tom, somewhat recovered, made his opponent's head feel the effects of a rattling one, two, which rendered him so shy, that Belcher went in, and threw him.

14.—Belcher again looked up to; Sam still shy. [Even betting.]

15.—Sam rattled in fiercely, and endeavoured to serve Tom out, and followed him round the ring; Belcher, who fought on the retreat, gave him some ugly raps for his temerity.

16.—The science displayed by Tom in this round was truly excellent—his distances were well judged, and his blows told. [Odds six to five on Belcher.]

21.—In the last six rounds, Belcher took the lead—but both the combatants were on the decline, and though several blows were exchanged, they were not effective.

25.—Belcher, although weak, appeared so formidable in the eyes of his opponent, that Sam avoided in-fighting.

26.—Belcher, without hesitation, put in a good facer, and concluded the round by throwing Sam. [Tom the favourite, and the odds laid upon him.]

27.—In the last two rounds, Belcher continued to exert himself in the best manner, but still betrayed weakness.

In rounds 30 to 57 Belcher displayed much tact and undeniable game, but the tremendous severity of Sam's hitting, and the almost ferocious energy with which he concluded every round, on perceiving the slightest advantage, gradually wore down his opponent, and at the close of the 57th round Belcher's seconds gave in for him.

(To be continued.)

## NOTICE!

\* \* THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, Part III., for AUGUST, price Sevenpence, in an embellished wrapper, is now ready. The Parts for June and July are also procurable. ALL the back numbers are now in print, and may be had through all booksellers. The Stamped Edition (free by post) price 2s. 6d., must be ordered a week in advance; or per quarter, 3s., (in advance) will secure its transmission to the subscriber's address. In the eighteenth number of this paper (the Stamped Edition only), will be given a full and faithful report of the GREAT PUGILISTIC CONTEST for the CHAMPIONSHIP of ENGLAND, exclusively by express. To prevent disappointment in the country, all orders must be given before September 10, as the number of Stamps printed will be regulated by the orders.

Office, 42, Holywell-street, Strand, where all communications for the Editor must be addressed.

## "MY FIRST BRUSH."

## A REMINISCENCE OF A FOX-HUNTER'S BOYHOOD.

BY R. T. VYNER, ESQ.

Long before I kept hounds myself, I was in the constant practice of beginning with the first morning's cub-hunting, and going out regularly, through the summer and autumn, with the pack which hunted my neighbourhood in Warwickshire; and many is the run I have seen in those woodlands, which would not have disgraced December, and many the fox killed when the lazy world were snoring away their time in bed. Even when a schoolboy, I never lost the opportunity, when it offered, of running on foot for miles to get a sight of the hounds, either as they were passing from one cover to draw another, or where they might be even seen for a few minutes on their return home from hunting; and as five of my boyish years were spent with a private tutor in the cream of the Pytchley country, it is not much to be wondered at that the innate love of hunting should have been cherished till it became "the ruling passion," and that the remembrance of those early and dearly-loved scenes round Hempslow Hills and Winwick Warren should be amongst the fondest of my by-gone days.

"My First Brush," that trophy so sought for and valued by the old school, now become by far too dirty and odoriferous for the white gloves of the modern fox-hunter, was gained in that Paradise of chase, Northamptonshire. It was late in the month of March, during the season of 1816 and 1817, when the quiet of Guilsborough was aroused from its accustomed tranquillity by the cry of the Pytchley hounds, at that time the property of Lord Althorp: they had run their fox, after a most brilliant burst of fifty minutes, from Nethercote's Gorse up to the gardens which surround the village, and amongst a most heterogeneous mass of cobblers, tailors, and snobs of ever grade, and curs of low degree, they killed him. Not having far to run from the house of my tutor, I was lucky enough to be in "in my place" at "the finish," and by the joint assistance of a large stick and a few kicks from the hobnails of a yokel, the fox was saved; and I bore him away in triumph into the middle of the next field. But where are the horsemen? Where is Charles King? Where is Jack Wood? Where is Mr. Bouverie? Where is Vere Isham? Where is Davy, *cum multis aliis*? In the middle of Naseby Field lost in a fog, and floundering their way through those far-famed receptacles for beaten horses, the Naseby Bogs. Why, the fox has been killed these ten minutes; but here comes one in a cap; is Jack Wood first; and five minutes more some "the field." It was a good run, and a good finish—all were delighted, and none more so than he who on that day gained his "first brush."—*Sporting Review for August, 1845.*

TO CURE THE ITCH IN HORSES.—We are assured, by a respectable farmer who has tried it, that the following is an infallible remedy:—White hellebore, powdered, 1 oz.; flour of sulphur, 1 lb.; oil of tar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb.; train oil,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb., to be well mixed together and thoroughly rubbed into every part of the body, which the following day should be washed with soap and water, and the application be repeated as before. This method to be pursued until this troublesome and infectious disease is eradicated.

CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING.—An advertisement of cheap shoes and fancy articles has the following *nota bene*:—"N.B. Ladies wishing to purchase cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long." This is candid; what follows is horrible.

A Liverpool farrier informs those ladies "who wish to have a really genuine article," that he will be happy to make them muffs, boas, &c., of "THEIR OWN SKINS!"

—GREAT SQUIRRELS.—A gentleman, waiting from the borders of Lake Champlain, confirms a statement made by Dr. Morse, in his work on geography, and which has, by some, been regarded as fabulous. He says:—"A word on the instinct of squirrels here. When they wish to move from one island to the other they watch the wind till it blows in the right direction, and you will see them in dozens coming to the beach, each with a large piece of bark in his mouth, which he launches, and then jumping on board, turns up his tail for a sail, and ever he goes to the port of his destination. I might have shot them while making sail, but it looked to me as something almost wicked."—*New York Spirit of the Times.*

## CORRESPONDENTS.

- S. WILLIAMS, Leeds.—Cousens beat Deaf Burke, Aug. 6, 1839; it is therefore more than fifteen years ago, and B wins the wager. There were four gipsy Coopers: the degrees of their relationship we cannot tell. Jack Cooper was the best known, he beat Scroggins, Cabbage, and West Country Dick, but was defeated by Bishop Sharpe, or Young Dutch Sam, (Young Sam also beat Tom Cooper); Jem Cooper, beaten by Owen Swift, (when Owen was a boy) is unknown to fame. George Cooper, beaten by Dick Curtis at Epsom, is also an illustrious obscure, being one of those more rough and ready "coves of the bush," who, when milling was in vogue, resorted to moss, &c., to fight for a purse gathered on the ground. You will see all about the celebrated George Cooper (the 12 stone man we mean) in the HISTORY OF BOXING now progressing in these columns.
- R. N., Northampton.—Blood-spavin is an unnatural enlargement on the *inside* of a horse's hock, proceeding from the distension of the vein crossing the internal junction of the inferior part of the thigh bone with the superior part of the shank: it more usually arises from a blow or kick than any continued exertion of speed. Bone-spavin is an ossified enlargement on the *outside* of the hock, and rather below the joint; it is a cartilaginous protrusion at first, which afterwards becomes callous, and at length as hard as bone itself. Blistering and afterwards firing may remove it in its earlier stages. It is an unsoundness, and makes a horse lame sooner or later.
- R. BULLOCK.—Mr. John Gully was born August 21, 1783; he fought three times in the ring, 1, beaten by Pearce, the Game Chicken (see under Pearce in our History of Boxing); 2, beat Bob Gregson, 200 guineas, at Newmarket, October 14, 1807; 3, again beat Gregson, 300 guineas, Market-street, Herts, May 10, 1808. He was champion, but declined the honour, whereon it descended to Cribb. He was elected M.P. for Pontefract, in 1832. His fistic career will follow Dutch Sam, now in progress.
- A GROOM.—Camphorated Spirit is a good remedy and useful embrocation in slight swellings, as well as to prevent the breaking of chilblains in the winter season. The following is the mode of preparation:—Take of spirit of wine, one pint; camphor, one ounce; shake until the camphor is dissolved. Camomile flowers are the best fomentation you can use in such a case as that you speak of.
- FOUR-A-BALLAGE.—We shall be happy to receive the articles on the terms mentioned. Would you be willing (as we suppose you have the necessary books of reference) to take the answering of turf questions?
- SIMON.—R. pater, or bay salt, two ounces; powdered gentian root, one ounce; white hellebore, half a drachm. Take a pint of warm water and beat up a strong lather of soap therein, then mix the above medicines in it and give it to the horse the first thing in the morning, fasting. This may be given to a horse in work, or even a mare in foal, with safety; and is an excellent remedy for worms.
- EDWARD, Liverpool.—We do not know the book you speak of. Where was it published, when, and the name of its author.
- R. M. C. B., Chesterfield.—Thanks for the offer, but we have the file papers for the year 1834; nevertheless, if it is not "*Bell's Life*," we shall be glad to receive it. You are a little mistaken as to the progress of the History of Boxing; we are now at 1805, or thereabouts, though of course we pursue each pugilist's biography to his death, or the present time (if surviving). Bendigo is, we believe, a native of Leeds.
- H. BROWN.—You may be an old acquaintance of Ben Caunt's but you are not "with him almost every evening," nor any evening at all, now or lately, as he is at his training quarters. We know Caunt well enough, and certainly cannot say much for the resemblance taken by the artist we employed. All we can say is, that we paid him for a likeness, which he pretended to take, and when it came from the engraver's we did not like it any more than yourself. That of Bendigo (from another pencil) was excellent; but if H. Brown was an editor (which stupidly happily shields him from) he would find, that like everybody else, he must buy experience. The likenesses of the men "in attitude," which shall appear in No. 18, will be from the pencil of an artist we have tried, and found skilful.
- SAMUEL GREEN.—You are not so verdant as your name would imply. The shooting season will of course next attract our attention. We will insert the FRAGON articles when we have done with the Partridge and Pheasant. Can you not see how we are crowded?
- R. EMDEN.—The Report of the Great Fight (which will be taken by an experienced ring reporter), cannot appear in the unstamped edition, until upwards of twenty-eight days after its taking place, under a penalty of £10 for every copy of the paper so printed without a stamp, recoverable upon information; so that a person buying twenty-five copies of this paper could lay an information and get us fined £250. Pray wait your turn with the GAMBOON, or we shall begin to think that sporting readers are without any conscience or toleration.
- \* \* The continuation of "SHOOTING AND PREMONITORY HINTS ON THE USE OF THE GUN," is unavoidably postponed until the next number.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

- SUNDAY, August 24th.—FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
- MONDAY, 25th.—Cricket Match, the M. C. C. against the Northern Counties at Nottingham. —Stourbridge Races.—Hawley Hill Races.—Last day to serve Objections on Voters or their Tenants; or Borough Objections on Overseers, or to claim Right of Voting in Boroughs.
- TUESDAY, 26th.—Egham Races.—Plymouth Regatta.—Huntingdon Races.
- WEDNESDAY, 27th.—Hereford Races.—Newport Pagnell Fair.—LEFT-ON CLOTHES.—Good housewives, instead of giving their husband's old clothes to poor relations, or necessitous neighbours, exchange them for China ornaments and black velvet chimney-sweepers. Mrs. Dix, of Prospect-place, assures us that she has elegantly decorated her mantel-piece with two old hats, a black satin waistcoat, and a monkey-jacket.
- THURSDAY, 28th.—Stockton Races.—Salisbury Races.—Tiverton Races.—Stirling Races.
- FRIDAY, 29th.—Welford Fair.—Uckfield Fair.—As this is the time when every body goes out of London that can't help staying in it, we quote from Punch his instructions in the Art of Packing:—"A carpet bag should be packed by placing the clean linen in first, including the frilled shirts. After which stuff in the coats and boots; garnish with shaving tackle, and ram down with hair-brush. If the packing is not then successful, insert your foot into the bag, and pull fiercely at the handles. It does not matter about the carpet bag being wide open at both sides, so as it is closed with a padlock in the middle.—Overseers to send Lists of Electors and Objections to Clerks of the Peace in Counties, or Town Clerks in Cities and Boroughs.
- SATURDAY, 30th.—Spalding Fair.—Last day for payment of taxes, (due on March 1st) by Corporation Burgesses.—Seven Penny Post Letter Carriers dismissed, 844, for opening several sporting gentlemen's letters. Same text right, the inquisitive penny-trailors (penetrators) of turf secrets. Is this joke worth a farthing—oh, reader!

## THE MOON IN AUGUST.

New Moon, 3rd	...	...	...	...	7 24 morn.
First Quarter, 10th	...	...	...	...	7 40 noon.
Full Moon, 17th	...	...	...	...	1 16 aft.
Last Quarter, 25th	...	...	...	...	6 27 aft.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High water at London Bridge.							
		morn.		aft.			
Sunday, Aug. 24th	...	6 19	4 41	Thursday, 28th	...	10 57	11 15
Monday, 25th	...	7 3	7 39	Friday, 29th	...	11 41	
Tuesday, 26th	...	7 59	8 36	Saturday 30th	...	0 21	0 43
Wednesday, 27th	...	9 16	9 57				

# The Sportsman's Magazine.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 30, 1845.

## GYMNASTICS.—NO. I. SWIMMING.—(Continued from p. 281)

### SECTION VIII.

OF SEVERAL VARIETIES OF SWIMMING.

#### *The Fling.*

The swimmer lays himself as flat as possible upon the waist, draws his feet close under his body, stretches his hand forward, and with both feet and hands, at the same time violently beating the water. In this manner one may succeed in throwing one's self out of the water as far as the hips. This exercise is very useful as it enables a man to save himself by catching at a rope or any other object which hangs above the surface of the water from a ship, or the like, and to grasp a projection at a moderate perpendicular height.

#### *To Beat Water.*

This is a very pleasant exercise among other varieties of swimming. When floating on your back, you must strike the water with each leg at every successive extension, causing the water to fly into the air. Those who are most expert at this bring their chins towards their breast at each stroke; and others lift up their legs much higher, and strike the water sometimes with their left leg, and at other times with their right, at the same time turning the whole body. This last is a very agreeable mode. To achieve it you must keep yourself fully extended on your back, inflating and elevating your breast as much as possible, always keeping it out of the water; extend both your hands with the palms towards the bottom, for it is by them that you must sustain yourself while striking with your legs. Now, supposing your right leg to be lifted up, strike with that; throw up the left instantaneously, and turn at the same moment. This agility makes swimming easy and pleasant.

#### *The Thrust.*

At first, the swimmer lays horizontally upon his waist, and makes the common motions in swimming. He then simply stretches one arm forwards, as in swimming on the side, but remains lying upon the waist, and, in a widely-described circle, he carries the other hand, which is working, under the breast, towards the hip. (This circle is in its direction the very opposite of that observed in swimming on the side.) As soon as the arm has completed this movement, it is lifted from the water in a stretched position, and thrown forwards in the greatest horizontal level, and is then sunk, with the hand flat, into the water; while the swimmer thus stretches forth the arm, he with the other hand, stretched as wide as possible, describes a small circle in order to sustain the body; after this, he brings this hand, in a largely described circle, rapidly to the hip, lifts the arm out of the water, thrusts it forward, &c. During the describing of the larger circle, the feet make their movements. To make the thrust beautifully, a considerable degree of practice is required. This mode of swimming is applicable in cases where a great degree of rapidity is required for a short distance.

#### *The Double Thrust.*

In the performance of this, the arm is thrust forwards, backwards, and again forwards, without dipping into the water; in the meantime the stretched-forth arm describes two small circles before it begins the larger one.

#### *To Turn Back.*

To do this, turn the palm of your right hand outwards and strike from you, and draw the left arm inwards, as it were embracing the water.

#### *To Swim Forward on your Back.*

We swim backwards when, lying on our back, we propel ourselves by striking out the feet and legs; but if you would, on the contrary, advance forwards, you must, still floating on your back, keep your body in a straight line extended at full length, the chest elevated as much as possible, so that the back between the shoulders and the hips are concave, or arched, and your hands on your breast. Being then in this position, lift up your legs one after another, and draw them back with all the force you can towards your hams, letting them fall into the water, and this method will take you back to your starting place. This is a very pleasant way, affording much refreshment, and imparting new vigour to the system by the change of exercise.

#### *Suspension by the Chin.*

If you throw yourself on your back, near the surface of the water, you cannot continue long in that position without the proper action of your hands on the water; if you use no such action the legs and lower part of the body will gradually sink till you come into an upright position, in which you will continue suspended, the hollow of your breast keeping your head uppermost.

If in this erect position, you hold your head upright above your shoulders, as when you stand on the ground, the immersion will, by the weight

of that part of your head which is out of water, reach above the mouth and nostrils, perhaps a little above the eyes, so that you cannot long remain suspended in the water, with your head in that position.

Suppose that your body continues suspended as before, and upright; if you lean your head quite back, so that your face look upward, all the back part of your head being in the water, and its weight consequently, in a great measure supported by it, your face will remain above water, quite free from breathing, will rise an inch higher every inspiration, and be depressed as much every expiration, but never so low as that the water may come over the mouth. This is what we call suspension by the chin.

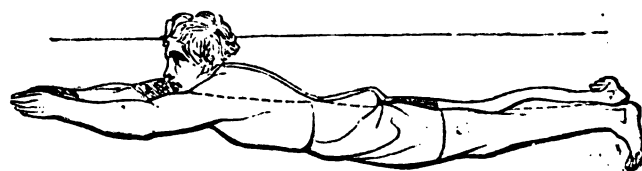
The knowledge of the fact just detailed is valuable to all; and, if a person unacquainted with swimming, falling accidentally into the water, could have presence of mind sufficient to avoid struggling and plunging, and to let the body take this natural position, he might continue long safe from drowning, till, perhaps help should come: for, as to the clothes, their additional weight when immersed is very inconsiderable, the water supporting it; though when he comes out of the water, he would find them very heavy indeed.

#### *To Swim like a Dog*

This mode of swimming is not so difficult as you may suppose; on the contrary, we have heard of several, who knew not how to swim before, having kept themselves above water by accidentally practising it. To swim, then, as the canine tribe do, you must, as it were, beat the water with each hand alternately, doing the same with your feet, observing that you draw the water to you with your hands, and drive it from you with your feet. Should you unexpectedly get among weed, this will be found useful in disengaging yourself therefrom.

#### *To Creep.*

The action of a man in this mode of swimming has been compared by some to the motion of creeping in reptiles. A snake, for example, resting with its fore parts, draws the rest of its body forwards. Creeping on the water may be found of great service in getting clear over a bed of



weeds. Swimming on your belly, you must cast your hands forwards, extending them as far from your breast as possible, your fingers close together, the palms of your hands a little curved inwards, and turned towards the bottom; then draw your hands and arms in again, and you will find that the resistance of the water to this motion, causes the rest of your body to advance, and this advance you will assist by softly throwing your feet backwards, but close together.

#### *To Sit in the Water*

Those who are expert in swimming can do whatever they please in the water. They can walk, stand still in an upright position, lie still, or sit down. If you would sit, you must take both your feet in your hands, draw in your breath, and so keep your breast inflated; holding your head as upright as possible.

#### *To Swim under Water.*

Dive with your hands close together, placed back to back; then spread them out with the utmost rapidity you are capable of, your thumbs turned upwards, and your fore-fingers towards the bottom. If you feel disposed to descend lower, you must strike your hands down lower in the water, as you spread them out. If you wish to re-ascend, keep the palms of your hands open, and your thumbs towards each other, as when you swim on your belly,—the palms of your hands being towards the bottom.

If you would swim between the top and the bottom, or in the middle, you must grasp the water before you with both your arms, as it were drawing it towards you, keeping your thumbs turned more towards the bottom than the rest of your hands. You may have occasion to swim thus when you are seeking for anything at the bottom of the water, or wish to pass unseen from one shore to another; and it may also be useful when a fellow creature is in danger of being drowned.

#### *Saving another from danger.*

Our last paragraph necessarily induces the present. It is important for every swimmer to know how to act in rescuing a drowning person, without himself becoming a victim, as so often happens.

The following rules must be borne in remembrance:—The swimmer must avoid approaching the person in front, lest you should be grasped by him; for whatever a drowning man seizes he holds with convulsive force, and it is no easy matter to get disengaged from his grasp. The swimmer should therefore seize him behind, and let the other loose the moment he turns towards him; his best way, therefore, is, to impel the drowning man before him to the shore, or else to draw him from behind. If the space to be passed over be too great for this, let him seize him by the foot and drag him, turning him on his back. If the drowning man has seized him at a disadvantage, there is no other resource for the swim-



mer than to drop at once for the bottom of the water, and there, preserving his presence of mind, break from his antagonist. The drowning man instinctively makes for the surface, and will usually loose his hold when he finds himself going down, more especially if his prey pretends to hold him under with all his power.

For two swimmers the labour of saving life is far easier, since they can mutually relieve each other. Captain Ollas gives the following method, and the accompanying engraving of carrying a drowning man to shore, a person unable to swim over a river, or of saving a person who has not quite lost all consciousness or presence of mind.



SAVING A DROWNING PERSON.

If the drowning person has still some presence of mind, they may seize him one under each armpit, and without any great effort in treading water, bring him along with his head above water, enjoining him earnestly at the same time to keep himself as much stretched out, and as motionless as possible. As a conclusion to this little treatise, we cannot do better than append, (for they cannot be too widely circulated.)

#### DIRECTIONS OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY, FOR RESTORING SUSPENDED ANIMATION TO PERSONS APPARENTLY DROWNED.

Send quickly for medical assistance. *Cautions.*—1, Lose no time.—2, Avoid all rough usage.—3, Never hold the body up by the feet.—4, Nor roll the body on casks.—5, Nor rub the body with salt or spirits.—6, Nor inject tobacco-smoke or infusion of tobacco.

#### Methods of Treatment.

1. Convey the body carefully, with the head and shoulders supported in a raised position, to the nearest house.
2. Strip the body, and rub it dry; then wrap it in hot blankets, and place it in a warm bed in a warm chamber.
3. Wipe and cleanse the mouth and nostrils.
4. In order to restore the natural warmth of the body,—Move a heated covered warming-pan over the back and spine. Put bladders or bottles of hot water, or heated bricks, to the pit of the stomach, the arm pits, between the thighs, and the soles of the feet. Foment the body with hot flannels; but, if possible, immerse the body in a warm bath as hot as the hand can bear it without pain, as this is preferable to the other means for restoring warmth. Rub the body briskly with the hand; do not, however, suspend the use of the other means at the same time.
5. Apply sal volatile or hartshorn to the nostrils.

#### General Observations.

On restoration to life, if the power of swallowing be returned, small quantities of warm wine or weak brandy and water may be given; the patient should be kept in bed, and a disposition to sleep encouraged. Great care is requisite to maintain the restored vital actions, and at the same time to prevent undue excitement.

The treatment recommended by the Society is to be persevered in for three or four hours. It is an erroneous opinion, that persons are irrecoverable because life does not soon make its appearance; and it is absurd to suppose that a body must not be meddled with or removed without the permission of a Coroner.

## THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SPORTING.

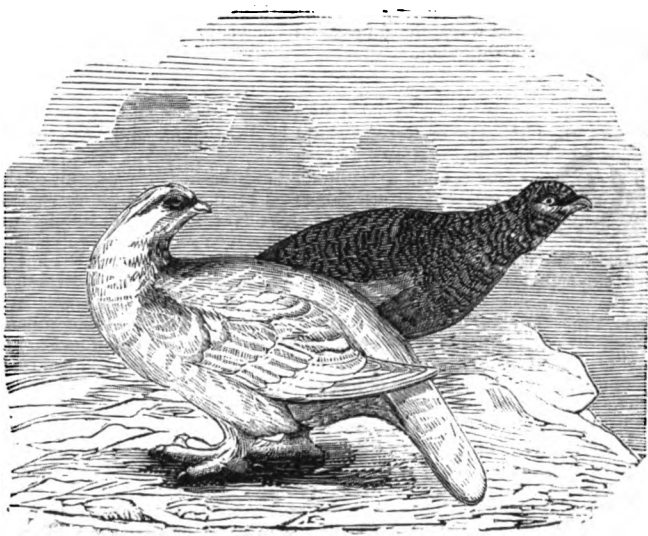


THE BLACK GROUSE.

**T**HIS bird which is the species best known as the prey of the Sportsman's tube, is pretty generally distributed over Europe, being met with in France and Germany, and even so far to the south as in Italy; and as we reach the north, in Russia, Norway, Siberia, Scandinavia, and in Lapland. In Britain it occurs in the two countries, being most sparingly distributed, however, in England; the New Forest in Hampshire, Somerset, Dartmoor and Exmoor in Devonshire; the wild parts of Staffordshire and Lancashire, and so on, until we reach the 'border,' where it becomes abundant in the wild districts which conduct us to its still more frequent haunts in Scotland. There it is abundant, and may be found in most of the districts which are suited for it, extending north to Sutherland, and to the islands of Mull and Skye. In Ireland, Mr. Thompson informs us, it long since became extinct, though in Smith's History of Cork (1749) it is mentioned as 'frequent.'

The favourite abodes of the black grouse are subalpine sheep countries, where there is, comparatively, little health, where there are moist flats or meadows, abounding with a rank and luxuriant herbage, and where the glades and passes among the hills are clothed with natural brushwood of birch and hazel, willow and alder, and have a tangled bottom of deep fern. These afford an abundant supply of food, with shelter from the cold at night, and the scorching rays of a midsummer sun.

The black cock is not larger than the common hen, yet it weighs nearly four pounds; its length is about twenty inches, its breadth, from tip to tip of the wing, two feet six to nine inches. The bill is black, the eyes dark blue, below each there is a spot of a dirty white colour, and above,

THE PTARMIGAN OR WHITE GROUSE,  
(In winter and summer plumage.)

a larger one of bright scarlet, which extends almost to the top of the head; its general colour, as its name implies is black, glossed with blue on the neck and rump. The greater wing coverts are white, so that when the wings are closed a spot of white appears on the shoulder; the wing quills are brown. The feathers of the tail are almost square at the ends, so that when the tail is spread it forms a curve at each side. The under tail coverts are pure white, the legs and thighs are of a dark brown, mottled with white, and the toes are toothed at the edges. In some specimens the nostrils are thickly covered with feathers, whilst in others they are quite bare; this may probably be owing to the age of the birds, though little ones are found feathered, and large ones bare, and vice versa.

The black cock is polygamous. In the warmer sunny days, at the conclusion of winter, and commencement of spring, the males, after feeding, may be seen arranged on some turf fence, rail, or sheep-fold, pluming their wings, expanding their tails, and practising, as it were, their love-call. If the weather now sometimes warm, the flocks soon separate, and the males select some conspicuous spots, from whence they endeavour to drive all rivals, and commence to display their arts to allure the females. The places selected at such seasons are generally elevations, the turf enclosure of a former sheep-fold, which has been disused, and is now grown over, or some of those beautiful spots of fresh and grassy pasture which are well known to the inhabitants of a pastoral district. Here, after perhaps many battles have been fought and rivals vanquished, the noble full dressed black cock takes his stand, commencing at the first dawn of day, and, where the game is abundant, the hill on every side repeats the humming call; they start around the spots selected, tuck their wings, inflating the throat and neck, and puffing up the plumage of these parts and the now brilliant wattle above the eyes, raising and expanding the tail, and displaying the beautifully contrasting white under tail coverts. He is soon heard by the females, who crowd around their lord and master. This season of admiration does not continue long; the females disperse to seek proper situations for depositing their eggs, while the males, losing their feeling for love and fighting, reassemble in small parties, and seek the shelter of the brush and fern beds to complete a new moult, and are seldom seen, except early in the morning or at evening, when they exhibit a degree of timidity, the very reverse of their former boldness and vigilance. The old males continue separate until winter, and afterwards seem to display an inclination to flock by themselves; but in many cases they join with the young broods, and all resort, morning and evening, to some favourite feeding grounds, spending the middle part of the day in rest, or in basking, pluming, or sporting upon some sunny hill side. Upon the females devolves the whole duty of rearing and protecting the young; the nest is made upon the ground, not far from water, and the young, when hatched, are conveyed to the low rushy hollows, where there is abundance of food, supplied by the tender seeds of the rushes and alpine grasses. The young are seldom full grown before the 1st of September; and even at this season, if they have been undisturbed previously, they will almost suffer themselves to be lifted from before the pointers. During summer, the general food is the seeds of the various grasses, and the berries of the different alpine plants; in winter, the tender shoots of the fir, catkins of birch and hazel, heath, and even the leaves of fern, and these often give their peculiar flavour to the flesh. But in the lower districts, where, indeed, this bird is most abundant, the gleanings of the stubble yields a plentiful meal. Fields of turnip and rape are also favourite feeding places, and the leaves supply a more grateful food during hard frost than they could elsewhere procure. In some places, flocks of hundreds assemble at feeding times, and, although at this time they are extremely shy and wary, the fences and enclosures often allow them to be approached within shot.

#### THE PTARMIGAN, OR WHITE GROUSE.

OUR series of Grouse would be incomplete did we omit this beautiful variety.

Our readers must understand that it is the pursuit of the red and white grouse alone that begins on the 12th of August, and not till the 15th (or eight days later) must we attempt bagging the smaller species of which we have just given the portrait. We call the black cock the smaller, inasmuch as he is the larger bird; nevertheless the red and white afford infinitely the best diversion. At the beginning of the season the black game lie like stones; but in a short time they become so wild as to be almost inaccessible, unless, indeed, by such stratagems to which good sportsmen rarely, if ever, are fond of resorting. However, under any circumstances, the red grouse is by much the more interesting object of our pursuit.

The white grouse, or ptarmigan, we are not aware that these birds are to be found in any part of Great Britain, except the Highlands of Scotland, where, on the gray tops of many of the high mountains, they may be met with. They resemble in colour the steepest Alpine heights they inhabit, which renders it difficult to see them, except on the wing, and which, probably, affords them the best protection against their fierce pursuers, the eagles, that are generally seen hovering over the wild spots the white grouse inhabit. Should any of our readers be disposed to pursue the ptarmigan, we would advise them to visit the neighbourhood of the beautiful Loch Leven, where, on the summits of some of the surround-

ing mountains, they may obtain diversion, we had almost said amongst the clouds.

But to return to the description of

“The ptarmigan,  
Which falls the prey of the Lapland man;”

and of which the cut that heads this article is a lifelike representation.

The ptarmigan is about the size of the red grouse. Its bill is black; and in its summer dress the upper parts of its body are of a pale brown or ash colour, mottled with small dusky spots and bars; the bars on the head and neck are somewhat broader; and are mixed with white; the under parts are white, as also are the wings, excepting the shafts of the quills, which are black. This is its summer dress, which in winter is changed to a pure white, excepting that in the male there is a black line between the bill and the eye. The tail consists of sixteen feathers; the two middle ones are ash-coloured in summer and white in winter; the next two are slightly marked with white near the ends; the rest are wholly black; the upper tail coverts are long, and almost cover the tail.

The white grouse is fond of lofty situations, where it braves the severest cold; it is found in most of the northern parts of Europe, even as far as Greenland, in this country it is to be met with on the summits of some of our highest hills, chiefly in the highlands of Scotland, in the Hebrides and Orkneys, and sometimes, but rarely, on the lofty hills of Cumberland and Wales. Buffon, speaking of this bird, says that it avoids the solar heat, and prefers the biting frosts on the tops of mountains; for as the snow melts on the sides of the mountains, it constantly ascends till it gains the summit, where it forms holes and burrows in the snow. They pair at the same time as the red grouse; the female lays eight or ten eggs, which are white spotted with brown. She makes no nest, but deposits them on the ground. In winter they fly in flocks, and are so little accustomed to the sight of man, that they are easily shot or taken in a snare. They feed on the wild productions of the hills, which sometimes give the flesh a bitter but not unpalatable taste; it is dark-coloured, and has somewhat the flavour of a hare.

The CAPERCAILLIE, or Cock of the Woods, is unavoidably reserved till next number.

#### GROUSE SHOOTING.

(Continued from page 277.)

IN the ground grouse roost, and, about day-break, leave their russet couch, and begin to call; soon after which they run or fly to their open feeding grounds, where they are chiefly to be found before eleven o'clock in the morning. These are, for the most part, those patches of young, green ling, of two years' growth from the burning, and where the stalk is sufficiently high to conceal the birds. To ground of this kind it is that the poachers resort; the heather there being even at the top, and the stalks not having yet become stubborn from age, yield to the net. On this account, on some moors in the north, these plots of feeding-ground are stubbed as regularly, and with as much care, as the grass enclosures are for the protection of partridges. About noon the grouse go to water, and then, retiring to the sunny side of some brow, or into hollows sheltered by hillocks, or masses of rock, under cover of the tallest heather, trim their feathers, bask, or sleep, “in all the delight of imagined security.” Though the seeming at mid-day is notoriously bad, yet you may, now and then, in such situations, stumble suddenly upon them, and catch them napping, when they will often rise in confusion, separate in different directions, and afterwards afford you good single shots. On these occasions you should hunt closely and slowly, and give your dogs the benefit of the wind.

Like other game, grouse have their favourite haunts according to the kind of locality they are in, the time of the day, the state of the season and the weather, &c.; and, as these vary, it follows that, universally, a thorough previous knowledge of the ground to be shot over gives one shooter, at all times, an extraordinary advantage over another who is wholly ignorant in this respect.

From the unvaried sameness and frequently apparent interminability of moorland districts, as well as from the similarity of their shades of colour to the plumage of the birds themselves, grouse especially, in certain states of the atmosphere, are much more difficult to mark down than partridges. Generally speaking, the nearer a man's eye is to the ground, the farther he will mark grouse, just as a man, when sitting or lying down in a canoe, will mark wild-fowl farther than one who stands erect. Always follow the course of the birds carefully with your eye, and, immediately on losing sight of them, stare well forwards in a lineal direction with the spot where you were last able to distinguish them, when you will often be agreeably surprised (just when about to say farewell) to catch a sudden sight of them again, in the act of flapping their wings to alight, as they are then not only stationary in the air for a moment, but often turn, and are thus rendered the larger and more conspicuous.

Whenever you lose sight of a cooey, just as they are whipping over the summit of a hill, keep your eye on the hindmost, or tail birds, because if the leaders turn, after they have topped the hill, the rest are sure to follow, and thus you will know the line of direction the whole have taken.



Grouse have longer wings, and, being stronger birds, usually fly farther and with much more rapidity than partridges.

If the birds divide and take different courses, your attendant marks one division, and you the other, and when one is out of sight, you both endeavour to mark the remaining one. The hand placed edgewise above the eyebrow—or both hands (where both are at liberty) placed winker fashion—by concentrating the view, and shading your eyes from the wind, are considerable aids in marking.

A telescope, with a large field of view, and which draws out but once, when in expert hands, will often be found far superior to the naked eye in marking grouse; of course, it should always be carried by a friend, or your follower, regulated to the proper focus, say—as the best distance—for three-quarters of a mile; it will be thus at all times ready to be applied to the eye in a moment. Were any one disposed to shoot for a wager, on a moor not very numerously stocked with game, I should be inclined to back, against any other plan, good markers, in heather-coloured caps, placed in *flight shooting-boxes*, sunk on the loftiest heights. The markers, of course, to be duly posted before the beating commences. Each marker might have two flags—one a red, and the other a black one—as distant signals.

As regards the best mode of ranging on the moors, it is an invariable rule, with many, to select a particular tract of ground, often lengthwise of a sloping ridge, or the steep side of a mountain, under the wind, and within gun-shot of the summit, and to beat that backwards and forwards, from end to end, all day long. This may be a very good plan where the plots of ling are generally luxuriant, and when there is a platooning carrying on in different parts of the moor; but at other periods, to my fancy at least, there is a sameness and a dull monotony in it but ill comports with that wild and romantic scenery, and those boundless prospects which the moors usually present to the eye, and seem to woo the contemplative man to partake of and to enjoy. A little departure “in bold disorder” from rigid or formal rules—a little roaming on the moors—add zest to the sport, albeit, at times, the bag may be somewhat the lighter for it. That man who, enjoying the cool elasticity of the mountain breeze, and walking on a carpet of purple heather, is yet withheld bent on slaughter only, may be a good shot, but he is a tasteless sportsman.

When you commence ranging a grouse mountain, always take the leeward side of the hill, and give your dogs the wind; such I believe to be the usual plan with experienced sportsmen. Nevertheless, I frequently range down wind for grouse, and invariably so in boisterous weather, for then the birds often lie closer, and keep their heads down, and, therefore, can neither see nor hear you so well; you also have a much more distinct sight of them, with the wind at your back, than when it is blowing a moorland blast full in your face and eyes.

Many sportsmen never think of going on the moors after August or September at the latest; whereas, if the birds have had a tolerable respite, as frequently is the case, they are much more easily found by the dogs in October, than during dry, sultry weather; will often lie as well on a fine day, especially one succeeding a black frost; and in point of size, fulness, and beauty of plumage, and excellence of flavour are incomparably superior to the birds of earlier date. Besides, all game are now well about, and occasionally seek the seclusion of the mountain dell, and the friendly shelter of the heather; green and golden plover, too, are also plentiful now on some moors, the latter deservedly in high estimation as a dainty; duck and teal, too, at times, are no strangers to moorland districts, which now and then supply the ornithologist, also, with “fine specimens” of rare birds (not game).

Towards the end of October, it is very well known that grouse, especially when much disturbed, become so wild and wary, that, to pursue them with any chance of success, the shooter must have recourse to stratagem of some sort. Most of these ingenious contrivances—such as circumventing and heading them—are but too well known; and some of them bear a close relationship to the occult sciences. The cut at the close of this article exhibits a somewhat novel mode of obtaining elevation when a wall is otherwise too high to allow the shooter when properly concealed, to fire over it. “A good stout-barreled gun, that carries a large charge, and one steady old dog, will be the most effective.” So says Lancelles, with whom I perfectly concur, being confident that, take one time with another, a stout, single-barreled gun, with a large bore, is infinitely preferable, at this late period of the season, to any double whatever, except on very strictly preserved moors, where the birds are comparatively tame; and if the shooter renew the sport after an early dinner, I should, for the afternoon, strenuously recommend a single, a pound or two lighter than the one used in the morning; partly because he will be by so much the worse than he was at first starting, and partly because the birds are always tamer as evening approaches. On these occasions, loose shot should never be thought of. Eley's cartridges must invariably be the order of the day, containing shot never smaller than No. 3, nor larger than B. I generally prefer the latter to any other size for this sort of shooting. Many sportsmen use No. 6 at the early part of the season; but, in my opinion, grouse should never be fired at with shot less than No. 5, either when loose, or in Eley's cartridge. A light gun is of but little use in grouse-shooting.

You have your attendant either three or four yards, or at a considerable distance behind you, as may be. A single knowing dog, accustomed

to the moors, for the morning, and another, of a similar stamp, for the afternoon, are now sufficient; the man leading one of them, clothed in a brown coloured sheet, or stripping him and letting him loose at your signal. If the dog be up to the trick of heading the birds, it will sometimes be found advantageous.

Unless you chance to come upon a reposing covey, huddled together in the middle of the day, nearly all your shots now will be snap shots. You must, generally, walk rather slowly, and have your gun full cocked, and in readiness to whip up to the shoulder as quick as thought. During the morning, the birds usually rise very wildly, especially if in packs; on these occasions never shoot at random, for it is neither sportsmanlike nor good policy. Small broods and single birds afford the best shots. Being now very strong on the wing, and their flight rapid, you must be extremely vigilant, and keep your eye well forward, as they rise at long distances, often in silence, and frequently steal away, barely clearing the top of the heather, so that, before you have fairly caught sight of them, they have flown at the least ten yards. Rise as they may, however, so long as they be within shot take them quick, and shoot high enough, and, if a cross shot, forward enough as well; but, above all things, I repeat, fire quickly; for the error of an inch or two in aim is of far less consequence here than half a second's delay, as it frequently happens, now, that a bird which rises within shot, is out of shot by the time he has flown five yards. In fact, none but a real good and quick shot has any business to follow this kind of shooting.

Grouse should always be closely watched on being fired at, as they are so apt to fly long distances after having been mortally wounded. At no time, perhaps, and certainly not under peculiar states of atmosphere, can you so clearly distinguish the momentary finching (on being struck) of a grouse as of a partridge. Again and again have I seen a grouse to all appearance untouched, after having been fired at, fly as far as the eye could carry one, though at no time a yard from the ground, and then suddenly drop; but, when picked up, the florid beak has told, alas! of recent death—the cause, a single blue pill. Perhaps the best way to destroy a wounded grouse, is to press the thumb upon the higher part of the back, until you feel the separation of the vertebrae.

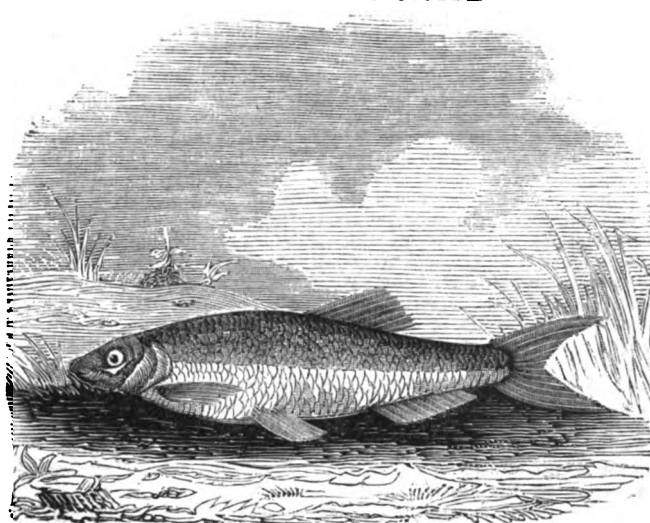
The grand time for making sure of grouse, at this late season of the year, is towards evening, when, as has been already remarked, birds being on the feed are less wary, and are both slower in rising and in flying off than during day. Small, detached, walled enclosures of ling; low, steep hills clothed with heather; and such parts of a moor as abound in concavities, with fragments of rock and overhanging banks here and there, are the places for getting shots, as you may sometimes come upon the birds unawares. I would seldom use a dog now, except to recover a wounded bird: let, therefore, him and the follower keep aloof. You will find your account in having your own private marks as guides to the nearest points of approach to the birds. If, on being compelled to show yourself, you expect them to rise at some distance from you, proceed stooping, and with stealthy caution, and put your gun to your shoulder before you rise; but if you look for them springing just under you, as from the side or foot of a hillock, then, having silently advanced to the top of it, introduce yourself suddenly to their notice, or pop upon them, when they will be more likely to rise perpendicularly, like mallards or pheasants, than to skim away, and, consequently, present a nearer and a fairer shot; and if they be too near for a cartridge, which will rarely happen, you have only to give them a little time before you fire, and very little will be found sufficient, as they make very good use of it.

From the very nature of the moors, their boundaries cannot be so palpably defined as those of cultivated districts; it behoves the shooter, therefore, to be particular in ascertaining the prescribed limits of his range, as in the event of trespassing he may not always come off so well as did a relation of mine, whose Christian name is Tom. Early one twelfth morn, this worthy gent., who is remarkable for the large size and protuberance of his visual organs, made one of a shooting party on a friend's moors; but, having a natural taste for rambling, being an ardent admirer of the picturesque, and a little addicted to absenteeism withal, had not paid the attention he might have done to the boundary posts, and accordingly became a trespasser upon an adjoining and very strictly preserved moor. Here he met with capital sport, that is to say, got many shots in quick succession; for he is the very worst shot I ever saw, excepting none; when shortly afterwards up came a watcher, who lost no time in requesting his name, and in giving him to understand that “he must immediately inform of him as a wilful trespasser, he being then upon Mr. . . . Liberty.” “It's a liberty I've taken,” said Tom, gravely, inflicting his goggles the while upon the fellow. “O! indeed, sur,” replied the astonished and unconscious guardian of the preserves, doffing his catakin, and making his most submissive bow, “I humbly begs your pardon, sur, but I really did not know, as how, that you was the gentleman as had taken this here Liberty, but you'll find plenty of birds, sur, on that there broo side, sur.”

CIRCUMSTANCES AFTER CASES.—An attorney, about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, “to make it as light as possible.” “Ah!” replied the attorney, “that's what you may say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread.”



## THE FISHER'S CREEL.



THE BLEAK.

**ALTHOUGH** we cannot say much for this fish, so far as *gourmandise* is concerned, we can give him a good sporting character. And he is deservedly admired for his beauty and activity; he is also by no means a bad fish (which is but negation commendation) if eaten as soon as taken.

The bleak is seldom more than six inches long; the head is small, and the skull transparent; the eyes are large, with a blood coloured spot on the lower side, the irides of a pale yellow, the under jaw the longest; the gills silvery; the body is slender, greatly compressed sideways, not unlike that of the sprat: the back is green; the sides and belly silvery; the fins pellucid; the lateral line rather crooked; the scales are large, and fall off very easily; the tail is much forked.

Some call the bleak the water swallow, on account of its nimbleness in catching flies; they are very restless, their haunts being sometimes in deep still water, at the sides and tails of streams, where the water shelves off, and makes a gentle eddy; at others in the streams, which may be observed by their swimming near the surface, and their very active manner of taking and diverting themselves with small flies, and insects. In angling for the bleak, the tackle must be very fine, with four or five small hooks, so placed above each other as not to entangle, and swimming by the assistance of a small quill float, rather deeper than mid-water, and baited variously, as with a gentle, bloodworm, caddis, the house-fly, (or any fly they are observed at the moment to feed upon,) and a very small bit of red paste, throwing in now and then some malt grains, or chewed bread, to keep them together; always remembering, wherever ground bait is used, it should be inferior to the hook-baits: thus two or three at a time may be taken, for they are so eager as to leap out of the water at the bait. Should the day be cold and cloudy, a single gentle, or caddis, upon the hook is then best, sunk about two foot under water.

Another way of taking bleak is by whipping from a boat, or the bank-side in fresh streams, with a rod six feet, and a line twice as long, using an artificial black gnat, a fly of a very sad brown colour, or the small dace-flies, they not only yield much sport, but are very instructive to the young fly-fisher.

## WALTONIAN TOPOGRAPHY.—No. II.

[In this department of his paper, the Editor respectfully solicits the communications of his "Brother Bobs," in carrying out his project of giving an angling topography of every stream of note in the kingdom. But must entreat "brevity" in their descriptions, without which their favours will be inadmissible.]

## THE MOLE.—SURREY.

This curious irregular river derives its name from the circumstance of its passing under ground for a considerable distance in the neighbourhood of Boxhill, in Surrey.

The Mole runs past Reigate, Dorking, Boxhill, Leatherhead, on through Stoke Pogis, Cobham, and Esher, entering the Thames in a divided stream near that plain memorable in *Fancy Annals* as "the field of a thousand fights," ycleped Moulsey (i. e. Mole-sea) Hurst. The character of this river is curious; in some places it is deep and still, with high overhanging banks, in others it is rapid and fordable. In many places in the vicinity of Boxhill it is quite still in summer, the above-ground current being stopped; the Mole then grubs its way under Boxhill, the village of Mickleham, and re-appears about a quarter of a mile above Leatherhead bridge. Near Mickleham are found what the country people call "swallows," and in truth they are so, as they "swallow" up every appearance

of a running stream. This is effected by the water draining away entirely from these holes. At this season vast quantities of fish are taken from the mud and flat slating stone which irregularly compose the bed of the river, between the cavities of which the water drains off. The villagers watch the slackening of the current, and when the stream ceases to run, the water soon disappears through the bottom of the holes. A scramble for the fish now commences, "first come, first served," is the rule, but might too often overcome right. In the neighbourhood of Dorking and Reigate there is good fishing for perch, tench, dace, jack, and roach, and I have heard that there are trout, but have never seen any.

At Leatherhead bridge the Mole is again a considerable stream, and in this neighbourhood are many trout; below the bridge on the right the fishing is free till you reach Randall Park; there is excellent fly fishing in this neighbourhood. In the pool or mill-head of Mr. Ellis's mill at Fetcham, within a few yards of the bank, you can perceive the water boiling out from the sand in sufficient quantity to supply the mill. I am inclined to think this is an irruption of the waters of the Mole, but some say it is a spring head, independent of the river, as the water is so hard no fish can live in it; however, it is interesting, and well worth looking at. Below Randall park is the old mill hole, further down the Devil's Hole, and on by Steers's farm, past what is called the creek, to Slyford mill. Below Steers's farm the water is heavy, and continues so through Cobham and on to Esher. I forgot to say that near the farm on the opposite side from Leatherhead, there is a famous hole, and many good trout are taken by bottom fishing, also at the old mill hole on to the orchard at Steers's.

Near Slyford mill is a Jack water; the roach hereabouts in the winter are taken a pound and a half each very frequently. Very large chub are taken in the Mole in the neighbourhood of the Copper mill at Esher, and in fact every other fish, excepting trout, which cease to be numerous below Slyford, though you may take now and then a large one at the mill tails. On the other hand, jack, perch, and white fish are taken in great quantities, all the way to the Thames.

The Mole near Esher is protected naturally by banks, bushes, trees, &c., so that there will always be good fishing, in spite of the enemies to fair angling. This river is a very uncertain one to fish, as it is so easily affected by rain, and thickens very soon, occasioned by the soil it runs over. Before you leave London to fish this river, the best way is to make inquiry of some one who may have seen it, as to the colour, and then to form your opinion according to the report and the state of the weather at the time. Near Moulsey one course of the stream turns Moulsey mill, the other runs by Ember Court, and this stream affords good fly-fishing for dace, chub, &c. To enumerate the different spots between Moulsey and Leatherhead would be impossible; as Salter says, "they are easily found by observing where others have fished before."

Before leaving the Mole, however, I will give my brother "Bobs" a short anecdote, for the truth of which I can vouch.

An angler fishing in the Mole, near the Copper mills, was much annoyed by a countryman who was in the river, feeling or groping for the large chub that hide, when the water is low, under the roots of the numerous willows and alders that grow on the banks at the above spot.

A sudden exclamation and violent splashing called the fisher's attention to where he observed the poacher scrambling up the bank with something in his arms; he soon stood on the margin of the river, and roared out to a companion, who had a gun, on the opposite side, "Oh! Jack, Jack, look here," (holding up an otter) "shoot him, shoot him, you devil, shoot him, I say."

In feeling up the holes for the fish, the otter had seized his hand, and in the agony of the moment he seemed to forget that the same shot which killed his enemy might probably deprive him of life also; however, Jack did shoot, and killed the otter, without doing his friend the least injury.

**A SMART BOY.**—A sportsman coursing lost a hare, and hastily accosted a shepherd boy—"Boy, did you see a hare run by here?" "A hare, sir?" "Yes, fool." "What, a hare, sir?" "Yes." "What, a thing that runs fast, with long ears?" "Yes." "That go loppety, loppety, lop?" "Yes, yes, my good fellow." "What, very long ears?" "Yes, doh." "Ah, then," said the boy, "I didn't see it."

**A GOOD TRY.**—A rich old maiden lady, who was notorious for her bad temper and for her perpetually scolding her servants, having died a short time since, the hatchment was put up against her house, under which was the following motto: "*Resquiescat in pace.*" The cook inquired of the coachman the meaning of the words. Coaches, proud of this appeal to his scholarship, after pondering over them for a moment, answered, "Oh, the motto in English is, '*Rest quiet cat, in peace.*'"

**AN ASTRONOMIC NIGGER.**—"Cuffee, which do you tink de most useful of de planets, de sun or de moon?" "Well, Sambo, I tink de moon orter take de fus rank in dat ar 'tickler." "Wha, wha, wha, why do you tink so, Cuffee?" "Well, I tell you—kaze she shines by night, when we want light, and de sun shines by day, when we do not?" "Well, Cuff, you is de greatest nigger I knows on—dat's a real fac."

"A sweet return," exclaimed the husband, when his wife threw the sugar basin at him.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## SPORTING EXCLUSIVENESS.

Sir,—It is truly painful to view the system of exclusiveness that has, and at the present time exists, between the different beams that spring from one radius. Even the good old "Isak" was not free from this, as his "Complete Angler" will sufficiently show: His remarks (let not these observations offend the "Brother Bobs," as there are plenty of "motes" in the other eyes of the Sporting World), are very selfish and sectarian; he has no mercy on the other classes of sport; for though he says he "bears no malice," yet he shows a spice of it throughout his entire work. We are at a loss to conceive why these prejudices should exist. Why should not all the different species of sporting be amalgamated into one whole?

If it were done, sporting would assume a different character, and one that would be conducive to a right understanding of its principles? Until this is done, the bickerings which disgrace it will prevent the attainment of the object which they all seem anxious to further; yet while this system prevails, it much resembles the charwoman's ridicule, "Beginning to clean the house at the bottom." No doubt (and we say it without the least hesitation) there are many bright exceptions to this illiberality, and that there are some cosmopolitan sportsmen who can look with favour even on sports "they're not inclined to; yet, many as they may be, there are still more on the other side." The fox-hunter laughs outright, or sneers contemptuously at "calf-hunting," or "donkey-chasing," as he terms hunting the fallow deer; the stag-hunter feels no sympathy with the fisherman, and quotes the "stick and string" proverb; the "shooter" beats the cover and the turnip, and grins at the courser's "madness for a minute;" while hundreds only awake to the consciousness that there is such a thing as sport surviving on the week previous to the Epsom Derby, and close the account of fun with the "selling." And then, again "the Ring:" we would sentence all cravens and cowards to a month's perusal, six times a day, of Barber Beaumont's defence of that same, which he wrote some twenty years since, in the *Morning Post*, and if he answered its arguments satisfactorily within forty days, would have him appointed attorney general; but we have done. Without universal co-operation, the Sporting Community resembles a compass without its needle; or to speak universally and applicably, like a rudderless vessel attempting to make port.

No doubt many of your friends and subscribers pursue this system, and yet are unconscious of the evil. There are many others who act in precisely the same way.

All that is wanting, is to stir them up and rouse them to a sense of their position with regard to their fellow men, who, though not exactly of the same inclinations, are yet pursuing the same end, namely rational entertainment; and indeed narrow-minded must be that man who would make sporting a pretext for the vile purpose of thwarting the best descriptions of manly exercises and amusements of the people. Those pursuits which are best calculated to develop the physical energies, and inferentially, the intellectual health and most generous feelings of his fellow countrymen.

LUDOPHILUS.

## NEEDHAM'S SELF-PRIMING GUN.

Sir,—I was induced, upwards of a twelvemonth ago, to send a favourite double gun to Messrs. Needham, to be altered to their patent principle; and I feel it a duty to the public to say, in reply to Detonator's letter in the *Sporting Magazine*, that I have given the gun a full and fair trial, and can with confidence speak of the effectiveness of the invention. It stands its work remarkably well, and I can confidently bear out Messrs. Needham's statement, that the principle adds to the power of the gun, as mine shoots much stronger and quicker than before the alteration.

It is a satisfaction to myself to have the opportunity to say this much on behalf of the patentees, whose ingenuity has added so much to the convenience and comfort of the sportsman; and I shall therefore feel obliged by your giving this a place in your very useful Journal.

Clifton, near Bristol.

FUSIL.

## ANTI-SPORTING PHILOSOPHERS.

Sir,—There are some persons who would pick a hole in any honest man's sleeve, merely for the gratification which it affords them to display their base and dirty trickery; and exactly of this caste are our pseudonymous *Philosophers*. For ages have such men existed, making their hypocrisy their trade, and selling their denunciations to the highest bidder. At the present day, however, they fall harmless, and their books and tracts go to the butcher or the cheesemonger; but, yet, they are a race that all true sportsmen should exert their utmost strength in putting down. They are the moral snakes in the grass, and, like the leech, live upon the suction of their prey.

*Mawworm*, in the *Hypocrite*, was a prince in comparison to these gentry; he could do no direct injury to the community: but these are very devils—incarnate fiends—hellish, satanic, monsters, the very pests of society, who thrust their opinions, unasked for, into the very teeth of individuals. Yet they have as yet met with no direct opposition in their cankerous career; and they still go on, doing all the harm that lies

in their power, poisoning the minds of people against our sports, calling them brutal and debased.

The time has come for action—sportsmen master your forces! let your battle cry be "MANHOOD and its rights;" sweep them off from the face of the earth.

August 14, 1845.

F. B. &amp; T.

## THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

The papers, daily and weekly, have been making a terrible rampus about the School of Design. The following recent designs by eminent public artists we will undertake to back against an equal number of any of those produced by Professor Wilson's pupils:—

A design against railways in general, and those conveying penny-millers in particular, by the Editor of the Times.

A design of a young lady residing at Ramsgate to captivate the heart of a young gentleman boarding at the same place.

A design of Lord Brougham to get the seals—when he can.

A design of the Mark Lane "rogues in grain" to buy up all the corn, should the present wet weather continue.

A design of Prince Albert to go in great state to Saxo Gotha, and to let his poor relations see the style he does it in, in England; and an accompanying design of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, always to push along and keep moving.

A design of the Duke of Wellington to prevent peninsular veterans from reaping too great a reward of their valour.

A grand design of Mr. Polk to attach Oregon to the United States.—N.B. This is remarkable for its ingenuity, but did not get a prize.

A design of Mr. Ainsworth, to have his "Revelations of London" published whether they are read or not, by buying a magazine to bring them out in.

A design for a new railway between two unknown towns, or across the island of Tahiti, or through the bush of New South Wales, or cementing the eastern and western shores of Iceland, with wonderful accounts of traffic, highly imaginative, legends of the saving of time and the immense profits, or "short cut and returns," as they may be called; by Robert Macaire, Esq., and the Chevalier D'Industrie, two distinguished foreigners.

A design to start a new dance next season by the professors of dancing, to meet the depression experienced since everybody knew the polka.

A design against the knockers of Gower-place, by the medical young gentlemen of the London University, to come into action next October, when they re-assemble for their winter studies.

A design of Mr. Bunn to cashier Shakspeare, and to prove that the ballet is the true legitimate dramatic entertainment of England, with an accompanying design of the Drury-lane Committee to support him in his intentions.

A design of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd to make the Times report his name with his speeches; and a design of the press generally to bring the bar to its senses.

A last design of Daniel O'Connell, to collect as many shillings as he can from the ropalors of Galway. N.B. A failure.

A design for an oven of an improved construction, to enable the cannibals of remote savage islands to cook their human banquets, by Colonel Pelissier.

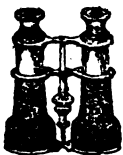
A design of several hungry French journalists to fasten the crime of firing the dockyard at Toulouse upon the English.

IF HE DON'T HE OUGHT TO.—One day, in the county of Limerick, a gentleman of humane feelings and religious principles saw a man lashing his horse at a most furious rate, and at the same time uttering oaths and curses at the poor animal with each fresh application of the whip. "My good friend," said the gentleman, stepping up to him, "my good friend, do you not know that it is not only very cruel to be lashing your horse in that way, but very absurd to be making use of those oaths to him; for the poor animal does not understand a single word of that sort of language?" "An' sure then, yer honour, it's his own fault if he doesn't, for he hears enough of it every day."

METHOD OF PRODUCING AN ARTIFICIAL STAR ON THE FOREHEAD OF A HORSE.—The mode of effecting this is as follows:—Make two holes through the skin at two inches distance from each other, and two more holes at the same distance right across the middle of the two first. The holes must be sufficiently large to admit a thin and round piece of ivory or bone through them, which must be worked about until the skin be parted (in the same manner as a rowel) from one hole to the other, then take out the ivory or bone and let two pieces of steel wire covered with packthread, be placed in their stead, taking care to leave about half an inch of each wire sticking out of the holes. This done, lay a plaster of pitch over the whole and let it remain on for three or four days. Then take out the wires and dress the wounded parts with equal proportions of honey and roses, pressing the honey into the wounds, repeat this once every day until the parts are cured. By pinching the skin in the above manner it loses its nurture, when the hair falls off and the parts afterwards become white.

# ADVERTISEMENTS.

**THE NEW RACE GLASS**, to be had only of the inventors, **THOMAS HARRIS and SON**, Opticians, No. 52, opposite the entrance to the British Museum, London. The extraordinary magnifying power of this glass, with its approved adjustment, made to suit all sights, enables the possessor to keep the horses distinctly in view, the entire course, from "the start to the coming in." Caution: No. 52, opposite the British Museum, London, is T. H. and Son's only establishment. Established 70 years.—To prevent mistaking the house, notice the name, *Thomas Harris and Son*, and the number (52) is laid in *Mosaic pavement* in the footway contiguous to their shop.



**TO THE LOVERS OF ANGLING.—J. K. FARLOW**, 5, Crooked-lane, London-bridge, being the actual manufacturer of Rods, Flies, Tackle, &c., is enabled to offer to his brother Anglers, the following low list of prices: four joint hickory fly rods, 10s.; four joint best hickory fly rods, two tops, partition bag, double brazed socket, spear, &c., &c., 21s.; three joint walking stick rods, 2s. 6d.; best hickory or cane punt rods, two tops, 15s.; the best town made taper fly line, twenty yards, 3s.; thirty yards, 4s. 6d.; thirty yards patent eight plat, 3s. 6d.; the best trout flies on Limerick hooks, dressed on the premises, 2s. per dozen; winches from 1s. 6d.; fly hooks from 9d.; best gut hooks 1s. per dozen; best gut lines 2d. and 3d. a yard.

Lists of prices forwarded on application; country and export orders executed on the shortest notice; old netting for preserving fruit trees from frost, blight, and birds, or as a fence for fowls and pigeons, and can be had in any quantity at 3d. the yard, two yards wide, or 1½d. the square yard; the above netting being tanned, will stand exposure to the weather.—Observe the address, 5, Crooked-lane, London Bridge.

**BROTHER ANGLERS.—HUTCHINSON and SMITH**, 67, Wood Street, Cheapside, beg leave to offer to their Brethren of the Angle their unique Basket Seats, being light, commodious, useful, and a sure prevention against damp. Also their novel Glass Roach Floats, 6d. each, hermetically sealed; balance handle fly rods, 21s. (warranted); cane roach rods, trolling rods, winches, lines, floats, cans, hooks, nets, and every article in the above list at the lowest prices, and best quality. Live and all other kinds of baits always fresh.

Gentlemen supplied with every information of any fishing water within 20 miles of London.—Observe, 67, Wood-street, Cheapside.

**BATHE'S ST. LEGER SWEEPS, Green Dragon, Fleet-Street.**

Subs.	1st Prize	2d	3d	Starters
97 at 40s.....	£120 0.....	£50 0.....	£15 0.....	£9 0
97 at 20s.....	60 0.....	20 0.....	10 0.....	7 0
97 at 10s.....	25 0.....	12 0.....	5 0.....	6 10
97 at 5s.....	12 0.....	8 0.....	4 10.....	0 0

5s and 10s Sweeps for the Leamington Stakes drawn on Monday and Thursday next.

All money divided, less 5 per cent.—Post-Office orders, payable to Mr. John Bathe, will be punctually attended to.—Drawing night, Monday and Thursday.—Money paid as judge places.

**OKEY'S ST. LEGER SWEEPS ARE NOW OPEN.**

Three classes of Leger Sweeps divided as follows:—

	First.	Second.	Third.
97 at £2 2.....	£112 0.....	£94 0.....	10 0
97 at 1 1.....	56 0.....	12 0.....	5 0
97 at 10 6.....	30 0.....	6 0.....	0 0

Each starter, £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

N.B. The prizes go with the Stakes. Disqualified horses not drawn. Post Office Orders to Mr. N. F. Okey, Hero of Waterloo Inn, Waterloo Road, London, will be duly attended to.

**WM. TURPIN, Old Essex Serpent**, King-street, Covent Garden, begs to call the attention of the public to his **SWEEPS** for **THE GREAT ST. LEGER**.

	1st home.	2nd.	3rd.	starters.
98 at 42s. 0d.....	£110 0.....	£40 0.....	£25 0.....	£20 0
98 at 26s. 0d.....	70 0.....	25 0.....	12 0.....	10 0
98 at 12s. 6d.....	35 0.....	12 10.....	6 0.....	5 0
98 at 5s. 6d.....	15 0.....	5 0.....	3 0.....	2 10
98 at 3s. 0d.....	7 10.....	3 0.....	2 0.....	1 10

All dead and disqualified horses will be omitted.

A 12s. 6d. St. Leger will be drawn on Thursday next, August 28; also 5s. 6d., 12s. 6d., and 21s. sweeps for the Leamington Stakes; and 3s., 5s. 6d., 12s. 6d., and 21s. sweeps for the Great Yorkshire Handicap.

Draws take place every evening. Money paid the day following the Race. **WM. WRIGHT, Secretary.**

Post-office Orders (payable at Charing Cross) punctually attended to.

**THE NAUTILUS LIFE-PRESERVER and SWIMMING BELT.**—No Lady or Gentleman should cross the water or go to the seaside without obtaining this small, simple, and valuable apparatus, unsurpassed for buoyancy, portability, and efficiency, and approved by the Admiralty, and all nautical and scientific men. The Nautilus may be procured, of any size or quality, at the Office of the Company, 12, Wellington-street, Strand.

**LITERARY COMMERCIAL PHENOMENON.**  
Early in September, will appear, price **TWOPENCE**, **STAMPED.**

**THE ADVERTISER AND TRADER'S GAZETTE**, a Select Family Newspaper and Tradesman's Protector, containing **ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK**; Railway Intelligence, state of the Markets, Shipping News, and every feature of a full priced Weekly Newspaper. Quarterly Subscriptions 2s. 6d. (to be paid in advance), for which it will be forwarded per post, free of expense, every Saturday morning.

Published at the Office, 49, Holywell-street, Strand, and all News-vendors throughout the Kingdom.

**UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.**  
**DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.**  
—The truly wonderful Cures of Asthmas, Consumptions, Coughs, Colds, &c., which are everywhere performed by this Invaluable Medicine, have now established it as the most certain and perfect remedy in existence for all disorders of the breath and lungs.

**CURES IN MANCHESTER.**  
Extract of a letter from Mr. Lynch, chemist, Market-street, Manchester; October 22nd, 1844.

Gentlemen—I enclose you a letter received from a party who has derived great benefit from Locock's Wafers. I have no doubt if you were to advertise them in this town, the sale would be considerable, as we are constantly receiving testimonials of their efficacy.—I am, &c., **J. R. LYNCH.**

More astonishing Cures of Asthmas, Coughs, Colds, &c., in Chester.

Read the following extract of a letter from Messrs. Platt and Son, 13, Foregate-street, Chester; dated March 25, 1845.

Sir—Your invaluable Wafers continue to perform wonders here. Since our last we could send you dozens of cases of the most astonishing cures. One gentleman, who had a bad cough for years, bought one box, and was cured before using the whole of it. He gave the rest away, and they were equally beneficial. One medical gentleman here is so convinced of their value, that, besides regularly recommending them to his patients, he had some a few days since for one of his children. One of our clergymen, also, who labours under an asthma, received such extraordinary benefit himself, that he now gives many boxes away every week among the poor. Other persons almost daily call upon us, who had laboured under asthmas, asthmatic coughs, consumptions, &c., for years, to thank us for recommending them this "instant cure," &c. (Signed) **M. PLATT and SON.**

**IMPORTANT TO ALL WHO SING.**—Read the following letter, just received from **S. PEARSALL, Esq.**, of her Majesty's Concerts, and Vicar Choral of Lichfield Cathedral.

Dated Lichfield, July 10, 1845.

Gentlemen—A lady of distinction having pointed out to me the qualities of **DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS**, I was induced to make trial of a box, and I find that by allowing a few of the wafers (taken in the course of the day) to dissolve, my voice becomes bright and clear, and the tone full and distinct.

They are decidedly the most efficacious of any I have ever used.

(Signed) **SAMUEL PEARSALL.**  
Cure of Ruptured Blood Vessels of the Lungs.  
From H. Huntley, Esq., 15, Albion-terrace, Old Tiverton-road, Exeter. March 20, 1845.

"Sir—I ruptured a blood vessel of the lungs, about three months since, which, being partially recovered from, a most troublesome cough succeeded. I tried everything that my surgeon, friends, and self could think of, but without alleviation. It was at length suggested that your wafers might be useful. I tried them, and very soon their good effects were apparent; a single wafer taken when the fit of coughing was about to commence, never once failed of giving it a complete and instantaneous check.

"A lady also, a friend of mine, and who, by the bye, is in her 66th year, is, or rather was, troubled with a hard distressing cough. The good effects I derived from the wafers recommended them to her; she has used them, and wonderful was the relief she experienced.

(Signed) **HENRY HUNTLEY.**"

The particulars of many hundred Cures may be had from every agent throughout the Kingdom and on the Continent.

**DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS** give instant relief, and a rapid cure of asthmas, consumptions, coughs, colds, and all disorders of the breath and lungs.

To SINGERS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS they are invaluable, as in a few hours they remove all hoarseness, and increase the power and flexibility of the voice. They have a most pleasant taste.

Price 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box: or sent free by post for 1s. 3d., 3s., or 11s. 6d., by **DA SILVA & Co.**, 1, Bride-lane, Fleet-street, London.

**CAUTION.**—To protect the public from spurious imitations, Her Majesty's Honourable Commissioners have caused to be printed on the stamp outside each box, the words **DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS** in white letters on a red ground.

If purchasers will attend to this caution, they will be sure to get the genuine article.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors.

**THE EARL OF ALDBOROUGH CURED BY HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.**  
The Earl of Aldborough cured of a Liver and Stomach Complaint.

Extract of a Letter from the Earl of Aldborough, dated Villa Masina, Leghorn, 21st Feb., 1845.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.—  
Sir—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thanking you before this time, for your politeness in sending me your Pills as you did. I now take this opportunity of sending you an order for the amount, and, at the same time, to add that your Pills have effected a cure of a disorder in my liver and stomach, which all the most eminent of the Faculty at home, and all over the Continent, had not been able to effect; nay, not even the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad. I wish to have another Box and a Pot of Ointment, in case any of my family should ever require either.

Your most obliged and obedient servant,  
(Signed) **ALDBOROUGH.**

A Wonderful Cure of Dropsy of Five Years' standing. Copy of a Letter from Mr. Thomas Taylor, Chemist, Stockton, Durham, 17th April, 1845.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.—  
Sir—I think it my duty to inform you that Mrs. Clough, wife of Mr. John Clough, a respectable farmer of Acklam, within four miles of this place, had been suffering from Dropsy for five years, and had had the best medical advice without receiving any relief. Hearing of your Pills and Ointment, she used them with such surprising benefit, that, in fact, she has now given them up, being so well and quite able to attend to her household duties as formerly, which she never expected to do again. I had almost forgotten to state that she was given up by the Faculty as incurable. When she used to get up in the morning, it was impossible to discover a feature in her face, being in such a fearful state. This cure is entirely by the use of your medicines.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., &c.,  
(Signed) **THOMAS TAYLOR.**

These truly invaluable Pills can be obtained at the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, near Temple Bar, London, and at most respectable Vendors of Medicines throughout THE CIVILISED WORLD, at the following prices:—1s. 1½d. 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 25s., and 35s. each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N.B.—Directions for the Guidance of Patients in every Disorder are affixed to each Box.

Fourteenth Edition of the "SILENT FRIEND" on Human Frailty, with coloured engravings.

Just Published, price 2s. 6d., Free by Post (in a sealed envelope), 3s. 6d., a new and important edition of

**THE SILENT FRIEND; a Medical Work** on the infirmities of the Generative System in both sexes; and on the less of the reproductive powers, with means of restoration. The baneful effects of solitary indulgence, neglected Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Secondary Symptoms, &c., are fully pointed out. Illustrated by Engravings; followed by observations on Marriage, with plain directions for the removal of certain disqualifications. By **R. and L. PERRY, & Co.**, Consulting Surgeons, London. Published by the Authors, and may be had at their Residence, 19, BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET.

Sold by Strange, Paternoster-row; Hannay & Co., 63, Oxford-street; Gordon, 146, Leadenhall-street; Purkiss, Compton-street, Soho, and all Booksellers.

"The Authors of the SILENT FRIEND seem to be thoroughly conversant with the treatment of a class of complaints, which are, we fear, too prevalent in the present day. The perspicuous style in which this book is written, and the valuable hints it conveys to those who are apprehensive of entering the marriage state, cannot fail to recommend it to a careful perusal."—*Era*.

"This work should be read by all who value health and wish to enjoy life, for the truths contained therein defy all doubt."—*Farmers' Journal*.

The **CORDIAL BALM OF SYRIACUM** is exclusively directed to the cure of nervous and sexual debility, obstinate gleet, irregularity, weakness, impotency, barrenness, loss of appetite, indigestion, consumptive habits, and debilities arising from venereal excesses, &c. In bottles, price 11s., or the quantity of four in one bottle for 35s., by which 11s. are saved. The Five-pound cases may be had as usual.

The **CONCENTRATED DETERGENT ESSENCE**. An anti-syphilitic remedy for searching out and purifying the blood from venereal contamination, scurvy, blotches on the head, face, and body, ulcerations, and those painful affections arising from improper treatment or the effects of mercury, removing eruptions of the skin, Secondary Symptoms.

**PERRY'S PURIFYING SPECIFIC PILLS**, price 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 11s. per box, are the most effectual remedy for Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Strictures, Inflammation, Irritation of the Bladder, &c., without hindrance to business.

Consultation-fee, if by letter, 1s. A minute detail of cases is necessary.

Messrs. Perry are in daily attendance, for Consultation, at their residence, 19, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, from 11 till 9, and 5 till 8. On Sundays, from 10 till 12. One personal visit only is necessary to effect a permanent cure.

**LONDON:**—Printed by **JOHN WORTHAM**, of No. 313, Strand, in the Parish of St. Mary-le-Strand; and published at the **OFFICE**, 42, Holywell-street, Strand, by **E. DIPPLE**.—Saturday, August 23, 1845.



# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 16. FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPT. 6, 1845. THREE HALFPENCE.

[Sent Free by Post, Twopence-halfpenny.]



## THE FOWLER'S DAY—THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

Ah! nutbrown partridges! ah brilliant pheasants!  
And ah! ye poachers!—"Tis no sport for peasants.—BYRON.

**W**HERE I desired to point out from the three hundred and sixty-five days which compose the calendar of the year, the one which interests the greatest number of sportsmen, and whose arrival is the most anxiously desired, I should, without the slightest hesitation, name the first of September. Christmas has certainly, its delights for all ages and every class of mankind: the old, at that jovial season, rejoice in the presence of their children's children, whilst the young see hardly a paradise beyond the plum-puddings, minced-pies, and the escape from scholastic thralldom, those rarities that the season warrant; even the poor now decorate their dwellings with the show of gaiety, and the semblance of luxury. But, alas! the excitement over, they who have seen "three-score years and ten" begin to feel that every return of Father Christmas is another sand-glass run-out: the school-boy views in the decay of the holly berries, and the fading of the mistletoe, emblems of the discolouring of his happiness, and presage of *Black Monday*; whilst the labourer, the mechanic, and the artizan, find their emptied barrels, and thinned cupboards, and worn holiday suits tell-tales of the necessity of renewed labour, and of bread procured by the sweat of their brows. Then there is the completion of harvest to the husbandman—that also is a jovial, grateful time, and for one happy evening, there is nothing like the "merry, merry harvest home;" but it is of brief duration, and passeth away as soon as the spirit of the liquor the o'ercome rustics swallow. Summer, too, for some, winter for others, have their hours of beautifully and benignantly distributed gratifications and delights; in short,

"Each season has pleasures, and blessings in store;  
Be content, and we're happy, if rich or if poor:  
And know the best season, to laugh and to sing,  
Is summer, is winter, is autumn, is spring."—

But for the pleasing anticipation it causes, the amusing castle-buildings it creates, the intoxicating dreams of success it infuses, the preparation it requires, the importance it spreads about, and, the activity it demands; of all the days in the year, give me that on which partridges are doomed to die, and hares to be bagged—give me the fowler's day—the first of September.

And this is the eve of that day which has been so eagerly looked for by thousands, for which pointers have been exercised, game has been preserved, guns have been cleaned, Mantons purchased, and all that belongs to a practised shooter's duty has been burnished and fashioned, to render as effective as may be the homage of the hour.

Do you think, brother sportsmen, there will be any sleep to-night for yonder Tyro, who is so anxiously examining that double-barrel which the gamekeeper has brought from his fond grandfather's mansion that you see just peeping above the trees? He is no convert to the old Colonel's late-in-the-day doctrine, and, depend upon it, he will be at the lodge-gate by sunrise, and will go to bed in his shooting gaiters, that he may be so. It is not so palpably visible, yet I think there is almost as much anxiety for the morning in that older sportsman's demeanour by the youth's side. He is eager to try the performances of that beautiful pointer that is looking so coaxingly at his face, and he is all alive to find if another year has unsteadied his hand, or dimmed his eye, or if his game-watcher has protected the birds, so that they have escaped the clutches of those two

fellows, who live in yonder crazy cottage, without any visible means of employment. Depend upon it, he will be as busy as his young friend in the field, and will give him no shots for favour, nor think of the goat-fit he is barely yet free from.

And see, there are some carriages rolling past the park lodge; they, too, bear devotees to field-sports and friends to the trigger, who are come to open the season with eclat upon my lords's well-stocked home manors, and afterwards, throwing aside the austerity of courts, and the formalities of drawing-rooms, to enjoy themselves at his well-filled tables. That mild looking personage, he over whose face early sorrow seems to have passed, and one of the first gentleman-shots in the country, though he does not attend pigeon-matches, nor shoot for wagers: you shall see him to-morrow—for his aristocracy does not warp his love of fellowship—bring down, in a brief while, his thirty brace, and that without resorting, like the barbarous battue of —, to haunts where the birds are driven in crowds to the muzzle of his tube. At table you shall hear him toast "the plough and the shuttle," and "live and let live;" and if you go away without filling a bumper of his never-to-be-omitted "Sir John Barley-corn," he will be as vexed as though his favourite dog had run in upon the covey, his Manton had missed fire, or he had failed to hit with his left-hand barrel. In short

"He is of those, as royal Harry was,  
Who at the board, the field, could play his part  
And do good deeds, and win a feast of joy,  
Yet wish the same to all——"

And there are others, too, in that goodly company not more famous for their birth than for their devotion to, and patronage of sport; they who deem all the descants upon the plain-song of walking, which honest old Thomas Fuller recommends, most "excellent exercises." It is the first of September that has brought these, and the like of these, together, and started a numerous race of anxious sportsmen again upon their favourite and peculiar course, rejoicing in hope, and feeding upon anticipation.

"Bestir thee, boy, buckle thy harness on;—  
Look out, behold the eye of jolly morn  
Peeps o'er yon hill-tops, tipping it with gold,  
And shaming drowsy snorers with his rays,  
Who rather should at such an hour as this  
Rival the husbandman. I tell thee youth,  
Thy sire would aye have left thy mother's couch,  
To rouse the feather'd quarry in his fields,  
Ere yon bright planet put its glory on,  
Were it his honey-moon."

Tasteless, then, is he who loveth not September; even for its fall orchards and delicious sweets, its ripe fruits yielding to the willing touch; let us reflect too, that

"An English autumn, though it hath no vines,  
Blushing with Bacchant coronals along  
The paths, o'er which the fir festoon entwines  
The red grape in the sunny land of song,  
Hath yet a purchased choice of choicest wines;  
The Claret light, and the Madeira strong."

But most of all I love September (I expect I shall have but a pitiful minority against me), for the license it brings to expectant sportsmen. It is, in fact, the key-stone of the arch over which they march to their triumphs; the advanced guard of their array: the pioneer clearing the way from every obstacle to their success. August has already called the grouse-shooter to the field, and the red game and black cock have fell upon the moor, the lowland, or heathery hill; but 'tis not till now that the fastian is generally mustered; not till September's primal day breaks upon the morn that, from every part, we brush through the rustling stubble or the dewy turnip field; that each fowler whistles his faithful "Don" and his steady "Ponto;" mounts his quiet cob, trained to stand fire—and, full of hope and expectancy, ranges over those well remembered spots where the covey has been marked in the unlicensed month; fearful, all the while, lest the previous, and plundering, and unceremonious gamster should have already netted the prize; or the old bird been unconsciously, yet, perhaps, carelessly, destroyed by the scythe of the husbandman.

Well do I remember my commencing essay on the first of September, 'twas some score years ago. I had tri'd my hand at a trigger before; had been the death of many a blackbird—thrush—lark—field-fare, and "such small deer;" had shot at a card and counted the garnish; had even brought down a rook flying—a species of black game I thought a good deal of at the time; but it was a totally different and distinct affair to prove my skill, for the first time, upon game, truly and really so called by authority: to shoot (as well as my father and the gamekeeper) at a partridge! To walk up to pointers, or await, with tremulous anxiety the truth of their points, the faithfulness of their backing, the steadiness of their range. All this was new to me. Something I had never before half understood: the dawning of a new era—the birth of a freer life to us. Its anticipation was almost painfully pleasing. On the night of September's eve I longed for bed-time that I might forget all the world,

and dream only of to-morrow. I made an excuse to get to my night-cap earlier than usual. Silly one that I was! I slept not a wink: and I bustled on my new shooting-jacket at five o'clock in the morning, little fitting for a long day. But the pleasure and novelty of the sport brought me through.

My honest brother sportsman! I dare say this picture is familiar to you. I would venture a few odds that, practised as you are, you feel something like it even now; I should be ashamed of you if you did not. At all events I must believe that you rejoice with me in the arrival of the "fowler's day," and I will not doubt but that you will join me in one of my simple chants in its cheerful praise.

Assist me, therefore, in

#### A SONG FOR SEPTEMBER.

"It returns delightful, like the melody of an old tune, upon us"

The encampment of sheaves are borne from the field,  
Their sickles the reapers have ceased to wield;  
The scythe—labour's weapon—has cleared us a plain,  
And the season commands us to open our campaign:  
Then, trained well our pointer, well fashioned our gun,  
"Up, up and be doing," as erst ye have done.

'Tis September, how gloriously breaks his rich morn,  
As, lusty in manhood, he bears plenty's horn;  
At his tread, fruits in ripeness, gush forth, whilst, around,  
Showering grapes, in profusion, empurple the ground:  
Oh! let others praise climes that are "nearer the sun,"  
But our own, and September, for us of the gun.

How mild dawns the day, and how fresh is the air,  
As the gray of the morning commands us prepare;  
Whilst the voice of good housewife, in sanctum below,  
Gives earnest of breakfast ere onwards we go:  
Whilst with duty he deems it degrading to shun,  
Groom saddles the pony for us and our gun.

Oh! what can they be but mere creatures of scorn,  
Who love not the fragrance upspringing from morn:  
Who delight not, who doat not, (as we joyed) to hear  
The lark's early song and the shepherd-boy's cheer?  
If such there can be, let them prudently run  
From a commerce with sportsmen, with dog, or with gun.

'Tis healthful to brush from the green leaf the dew,  
All besilvered and spangling with Sol's youngest hue;  
To start the weak leveret from early found seat,  
To hear the crisp stubble re-echo her feet;  
Yet withstand (since for harriers a burst may be won)  
Her destruction by pitiful triumph of gun.

To watch with an eye (ay, more anxious by far  
Than the mariner turns to his course-guiding star)  
The range of our dogs, till, like statues, earth-bound,  
They prove, nature taught, that the covey is found:  
Oh! that is a joy which is equalled by none,  
And which we only know who use dog and sport gun!

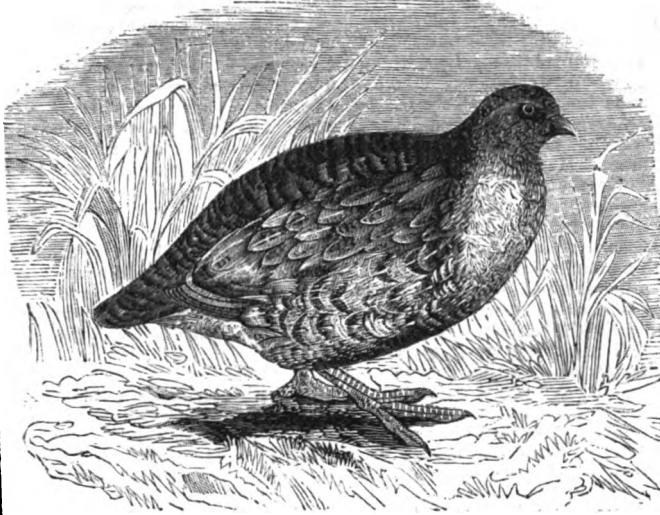
Then, on to the field—'tis September's blithe dawn,  
(Ye are not stanch shooters not now to his on.)  
Downy beds may be pressed, woman's sweet voice be heard,  
When you've brought out your pointer, and brought down your bird:  
So this morning our sports far abroad shall be done,  
In the evening, at home, toast our dog and our gun.

IMPROVEMENTS AT EPSOM.—We hear that so extensive will be the alterations and improvements on the course at Epsom, that next year its frequenters will hardly know it again. All the arrangements which at Ascot and Liverpool are found to conduce most to the comfort and accommodation of the public in general, and to the convenience and satisfaction of the racing community in particular, will be adopted, but on a scale of increased magnitude. Meanwhile, it is most gratifying to know that the plans will embrace most of the suggestions which we have from time to time found it necessary to throw out: particularly in regard to saddling the horses in front of the Grand Stand—to an adjoining betting enclosure—to a suitable weighing stand—and to proper conveniences for judge, clerk of the course, jockeys, and gentlemen of the press. Several of the stakes will, we understand, be greatly enriched, and some new stakes proposed. Let but the meeting be limited to three days, and under the new regime, we have no doubt they will be found three glorious days indeed! In a few days we hope to be able to furnish our sporting friends with full particulars of the projected improvements.

DEATH COMPARATIVE.—An ironmonger, who kept a shop in the High-street of Edinburgh, a d sold gunpowder and shot, when asked by an ignorant person in what respect patient shot (at that time a novel article) surpassed the old kind, "Oh, Sir," he would answer, "it shoots dead."



## THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SPORTING.



THE PARTRIDGE.

**Y**OUR notice of the Partridge, will be chiefly confined to the bird itself, as in other departments of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, the sport to which it ministers is so fully expatiated on. The length of this bird is about thirteen inches. The bill is light brown; eyes hazel; the general colour of its plumage is brown and ash, elegantly mixed with black; each feather is streaked down the middle with buff colour; the sides of the head are tawny; under each eye there is a small saffron-coloured spot, which has a granulated appearance, and between the eye and the ear a naked skin of a bright scarlet, which is not very conspicuous but in old birds; on the breast there is a crescent of a deep chestnut colour; the tail is short; the legs are of a greenish white; and are furnished with a small knob behind. The female has no crescent on the breast, and her colours in general are not so distinct and bright as those of the male. Partridges are found chiefly in temperate climates; the extremes of heat and cold are equally unfavourable to them, they are nowhere in greater plenty than in this island, where, in their season, they contribute to our most elegant entertainments. It is much to be lamented, however, that the means taken to preserve this valuable bird should, in a variety of instances, prove its destruction: the proper guardians of the eggs and young ones, tied down by ungenerous restrictions, are led to consider them as a growing evil, and not only connive at their destruction, but too freely assist in it.

Partridges pair early in the spring; the female lays from fourteen to eighteen, or twenty eggs, making her nest of dry leaves and grass upon the ground. The young birds learn to run as soon as hatched, frequently encumbered with part of the shell sticking to them. It is no uncommon thing to introduce partridges' eggs, under the common hen, who hatches and rears them as her own, in this case the young birds require to be fed with ant's eggs, which are their favourite food, and without which it is almost impossible to bring them up; they likewise eat insects, and, when full grown, feed on all kinds of grain and young plants. The affection of the partridge for her young is peculiarly strong and lively; she is greatly assisted in the care of rearing them by her mate; they lead them out in common, call them together, point out to them their proper food, and assist them in finding it by scratching the ground with their feet; they frequently sit close to each other, covering the chickens with their wings like the hen. In this situation they are not easily flushed; the sportsman, who is attentive to the preservation of his game, will carefully avoid giving any disturbance to a scene so truly interesting; but should the pointer come too near, or unfortunately run in upon them, there are few who are ignorant of the confusion that follows; the male first gives the signal of alarm by a peculiar cry of distress, throwing himself at the same moment more immediately into the way of danger. In order to deceive or mislead the enemy, he flies, or rather runs, along the ground, hanging his wings, and exhibiting every symptom of debility, whereby the dog is decoyed, in the too eager expectation of an easy prey, to a distance from the covey; the female flies off in a contrary direction and to a greater distance, but returning soon after by secret ways, she finds her scattered brood closely squatted among the grass, and collecting them with haste, she leads them from the danger, before the dog has had time to return from his pursuit.

A hen partridge came out of a ditch, and ran along shivering with her wings, and crying out as if wounded and unable to get from us. While the dam acted this distress, the boy who attended me saw her brood,

which was small and unable to fly, run for shelter into an old fox-earth under the bank. So wonderful a power is instinct.

It is not uncommon to see an old partridge feign itself wounded, and run along on the ground fluttering and crying before either dog or man, to draw them away from its helpless and unfledged young ones. I have seen it often, and once in particular I saw a remarkable instance of the old bird's solicitude to save its brood. As I was hunting with a young pointer, the dog ran on a brood of very small partridges; the old bird cried, fluttered, and ran tumbling along just before the dog's nose, till she had drawn him to a considerable distance, when she took wing and flew still farther off, but not out of the field: on this the dog returned to me; near the place the young ones lay concealed in the grass, which the old bird no sooner perceived than she flew back again to us, settled just before the dog's nose again, and by rolling and tumbling about, drew off his attention from her young, and thus preserved her brood a second time. I have also seen, when a kite has been hovering over a covey of young partridges, the old birds fly up at the bird of prey, screaming and fighting with all their might to preserve their brood.

Partridges manifest great caution in choosing the place where they intend having their nest. I have observed them to remain near the same spot for some weeks before the female lays her eggs; and if in the meantime they should discover the retreat of any animal in the neighbourhood, which is likely to be injurious to them, they shift their quarters. I have generally noticed that partridges lodge themselves at night near the middle of a field, probably being aware that they are safer in this situation from the attacks of stoats or weasels, than if they got nearer hedges, under the roots or banks of which these animals conceal themselves.



THE CAPERCAILLIE.

**T**HAT this noble bird was once indigenous in the British Islands, and till lately lingered in the Highlands of Scotland and some districts of Ireland (viz., in the county of Tipperary, 1760), has been clearly proved; but the forests which once sheltered it have been thinned or cut down, and from this cause and others it appears to have been entirely extirpated; we say "to have been," because for some years past various attempts have been made to introduce the species again into the woods of the Highlands, and with considerable success.

The Capercaillie is abundant in Norway, Sweden, Russia towards Siberia, the north of Asia, and some parts of Germany and Hungary, wherever pine-forests of sufficient extent afford it a home. It is found in several parts of the Alps. The male is equal in size to a turkey, weighing from eight to twelve pounds, or even more; some have exceeded fifteen. The female is considerably smaller. The breeding-season commences early in the spring, before the snow is off the ground; at this period the cock stations himself on a pine, and commences his call to the females, or "play," as it is termed in Sweden. This, says Mr. Lloyd, is usually from the first dawn of day to sunrise, or from a little after sunset until it is quite dark. The time, however, more or less, depends upon the mildness of the weather, and the advanced state of the season.

During his play, the neck of the capercaillie is stretched out, his tail is raised and spread like a fan, his wings droop, his feathers are ruffled up,



and, in short, he much resembles in appearance an angry turkey-cock. He begins his play with a call something resembling *pellor, pellor, pellor*; these sounds he repeats at first at some little intervals, but as he proceeds they increase in rapidity, until at last, and after perhaps the lapse of a minute or so, he makes a sort of gulp in his throat, and finishes with sucking in, as it were, his breath.

During the continuance of this latter process, which only lasts a few seconds, the head of the capercaillie is thrown up, his eyes are partially closed, and his whole appearance would denote that he is worked up into an agony of passion. At this time his faculties are much absorbed, and it is not difficult to approach him: many, indeed, and among the rest Mr. Nilsson, assert that the capercaillie can then neither see nor hear, and he is not aware of the report or flash of a gun, even if fired immediately near to him. To this assertion I cannot agree, for though it is true that if the capercaillie has not been much disturbed previously, he is not easily frightened during the last notes of his play; yet, should the contrary be the case, he is constantly on the watch, and I have reason to know that, even at that time, if noise be made, or that a person exposes himself incautiously, he takes alarm and immediately flies.

The play of the capercaillie "says Mr. Lloyd," is not loud, and should there be wind stirring in the trees at the time, it cannot be heard at any considerable distance. Indeed, during the calmest and most favourable weather, it is not audible at more than two or three hundred paces.

On hearing the call of the cock, the hens, whose cry in some degree resembles the croak of the raven, or rather, perhaps, the sounds *gock, gock, gock*, assemble from all parts of the surrounding forest. The male bird now descends from the eminence on which he was perched to the ground, where he and his female friends join in company. The capercaillie does not play indiscriminately over the forest, but he has his certain stations (Tjador-lek, which may perhaps be rendered his playing-grounds). These, however, are often of some little extent. Here, unless very much persecuted, the song of these birds may be heard in the spring for years together. The capercaillie does not during his play confine himself to any particular tree, as Mr. Nilsson asserts to be the case, for, on the contrary, it is seldom he is to be met with exactly on the spot for two days in succession."

The female makes her nest upon the ground, and lays from six to twelve eggs; her brood keep with her till the approach of winter, but the cocks separate from the mother before the hems. The food of this bird consists of the leaves of the Scotch fir, of juniper-berries, cranberries, blueberries, and occasionally in winter of the buds of the birch. The young are sustained at first on insects, and especially the larvae of ants. In the male the windpipe makes a loose fold of two curves before it enters the chest, gaining by this contrivance great increase of length. The tarsi are hairy; the toes are rough beneath, with horny points, enabling the bird to rest securely on the smooth or slippery branches. The general colour of the males on the upper part is chestnut brown, irregularly marked with blackish lines; the breast glossy greenish black, passing into the black on the under surface; elongated feathers of the throat black: tail black. In the female the head, neck, and back are marked with transverse bars of red and black: the under surface is pale orange-yellow barred with black. Professor Nilsson assures us that the capercaillie is often reared up in a domestic state in Sweden, and is bold and disposed to attack persons, like the turkey-cock; and both this naturalist and Mr. Lloyd affirm that these birds will breed, with due care, in confinement; in fact they give several instances by way of proof.

In the early part of the spring the London market is supplied with the capercaillie in abundance from Norway; and, owing to the rapidity of steam navigation, the birds are almost as fresh as if just shot, keeping well for many days; the flesh of the females is excellent. To those who wish to enter into the exciting details of wood-grouse shooting, we recommend Mr. Lloyd's work on "Northern Field-Sports."

### A RAILWAY HALF-CROWN!!!

[The following case discloses a dodge which would not discredit Charley Bates. It is the report of a case recently heard at the Middlesex Court of Requests, Kingsgate-street.—EDITOR.]

Richard Thompson, a young gentleman who might well be designated a twin brother to the "Smike" of Box, was summoned by a Jew-looking gentleman named John Morris, for the sum of 2s. 6d. Mr. John Morris (who certainly claimed no acquaintanceship with Lindley Murray), at once plunged "in medias res":—

"This ere long thin wagabond as —"

Mr. Dubois—No abuse, sir, if you please, no abuse.

Morris—Well then, sir, this, this skinny warmist (great laughter)—he's kept a half crown a mien as I wouldn't take nutthink for—no, not this ear blessed at full o' golden suv'rins (laughter).

Mr. Dubois—How did he get possessed of it?

Morris—Ah, that's just the pint—I goes inter his shop and orders a cup o' caffee and a muffin and a couple o' heggs—gets em and eats em in course, you'd a done the same—well yer honner when I'd done—just as you might do, I puts down half-a-crown, good and lawful. (Laughter.) Master Skinny ear picks it up, and ses, ses he, "What's this car?"—just

so. "Why, half a bull," says I. (Laughter.) "I must have another," says he—"this year wont pass no where!" "Spose I aint got another," ses I?—just so, same as you'd a spoke't yourself—(roars of laughter)—"Vy, in that case," ses I, "I must howe you for the caffee, the muffin, (and it had werry little butter on it), and the heggs"—(laughter);—and what do you think, my Lord, this year yard and a half o' tape said to that 'ere?—vot d'ye think—vy, if so be you sots there all night—or till such times as I comes again—I'll bet you a pot to a pint you don't hit it?

Mr. Dubois, irresistibly joining in the general laughter, acknowledged his inability to "hit it," but begged Mr. Morris to "cut it short."

Morris—He kept my good and lawful half-crown, and ses, ses he "Ven you brings another one, then I'll give the change, and not till then." (Laughter.) I ups and naterrally says—"I'll see you d—d first." (Roars of laughter.)

Richard Thompson was invited to explain. Si-ar (said the defendant, with a most ludicrously-provoking stutter)—th-is m-m-mam kic-cue-came to m-my sh-sh-sh-wop f-for some co-o-offee and wo-woo-o-whiles, and after he'd been she-she-ser-ved, he gay-gave me a bad half-cuo-cuck-crown, and I said I'd kic-kic-kuc-keep it to-to till I go-o-ot ano-ther. (Roars of laughter.) I go-hot a w-w-witness as knows him.

Mr. Dubois—Call him.

"Here I is," said a short bull-necked worthy, carrying a stout stick and accompanied by a cross-bred sort of a bull dog, between whom and his master there appeared a considerable degree of family likeness, "Here I is," and then turning short round upon Morris, he said, "This comes o' your making such a d—d fool o' yourself. You thort to chisel me, did you?"

Mr. Dubois demanded an instant explanation.

Witness—Don't care if I does; "in for a shilling in for a pound." This ere Jack Morris—my name's Jemmy Brown, my lord (laughter)—this ere Jack Morris and I 'greed last Good Friday, as was just afore Tappin was hung, to go pardners in a *hartful dodge* (laughter).

Mr. Dubois—A what, sir?

Witness—Lord, you knows werry well (renewed laughter)—not as how I thinks you're up to this 'ere. Well, my lord, we gets a half-crown—borrowed it, in course—sprinkles it over with a trifle of gravel and puts it on the railway rail—werry good; by and by the train comes up and goes slap over it—and as a natarral consequence, makes Queen Victoria look a deal more ugly, and broader and bigger—(Roars of laughter)—and looking as if she'd just laid in with the small-pox—(Renewed laughter.) Well, my lord, we 'greed to work this railway half-crown.

Mr. Dubois—Work it—how work it?

Ah (said the witness), I thort you warn't up to that dodge. (Laughter.) Werry next morning we tried it on.

Mr. Dubois—Tried it on? How and where, sir.

Witness—Oh, you know werry well, the Plough and Harrow, Seven Dials. (Laughter.) We goes in and calls for a pint of puri.

Mr. Dubois—Puri! what is that?

Witness—Dog's nose, with a bit o' sugar in it, sixpence a pint made hot—and werry good it is, I can 'sure you—(roars of laughter.) Well, we drinks it in course—and then we had a drop o' summat short—don't you understand, two three-haporths o' gin! Why, you know werry well, a pint o' puri's a tanner, and two three-haporths o' gin comes to ninepence—(great laughter.) Well, to cut this ere matter short, when we'd done drinking, we hands over this year identical half-crown—or, to speak more corrector, half-bull!—(laughter).

Mr. Dubois—Well, sir, and what then?

Witness—Landlord says, carnt take that ere. Vy not, ses Jack Morris, as innocent as you is—(laughter). It's a werry good half-crown, ses I; and if so be you won't take it only because it's ugly, why, you're worses than Prince Albert himself—(roars of laughter). So, ses I, if you won't—you won't, and we must call in and pay the next time as we're passing this way.

Mr. Dubois—Very cool, indeed; and did the landlord let you go?

Lord, yes, and took the walley of puri and gin clear out in swearing, and said if so be we ever come into his house again, vy he'd kick us out, so in course we never went to pay the ninepence, cause both on us don't like kicking. (Laughter.)

A Jurymen—And pray, sir, how long did you work this same half-crown?

Witness—Oh, ve got on hadmirably till such times as we made a split on it. We done the landlord of the Bag o' Nails at Pimlico—we chiselled the Hare and Hounds in Vitechapel—made it all right at the King and Keys—dropped into Ben Johnson, and—(Great laughter).

Mr. Dubois—Pray stop, sir—the defendant says he is ready to return you the half-crown if you pay the expenses!

The proposition was eagerly agreed to, and the artful dodge is now again in circulation, and as a person in the court observed—

"Licensed witlers, have a care,  
Of the Railway coin — beware!"

DOMESTIC AGRICULTURE.—We heard of a gentleman, who, last year, planted his onions close to his poppies, and the consequence was, they grew so sleepy that he never could get them out of their beds.

## NOTICE!

\* \* THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, Part IV., for SEPTEMBER, price Sevenpence, in an embellished wrapper, is now ready. The Parts for June and July are also procurable. ALL the back numbers are now in print, and may be had through all booksellers. The Stamped Edition (free by post) price 2½d., must be ordered a week in advance; or per quarter, 3s., (in advance) will secure its transmission to the subscriber's address. In the eighteenth number of this paper (the Stamped Edition only), will be given a full and faithful report of the GREAT PUGILISTIC CONTEST for the CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND, exclusively by express. To prevent disappointment in the country, all orders must be given before September 10, as the number of Stamps printed will be regulated by the orders.

Office, 42, Holywell-street, Strand, where all communications for the Editor must be addressed.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

S. R.—Caunt never fought Freeman, the American giant. We have answered this question before.—Spring's fighting weight was 13 stone and a pound or two: Bendigo's is 12 stone and a pound or two. You ask us an unfair question: we, ourselves, should not have hesitated in betting moderate odds, much less in taking them, that Spring could have beaten Adam—we answer you but not the public, for it is a mere opinion, the correctness or fallacy of which can never be proved.

"A CONSTANT READER." Bermondsey.—Read our numbers; you are not "a constant reader."—The same to W. S. T., who actually asks us "if we can tell him the date and place of Gully's fight with the Game Chicken?" Oh, dear, what "constant readers" the ink is scarcely dry wherewith we printed the pugilistic doings of "the Game Chicken" and his portrait!

L. E. P.—Caunt and Nick Ward fought twice. See No. 12.

SUMMERS, Leeds.—We are certain of it. Will you send us the paper?

E. J., Whitechapel.—Call on Farlow, in Crooked-lane, Cannon-street; he is a first-rate tackle-maker. Trolling is treated on in one of the early numbers.

T. S. O. T. T.—Your proposal is obliging, but we do not think it practicable. The information proffered would come under the denomination of "news," and could only be inserted upon payment of the stamp duty. Now, our stamped edition (which contains the latest betting at Tattersall's) would not be attainable post-free within the bills of mortality (according to Post-office regulations). Thus, you see, the object of a "Derby Circular" would be defeated, as the law has fenced round these matters. If we insert "news" without a stamp, we are liable to ruinous fines, and if with a stamp they do not deliver us post free within the limits known as "the old twopenny post." Nevertheless, we shall be happy to receive your note, and if, upon legal advice, we can insert its contents in our three-half-penny edition it shall be done.

A. COCKNEY.—A COVEY of partridges consists of the cock, the hen, and the produce of that year, before they are broken, and so continue to be called till they are thinned in number, or dispersed too far to merit the appellation. They are then distinguished as two brace (four); a leash (three).

"TROT."—The following is an excellent ground bait for general fishing:—Crumb of new bread, four pounds; bran, three pounds and a half; oatmeal, one pound and a quarter. Mix up with half a gallon of water; then strain off through a linen or horse hair sieve, and let it set for a day; then knead it, and it is ready for use.

SPREX.—Flogging a horse is a vulgar, commonplace, inartificial process, used among low dealers. It is effected by privately introducing a piece of ginger, previously bitten, into the *apophyseal* and, which, by its painful stimulus, so irritates the animal that, by the deceptive spirit of his action, the erection of his ears, and the cocking of his tail, he appears of more value than when the artificial stimulus has subsided. It is a poor coarse expedient, calculated for the meridian of a horse-market, or low-priced cattle fair. The female offspring of a horse and a mare is called in stable language, a *filly* foal the first year; a *yearling* the second; and a *filly* till four years old.

NUMSKULL.—Your signature is by no means valorious. Aloes is a resinous gum, extracted from the tree whose name it bears. It is chiefly brought from Barbadoes. The Socotrine aloes is the mildest and dearest sort, and is supposed to come from Socotora, an island of the southern extremity of Arabia. Aloes is singular, and you are incorrect.

ROBIN HOOD.—Alice Hawthorn has won 48 races, Beeswing won 50. Catharina 79.

PISCATOR.—We really cannot decide the question. "Doctors differ." Whitebait, even it be an adult fish *sui generis*, which seems more than probable, is certainly, in general, much mingled with all sorts of little 'uns.

H. J., Glasgow.—"British Boxing," which is one of the Sporting Handbooks advertised, may be had of Clark, in Warwick-lane, free by post, upon forwarding twelve stamps. It is not a "History of Boxing." The cheapest and only "History of Boxing" — and that comes down no later than 1822 — is *BOXIANA*, in five volumes 8vo., price 18s. per volume, which may now be had for £2 12s. 6d., we believe. The "History of British Boxing" appearing in this Magazine is digested, written, and compiled from Capt. Godfrey's book (published in 1787); a set of the "Gentleman's Magazine," 1782, downwards; the various files of newspapers—the "Daily Advertiser," "World," and "Oracle;" from "PANCROST," a history of the Ring from 1790 to 1815, published by Chapple; "BOXIANA," already mentioned; and subsequently, to 1822, from the files of the "Bell's Life," "Sunday Herald," and other sporting papers dead and living, which are duly preserved in the library of the BRITISH MUSEUM. No money would buy the books and papers made use of in the compilation, insignificant as it may appear.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

## AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

SUNDAY, August 31st.—FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.—"St. Sebastian stormed, 1813," says the Almanack. If the Saint stormed it was very unbecoming of him.

MONDAY, Sept. 1st.—PARTRIDGE SHOOTING begins:—

Let gay ones and great  
Make the most of their fate;  
From pleasure to pleasure they run;  
Well, who cares a jot?  
I envy them not

While I have my dog and my gun.—Old Song.

The Surrey Turnpike (Westminster-road, &c.) abolished, 1844; "that's the ticket!" —Roach, gudgeons, chub, eels, tench, bleak, minnows, barbel, bream, ruff, (which we this week figure) pike, trout, perch, and grayling, are in season.

TUESDAY, 2nd.—Great fire of London broke out, 1666.—Things to be remembered in Sept. 1 and 8. (Two Sundays preceding the 15th).—Lists of objections to county electors, and claims and objections for borough lists to be affixed to church doors. 5. Overseers of parishes and boroughs to make out burgess lists under Municipal Reform Act, which must be delivered to town-clerk this day. 8. Town-clerks in boroughs to cause the burgess lists to be fixed in public places in boroughs, from this day till 15th. 15. Claims of persons omitted in the burgess lists, and objections to persons improperly inserted, to be given to the town-clerk in writing on or before this day; notice of the objection also to be given to the person objected to. 22. Constables, churchwardens, surveyors, and rated householders, to meet, and prepare lists for selection, by the justices, of way-wardens or surveyors of highways. 24. Lists of claimants and of persons objected to, to be fixed by town-clerk in some public place of each borough, from this day till October 1.

WEDNESDAY, 3rd.—Two thousand two hundred and fifty pheasants, hatched under common domestic fowls, were turned down in Windsor Park preserves, 1844; "now, gentlemen," as the table keepers used to cry, "make your game!" —Battle of Dunbar, 1649; Battle of Worcester, 1651; Death of Cromwell, 1658.

THURSDAY, 4th.—Licenses.—Members of Parliament have the privilege of abusing one another, without paying for the license. Retail beer-shops are licensed to "be drunk on the premises;" and during the after-dinner sessions at the Old Bailey, the Judges and Jury used to have a license allowed them by law to do the same thing, until Sir James Paul Fry Graham stopped the liquoring.

FRIDAY, 5th.—Mails taken, 1830; first American Congress, 1774.

SATURDAY, 6th.—A coal-heaver applies to Sir Peter Laurie to know if he required a certificate to shoot. Sir Peter replied "of course, feller." "Then," replies the fustian, "I 'sposse this here 'wender's ticket' won't do to shoot your coals with." Sir Peter told him to take aim at the round hole in the pavement, and he'd abide the consequences.—An easy method of prognosticating the weather without a barometer.—Take a single young lady, and place a looking-glass before her, when you will find the glass indicate "fair." There will be an indication of "change" should a young gentleman be assiduous in his attentions; if broken off, her eyes will foretell "much wet."

## THE MOON IN SEPTEMBER.

New Moon, 1st	...	...	...	...	9 34 aft.
First Quarter, 9th	...	...	...	...	5 25 morn.
Full Moon, 15th	...	...	...	...	10 13 morn.
Last Quarter, 23rd	...	...	...	...	10 25 aft.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK

		High water at London Bridge.			
		morn.	aft.		
Sunday, Aug. 31st	...	1 6	1 36	Thursday, 4th	...
Monday, Sept. 1st	...	1 45	2 2	Friday, 5th	...
Tuesday, 2nd	...	2 18	2 36	Saturday 6th	...
Wednesday, 3rd	...	3 51	3 7		

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 6, 1845.

GYMNASTICS.—NO. II.  
SINGLESTICK.

**AMONG** the various defensive exercises that of the basket-hilted stick, as used in the broadsword exercises, and in the scientific rural play of singlestick, deservedly occupies a prominent place.

We know full well that there is a class and a large one, who would fain decry every manly sport and exercise which is attended with risk, pain, or inconvenience; such drivellers are not only useless to themselves and their fellow-creatures in time of peril, but instead of receiving credit for "good motives" and "humanity," should be despised as hypocrites and poltroons.

"The whole history of man has shown," says an author, himself a philanthropist; "that it is his nature to seek his own aggrandizement at the expense of his neighbour. The truth is not the less unimpeachable on account of its seeming harshness; and the most cruel oppressors and barbarous despotisms have flourished most where effeminacy and cowardice have most prevailed, a bold, brave, hardy people has rarely been a cruel one." How true this is let the rule of priests and tyrants tell.

This may seem irrelevant to many, yet in it may be traced a "kernel of philosophy." The canters and humanity-mongers mouth from the pulpit and scribble in the press against every manly sport, and what they term "brutal recreation," "vulgar" and "cruel" sports, and the like, yet these mealy-mouthed ~~spout~~ suppressants can coolly, nay, exultingly read of thousands of brave peasantry slain (in red coats and blue), to defend their own scurvy carcasses and homes from the spoil and violence of the invader. When the peasant is at home crush him, police him, and lawyer him down to a poor spiritless thing, but when you want his thews and sinews in the fight, dress him up like a peacock, hire drums and fifes, clap him on the back, tell him "he's a fine fellow," "a brave fellow," and take credit to yourselves as you read the accounts of his brave exploits by sea or by land, that you too are "bold Britons." Is not this absurd and inconsistent? Ought not the manly sports and exercises of the people to be encouraged rather than repressed? And do not such publications, as the little one we here offer to public patronage and encouragement deserve support, as humbly ministering to and fostering that love of fair play and bold encounter which has long characterised, and we trust will ever distinguish, the natives of the "tight little island?"

"The power of resistance," says the historian already quoted; "checks injustice and spoliation. No state robs another which it believes to be equally strong, and possesses arms, and the courage and skill to use them. Still less will a small class think of robbing a greater one thus prepared; by the former, therefore, arms are sought to be confined to the hands of hirelings, and those sports which smack of independence, and the practice of self-defence, save under control of the authorities. Governments know this, and for the sake of selfish objects willingly hazard national destruction, rather than resign the power of oppressing while they may. Universal skill, in the arts of defence, and the protection of a country by its males from nineteen upwards, are therefore, in aid of general know-

ledge and facility of internal communication, the surest guarantees of freedom and peace, and the efficient check of the invader."

May we not add to this, that manly sports and healthy gymnastics, though not unattended with occasional endurance of pain, are the best things to produce a bold population, which should be a country's pride.

Self-defence is essential to the safety of man as a member of a national family, nor is it less requisite to him as an individual.

In the play of Singletstick the sticks used are somewhat heavier and stouter than in broadsword exercise, and the players usually strip to the shirt. In some parts of the country, Wilts, Berks, and Somerset, pad-dings are used to save the arms, particularly the point of the elbow; but this is not usual in London.

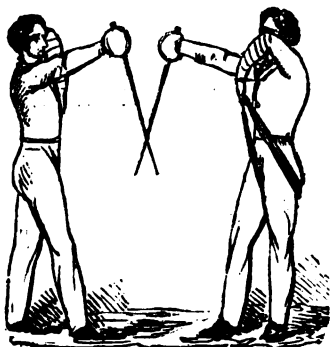
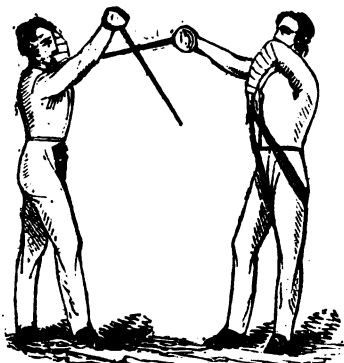


FIG. 1.—THE POSITION.

The left hand grasps a handkerchief or band which is passed round under the left thigh; the elbow is elevated and thrown forward to protect the head. Our best players stand with the right foot forward, but some very difficult men to get at prefer the left. The right arm is held nearly straight, the hand above the level of the shoulder, and opposite the forehead; some good players keep it considerably higher, the stick slanting towards the left side.

This is undoubtedly the best and most defensive position, as the head is thoroughly protected. This is the principal point of attack, as first blood from it, or the neck, above the level of the under jaw, is decisive of a game.

Now, before you can cleverly get the head of your adversary, it is clear he must be got somehow or other out of this position. The ordinary method is by attacking him under the arm, on the end of his elbow, or upon the ribs. Some players prefer waiting until they are attacked, and then try to strike in upon their antagonist's head before he can recover his guard.



ATTACK.

The tyro must be careful always to strike by means of the wrist, the great science of the play being shown in making the blow as quickly as possible, and getting back to the first position before your competitor can drop in upon it.

The simplest and most usual blow at the head is here represented (fig. 2.). The right hand is suddenly reversed by a twist of the wrist, the outer edge of the hand (which in the first position, was uppermost), is now brought underneath by a half turn of the wrist, the point of the stick describing a half circle round the head.

To foil this kind of intent raise the hand a few inches diagonally. (Fig. 2.) To return the compliment the movement precisely resembles the attack.

Striking at the ribs, or "whipping" as it is provincially termed, is generally adopted with a view of fatiguing and wearing out the adversary, and of inducing him to bring down his hand, in such a way as to expose his head. The right is the only side attacked, the ribs on that side of

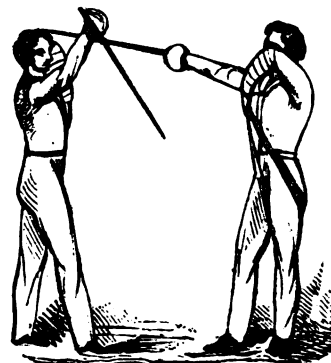


FIG. 2.—ATTACK AND DEFENCE OF HEAD.

the corpus alone suffering by the onslaught. The majority of players guard against this unpleasant visitation by throwing the stick down and outward, but we have seen many of the best players, Stone, (of Somerset), Stacey, Davis, and especially Harlott, jun., of Berks, entirely despise the guard, and at once follow up an attempt at whipping by going straight in at the head. At the Windsor Revel on Monday last, (August 18th), in a set-to of great skill, (and some ill-temper) young Harlott stole a march on the oldstanding champion Stone of Somerset, and got at his head for the first time; the veteran thus losing first prize and his temper together.

The cut (fig. 3.) represents the blow at the ribs and its guard;

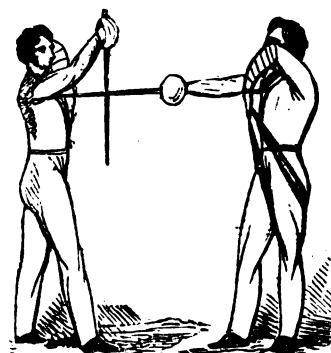


FIG. 3.—BLOW AT THE RIBS AND ITS GUARD.

and figure 4, the counter hit on the nob.

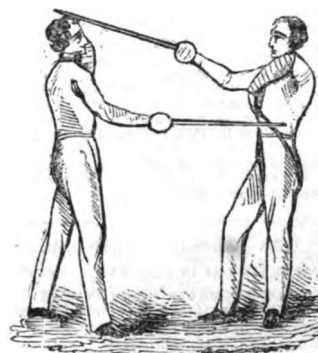


FIG. 4.—COUNTER HIT ON HEAD FOR BLOW AT RIBS.

What is called "striking over" is done when through fatigue, or by oversight, the adversary suffers his hand to sink below the level of his head. This blow is made by sharply and suddenly bringing the stick about a quarter turn, so as to pass it close over your opponent's hand; but be careful not to twist the wrist too much. It is best managed when the stick, having reached the level of the player's head, moves altogether horizontally, and then makes a slanting drop from left to right. It is a complicated movement but an effective one, and the arm moves considerably. The step for this is raising the hand suddenly, a little inclining to the left; and an instant return may be effected by striking smartly at the side of the face, a retort which is by no means easy for one to parry who has thus laid himself open.

Fig. 5 represents STRIKING OVER; figure 6, the retaliation.





FIG. 5.—STRIKING OVER.

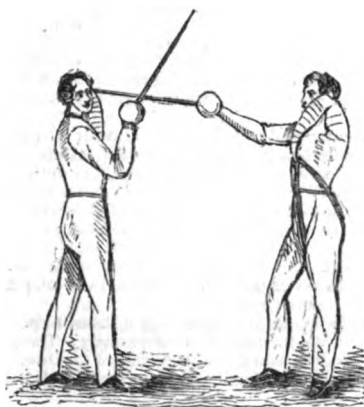


FIG. 6.—THE RETURN TO THE "STROKE OVER."

The right elbow and fore-arm are also very favourite points of visitation. A smart rap on the inner side of the elbow, just in the cavity formed between the joint bones, is marvellously unpleasant, as most persons have experienced. This is owing to the deadening of the ulnar nerve, which produces a tingling numbness in the third and little fingers. This not only disturbs a man's philosophy, but often prevents, however great a stoic he may be in despising mere pain, the player from feeling his stick; hence the annoying "tingulation" is followed by the more serious evil of a cracked crown.

We here lay down our pen, trusting that in this brief sketch we have made singlestick tolerably plain to the humblest capacities. Further observations would be superfluous, as we shall have much to say on movements akin to singlestick when we come to treat upon FENCING and the BROADSWORD, which we also propose, by the sporting public's favour, to describe and illustrate in our columns.

### THE FISHER'S CREEL.

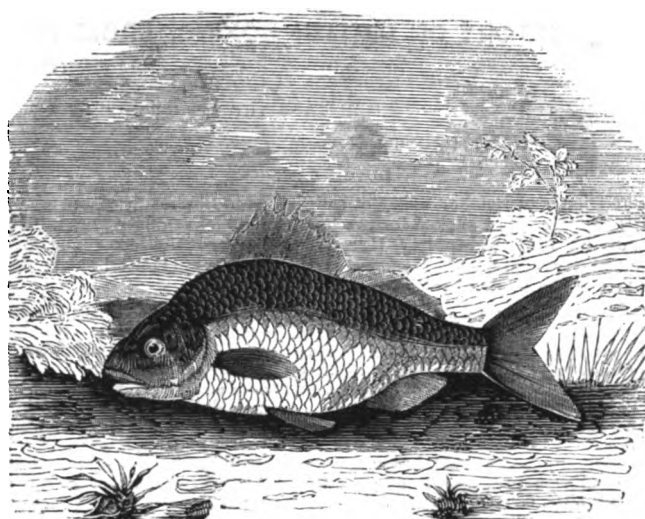
THE POPE, OR RUFF. (see cut opposite.)

**T**HE POPE OR RUFF is a gregarious fish, found in most but not all of the English rivers; it is abundant in the Tame, the Mole, the Yare, the Cam, the Isis, &c., haunting slow-running water, and deeps with a gravelly bottom. He is, says Walton "much like a perch for his shape, and taken to be better than a perch; but will not grow bigger than a gudgeon. He is an excellent fish, and no fish that swims is of pleasanter taste."

The Ruff will take almost any bait, but a red earthworm or small branding is its favourite morsel. They usually lie in swarms, rather than shoals, in some quiet spot, where there is deep water, and "an easy angler, when he has found their resort, may catch forty or fifty, or twice as many at one standing." Some use a paternoster line, with five or six hooks according to the depth of water, but when a little muddy the ruff will bite at all depths. Groundbait before casting in your line with two or three handfuls of fresh earth.

### JOLLY ANGLERS.

Amongst the lighter pursuits of cultivated men, angling appears to be an especial favourite. If great names were wanting to show how the piscatorial art was sanctioned by men of the highest rank, genius, and talents, the lives of hundreds of great and good personages would confirm it. Walton is justly proud of the name of Dr. Howell, Dean of St. Paul's,



THE RUFF PERCH.

Sir Henry Wootton, Provost of Eton; Sir John Offley, and many others. Gay alternately wrote his poetry and caught his trout, at Amesbury. Tobin the author of the "Honey Moon," was at once an excellent writer and an ardent fisher. Mr. Coleridge, "the powerful poet of the lakes," also adds to its votaries a distinguished member. Dr. Pacey was so enthusiastically fond of the sport, that when asked by the Bishop of Durham, when one of his most important works would be finished, replied with much *naivete*, "My lord, I shall work steamily at it when the fly-fishing season is over." The heroic Lord Nelson, we are told by Sir Humphry Davy was a good fly-fisher, and as a proof of his passion for it, continued the pursuit even with his left hand, having, as is well known, lost his right in the service of his country. The shield of fly-fishing is emblazoned with the names of Sir Walter Scott, Sir Humphry Davy, and Dr. Babington, and we believe, the exquisite little volume, "Salmonia," owes its origin to a party proposed between Sir H. Davy, Dr. Babington, and Dr. Frank, to visit the lakes. Mr. Blaine justly observes—"The very play of men like these must have afforded an intellectual treat." Amongst the other high characters who have practised fishing with avidity, we may notice that most amiable lady, the late Duchess of York, who used to declare that it was a great treat to her to fish for perch in Virginia Water. It was in these waters that George IV. erected a sumptuous fishing temple, and thus added himself to the list of royal anglers.

### NETTING THE SERPENTINE.

[The following letter, addressed to the Editor of *Bell's Life in London*, exposes an abuse which we trust to be better informed of, for the benefit of our numerous angling readers.—ED. SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE.]

Sir—Knowing that you are anxious to correct, by exposing grievances of any kind, I venture to call your attention to the following statement:—That long looked-for enjoyment of carp fishing in the Serpentine has just now set in, and those who have waited for weeks were expecting a return for their trouble, when, "tell it not in Gath!" the long man of the water issued his edict. "Drag the serpentine on next Wednesday evening, at ten o'clock." "Nonsense (said I), why, that would look very like poaching." However, to my great regret, I find it literally true, "But why (said I), in the night time?" "Because the fish by constant netting, are grown too wary for the day-netting. Besides, we only want a few carp for her Grace the Duchess of Cambridge." Alas, alas! I fear her good ladyship sees very few carp from this source. Now, Sir, I contend that the well-known urbanity of his royal highness, if the Serpentine anglers represented, by address to his grace, their grievances from this wanton destruction of fish, would so far regulate the dragging, as to insist on the keeper paying his helpers in money, not in kind, as bream are well known to be very cheap after such an occasion. The weeds are mown down in the Kensington Gardens, thereby depriving the fish of their ordinary refuge, and driving them into the meshes of this leviathan of the river.

Pray, Mr. Editor, give our best friend, "Ephemera," this; a few hints from him may, perchance, catch the eye of that nobleman, to whom we are indebted for our orders, and in whose power alone lies the remedy. I dread the issue of this night-dragging, but will, if possible, report progress in time to you.—Yours respectfully,

August 19 1145.

"Mat, I want another porter." What *ales* the one you have, Dick?" "He's dead." "Gone to his bier, eh?" Hang you, Dick, your wit's always a broad-cider.

## HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CRIBB.

## CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

## DUTCH SAM.

The friends of Belcher were not satisfied as to the result of the above battle, and Tom was backed for two hundred guineas to fight Dutch Sam, on July 28, 1807, at Moulsey Hurst, in a twenty-eight feet roped ring. Sam had for his second, Mendoza, and Bitten for his bottle-holder; and Belcher was attended by Bill Warr and Watson.

1.—Eager to commence offensive operations, Sam attempted to plant a severe blow on his opponent's ribs; but failed, when Tom nipped him twice with great severity, and got away. Some sparring followed, while Sam went in determinedly, and in the close was uppermost.

2.—Sam, although incorrect in his distance, put in a severe right-handed blow on Tom's loins, which Belcher returned by a tremendous fencer, sparring again, when Sam put in a severe blow upon his adversary's throat, that brought him down.

3.—Sam firm and confident, and Belcher equally game, both pelting away, and good judgment displayed on both sides; in closing Belcher was thrown.

4.—Both the faces of the combatants betrayed visible alteration—Belcher's nose bled copiously; and Sam's eye was much swelled. Belcher put in a hard fencer, and Sam, in closing, threw his adversary with great violence.

5.—A better round was never witnessed in any fight whatever—science, activity, and game in emulous perfection—Sam rattled into a rally, and many good hits were exchanged. The men closed; but, on disengaging themselves, Tom let fly right and left, nevertheless he had the worst of it, and went down from a slight blow from his opponent. [Five to four on Sam.]

6.—Both on their mettle, and good hits exchanged.—Belcher stopped some severe blows, but fell rather weak. [Six to four on Sam.]

7.—Rather an irregular round; but, in closing, Sam threw Belcher on his head.

8.—No mischief done.

9.—Belcher planted two severe hits, right and left, in his antagonist's face, and threw Sam desperately.

10.—Sam balanced the account; and, after putting a heavy body blow, threw Tom.

11.—Belcher stopped his antagonist's lungs with great skill; in closing, Sam went down.

12.—Belcher on the look-out, anxiously endeavouring to save himself; but Sam followed him fiercely, and hit him down.

13.—Tom stopped two blows with great neatness, and returned a most desperate hit; the effects of which Sam felt severely, and soon after fell to avoid.

14.—Sam's eyes were now in mourning, and Tom's left side showed the marks of his antagonist's fist; Sam put in a severe ribber, the men closed, and Sam went down.

15.—Very irregular—retreating, hugging, &c. Tom fell, from weakness. [Seven to four on Sam.]

16.—Counterhitting, and several severe blows were exchanged; in closing, Belcher threw his opponent.

17.—Hard fighting; both the combatants, trying for superiority at arm's length, fell from each other's blows.

18.—Sam put in a blow on his opponent's nose; but, in closing, went down.

19.—The conflict was now desperate; hitting and stopping without delay; rather in favour of Sam.

20.—Belcher showed himself master of the science, by his dexterity in stopping and returning with severity.

21.—Belcher on the decline; his friends anything but sanguine. Sam hit him three desperate blows on his already punished side; nevertheless, Tom threw his opponent.

22.—Belcher fell from a severe hit upon his head. [Three to one upon Sam.]

23.—The science of Belcher still evident; but he wanted strength to second his efforts, and was thrown.

24.—Sam's eyes were nearly darkened; but he was still gay; in the rally he knocked Tom down. [Four to one upon Sam.]

25.—Tom now convinced the spectators that he was not only entitled to the character of a scientific, but a game pugilist—his courage was admirable; but the chance was positively against him, and Sam was no stranger to the circumstance.

26.—Belcher fell from weakness during the hitting.

27.—Tom's exhausted appearance was manifest; but his brave heart, still anxious to contend, although Nature refused to second his efforts, he fell from mere weakness and inability.

28.—and last. This round terminated in a manner quite unexpected—Tom, in making a hit at his opponent, fell upon his knees; and Sam in returning struck him—upon which cries of "foul" were immediately heard. It was a sort of straw to catch hold of, and advantage was taken of the circumstance. The umpires, in giving their opinion, were in opposition to each other; it was finally decided in favour of Sam, subject to future consideration. After considerable arguments at various meetings, and precedents resorted to, upon similar occasions, it was finally decided as a drawn battle, and that a third appeal should be made to the genius of Victory.

This came off on Friday, August 21, 1807, on Lowfield Common, near Crawley, in Sussex, in a thirty-feet roped ring; and it was agreed that the following article of Broughton's rules was to be rigorously enforced:—

7.—That no person is to hit his adversary when down, or seize him by the ham, the breeches, or any part below the waist: a man on his knees to be reckoned down.

[A very proper decision, ever since adhered to, down to this present year 1845.]

Dutch Sam was seconded by Mendoza, Bitten was his bottle-holder; and Tom Belcher was attended by Gully and Ward.

1.—Considerable anxiety was manifested upon the combatants setting to, and large sums awaited the decision of this third contest between those distinguished pugilists. Sam made a feint with his left hand, and endeavoured with his right to reach Tom's ribs; but he was stopped, and Belcher returned feebly with his left, in closing, Sam was under.

2.—Sam going in to rally, Tom nailed him right and left, in closing, Belcher was thrown. [Betting now began—Five to two on Sam.]

3.—Sam extremely cautious till he had got his proper distance, when, after making a left-handed feint, he put in a terrible blow under Belcher's left eye, that brought the claret in abundance; it was so severe, that Tom was confused, and in endeavouring a return was thrown. [Three to one on Sam.]

4.—Sharp in fighting, a break, and exchanges at arm's length—no advantage on either side; but the strength of Sam was superior in the close, and he threw his opponent.

5.—A most excellent round; but rather in favour of Belcher. Sam rallied, but without effect, as Belcher hit him off; notwithstanding, Sam closed, disengaged, and commenced another rally, when Tom put in a most tremendous blow upon the left eye of his opponent, and also threw him a heavy fall.

6.—Desperate fighting—both exhausted, and fell together.

7.—Belcher put in two slight hits; when they closed irregularly, and fell.

8.—Rallying; good science prominent on both sides—hitting and stopping in good style, till both fell. Belcher manifested first weakness.

9.—Sam incorrect in his distance, his blows did not tell; Belcher gave him a severe fall. [Four to one on Sam.]

10.—Belcher hit his opponent slightly; Sam threw him.

11.—Sam, full of strength, rattled in desperately; Tom, nothing loth, met him, and a furious rally ensued, but in favour of the Jew. Sam's blows were dreadful, and Belcher's face and body suffered materially; he fell from weakness.

12.—No blows worth naming, Tom ran himself down. All betters, but no one sanguine enough to take.

13.—Sam followed the steps of his opponent, and ran himself down.

14.—Belcher somewhat shy from the severe beating which he had received, fell from two of Sam's right-handed body blows.

15.—Belcher made every effort to put in some good hits; but they were too feeble to do any execution; he fell from weakness during half-arm hitting.

16.—Of no importance; both the combatants, after closing, appeared to go down to husband their strength.

17.—Belcher, in attempting to hit his opponent, was stopped; in closing, Tom fell between his adversary's arms on his knees: but Sam was too strongly impressed with the articles, and held up his hands, to show that no foul blows should put an end to this contest.

18.—Sam, in closing, got his opponent's head under his arm, and fished Belcher so severely that he dropped.

19.—Tom fell on his knees, coming the artful, but Sam was on his guard, and only smiled.

20.—Sam beat his opponent to the ropes with considerable ease.

21.—Belcher still suffering under Sam's superior strength.

22.—Belcher, rather recovered, obtained some little advantage.

23.—Belcher, still livelier, contended spiritedly, till they both fell, and lay on the ground.

24.—Belcher completely astonished his friends by his fine game and resolution; he obtained considerable advantage in a desperate rally, when both men fell quite exhausted.

25.—Tom's excellence as a boxer was truly conspicuous in this round, his blows were well directed, but not effective.

26.—Belcher still first to fight, and Sam, to avoid Tom's favourite right-handed body blow, threw himself on his face.

27.—Sam received a fall after some irregular fighting.

28.—Belcher claimed considerable attention from the fine style in which he endeavoured to get the lead; he gave Sam a severe fall.

29, 30.—Sharp rallies, but it was evident to the most prejudiced spectator that the Jew's star was in the ascendant. Belcher's heaviest shot was fired, and the Jew fairly fought him down.

31.—36.—It was evident to the spectators that Belcher could not win. The ferocity of Sam was tremendous; he followed his opponent to all parts of the ring, putting in fencers and body blows, and dealing out punishment, till his brave opponent fell quite exhausted, when his brother Jem took him out of the ring in the most feeble state, and placed him in a gentleman's chariot. Sam's principal injury was a blow under the left eye, and some trifling marks; he dressed himself with perfect indifference before he left the ring.

Sam entered the lists with Bill Cropley, on May 10, 1808, in Sir John Sebright's Park, Hertfordshire. Cropley was a fine well-made young man, of great strength, and possessing stamina of so fine a quality, that an opinion was entertained by several of the amateurs that Sam would never be able to defeat him. It was a well-contested battle for twenty-five minutes; but Sam was the favourite after the first three rounds, and not declared the conqueror till Cropley was quite exhausted.

## A SEASONABLE DITTY.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

*Don't talk of September.*

Don't talk of September!—a lady  
Must think it of all months the worst;  
The men are preparing already  
To take themselves off on the first:  
I try to arrange a small party,  
The girls dance together—how tame!  
*I'd get up my game of écarté,*  
But *they* go to bring down *their* game!

Last month, their attention to quicken,  
A supper I knew was the thing;  
But now from my turkey and chicken  
They're tempted by birds on the wing!  
They shoulder their terrible rifles,  
(It's really too much for my nerves!)  
And alighting *my sweets* and *my trifles*,  
Prefer my Lord Harry's preserves!

Miss Lovemore, with great consternation,  
Now hears of the horrible plan,  
And fears that her little flirtation  
Was only a flash in the pan!  
Oh! marriage is hard of digestion,  
The men are all sparing of words;  
And now 'stead of *popping the question*,  
They set off to *pop at the birds*.

Go, false ones, your aim is so horrid,  
That love at the sight of you dies:  
You care not for *locks* on the forehead—  
The *locks* made by MANTON you prize!  
All thoughts sentimental *exploding*,  
Like *flints* I behold you depart;  
You heed not, when priming and loading,  
The load you have left on my heart.

They talk about patent percussions,  
And all preparations for sport;  
And these *double barrel* discussions  
Exhaust *double bottles* of port!  
The dearest is deaf to my summons  
As off on his pony he jogs:  
A doleful condition is woman's;  
The men are all—*gone to the dogs*!

## KING LOUIS PHILIPPE'S PATRONAGE OF THE TURF.

We have often had occasion to notice the commendable perseverance and patronage which the present French government affords to the encouragement of the turf, and the consequent improved breed of their horses, a desideratum which the inferiority of their cavalry regiments, when opposed to the British and others, better mounted, have, on many important occasions, in addition to that of Waterloo, impressed upon them how highly it ought to be prized. The King of the French has recently caused to be constructed, at the beautiful royal demesne of Neuilly, a hippodrome of a most enormous extent, which is capable of conveniently accommodating, as spectators, 30,000 persons. The term hippodrome, it may be as well to premise, is derived from the two Greek words, meaning horse and course. *Hippodromus*, in antiquity, meaning a list or course, where chariot and horse-races were performed, and horses exercised. The olympian hippodrome, or course, was a space of ground of 600 paces in length, surrounded with a wall, near the city Elis, on the banks of the river Alpheus. It was uneven, and in some degree irregular, on account of the situation. In one part there was a hill of a moderate height, and the circuit was adorned with temples and other embellishments. Constantinople had a famous hippodrome, which was begun by Alexander Severus, and finished by Constantine. This circus, called by the Turks *Atmeidan* is 400 paces in breadth. At the entrance of the hippodrome there is a pyramidal monolith obelisk of granite, about 50 feet in height, terminating in a point, and charged with hieroglyphics. The Greek and Latin inscriptions on its base show that it was erected by Theodosius.

Having alluded to the hippodrome of the ancients, we will briefly state the modern one, which was opened in the king's presence about the 15th of July last. It is 130 metres in length, and, a French metre being a fraction above an English yard, it consequently will be in extent upwards of 390 or nearly 400 feet in length; and the extent of the Champ d'Exercice is alone 104 metres. The principal walls are raised, as also five rows of upper seats, and a first and second gallery which bear some affinity to our first and second tier of boxes. The inauguration was honoured by the presence of the king and the members of the French court.

## THE LAND OF SPORTSMEN.

It does not appear when the sportsman first sprang into existence, "There is no corresponding word in any ancient language," says a learned writer, "since that could not be called a sport which was a necessity." The pursuit and destruction of wild animals for security, food, clothing, or pastime, have been amongst the occupations of men in all ages, since the primeval race overspread the earth—

"And wild in woods, the noble savage ran."

Before the more refined arts are introduced into any country, the chase is a necessity and the chief business of life. The stronger and more noxious animals are destroyed for individual safety, the weaker for food. It is not till civilisation and her handmaid, luxury, have seated themselves that the chase becomes a pastime.

It is probable that in the earliest stages of society the dog was the sole agent employed by the hunter. Afterwards various weapons—manual, missile, and projectile—as the club, the dart, and the arrow, were used by the hunter and fowler. Then would follow springs-traps, nets, and all that class of devices for the capture of beasts and birds, *fera natura*, comprehended in the term toils. As dogs were employed to hunt quadrupeds, so, in process of time, hawks were trained to bring down birds for the service of their master. The arbalest, or cross-bow, preceded the match-lock, which, however, could scarcely be called an implement of the chase, but which, in the order of succession, brings us down to the rifle and original fowling piece, with its long heavy barrel, and flint and steel lock; and, lastly, we arrive at the double barrel and detant locks of the modern sportsman.

It has been remarked that England (i. e. Great Britain) is peculiarly the "land of sportsmen," the very name being unknown in all other countries. The observation is in a great measure true, for if we look around the globe we find that wherever wild animals are killed for the sake of sport, it is mostly by the Englishman. In Sweden the Englishman alone kills the bear for sport; the natives kill it for the sake of reward, or to rid themselves of a noxious neighbour. In Asia the only sportsman that encounters the royal tiger is the Englishman; the native *shekerrie* shoots the tiger for profit. There, also, the buffalo and the boar are hunted by Englishmen alone. In Africa it is the Englishman who hunts the lion, the hippopotamus, and the giraffe. And, in America, it is the Englishman, or English settler, who hunts the panther, the bison, and the bear for sport; the natives do so from necessity. Since, then, the Englishman is the universal sportsman, it behoves the officer, the emigrant, and the tourist, to make themselves acquainted with the sports peculiar to the countries to which they are preceeding.—*Blaine*.

STRANGE, IF TRUE.—"Well, if it aint true, I'm dumfuxed. 'Twas on the banks of the Potomac, at the fall—not of the river, stranger—but of the leaf—not the leaf, though, of your Achilles, hem! Uncle Ben and I were out a gaming. No sport. Returning at evening we fired off our charges in despair, when, jist at that moment, a bison appeared at the opposite bank, quenching his thirst. "Hell and rattlesnakes!" cried Uncle Ben, "I'll walk into that ere warmint!" We both charged our rifles and fired together. And what do you think, stranger? I looked for Uncle Ben and saw only his ramrod stuck slantendicularly in the ground. I looked across the river and there I saw nuncks on the baste's horns. He had rammd himself down instead of the ball, and went off *memmerically*!"

POWER OF HORNETS.—I have seen six companies of infantry, with a train of artillery, and a squadron of horse, all put to the rout by a single nest of hornets, and driven off some miles, with all their horses and bullocks. The officers generally save themselves by keeping within their tents, and creeping under their bedclothes or their carpets; and servants often escape by covering themselves up in their blankets, and lying perfectly still. Horses are often stung to a state of madness, in which they throw themselves over precipices, and break their limbs or kill themselves. The grooms, in trying to save their horses, are generally the people who suffer the most in a camp attacked by such an enemy. I have seen some so stung as to recover with difficulty; and I believe there have been instances of people not recovering at all. In such a frightful scene, I have seen a bullock sitting and chewing the cud as easily as if the whole thing had been got up for his own amusement! The hornets seldom touch any animal that remains perfectly still.—*SLEWMAN'S Rambles and Recollections*.

## A COMIC SONG FOR YOUNG LADIES.

And do you really want, mamma, to know my lover's name?  
It is too bad of you, mamma, indeed 'tis quite a shame.  
His name begins with W, the second letter's A;  
The next to that is L, mamma; and then, mamma, comes K.  
And after K comes E, mamma; there's yet one letter; well,  
Letter the last is R, mamma—that's all I have to tell.—*Funch*.

COMMODORE NAPIER'S CONUNDRUM.—When does a ship's gun get out of harbour and into conversation? When it gets out of *Portsmouth*, and into *Chat'-em*!



## RACE-RIDING.

BY COTHERSTONE.



O arrive at perfection in this very difficult art is not the attainment of a day; much less is it to be acquired by the perusal of any directions, however clear and voluminous they may be. It is of all occupations in life one of those which must be learnt by constant attention, and, when learnt, requires very considerable practice to perform with credit: nevertheless I am prompted to put these observations together; in the first place, because I feel assured that something on this subject would be expected; and, in the second place, under an impression that they may fall to the notice of some persons to whom they may prove acceptable.

It is certainly a beautiful science, one in which very few men are found to excel, and may truly be considered the *æ plus ultra* of horsemanship. There are many who can ride who may be considered as having attained a certain rank; but there few, very few, who can be extolled as having gained pre-eminence. Like painters, many of whom can delineate the style, figure, and countenances of living subjects, or who can represent the scenery which they behold; but ages have only produced a very limited number who could give the master-touch, represent nature in her true character, and imitate those beauties which man is at best only many allowed to copy. Such men as Rubens, Claude Lorraine, Vandyke, and some few others of their class, have only appeared throughout a lapse of centuries. So it is with the jockey: *artistes* comparable with the late Francis Buckle, Samuel Chifney, and James Robinson, are seldom to be met with. By watching their riding, it may be discovered that there is a delicate touch required "at the finish," which frequently wins or loses the race, according as it may be brought into effect at the just "nick" of time; in other words, there is a period when too much exertion required from a horse may be the cause of his defeat, and there may be another when his energies being called forth may make the race his own. These events, as a matter of course, refer to instances when the power of two or more are very nearly equal; they may be casually produced by moderate riders, but with such they are more the effect of chance than judgment.

One great object to be acquired in the difficult art of race-riding is a familiar knowledge of the power and capability of the animal, so as to call forth its efforts at the proper moment; that is, to apply his powers of speed or stoutness, according to his qualifications and the relative qualifications of his competitors, judging from the action, condition, and faculties of each. Superiority on such occasions must result from experience, practice, and observation.

It is commonly considered the province of the trainer to direct how his horse is to be made use of; but, beyond the fact of whether speed or stoutness be the animal's *forte*, the rider is by far the most competent judge, being guided by circumstances which cannot be preconceived before the race begins.

That there are very few men who excel in this calling is not to be wondered at, when it is taken into consideration how many attributes are essential. To begin with, a man's stature must be small, and yet muscular; he must be good-tempered and patient without being rash, he must possess good nerve; and, above all things, he must have a disposition guarded with honour to defend him from temptation. There is not a more dangerous occupation than that of a jockey, unless his mind is fortified by honesty. The opportunities which may present themselves of obtaining money by acceding to nefarious arrangements, may appear too glittering for weak minds. But let me here remark, that there is scarcely a man in prosperity at the present moment whose character has ever been tarnished even with the blemish of suspicion, much less who has lent himself to disreputable practices; the detection of which is invariably followed by exposure, and exposure by ruin. However deeply laid and cunning a man's schemes may be, sooner or later the public are sure to discover them; and, when once only suspected, it is no easy matter to appease the opinions which have arisen.

The instinctive faculties with which the horse is endowed, is one of the first studies which a jockey should take into his most serious consideration; it will enable him to compare "causes and effects," and thus lead him to account for many circumstances which otherwise appear inexplicable. In order to urge the animal to his utmost speed, the whip and spur are made use of, and, by the judicious use or the improper abuse of these instruments, he is either induced to increase his efforts or the reverse, according as his temper may be affected, or his physical powers may permit of his repeated exertions; but, if the former object is not attained, an evil arises by the application of these weapons, which thoughtless persons fail to recognise, an act of cruelty is perpetrated, and a foundation laid for much future disappointment. Having obtained the horse's greatest efforts by the use of the whip and spur, they may sometimes be necessary, to a certain degree, to induce the animal to continue his exertions until the termination of the race; but, in this, the disposition and power of the animal must be consulted. It is one of the great features in a jockey's skill to be enabled to discriminate whether it is want of power or temper which prevents the horse which he is riding from augmenting his exertions when called upon; and, if temper, whether that be not the result of previous punishment. The instinct of the animal is such, that, when his

powers of speed are forced to their utmost, if he continue to be punished by the whip and spur, is it not natural to suppose that he imagines he is being goaded for his exertions, and consequently that he will relax them? That such is the case in many instances, and those of much more frequent occurrence than the casual observer is wont to recognize, I am perfectly persuaded. Long-continued punishment will cause the gamiest horses to stop, and not unfrequently long before their powers are exhausted. The ignorant and unmerciful rider too frequently continues to punish the already distressed animal; who, from the effects of pain, torture, and defeat, is ready to run anywhere to escape the unmerciful infliction, and is consequently condemned as bad tempered. So long as a horse is found to improve his speed by their use, so long is a jockey justified in the moderate and necessary administration of his whip or spur; but the instant he finds that they fail in their effects, that instant he ought to keep them quiet. The continued application of them, when horses are beaten, commonly causes them to stop, or, as it is generally termed in racing language, *to shut up*, the moment they are called upon, arising from nothing but the reminiscences of the severe punishment, which they had been subjected to on former occasions. If it could be even allowable to pass unnoticed the cruelty of such treatment, interest alone should dictate the absurdity of punishing a horse at such a crisis.

I have known jockeys make answer, upon having it observed to them that they had made use of unnecessary punishment, that they were aware of it, but that they felt compelled to do so, or the public would condemn them on suspicion that they did not try to win. Such charges, under such circumstances, could never be substantiated. Men never need to feel such apprehensions. So long as their actions are guarded by integrity, the ridiculous imaginations of a few ignorant spectators can never injure their credit if they be truly honest.—*Sporting Review for August.*

## THE POETRY OF THE RAIL.

(From Punch.)

We have already pointed out the alteration likely to be made in poetry and song-writing by the introduction of railroads, and we this week give another specimen of the probable effect of the change. We shall hear no more now of the Lily of the Vale or the Village Rose, but the Pearl of the Refreshment-room and the Daisy of the Rail will supersede the once popular maidens alluded to. The following touching ballad is supposed to be addressed by one of the luggage superintendents to one of the female waiters at the same station, and may be called—

## THE PORTER TO HIS MISTRESS.

Oh maiden, but an instant stay,  
And let me breathe my vow;  
I know the train is on its way,  
I hear its thund'ring row.

Another moment crowds will stand  
Where now to thee I kneel;  
And hungry groups will soon demand  
The beef, the ham, the veal.

Turn not away thy brow so fair,  
'Tis that, alas! I dread;  
For thou hast given me, I swear,  
One fatal turn a-head.

I've linger'd on the platform, love,  
My brow with luggage hot;  
A voice has whisper'd from above,  
"Porter, take heed, love knot!"

O'er thee mine eye doth often range:  
I've mark'd thee take the pay  
From those who, ere you bring their change,  
Rush to the train away.

Turn not, &amp;c. &amp;c.

PROPOSED RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF DERBY RACES.—We understand that a memorial is now in course of signature to the Mayor and corporation of Derby, requesting permission to establish annual races over the corporation land adjoining the Nottingham road. The expense of forming the ground is estimated at about 150*l.*, which is proposed to be raised by public subscription. The extent of the course will be about a mile and a half in circumference; and, if the project succeeds, it is thought that the race ground will be one of the finest in the kingdom. The promoters of this measure are anxious that all low gambling and other disreputable practices which have so frequently prevailed at races, shall be strictly prohibited, and every means adopted to render the races deserving of general support. It is thought by many persons to be a very likely plan to supersede the objectionable game of foot-ball. If the races are established, it is proposed, we are told, to hold them annually towards the latter end of August.—*Nottingham Journal.*

"I never had this pain before," as the man said of the lumbago.

## SHOOTING.

(Continued from page 271.)

1. Never purchase or shoot with a gun that is not perfectly sound in all its parts, and especially in the inside of the barrels, and in the construction of the locks; and, whether new or second-hand, be well assured of its having been manufactured (*bona fide*) by a respectable gunmaker, and not merely got up for sale, with a deceptive exterior, and a pirated name upon it.

2. "Never suffer a gun, at any time, to be held for a moment, or even carried, so as to be likely to come in the direction of either man or beast."—*Hawker*.

3. Never put your hand or arm upon the muzzle of a gun; nor lean over it.

4. Never blow into the barrel of a gun, whether loaded or unloaded.

A fatal instance of this common but dangerous habit is recorded by Major Bevan. "It appears," says the Major, "that he (a shooting companion), had snapped at a bird, but the piece hung fire: he took it from his shoulder to examine it, and, as was his custom, blew into the muzzle of his gun. The agitation of the air ignited the dormant spark, and he received the whole charge in his mouth."—*Thirty Years in India*, vol. ii. p. 261-2.

In an ancient work, entitled—"The Complete Marksman; or, the Art of Shooting Flying"—a poem, by the Hon. Robert Coot—this same caution is given in very definitive terms, thus:—"Never blow at the mouth of your piece, after it has missed fire, lest some latent spark discharge it through your head."

5. Never use a gun for any other purpose than the one for which it is obviously intended; and especially as a hammer, or mallet, a walking or bush-beating stick; as a hook to draw the boughs of a thorn or tree towards you; as a staff to "hang dog," to lean upon, or to support yourself; to assist your fat friend up a bank, over or out of a ditch, or as a prop or leaning-pole, to help yourself over hedge or ditch: nor is there any occasion to take flying leaps with it in your hand, however anxious you may be to display your agility.

6. Never take a loaded gun into a house, unless the caps, or primers, be first removed, and the tops of the nipples rubbed with a glove or handkerchief, the gun be kept in your own hands, or immediately placed under lock and key. But the safest plan, of course, is to make the first eight words of this caution a rule absolute.

Guns kept constantly loaded in a bed-chamber, for defence against nocturnal depredators, ought always to be placed under lock and key in the morning; especially where there are children. A very idle and inefficient substitute is sometimes resorted to, viz., that of sticking a card, or a piece of foilsap, between the ramrod and the muzzle, with the cautionary word—**LOADED!** inscribed upon it. But, if a phial of prussic acid be left in the way of a child, or of a servant who cannot read, it is no security to write POISON on the label, how conspicuous soever the letters may be!

7. In firing, never rest your gun on a stone wall, or other hard or rugged substance.

8. Never flash off a copper-cap or primer, when a gun is empty, but always have gunpowder in the barrel at the time, with a tight-fitting wadding upon it; and never let the hammer be down upon the unexploded cap, or primer.

9. Never load your double gun in a hurry, lest you should forget to put wadding over the powder or shot; or should put two charges of either, or both, into one and the same barrel. You may, however, instantly detect the latter blunder by putting the ramrod down each barrel, and by then measuring with your hand (on edge), or your eye, how much of the rod appears above the muzzle. A shallow ring filed (with a fine-edged file) round the rod, shows at once the proper height of the charge.

10. Whenever a loaded gun has been cocked, but not fired, uncock it with the muzzles up; and if one barrel only have been fired, the other ought to be uncocked immediately, to avoid all danger, and especially that of loading with a barrel cocked.

11. "When uncocking a gun, never remove the thumb from the cock until, after having let it pass down by the half bent, and gently raised it again, the sound of the sear is heard catching the tumbler."—*Daniel*.

12. Never load a gun unless the cocks be down; and (whatever be the mode of ignition) never prime before you have loaded.

13. When loaded with loose shot, always place the prepared, or some other stiff-punched wadding (fitting the calibre of the gun nicely upon it; which will generally keep it from moving in the barrel, provided you be not guilty of carrying the gun muzzle downwards. And, after having fired one barrel of a double, on reloading that barrel, ram the charge again in the other barrel, whilst you have the ramrod in hand, in order to make all compact.

14. Beware of the muzzle of the gun being kept hanging downwards; when so carried the shot is apt to force its way from the powder, and thus create a vacuum in the barrel; in which case, there is danger of the gun bursting if fired with the muzzle at all inclined downwards; to say nothing of the danger (from a casual discharge) of shooting men, horses, or dogs, when the gun is carried in the before-mentioned pendulous manner.

15. After having got through a thick covert, or a hedge, always examine

whether a branch have accidentally palled the cock to the full; and, if any one be about to follow you with gun in hand, step aside so as to be clear of the muzzle, or counsel him to carry it through stock foremost:—but you will be the safest by always allowing your friend the honour of taking precedence of you on such occasions.

16. "In shooting with a stranger, who perhaps keeps his gun cocked, and muzzles usually pointed to the left, plead for the right hand station, and urge that you cannot hit a bird flying to the left; with a gamekeeper, take the right hand without ceremony."—*Daniel*.

17. "If you should have fired one barrel, and, while in the act of reloading it, other game should be sprung, beware of firing the other barrel until you have either put the flask in your pocket, or thrown it on the ground."—*Hawker*.

18. Beware of firing too near to the farmer's teams, when the corn is being led, in September, lest the horses should take fright, and run away with, and upset the load of corn, with the man on the top of it.

19. Beware of firing through, or near the corners of, hedgerows—especially when immediately contiguous to public roads and foot-paths—for fear of shooting a casual passenger, or that shock-headed lad who is "tenting pheasants fra' th' corn," a not uncommon employment for such in some parts of England.

20. Beware of firing too near to rick-yards and out-buildings, as, by so doing, you may occasion an awful "flare-up;" which is bad policy, though the premises be insured, and worse if they be not.

21. Beware when and where you fire, at all times. Never attempt to display skill by firing close to the head of either man or beast, whether a companion's, or a favourite pointer's; and be particularly circumspect when a number of shooters are spread in various directions, and especially in covert.

22. 'Ware mad-brained shooters, such as beat bushes with their guns, and especially when cocked; who are utterly ignorant of many proper precautions; and who, if they were not so, would not adopt them; for—"All their madness none can know!"

23. Beware of shooting at, or of shooting your dog; for the former is cruel, and the latter brutal: and never allow yourself to be overcome by the turbulent gusts of a fiery temper, because a man, in a passion, is certain to commit himself in some way or other (*ira furor brevis!*) and nothing is more likely to unhinge your nerves, and spoil your shooting for the rest of the day.

24. Beware in what part of a house you keep gunpowder; where and how you dry it; and what sort of powder-flask you use; and never bring gunpowder near fire or candle.

25. Before getting into, or out of a boat, or vehicle of any sort, with a loaded gun, always take off the copper-caps, or remove the primers.

26. Unless on the sea-coast, or where the coast is clear for several hundreds of yards (as on a sterile or interminable heath), when loading with Eley's cartridges, never put a wadding of any kind upon them, for fear by this means they should "ball."

27. In shooting alone, when you come to a gate that is locked, first put your gun through the bars, and rest it firmly against the wall, or post, with the muzzles inclining from you, and then get over it. On coming to a wall, especially if rather a high one, and built of loose stones, first place your gun longitudinally on the top, with the muzzles pointing from you, and then get over the wall, two or three yards from the stock of the gun; so that if the wall give way, as sometimes is the case, the gun may not be injured, or thrown down. Of course, if you have a follower with you, and he be "up" at the time, let him get over first, when you can hand the gun to him.

28. Beware of abusing your constitution by fatiguing too hard; for *nil violentum est perpetuum* (nothing violent is lasting). In short, beware of all excess: because that—not to invade provinces which belong to other and graver consuls—is ever injurious; whilst universally—"Moderation is the law of enjoyment."—*Knor*.

29. In travelling or touring in "whiskey, buggy, gig, dog-cart, curicle, or tandem;" or, it may be, in your new "drag," never, by way of a lark, attempt to spoil the picturesque appearance of the cooey, feeding within gun-shot of the roadside, by raking them; or be tempted to molest other game; for such is not exactly a gentlemanly mode of proceeding; nor is it a very safe one, if the keeper on horseback should happen to be overlooking your movements.

30. In case of fresh or salt water, snow, mud, &c., having got into the barrel, never attempt to fire the gun; but, having first removed the caps, or other primers, and let the cocks down, draw the wadding which is on the shot, when, if it appear necessary, the whole charge must be taken out; and in strict accordance with the above rule (No 3) the palm of the hand must never be played over the muzzle with a view to catch and save the shot; and least of all should the butt be inverted and struck against the top of a gate, or room—at all times a most dangerous plan.

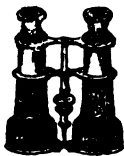
31. Beware of "accidents by night in wild-fowl shooting, from random shots and opposite gunners. Recollect 'the Suffolk farm-r.' mentioned by Scott, who accidentally, and 'at one shot with a shore gun, shot both his father and mother stone dead!' In puni-shooting, and especially at night, beware how you fire your big gun, lest haply you should shoot your best friend whilst enjoying his night thoughts "*ecce in futuro*"—or your bitterest foe in the shape of a rival gunner.

(To be continued in our next.)

# ADVERTISEMENTS.

**THE NAUTILUS LIFE-PRESERVER**  
and SWIMMING BELT.—No Lady or Gentleman should cross the water or go to the seaside without obtaining this small, simple, and valuable apparatus, unsurpassed for buoyancy, portability, and efficiency, and approved by the Admiralty, and all nautical and scientific men. The Nautilus may be procured, of any size or quality, at the Office of the Company, 12, Wellington-street, Strand.

**THE NEW RACE GLASS,** to be had only of the inventors, **THOMAS HARRIS and SON,** Opticians, No. 52, opposite the entrance to the British Museum, London. The extraordinary magnifying power of this glass, with its approved adjustment, made to suit all sights, enables the possessor to keep the horses distinctly in view, the entire course, from "the start to the coming in."



Caution: No. 52, opposite the British Museum, London, is T. H. and Son's only establishment. Established 70 years.—To prevent mistaking the house, notice the name, *Thomas Harris and Son*, and the number (52) is laid in *Mosaic pavement* in the footway contiguous to their shop.

**TO THE LOVERS OF ANGLING:—J. K. FARLOW,** 5, Crooked-lane, London-bridge, being the actual manufacturer of Rods, Flies, Tackle, &c., is enabled to offer to his brother Anglers, the following low list of prices: four joint hickory fly rods, 10s.; four joint best hickory fly rods, two parts, partition bag, double brazed socket, spear, &c., 21s.; three joint walking stick rods, 2s. 6d.; best hickory or cane punt rods, two tops, 15s.; the best town made taper fly line, twenty yards, 3s.; thirty yards, 4s. 6d.; thirty yards patent eight plait, 3s. 6d.; the best trout flies on Limerick hooks, dressed on the premises, 2s. per dozen; winches from 1s. 6d.; fly hooks from 9d.; best gut hooks 1s. per dozen; best gut lines 2d. and 3d. a yard.  
Lists of prices forwarded on application; country and export orders executed on the shortest notice; old netting for preserving fruit trees from frost, blight, and birds, or as a fence for fowls and pigeons, and can be had in any quantity at 3d. the yard, two yards wide, or 1½d. the square yard; the above netting being tanned, will stand exposure to the weather.—Observe the address, 5, Crooked-lane, London Bridge.

**BROTHER ANGLERS.—HUTCHINSON and SMITH,** 67, Wood Street, Cheapside, beg leave to offer to their Brethren of the Angle their unique Basket Seats, being light, commodious, useful, and a sure prevention against damp. Also their novel Glass Roach Floats, 6d. each, hermetically sealed; balance handle fly rods, 21s. (war-ranted); cane roach rods, trolling rods, winches, lines, floats, oars, hooks, nets, and every article in the above list at the lowest prices, and best quality. Live and all other kinds of baits always fresh.  
Gentlemen supplied with every information of any fishing water within 20 miles of London.—Observe, 67, Wood-street, Cheapside.

**BATHE'S ST. LEGER SWEEPS,** Green Dragon, Fleet-Street.  
Subs. 1st Prize 2d 3d Starters  
97 at 40s. £190 0 0 £50 0 0 £15 0 0 £9 0 0  
97 at 20s. 60 0 0 20 0 0 10 0 0 7 0 0  
97 at 10s. 25 0 0 12 0 0 5 0 0 6 10 0  
97 at 5s. 12 0 0 8 0 0 4 10 0 0 0 0  
5s and 10s Sweeps for the Leamington Stakes drawn on Monday and Thursday next.  
All money divided, less 5 per cent.—Post-Office orders, payable to Mr. John Bathe, will be punctually attended to.—Drawing night, Monday and Thursday.—Money paid as judge places.

**OKEY'S ST. LEGER SWEEPS ARE NOW OPEN.**  
Three classes of Leger Sweeps divided as follows:—  
First. Second. Third.  
97 at £2 2 2 £18 0 0 £34 0 0 10 0  
97 at 1 1 56 0 0 12 0 0 5 0  
97 at 10 6 30 0 0 6 0 0 0 0  
Each starter, £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.  
N.B. The prizes go with the Stakes. Disqualified horses not drawn. Post-Office Orders to Mr. N. F. Okey, Hero of Waterloo Inn, Waterloo Road, London, will be duly attended to.

**WM. TURPIN, Old Essex Serpent,** King-street, Covent Garden, begs to call the attention of the public to his **S & B S P S** for  
**THE GREAT ST. LEGER.**  
1st horse. 2nd. 3rd. starters.  
96 at 42s. 0d. £110 0 0 £40 0 0 £25 0 0 £20 0 0  
96 at 20s. 0d. 70 0 0 25 0 0 12 0 0 10 0 0  
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96 at 5s. 6d. 15 0 0 5 0 0 3 0 0 2 10 0  
96 at 3s. 0d. 7 10 0 3 0 0 2 0 0 1 10 0  
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Your most obliged and obedient servant,  
(Signed) ALDBOROUGH.

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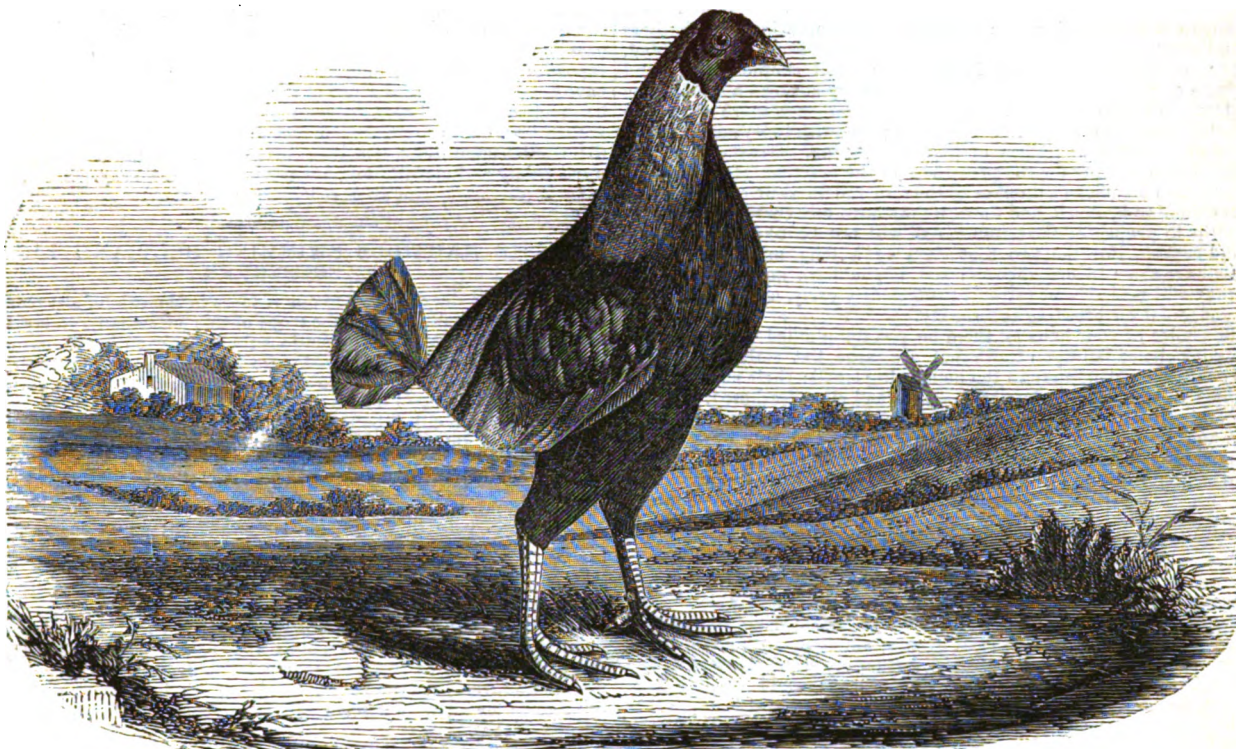
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# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 17. FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPT. 13, 1845. THREE HALFPENCE.

[Sent Free by Post, Twopence-halfpenny.]



## THE GAMECOCK.

### INTRODUCTION.

**I**f it is the intention of the writer of this series of papers to dwell chiefly on the practical portion of his subject, he will make no apology for being extremely brief on the historical and literary fact which usually occupies the greater portion of treatises on this noble and spirited bird.

That the Greeks and Romans were passionately devoted to cockfighting every schoolboy knows, and it has been supposed by some writers that as a sport it was introduced by them to this island. The bird, however, was here before the landing of Julius Cæsar. We have no record of cockfighting earlier than the time of William Fitzstephen, who wrote the life of Archbishop à Becket, in the reign of King Henry II., A.D. 1100. From this time it fluctuated sometimes in high vogue, at others as a pastime limited to the lower orders. It was prohibited 39 Edward III., also in the reign of Henry VIII., and again in 1569. It has been called a royal diversion, and the cockpit at Whitehall was erected by a monarch for its more magnificent celebration. The site of Drury Lane Theatre was also the Royal Cockpit in Drury-lane, and the pit in Jewin-street, Aldersgate-street, was very much celebrated. The sport of cockfighting was forbid by statute in the time of Oliver Cromwell, March 31, 1664, as well as "stage plays and interludes of musick." Subsequent statutes have repealed this, and others re-acted it.

Fowls of the game breed are too well known to need description. Their plumage, particularly the red, is most beautiful and rich; their size is somewhat below the common domestic breeds, and their symmetry and delicacy of limbs may be compared with those of the race-

horse or the deer, or are rather in strict analogy with those of the wild species of their own tribe of birds. The ancients kept gamecocks for the same purpose as the moderns, and there is a game breed yet much esteemed in India; I have not however, been able to obtain any precise information on the origin of our game breed, except that it has been established for many centuries in this country and is probably indigenous.

The flesh of the game fowl is beautifully white, and superior to that of all other domestic breeds in richness and delicacy of flavour; but the extreme difficulty of rearing the chickens from their instinctive and natural pugnacity of disposition, which shows itself almost as soon as they have left the shell, deters most breeders except those for the cockpit. Mowbray, in his "Treatise on Domestic Poultry," observes, "I have many times had whole broods, scarcely feathered, stone-blind from fighting, to the very smallest individuals; and the rivals couples moping in corners, and renewing their battles, so soon as they regained a glimpse of sight. On this account few can be reared, and as this instinctive pugnacity, to a certain degree, also prevails in the half-breed, it prevents crossing with the game cock, which otherwise would be a great improvement. The game eggs are smaller than common, finely shaped of a higher colour, and very delicate.

"Philanthropists," says the same authority, "are in the habit of declaiming loudly against the practice of cockpit battles, the cruelty of the sport, will be found, however, among the least of those wherein the feelings of animals are concerned; it is a voluntary combat, a natural, inherent and irresistible passion in the gamecock, and can never take place against his will. And those engaged in regular combat would fight without a spectator, and with equal ardour were they to meet in the desert. Another and similar mistake is that relating to the use of armed spurs: its only

effect is to *lessen* the sufferings of the combatants and render them less lingeringly fatal.

## SECTION I.

## BREEDING.

It is generally admitted, that a cock is in full prime and vigour at two years old. But how frequently we find that cocks are continued with hens until they are six or seven years old. At three years old it is well known that he begins to lose that sprightly bloom he wears at two; his length of plume increases, and his hackle exhibits too loose a texture, dangling over his throat. When this is discerned, we ought to substitute another in his stead; for he will become inactive, languid, and balk his craving partners—and you may breed in vain. The hens may in general be held to a longer date, as they retain the power to propagate beyond the period allotted to the cock. If this opinion is granted, the impropriety of the continuing them beyond that period may account for the slow and inactive cocks so frequently met with.

To elucidate the foregoing remarks, in order to enable you to judge of the constitution of the brook-cock you mean to select, he should have every apparent feature of health: such as ruddy complexion—his feathers close and short—not cold or dry—flesh firm and compact—full breasted, yet taper and thin behind—full in the girth—well coupled—lusty and springing—a good thigh—the beam of his leg very strong—a quick large eye—strong beak, crooked and big at setting on—not more than two years old, put to early pullets, or a blooming stag with two-years-old hens—and when a cock, with pullets of his own getting. Great experience justifies me in vouching for the prosperity of the practice. In order that you may attain a sufficient number of them in and for your establishment hereafter, in March, April, and June, if they have met early together, are the months to propagate: the latter month will not be too late for two-years-old cocks. For the two first days of a long main very early chickens have their inconveniences; and if you have none at hand till April they will probably be esteemed sufficiently early, as the springs are not so congenial for breeding as formerly.

In the choice of your hens let them be rightly plumed to your cock: nor let your choice fall upon those that are large but rather suffer the cock to make up deficiency in the hens being small: their shape should be similar to the cock—lusty necks—short and close feathered. A true blood hen is seldom or never gummy in the base of her leg, but clean, sinewy, and, in length, proportionate to the rest of the body, with a well-set thigh, long, clean, and taper toes, so that they may, as far as is practicable, be as near in every respect to your original brood, as the nature of breeding will admit of. Deviation will take place in feathers, &c. instances of which have frequently occurred with me, when Dame Nature has interfered in her varying change: that notwithstanding every well adapted system, she will prevail in surprising us with some productive alteration which inexperience is at a loss to account for. "Fifteen years or more," says Mr. Skelchley, whose minute and able treatise is here principally made use of, "I had enjoyed an invariable production of the most complete black-reds bred by any amateur, without a single instance of deviation during that period, but on the sixteenth year I had several light Piles in one hatch;—no change of eggs could possibly take place—or was there a shadow of doubt of interference with any other cock, but a strong recurrence to the Pile at that distant period. A well regulated account of my cocks enabled me to ascertain that there had been a Pile in the cross five years previous to my having them out of Shropshire; so that they held highly regular for twenty-one years, not only in plumage but in every desired requisite. To have gone on with this deviation would in the end have produced spangles, &c. Of course the pullets were cast aside, and the cock fought off. By a persevering conduct in selecting the darkest, or those most resembling your original attachment, is the surest criterion you can possibly pursue in keeping up, not only their feathers, but constitution."

Let then no recommendation, however high, induce you to breed from cock or hen (when you find it necessary to make a cross) either with one or the other, that differs essentially from your old brood; for notwithstanding every judicious caution in the selection of that choice, the introduction of a new cross (though every way similar) may prove more injurious than the evil you are endeavouring to correct; therefore in this case your inquiries and ocular demonstration should be your peculiar care.

Your brood now selected under every due consideration, I should recommend from four to six pullets or hens, being as great a number as should be put to a cock, (probably only four hens to a stag) and should always prefer a maiden cock to a fought one, of the same sort; the former suffers no inconvenience in being fed and tendered by hot meals, close covering, clipping, ruffled temper, loss of blood, and receiving unknown injuries,—whereby the intention of breeding may be materially frustrated. On the contrary, they are endowed with nature's best gifts, and of course best calculated to answer the desired end. I should advise their being put together as early as November or December, that the cock may be perfectly at ease on his walk, and have ample time for ingratiating himself with his new acquaintances. Every gentleman has an opportunity of selecting proper places for breeding, where they can experience as little interruption by dogs and vermin, as possible. The distance from

any other house where fowls are kept should be at least half a mile—the situation, a dry gravelly soil: and it would be better if they could enjoy a constant spring of clear water, and shade, the nearer you breed-place the better. A situation where cocks are liable to interfere with your hens has too frequently occasioned the failure of supposed brothers in the same hatch, and has been the cause of greater derangements in the course of breeding than any other circumstance whatever. Another necessary caution is, not to suffer any hens different in breed to be turned down with any set of sisters; for notwithstanding every caution in selecting eggs, you may be deceived, or held dubious, and ruin every well projected plan. Have a marked attention to see that your brood cock bears himself well to all his hens. It frequently happens that one or more labours under his displeasure, an antipathy we are yet at a loss to account for; in that case they become useless and should be removed. If his general conduct be severe, I should suspect him of cowardice, for several cocks of this description in the course of my breeding have turned out but indifferent. You will find that those hens under this plumed bashaw's arrogant dislike are generally held at an awful distance, and are seldom or never attendant upon him, but are reclusive and solitary. This may account for the many unprolific eggs in extensive breeding. Whenever you have occasion to remove any, be the cause what it will, do not disturb the repose of the rest by turning down a fresh hen; for by such a change I have been deprived of the use of the whole for that season, nor should it be practised at any brood department or elsewhere where valuable hens are, without observing their conduct towards each other. Such has been the conflict upon those occasions, that they have never recovered their usual gaiety and constitution, but gradually pined away.

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE NAUTILUS SWIMMING BELT AND LIFE PRESERVER.

We hold it a duty we owe to our readers in the case of any meritorious invention, which falls within the scope of this miscellany, to lay it before them; and of the numerous inventions for the prevention of casualties to which all are more or less liable, we hold the one the name of which heads these observations, as one of the most simple, efficient, portable and economical ever placed before the public.

All former air-filled belts were tedious of inflation, and when inflated (which they could rarely be when most critically required,) were in imminent danger of puncture or rupture. Many years ago, Sir Columbine Danville received a medal from the Society of Arts for a sort of German sausage blown like a bladder, which it was afterwards shown was some centuries old both in design and construction; and since that ancient quack bamboozled the society, life-preservers, soapbenders, life-buoys, &c., some of no use, and others cumbersome and unhandy, have been rife. For the first time we here find, in the NAUTILUS (which we can heartily and sincerely recommend to yachtsmen, amateur aquatics, and all who "go down to the sea in ships," an invention which obviates all the objections to former preservatives from drowning. It is light, portable, elegant, instantaneously put on, as instantaneously inflated, and defies puncture. We cannot, however, give the reader an idea of this interesting and useful invention, better than by describing it in the words of the little bill which accompanies it.

The Nautilus Life Belt consists of a silk or linen case, varying in length from 4 to 6 feet, and about 15 inches circumference, which is rendered impervious to air and water by a thick lining of Forster's patent waterproof varnish. Within this is placed a flat spiral spring; light, strong, oval in form, and consisting of from 20 to 30 coils, and united by four broad tapes running down the four sides from end to end, strongly sewn to every coil at intervals of two inches; to each end of this spiral is rivetted a wooden cap, on which is screwed a spring valve, closing on a circular air-hole about an inch in diameter. This spiral spring having been extended through the case, the ends are brought over the wood cap, and an external plate of polished metal or tin, with a lip about half an inch deep is then attached to protect and render the extremities of the belt airtight. A broad flat spring hook, and staple, are firmly fixed, one on each metal plate, whereby the belt is secured round the person, and an elastic band, attached by hooks and rings, passed round the neck to prevent the belt from slipping below the centre of gravity.

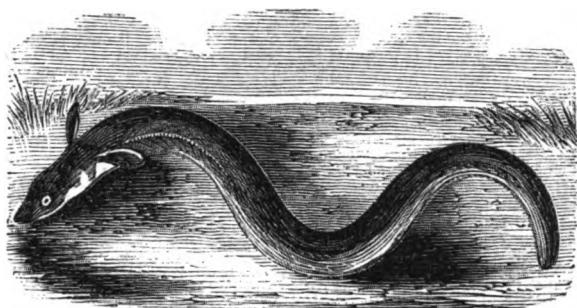
By pressing the forefingers on the valves at either end, and at the same time extending the arms, the belt can be inflated in a second, and by a similar process the air may be expelled when required, and the belt being pressed together, and the silk or linen case placed in folds between each coil, the whole apparatus can be reduced to so small a compass, as to be carried without inconvenience in the pocket, or in a lady's muff or reticule.—Reader, if you are given unto aquatics, or in the habit of "riding the waters," and would shun dying the death of a blind pup, provide yourself with a NAUTILUS.

Daniel O'Connell says that the great bell for York Minster is remarkable like the Irish mob, because it won't kink up a row till it's told'd.

A PLAIN COOK.—The Times is full of advertisements of plain cooks. We suppose pretty cooks have no occasion to advertise.



## THE FISHER'S CREEL.



THE EEL.

**Q**

**OST** Naturalists are agreed that but little is known of the mysterious and serpentine fish which heads this column, and where "doctors differ who shall decide?" The eel is evidently a link in animated nature between the fish and the serpent, but unlike the former it can live a long time out of water, which its nocturnal migrations prove, though probably a certain degree of moisture on the grass is necessary to enable it to do this.

The haunts of the eel are among weeds, under roots, stumps of trees, in holes and clefts of the earth, both in banks, and at the bottom in the plain mud, where they lie with only their heads out, watching for their prey; they are also to be found under great stones, old timber, about bridges, flood-gates, weirs, and also mills, except when the water is rendered thick by rains, for then they come out and will bite eagerly. They are in best season from May until July, a running line should be used, which must be very strong, and the hook No. 3, or 4, with a plumb or pistol bullet upon it. They are to be angled for on the ground, and two or more rods may be employed (if ground bait be thought necessary, it should be the same as for the barbel); the prime bait is the lob-worm, and they bite eagerly all day, in dark cloudy weather, after showers, attended with thunder and lightning, when the water is high and discoloured; but those who venture upon night angling, will have far greater success when the weather is warm and the night dark. They are then to be angled for upon the shallows, where there is a current, or by the side or tail of a stream with a sandy or gravelly bottom, with the bait on the ground; they will be felt to tug sharply when they seize the bait, give time (which is necessary both in day and night angling), and there will be no doubt of sport from night-fall until day-break, when they directly flee to their hiding places.

The largest eels are caught by night-lines. It is of little consequence where they are laid, as they will succeed in streams (where the eels rove in search of prey), as well as in still waters, and they will take frogs, black snails, worms, roach, dace, gudgeon, minnows (which two last are best), loaches, bleaks, and millers' thumbs. A sufficient quantity of links of twelve hairs should be doubled, and a hook tied to each link; these are to be noosed at proper distances to pieces of cord of fifteen feet long; bait the hooks by making an incision with the baiting needle under the shoulder and thrusting it out at the middle of the tail, drawing the link after it; the point of the hook should be upright towards the back of the baitfish; fasten one end to the bank or a stub, and cast the other into the water, but not to the extent of the line (as eels will run a little before they gorge): the lines should be taken up early in the morning; such of the lines as have eels at them will be drawn very tight. Dark nights in July, August, and September, are the best for this kind of fishing.

Another method of taking eels, when the water is clear and low, is called snigling, and is performed with a stick about a yard long, with a cleft at each end, and a strong needle well whipped to a small whipcord line from the eye down to the middle. In baiting, run the head of the needle quite up into the head of a lobworm, letting the point come about the middle; then put the point of a needle into the cleft at either end of the stick, and taking both stick and line together in one hand, put the bait softly into holes under walls, stones, &c., where eels hide themselves; if there be an eel there, he will take the worm and needle out of the cleft. Draw back the stick gently (having slackened the line), and give time for his swallowing the bait; then strike, and the needle will stick across his throat. Let him tire himself with tugging previous to any attempt to pull him out, for he lies folded in his den, and will fasten his tail round anything for his defence. The largest eels are generally taken about the hollow stone-work of old bridges (the angler being in a boat, and are sometimes caught in considerable numbers.)

A third plan for taking eels is by what is termed bobbing, which is best managed in a boat. This is done by taking a quantity of well

scoured lobworms; have a long needle, with three lengths of worsted slightly twisted together; put the needle lengthways through the worms, and draw them down on the worsted. When there is two yards thus prepared, then fold them up in links, and tie them to about two yards of good twine, and make a knot on it eight inches from the worms; and slipping a piece of lead, with a hole in it (weighing from a quarter to three quarters of a pound, according to the current fished in), down the line to the knot; fasten the line to a manageable pole, and let the lead lie on the bottom in thick, muddy water, when the tide runs up strong, or near the mouth of some river. When the eels nibble at the bait, they can be felt; give some little time before it is pulled up, which must be gently until near the surface, and then hoist out quickly. The worsted sticking in the eels' teeth, prevents their loosening themselves until the line is slackened by throwing them into the boat, or on the ground. So soon as they are disentangled, throw the bait in again. Frequently great quantities are thus caught, especially of grigs. Eels are also to be snared in the same way as the pike, and in the fens numbers are speared by an instrument with three or four forks, or jagged teeth, which is struck at random into the mud.

Sir Humphrey Davy says, "The most extraordinary peculiarity in the natural history of the eel, is its double migration, one up and one down rivers, one from and the other to the sea; the first in spring and summer, and the second in autumn or early in winter. The first, of very small eels, which are sometimes not more than two or two and a half inches long; the second, of large eels, which are sometimes three or four feet long, and weigh from ten to fifteen, or even twenty pounds. There is great reason to believe, that all eels found in fresh water are the results of the fresh migration. They appear in millions, in April and May, and sometimes continue to rise as late even as July and the beginning of August. I remember this was the case in Ireland, in 1823. It had been a cold backward summer, and when I was at Ballyshannon, about the end of July, the mouth of the river, which had been in flood all this month, under the fall, was blackened by millions of little eels, about as long as the finger, which were constantly urging their way up the moist rocks by the side of the fall. Thousands died, but their bodies remaining moist, served as the ladder for others to make their way; and I saw some ascending even perpendicular stones, making their road through wet moss, or adhering to some eels that had died in the attempt. Such is the energy of these little animals, that they continue to find their way, in immense numbers, to Loch Erne. The same thing happens at the fall of the Bann, and Loch Neagh is thus peopled by them: even the mighty Fall of Schaffhausen, does not prevent them from making their way to the Lake of Constance, where I have seen many very large eels.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE UNICORN.

SIR—I have been at considerable pains to collect the following opinions from different authors on this very benighted subject of natural history, and I hope the result of them may be deemed sufficiently interesting to be admitted in the columns of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE.

KOTZEBUE, in his "Travels in Switzerland," mentions a convent having a statue of a unicorn placed over the gates, and throws out a smirking remark or two, as to the equivocal meaning of that emblem. It struck me, upon reading his conjectural jibes, that the only way of coming at the true orthodox significance of the emblem, was to have a dip into the Fathers; and as I had some point to settle with myself respecting the Passeyite controversy of surplises, and the old Judaical heterodoxy concerning Aaron's breeches, I resolved to consult the original text. This singular animal has been the favourite hobby of middle age naturalists, who deal in wonders, and certainly, as we see him in our royal coat of arms, he is a wonderful beast. There, however, his horn is gilt, and does not seem likely to possess the singular quality which the holy father I am about to quote ascribes thereunto, and which, it strikes me, may amuse some of your readers. Here is the extract:—

"This animal is only to be met with in Arabia Petrea," and, after describing the fabulous beast as it is generally represented by heralds, says, "in a state of repose the horn hangs flabbily down, but when excited it becomes suddenly erect, and he becomes irresistibly formidable to all human beings, *except a virgin*, whom alone he will suffer to approach and caress him. Therefore, when the haunt of an unicorn is discovered, a virgin

"Chaste as the ice that hangs on Dian's Temple,"

is despatched from the nearest spot, whence the others of the hunting party can safely lie concealed with proper materials to secure him, which is easily done, as after her fondling he becomes as passive as a pet lamb."

What could the reverend old gentleman mean by this funny story? Never mind, the schoolmen were fond of mysticisms and types; and I suppose this was one of them. The father, he it observed, was an inhabitant of the district near the desert, and perhaps he used to take young virgins out unicorn hunting. So be it. However, he says nothing about the virgin's age, and as we perceive there is a "DESERT RAILWAY" prospectus out for the purpose of facilitating our communication with India across Africa, I should not wonder at some "Aunt Mary," who has the



organs of faith in the Fathers strongly developed, starting off, for a day or two, when that notable project is completed, just to handle and caress one of these interesting animals, and bring it home to the utter consternation and dismay of other "Aunt Marys," who may not be able to surmount their natural timidity of so strange monster. M. P. H.

### THE CAPERCAILZIE.

[The following communication (extracted from Sir W. Jardine's Naturalists' Library) has been forwarded by a correspondent, in relation to our query respecting this bird.—ED. SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE.]

SIR—Seeing that you solicit information respecting this noblest of the British feathered game; whose attributes of size, strength, and beauty have proved his destruction, I take the liberty of forwarding you a little information extracted from Sir W. Jardine's book, with a few additions of my own.

In ancient times the capercaillie was tolerably abundant in the forests of Scotland and Ireland.\* From the latter they appear to have been entirely extirpated at a very early period, while in Scotland their destruction was more gradual, but they dwindled away, and the last specimen is recorded to have been killed in the neighbourhood of Inverness, more than sixty years since. The species is being again introduced into Scotland, by the exertions of some of our Highland nobility. Lord Fyfe attempted to naturalise the cock of the wood at Mar Lodge. The first importation from Sweden was accomplished in 1827 or early in 1828, but was unattended with success, owing to the death of the male bird, most probably from harm received during the transportation. In the year following, fresh birds were imported, and young were successfully reared after several attempts. These, in 1831, it was intended to turn out, so soon as they were sufficiently advanced; but we have been unable to trace whether this was done, and what was their fate. At a later period, 1833—1839, Lord Breadalbane received from Mr. Loyd no fewer than forty-four capercaillies, some of which were turned out, while others were retained in confinement. Both have succeeded; and Mr. Yarrell states that, in 1839, seventy-nine young birds were known to be hatched. The Duchess of Athol had some birds sent to her at Blair, and some have been hatched in the aviary at Knowsley. Thomas Fowl Buxton, Esq., has succeeded in rearing them in confinement in Norfolk; and it is evident that, with ordinary attention, there is little difficulty in their propagation in confinement, whence, in a few years, a stock could be settled in some suitable locality, where there was a strict protection. In various parts of Northern Europe, also, we have the authority of Mr. Loyd, Nilsson, and others, for their being not unfrequently domesticated.

"In its habits in a wild state, all our accounts agree in stating their close alliance to those of the black cock. They frequent forests, and those wild tracts of country, which, we imagine, are partially interspersed with native brushwood, intermingled with patches of old timber, where they feed on the tender shoots, the buds, and berries which those regions furnish. In breeding time the male attracts the females by his call, on some eminence or open spot, and, after that season has passed, retires and skulks to undergo the process of moulting; the female alone performs the duties of incubation, and the brood continues with her until the males begin to change their plumage. Such, at least, is the information we draw from the works of those gentlemen who have had occasional opportunities of observing them. The poulterers in London and Edinburgh now import them in considerable quantities along with the other northern grouse, after the season has terminated here, and we rather think that many must be then procured after the season of courtship has commenced. In this present spring (1844) several pairs were for sale in the latter city, and in very good condition, and one guinea was the price asked for a male in a tolerable state of plumage. We have also received specimens from Newcastle, where, we understand, the importation is frequent at a similar period. They may be brought to table as a curiosity, but those we have tasted were coarse and highly flavoured with the fir; but during summer they may lose this, and the young birds may be very palatable."

I remain, Sir, yours,

Edinburgh, August 26.

TETRAOPHILUS.

\* "Smith, in his history of Cork, completed in 1749, remarks, that this bird is 'found rarely in Ireland since our woods have been destroyed.'"

### NOTICE!

\* \* THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, Part IV., for SEPTEMBER, price Sevenpence, in an embellished wrapper, is now ready. The Parts for June and July are also procurable. ALL the back numbers are now in print, and may be had through all booksellers. The Stamped Edition (free by post) price 2½d., must be ordered a week in advance; or per quarter, 3s., (in advance) will secure its transmission to the subscriber's address. In the eighteenth number of this paper (the Stamped Edition only), will be given a full and faithful report of the GREAT PUGILISTIC CONTEST for the CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND, exclusively by express. To prevent disappointment in the country, all orders must be given before September 10, as the number of Stamps printed will be regulated by the orders.

Office, 42, Holywell-street, Strand, where all communications for the Editor must be addressed.

### CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M. R.—The first volume will be complete at the end of one year, or 52 numbers—as it will be profitable to our subscribers not to have a frequent recurrence of binding, and of title-pages and indexes, we shall give title and index at the end of the year's numbers. We will issue a case for binding them, at a price hereafter to be determined upon.

E. H. W.—*Worms in Dogs*.—The treatment for worms is two-fold: the one directed to expelling them by means of purgatives, (which is uncertain and very often inefficacious), the other by killing them in the body. Purgatives, even the most violent, must evidently fail, unless along with the faeces we could expel the mucus of the bowels: the remedy, therefore, is worse than the disease. For the purpose of destroying the worms, substances possessing spiculi or small points have been found most efficacious, by abrading their external surfaces, and that without, in the slightest degree, injuring the patient. Glass, very finely powdered, is at the head of this class of remedies. If this should be objected to (from a groundless fear), you may try the following:—Take cowhage (*delichos pruriens*), half a drachm; tin or iron filings (made with a very fine file), four drachms. Form into four, six, or eight balls, (the latter number in your case), and give one every morning; after which a mercurial purgative will be proper. Moderate daily doses of Epsom salts or mild mercurial purges will sometimes remove the tape-worm; and the ascarides, or small thread-worms may be got rid of by a dose of oil of turpentine. But, remember the dog can bear very little turpentine; half a drachm mixed with the yolk of an egg, is as much as your little dog can stand, for a beginning: though if great constitutional disturbance does not follow, the slightest degree, the patient may be increased. If it was our case, we would rely on the powdered glass, made into a lapping ball.

N. W., Colchester.—Clark's "Cricketer's Handbook," written by the Editor of this paper, is the most modern, portable, and cheap treatise. It will be forwarded for 1s. post-free.

H. CLELAND.—You will find the late Judge Orton's book, "Orton's History of the Turf," contains a chapter or two on the subject; also, "The History of the British Turf," by John Christie Whyte, 2 vols. 8vo., £1 8s. There is Darvill's book on "Training and Breeding for the Turf," all of which can be procured by order from any bookseller. Many of these sort of books go out of print, and their price is then arbitrary, sometimes half their original price, and occasionally double the same. The editor will procure you the circular of the college, and send it to your address.

"Thomson."—We cannot read your signature. We are really sick of repeating that "news" requires a stamp. Read the leader in this day's paper. Our Stamped Edition gives the Derby and Leger betting.

R. M. BURNIE, Chesterfield.—Thanks for the extract. We see, on reference, that it is merely a reprint of the report in the *Morning Chronicle* of January 8, and *Bells Life* of January 12, 1824. The error was a typographical one in a single figure: it was 1823, and should have been 1824. Mr. Gully, the owner of Weatherbit and Old England, engaged in the present Leger, is the same gentleman who figured in the Senate and the P.R.—Newspapers beyond twenty-eight days' date of publication do not go free.

CRICKET.—STPHAX.—Our contemporary must have led you into error, or you mis-state your case. After a ball has been played you may defend your wicket with the bat or any part of the person. "EXCEPT THE HAND." See rule 24.

P. T. W.—Both balls being off, it was a bad wicket, and therefore, according to the 21st rule, a stump must be struck out of the ground. This will also be an answer to the lachrymose complaint of PETER.

P. S.: NEMO: JUBA, and others, will receive answers per post, as desired.

"49, 66, 19."—When a man takes upon himself to advise, he should first know something about the matter he advises on. "49, 66, 19" should be, from his numerical signature, "like Michael Cassio, an arithmetician." What does he think, then, of such a speculation as this, for the sale of ten thousand papers?—

DISBURSEMENTS.		£	s.	d.
Paper, (at 1l. per ream of 500 sheets) 20 reams .....		20	0	0
10,000 Stamps at 1d. each, or 4l. 3s. 4d. per 1000 .....		41	13	4
Machine-printing at 10s. per 1000, or 5s. per ream .....		5	0	0
Compositor's work, (this is set down at mere journeyman's wages, four pages being reset) .....		6	0	0
Designs and Drawings on wood .....		2	2	0
Engravings (this has, on several Nos., been 10s. and upwards) .....		5	5	0
Editing, travelling 200 miles, and a special report .....		0	0	0

£80 0 4

If our correspondent can reduce any one of these items one shilling, we will give him the difference whatsoever it may amount to. Now, per contra, let us try the receipts, at 1½d., as our correspondent says it is extortionate to charge 2½d., as three half-pence will pay very well."

### RECEIPTS.

As we give thirteen to the dozen, there are twenty-six to the quire; there are in each 1000 copies 77 dozen (wanting one); our price for them is 1s. per dozen to the wholesale vendors, i. e. 3l. 17s. per 1000, (minus 3 per cent. for publishing expenses). 3l. 17s. multiplied by 10 gives ..... £38 10 0

So, O most astute and acute "49, 66, 19," we should only lose 42l. in one week by your clever and self-sufficient proposition. With regard to the penalties see our leading article.

### OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

SUNDAY, September 7th.—SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.—Battle of Borodino, 1812.

MONDAY, 8th.—*Radcliffe Bridge Races*.—*Cheadle (Staffordshire) Races*.—*Scientific*.—ON THE MANAGEMENT OF THE SPONGE.—The best way to manage a sponge is to be "at home" only on cold shoulder days. A house in the country is a protection against the frequent appearance of the sponge, especially if the omnibus fare is equal to a coffee-house dinner. Should the riding charge, however, be a plate of soup under the price of an "ordinary," the sponge may be looked for with certainty. "An excellent mode of emulating the sponge is to wear a temperance medal round your neck, which will excuse you placing anything stronger than toast-and-water upon the table; and as sponges are invariably wet and thrive like fungus, best in a cellar, you will find the "pledge" an admirable cold water cure.

TUESDAY, 9th.—GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN CAUNT AND BENDIGO, for 2000' aside and the Championship, reported especially for this paper, and published on the next day but one.—*Rocheater Races*.—*Abingdon Races*.—*Lichfield Races*.—*Edgeware Hurdle Races*.

WEDNESDAY, 10th.—*Leicester Races*.—*Woodford Bridge Races*.—*Charlbury Fair*.—*Discovery of an Interesting Relic*.—The widow at the Red Lion was discovered—in the bar-parlour—sipping off pig's fry, along with Sergeant Sly, of the C. division.

THURSDAY, 11th.—*Royal Mersey Yacht Club Match*. We publish our stamped edition containing the report.

FRIDAY, 12th.—*Lee Green Races*.—*Sabbary Fair*.—*Wilton Fair*.—*The British Queen* advertised for sale at Antwerp, 1844; we should like some of the *snug berths* about her.

SATURDAY, 13th.—Her Majesty goes up the Frith of Tay to Dundee, 1844. "Och, then," says an Irish Repeler, "It 'ud have been quite as pleasant, and a mighty dale more becoming, to have bin at the Hill of Howth a-drinikin' whiskey, like her uncle George the Fourth, than sakin' Tay on her way to Scotland!"

## THE MOON IN SEPTEMBER.

New Moon, 1st	...	...	...	9	34 aft.
First Quarter, 9th	...	...	...	5	39 morn.
Full Moon, 16th	...	...	...	10	15 morn.
Last Quarter, 23rd	...	...	...	10	25 aft.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK

High water at London Bridge.

	morn.	aft.		morn.	aft.
Sunday, Sept. 7th	5 5	5 25	Thursday, 11th	8 52	5 27
Monday, 8th	5 44	6 6	Friday, 12th	10 22	11 5
Tuesday, 9th	6 32	6 58	Saturday 13th	11 43	—
Wednesday, 10th	7 20	8 7		—	—

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 13, 1846.

## A FEW WORDS OF EXPLANATION ABOUT STAMPED AND UNSTAMPED.

**W**HEN a man is himself thoroughly informed in any trade, profession, or handicraft, he is somewhat apt to assume that others are, or ought to be, in some measure acquainted with its details. Indeed, he talks and acts as if he did not give himself time to inquire how far his auditors or readers may be able to follow him. This has almost always been the failing of learned and scientific men, and it pervades even mechanical science. The profound philosopher prates in the "unknown tongue" of metaphysics, on entity, quiddity, ideality, sensuousness, and so forth; the doctor writes in dog-latin; the lawyer in a strangely cur-bred lingo, a treble-cross of Norman-French, middle-age Latin, and half-intelligible English; while the mechanic and artisan gabble of their crafts in technicalities that have no equivalent words in the speech of the people at large.

Now, we know not whether the public generally is in the like predicament as regards ourselves: perhaps they may be, and really, from the pertinacious misapprehension and obstinate persistence of several of our correspondents, we begin to suspect it. Thus, when in answer to those who put questions to us, we use the words "Newspaper," "Stamped Edition," "Editor," and "Publisher," we may have been talking Greek without knowing it, taking our speech, in the innocence of our hearts, for plain English, when the cabalistic words we made use of convey no definite ideas to those to whom they are addressed. Molière's "COUNTRY GENTLEMAN" talked "prose" all his life without knowing it, and we, from having been some score of years "on the press," talk of a "newspaper," without knowing that nine-tenths of the world attach no precise meaning to the word. But we will quit banter, and tell "44, 66, 19," and a dozen other correspondents, who complainingly ask us why we don't give them the fight in the three-halfpenny edition," the reason in unmistakably plain language, although it of necessity involves some tedious roundaboutness.

This paper, as its title implies, is a SPORTING MAGAZINE, or MISCELLANY; now as such, and while containing only "articles and matters of general information, tales, essays, treatises, commentaries, and the like"—is as the lawyers phrase it "taken, holden, and esteemed for and as" a "magazine, weekly pamphlet, miscellany and general paper, not containing news," and therefore not amenable to the stamp laws, nor requiring a tax to the crown of one penny per sheet of paper before printing the same. Of this class are the *thesaurus* and one publications from fourpence down to penny—*fractious*, as *Punch* and *Joe Miller*—literary, as the *Athenæum* and *Literary Gazette*—*romantic*, as the *Penny Sunday Times*, *Lloyd's Weekly Volume*, and the *thrilling*, soul-harrowing, startling, petrifying, horrific, fearful, flummuxing, *sublimating*, romance of the Murdered Manglewoman, or the Friend of the *Fin-iron*—*pius*, as the issues of the London Tract Society—*legal*, as the *Law Observer*, &c.—*medical*, as the *Penny Doctor*, &c.—and lastly, *Sporting*, as ourselves, and ourselves alone. Perhaps from this little catalogue of *unstamped* publications "44, 66, 19," may gather negatively what is not a newspaper.

In this class, (which the law allows to be published without a stamp) stands our three-half-pence edition; a miscellany of sporting matters duly embellished, which we flatter ourselves is *multi secundum*, and which for cheapness, quality of paper, engravings and matter, take it as a class publication, has never been even approached. Thus much of the *unstamped*; now for the *stamped*; and we think that, when he has carefully read this, no candid subscriber will again trouble us by insinuating or asserting that we "*slap on a penny*," which most people will consider an extortion,"—we take the phrase, in substance, from several London letters.

The object of taking out a stamp is twofold: firstly it entitles the party so doing to insert news, and secondly it gives him the privilege of being carried post free, by Her Majesty's mails to all parts of the kingdom, and foreign countries, at a mere nominal charge. But as several correspondents appear to be singularly obtuse, as to the meaning of the word "news," we will take the definition as we find it in 6 and 7 Wm. IV. cap. 76, which whose violates, even in ignorance (for the law supposes all men cognizant of its provisions), shall pay 20l. for each offence (or three months imprisonment).

A newspaper, then, is (see schedule p. 699, of 7 and 8 William IV. cap. 76),

"Any paper containing any public News, Intelligence, or Occurrences printed in any part of the United Kingdom to be dispersed or made public."

"Also, any paper printed in any part of the United Kingdom, containing public News, Intelligence, or Occurrences, or any Remarks or Observations thereon, printed for sale, and published periodically, or in parts or numbers, at intervals not exceeding twenty-six days between the publication of any two such Papers, Parts, or numbers respectively, shall be liable, 'for every sheet or other piece of paper whereon the said newspaper shall be printed, to the duty of 1d.'"

Surely, after this, we need not tell our subscribers that we get nothing at all by our stamped edition, save the convenience of postage. We charge the wholesale publishers two shillings for 26 copies (in trade parlance, a *quire*) of the 1d. edition; this is not quite 1d. each, our paper costs 1s. per quire (of 24 sheets only), and we refer the reader to an answer in the Correspondents' column for the expenses of getting up the paper; for we love to be candid and above-board.

At the risk of being tedious, and to satisfy some who will perhaps still ask for more whys and wherefores, we may observe that we give 26 stamps as 24, though government charges us 2s. 2d. for that quantity, and makes no abatement.

Having now explained what is a newspaper, we proceed to the penalties incurred by giving, on *unstamped* paper, the account we propose to publish in the next number at an extra cost to ourselves, of 10l. for travelling expenses and report; 3l. for type setting; 3l. for drawing and engraving; and 10l. for posting bills, handbills and advertisements; and this we shall do in the words of the act above quoted, for "regulating and amending the laws relating to newspapers and advertisements."

XVII. And be it enacted, that if any person shall knowingly and willfully print or publish or cause to be printed or published, any newspaper on paper not duly stamped according to law, or if any person shall knowingly and willfully sell, utter, or expose to sale, or shall dispose of or distribute, any newspaper not duly stamped as aforesaid, or if any person shall knowingly and willfully have in his possession any newspaper not duly stamped as aforesaid, every person so offending in any of the cases aforesaid shall for every such newspaper, and for every copy thereof not duly stamped, forfeit the sum of twenty pounds; and moreover it shall be lawful for any officer of stamp duties, or for any person appointed or authorised by the Commissioners of Stamps and Taxes in that behalf, to seize and apprehend any such offender as aforesaid, and to take him or cause him to be taken before any justice of the peace having jurisdiction where the offence shall be committed, who shall hear and determine the matter in a summary way; and if upon conviction such offender shall not immediately pay the penalty or penalties in which he shall be convicted, such justice shall forthwith commit him to prison for any time not exceeding three calendar months nor less than one calendar month, unless such penalty or penalties shall be sooner paid; provided always that if any such offender as aforesaid shall not be apprehended and proceeded against in the manner hereinbefore directed, then the said penalty or penalties incurred by any such offence as aforesaid shall be recoverable by any other of the ways and means provided for the recovery of penalties incurred under this act.

One word at parting. An EDITOR is quite a distinct person from the PUBLISHER, printer or vender. One rather pragmatical correspondent who shall be nameless, persists in addressing his letters by name to the Publisher, and one or two direct by name to the Printer; now, as the former individual is in the habit of receiving some scores of letters respecting matters of business, country orders for books, papers, publications, &c., letters so addressed are opened by him as a matter of course. When he finds, instead of a handsome order or remittance, they contain some sporting question, he throws them aside, and should he happen to see the editor, within a day or two, and then think of it, amid the press of business, he exclaims—"Oh, ah, here's a letter about something; I opened it as it was addressed to me." Once for all, then, Sporting Correspondence is to be addressed to "the Editor of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, 42, Holywell-street, Strand, London."

## CRICKET

## A DAY AT LORD'S.

(Continued from page 285.)

"Who is that portly gentleman who seems to lead the party coming from the pavilion?"

"That, Tom, is the far famed and redoubtable Alfred Mynn, Esq. an excellent batsman, and one of the two fastest bowlers in England; and so great is his pace that the term, 'terrific,' applied to it by the gentleman who does the needful (I mean of course in notes and not in gold) for 'Bell's Life,' is far from misplaced. This is, I believe, 'the first match he has played in this season, at least on this ground, and he seems 'like a lion refreshed.' He is accompanied by his brother Walter, Messrs. E. Swann, N. Felix, C. G. Whittaker, and C. Harenc, whom you perceive are about to be joined by the less aristocratic but not less skilful portion of the Kent eleven, who proceed from the vicinity of the modest hostel to which I introduced you. Yon tall, square-shouldered, shallow-tiled man is the far-famed Lion of Kent, Fuller Pilch, and he on the left is Tom Adams, mine host of the Russell Arms, Gravesend, and a lashing hitter: then we have Martin Dorrington, (a most excellent batsman, field, and wicket keeper, and one of my specials for the uniform obligingness and suavity of his manners) and 'last, but not least in our dear love,' Hillyer, in our opinion, the most scientific and effective of England's bowlers, and in which opinion we do not stand alone."

"And who then, are the hardy eleven who venture to compete with this galaxy of talent, Master Ned?"

"They are chosen from all England, and are, as you will soon see, well worthy to contest the laurel with them. In the first place, they have

little Lillywhite, alias Lilly, alias the Little Wonder, alias the Nonpareil, as he is alternately called in our clever contemporary's columns, and a wonder no doubt he has proved, being at an advanced age one of the first bowlers in the world. Then there are Sir Frederick Bathurst, a lashing hitter and fast bowler. Mr. C. Taylor a scientific batsman and splendid field, indeed, the first gentleman player in England in my humble opinion; little Dean, the Sussex bowler; Barker, Guy of Nottingham, (not of Warwick) and Sewell, a powerful trio of bats; Martingell, Dakin, and Bushby, the latter a comparatively young, but most successful player, and lastly the far famed Tom Box, the celebrated wicket-keeper, and host of the 'Cricketers' and Cricket Ground at Brighton. With such a team as this, Tom, England I think, need not fear the result. But see, the field is put out, and England takes the bat, Lillywhite and Barker going to the wickets."

"Is it my fancy, Ned, or does the taller of the two, (Barker, I think you call him) go rather lame?"

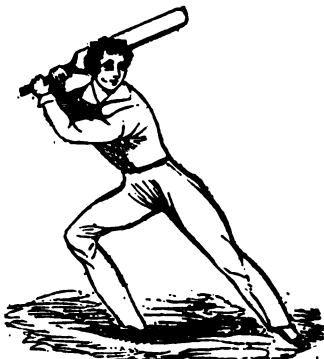
"In some slight degree he possibly does, in consequence of his having broken his leg a season or two since, which prevented his playing some time. He is much and deservedly respected both as a player and a man, and I am always much pleased to see him successful in the field. He is a most excellent bat:—But hark! Caldecourt, he of the shadowy visage, has called 'play,' and the sport begins. Hillyer has the ball, and Lilly is preparing to receive him. Well played, little man:—What! they have put on Adams in Mynn's place, but still you see, without success, for the 'Nonpareil' hits him for four to the leg. Ah! Barker; Hillyer has out-generalled you, causing you to play the ball into your wicket. Never mind, old flick, you have played steadily, and added fourteen to the score, no mean number against such bowling. Here comes Guy, the pride of the Nottingham bats, and there goes the 'little wonder,' caught at slip by Hillyer. Sewell now comes in, and Box succeeds Guy without scoring, plays the ball from his leg into the wicket, and is succeeded by Bushby. There are now four wickets down, and 63 runs obtained, to which Sewell has contributed 16, "so I do not fear Tom to back England at 6 to 4; what say you?"

"I am too great a novice in the game to calculate its chances, however, for the honour of the land of hops, I will take you in crowns, Ned."

"Done!—Oh, by Jove, there goes Bushby, bowled by the Kentish giant for a score of five. Mr. C. Taylor succeeds him—thank you for missing that catch, 'Master Walter'—for had you made it, my friend Tom, here, would have lost some most beautiful batting, though perchance it would have gone far to win his bet. Mr. Harenc, that catch at short slip adds one more laurel to thy crown, but puts six of mine in jeopardy; but I forgive thee, Dakin, I put some trust in thee—ah—out first ball! merciless Hillyer! to have no compassion on a brother bowler; but here comes Martingell,—ah; and there goes Sewell from one of Mynn's flying balls. Who next? oh, Sir Frederick Bathurst, and now, Tom, you will see some lashing hitting: there he goes, you see, two threes in succession, and that fine hit for four. That's generous of you, Tom, but I do not see how any one could well refuse to join in that enthusiastic cheer, although the reward of an adversary. But see, Dorrington has caught him manfully off Mynn, and here comes the last man, the renowned Dean of Dunckton," start not, Tom, he is no church dignitary, albeit he hath 'a fair round belly, with good capon lined;' and see, there he goes, a victim to the cunning hand of Hillyer! According to my calculation, the score is 114, but we will drop into the tavern for confirmation and a glass of wine, for I see Caldecourt and his co-adjutor have repaired there. 'What's the score, Caldecourt?' 'Why, sir, as they say in my part of the country, a score is twenty: or a public-house account; but as I suppose you mean with respect to the game, I have the pleasure of informing you that England scores 114.'"

"Thank you, thank you; I see you can play on words as well as on the greenward. May your shadow never be less!"

"Well, Tom, another glass, and then—hey! they are at it again: the two Mynns at the wickets, and hitting away like the arms of a windmill; mark the preparation of Alfred the Great, he means it, and see, he has made a splendid



OFF HIT.

Come along to our old station. Lillywhite and Martingell appear to be sticking them up, and compelling them to play rather cautiously. Well hit, Mr. A. Mynn, a three and a four in succession off little Lilly is no joke; but he is even with you, for he has caught you off Martingell. Here comes Adams but alas! after adding three to the score Dean dismisses him to make room for the redoubtable Pilch, for a portrait of whom, Tom, I refer you to No. 15 of the "Sportman's Magazine." He's at it, you see. There, that is a model you may safely follow—that is a perfect

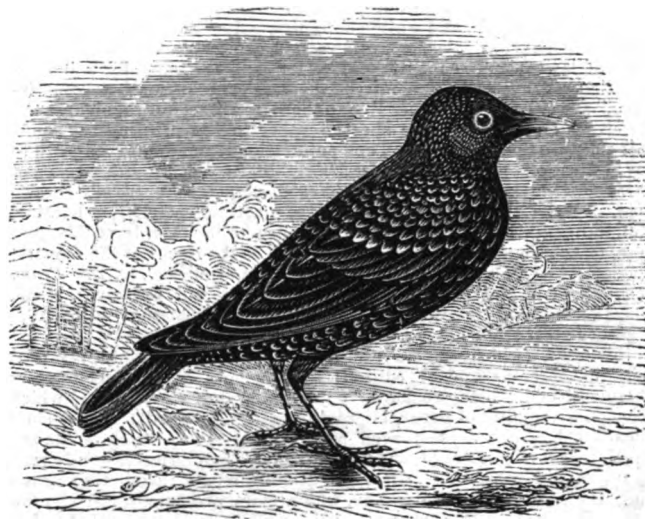


LEG HIT.

He well deserves those cheers for the last two threes to the leg; they are trying Sir Frederick in the place of Dean, but without effect, and Dean resumes, when Sir Frederick catches Mr. W. Mynn at the leg, after scoring twelve runs, who is replaced by Mr. Swann. Oh! Lion of Kent, thy runs are numbered, that splendid catch of Martingell's at short slip has sealed thy fate for to-day. You see they have drawn the stumps, and not without reason, for the rain seems coming on in earnest. So Tom, the best thing we can do is to follow the example of others, and seek the friendly shelter of the hostel, where I will personally introduce you to some of those players whose prowess you have so much admired. How looks our bet?—four wickets down for 54 runs:—well, there's not much harm done on either side, and I hope you will not have any occasion to repent having passed in my company, A DAY AT LORD'S."

NED RUB.

## BRITISH BIRDS.—NO. XI.



THE STARLING.

THE Stare or Starling is one of the most common and most beautiful of British birds, it is about the size of the common thrush, of a compact form, rather stout, with the body ovate, rather deeper behind than before; the head of moderate size, ovato-oblong, flattened above, narrowed anteriorly; the feet rather short and strong; the wings of moderate length; and the tail rather short. In form it bears a greater resemblance to the jackdaw than to a thrush, and when mixed with a



flock of crows, might seem, to a person unacquainted with it, to be of the same family.

The bill is shorter than the head, straight, rather slender, tapering, pentagonal, towards the end depressed; the upper mandible with its dorsal outline nearly straight, convex and decedinate towards the rather sharp tip, the ridge very narrow at the commencement, flattened over and beyond the nostrils, then convex, the slides sloping at the base, convex toward the end, the edges sharp and overlapping; lower mandible with angle narrow and pointed, the sides sloping outward and concave on the crura, the dorsal line straight, the edges sharp. The gape-line ascends, at the base, and is afterwards direct, the lower jaw being a little bent in the middle.

Its length is about nine inches. The bill pale yellow, in old birds deep yellow, the nostrils surrounded by a prominent rim; the eyes are hazel brown, and the whole plumage glossed with green, blue, purple, and copper, but each feather is marked at the end with a pale yellow spot; the wing-coverts are edged with yellowish brown; the quill and tail-feathers dusky, with light edges; the legs are of a reddish-brown. Few birds are more generally known than the starling, it being an inhabitant of almost every climate; and as it is a familiar bird, and easily trained in a state of captivity, its habits have been more frequently observed than those of most other birds. The female makes an artless nest in the hollows of trees, rocks, or old walls, and sometimes in cliffs, overhanging the sea; she lays four or five eggs, of a pale greenish-ash colour; the young birds are of a dusky-brown colour, till the first moult. In the winter season these birds fly in vast flocks, and may be known at a great distance by their whirling mode of flight, which Buffon compares to a sort of vortex, in which the collective body performs a uniform circular revolution, and at the same time continues to make a progressive advance. The evening is the time when the starlings assemble in the greatest numbers, and betake themselves to the fens and marshes, where they roost among the reeds; they chatter much in the evening and morning, both when they assemble and disperse. So attached are they to society, that they not only join those of their own species, but also birds of a different kind, and are frequently seen in company with red-wings, fieldfares, and even with crows, jackdaws, and pigeons. Their principal food consists of worms, snails, and caterpillars; they likewise eat various kinds of grain, seeds, and berries, and are said to be particularly fond of cherries. In a confined state they eat small pieces of raw flesh, bread soaked in water, &c.; are very docile, and may easily be taught to repeat short phrases, or whistle tunes with great exactness, and in this state acquire a warbling superior to their native song.

Colonel Hawker, in his work on the Gun, says, "The time to shoot starlings by wholesale is just before the dusk of the evening, when they come down to roost among the reeds. Here they assemble in swarms that darken the air; and for some time keep up a chatter which even surpasses that of Frenchmen in their warmest political debates.

"Having swept down some dozens with your duck-gun, let their heads be immediately pulled off; as this will, in a great degree, prevent their having a bitter taste.

"Starlings are very good when stewed with rice, or made into a curry.

"Before I conclude under the head of starlings, I must ask leave to become my own trumpeter, in order to name a shot that I made at these birds, which will give some idea as to the manner in which they swarm together. Happening, in the early part of last winter, to have put my punt afloat on Lord Rodney's pond, at Alresford, I loaded my new double swivel gun with a pound of small shot in each barrel, and a little before day-light paddled across to a retired part of the pond, where the reeds were literally swarming with these birds. Having placed the punt "stern on," so as to command the eastern light, and shot well clear of the reeds, I gave a little signal, as previously agreed on, to Mr. Macilwain (who, with Captain Hill, was in another punt behind) to discharge both barrels of my little double gun. On hearing this report up sprang the whole army, consisting, I should say, of every starling in Hampshire, and making the valley echo like a peal of thunder. No sooner had they cleared the reeds than I opened my battery, and cut such a lane through them, as I could scarcely have thought possible, and the quantity of feathers which came flying back to leeward, I could compare to nothing but a fall of black snow. What number were killed and wounded we never could ascertain, from the extreme difficulty of getting the birds that fell among the reeds and quagmires, but we fairly bagged 243, as fast as they could be picked up, and the workmen, when the reeds were cut down, declared that they found between two and three hundred more: for this, however, I have only their word, though there is no reason to doubt it, for we all felt confident that at least 500 fell in this one volley."

These birds are occasionally a little quarrelsome when two or more individuals happen to come into contact having a worm or other object in view; but their feuds are not deadly, and in general they live very peaceably together; nor do they molest any other species of bird. They are sometimes preyed upon by the smaller hawks, especially the sparrow hawk and merlin.

The flesh of the starling is not much inferior to that of a thrush, although tougher, and as a considerable number may be occasionally obtained at a single shot, this bird is not unworthy of the attention of the

animal designated by the name of sportsman. The Hebridian shooters always twist off its head the moment they get hold of it, alleging that in the blood of that part there is something of a poisonous nature. Others maintain that the bitter taste which they attribute to the starling's flesh resides in the blood, and that this affords the true reason for the decapitation practised. For my own part I never could perceive any difference between the flesh of a starling merely shot, and that of another both shot and beheaded; and all that I can state on the subject is that both are very good, and not at all inferior to the flesh of the wild pigeon.

In the Hebrides the starlings begin to form their nests in the end of April or the beginning of May, selecting suitable spots in the crevices of rocks, in caverns, or under large blocks in situations as inaccessible as possible. I have found them also in large winding holes in grassy banks on an unfrequented islet, which I conjectured to have been originally formed by rats, and afterwards enlarged by the starling. It appears, however, that they also dig holes of themselves on the grassy shelves of the rocks. The nest is bulky, composed of grass and portions of plants of various species, with a rude lining of feathers and hair. The eggs, which are from four to six, are of a somewhat elongated or regular oval form, glossy, and of a delicate very pale greenish-blue. They vary in length from an inch and a quarter to an inch and two twelfths or a little less, and in their greatest breadth from three fourths to ten twelfths of an inch.

The starling is easily tamed, and may be taught to whistle tunes, as well as to pronounce words. Almost all authors are agreed in reducing its natural notes to "a harsh scream and a chatter or twitter;" but I have certainly heard them enunciate what to me, who am more sentimental than musical, appeared to be a very pleasant little song. As a specimen of an accomplished starling, I may here introduce one visited by Mr. Syme. "We went, one morning, with a friend, to see a collection of birds belonging to a gentleman in Antigua-street, Edinburgh; and among these were some very fine starlings—one, in particular, which cost five guineas. Breakfast was ready before we entered the room. When the bird was produced, it flew to its master's hand, and distinctly pronounced 'Good morning, Sir,—breakfast—breakfast.' It afterwards hopped to the table, examined every cup; and, while thus employed, it occasionally repeated, 'Breakfast—breakfast—bread and butter for Jack—pretty Jack—pretty Jack.'"

Mr. Weir gives a similar account of another individual. "Mr. Paton, carver and gilder, Horse-wynd, Edinburgh, had one a few years ago, which I have heard pronounce most distinctly the following sentences. When I entered the shop, he said to me, 'Come in, Sir, and take a seat—I see by your face that you are fond of the laases—George, send for a coach and six for pretty Charlie—Be clever, George, I want it immediately;' and many other sentences to the same purport. He was taught by a shoemaker in Stewarton, Ayrshire."

Yorick's starling, and his "I can't get out!" is too well known to need more than an allusion."

## WRINKLES FOR THE GROOM.—NO. II.

### ON THE TREATMENT OF HORSES IN SUMMER.

It is too much the practice, in turning horses out in summer, to choose the richest pastures, as if the intention of giving them this indulgence were to fatten them. Many inconveniences result from this practice, and not unfrequently much injury is done to the animal, and great difficulty found in getting him into working condition when he is taken up. The best time for turning out a horse is the latter end of May or beginning of June. High land is better than meadows, especially such as adjoin rivers, or are otherwise wet. Short sweet pasture should be chosen; it is better, indeed, to have it rather bare than abundant; and if there should not be sufficient, some hay and oats should be given. If the nights are cold he should be taken up at night, and put into a cool airy box, where he should also be kept during the day, when the weather is very hot and dry. A small field, or paddock, is better than a large one; and if there is a stream of water, or a pond, and the horse has been accustomed to drink immoderately, it should be fenced off, and a moderate quantity given twice a day with a pail. A moderate quantity of vetches may be given with advantage in such a situation; taking care not to give them soon after they are cut, or with the dew upon them. By keeping a horse in this manner for a month or six weeks, in the situation I have described, he will receive all the benefit to be expected from a run at grass, and avoid the inconvenience which so often results from the method commonly pursued. Another important advantage will be obtained by it; for, when the horse is taken up, there will be no difficulty in getting him into good working condition in a short time. If there is no convenience for managing the horse as I have described, it will be better to soil him with vetches, or short sweet grass, in a large airy box, for about a month, than to turn him out in the manner generally practised. In soiling, only a moderate quantity of green food should be given at a time, and a small quantity of hay and oats should also be allowed.

### EXERCISE.—TRAINING.

Exercise must be considered under two heads: first, that which is necessary to preserve the horse in health, and make him capable of ordi-

nary exertions, or moderate work; secondly, that which makes him capable of extraordinary exertions, such as hunting or racing. Exercise of the last kind is commonly named training, which term, however, includes also the mode of feeding necessary to raise the muscular power to the highest degree it is capable of attaining. The horse was evidently designed for exercise, and for the use of man. His vast muscular power, and the impenetrable defence attached to his feet, were certainly not given for his own use only. If kept in a stable, without exercise, his muscular power declines, his digestive organs become diseased, and so do the organs of respiration. The hoofs grow, and there is no wear; for the little that may be worn off, merely by the pressure of his own weight when standing still, is prevented by the shoes. The toe being thus elongated, the back sinews are often strained; the foot becomes hot and inflamed, its horny covering contracts; the frogs become rotten, and incapable of performing the office for which they were designed; in short, the whole body becomes diseased. Exercise, then, it is evident, is essential to his health, and even existence; and every part of his structure and economy appears to demonstrate that he was intended for the service of man. His powers, however, are limited, and so should his exertions be: but it is a fact, which must be regretted by all considerate persons, that the immoderate work in which he is often employed, so far from being salutary, or proportionate to his strength, as undoubtedly it was designed by his Creator that it should be, is injurious, and even destructive in a very considerable degree. And what greatly aggravates the mischief is, the early and premature age at which he is commonly employed.

When a horse is brought in for training, after having been kept in the manner described in the preceding chapter, he should be fed with hay and oats; and if greedy of water or hay, or if he appears inclined to eat his litter, he should be limited in hay and water, and be muzzled the last thing at night. For the first week he should have walking and gentle trotting exercise for an hour or two every morning. The stable should be kept clean and cool. The second week his exercise may be increased a little, and so may his oats. Should he appear, however, rather dull, the membrane of his eyes rather red or yellow on lifting the eyelid, and the dung hard, in small knobs, and shining or slimy, it will be advisable to bleed moderately, and give a mild dose of physic, for which he should be prepared by giving two or three bran mashies a day for two days. The fourth week he may be worked moderately; and, if wanted for hunting, he should be put into a canter, or hand-gallop, once a day; and, after this, it will be necessary to increase his pace twice or three times a week, so as to make him sweat freely; taking care that he is walked for some time afterward, that he may become cool before he returns to the stable, when he must be well dressed, fed, and watered, have a good bed palced under him, and be left to his repose. When a horse has been brought up from rich pasture he is generally loaded with fat, and requires a great deal of walking exercise and careful feeding. He may be trotted gently, however, after the second week, but will not be fit for a quicker pace for a month at least. During this time he should have two or three doses of mild physic, and, when first taken up, such horses sometimes require to be bled. When a horse is not taken up till the latter end of July or

beginning of August, he has often a troublesome cough, which sometimes proves incurable; and sometimes dropsical swellings of the hind legs, which are not easily removed. Such horses give a great deal of trouble, and it is a considerable time before they can be got into condition. It must be obvious, that, when a horse is taken in for training, the treatment to be adopted must depend upon the state of the horse's condition at the time, and the manner in which he has been previously kept; and whether he is wanted for hunting or racing, the principle to be kept in view, during the process, is to keep him in a state of health, and gradually raise his muscular power and wind to that degree which may be necessary for the work he is to be employed in. This can be done only by proper exercise and feeding, giving, however, a little mild physic when necessary.

Although there is little mystery required in getting horses into good condition, considerable care and constant attention are necessary. To give bulk and strength to the muscles, a good supply of nutritious food is required; but, in order that this should not produce superfluous fat, as well as flesh, plenty of exercise, and occasional sweating, is necessary.

A fine glossy coat is next essential, which can only be obtained by heat, assisted by plenty of grooming and hand-rubbing. The stable must be kept moderately warm; but it must be borne in mind that, though warm air is useful, foul air is injurious: ventilation, therefore, must not be neglected. The necessary heat to produce a fine coat must be principally obtained by an abundance of clothing. Warm cordials and stimulants will assist in producing a glossy coat, though it is better, if possible, to avoid them: this is owing to the intimate sympathy between the skin and the stomach.

"The practice of clipping and singeing," says Mr. Spooner, in his last edition of "White's Farriery," has been introduced, and, it must be confessed, with considerable advantage. Where a fine coat can be obtained by the means before-mentioned, clipping is not required; but many horses will carry a long thick coat in the winter, in spite of all grooming; and in others, it is impossible to bestow the necessary attention and expense required. In these cases, by removing the coat with the scissors, the horse that before could not travel a mile without sweating, can now perform a journey with neither inconvenience nor loss of condition; and, when he comes home, he can be cleaned in the course of an hour, instead of remaining wet all the night. Two things, however, must be borne in mind. The horse must have additional clothing to supply that which is removed; and care must be taken that he does not stand still when without it, as, of course, he is more likely to take cold from this cause than before. The fact is, the horse must have a temporary coat instead of a permanent one; one that can be removed when at work, and supplied when at rest.

The advantages of clipping are unquestionable; many horses can thereby be kept in condition throughout the winter, that cannot by any other method.

The chief difference between singeing and clipping is, that by the former the hair is removed more completely; by the latter, it can be done several times during the season.

(To be continued in our next.)

## HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELLCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CHIEF.

### CHAPTER VI.—*Concluded.*

#### DUTCH SAM,

A slight episode occurred in Sam's career of contest with pugilistic stars, by a match made between Sam and a respectable tradesman, of the name of Medley, for two hundred guineas, who was a much heavier man than Sam, had crept into such favour with himself, that upon some slight altercation, he challenged Sam, and proved his confidence by putting down his own stake: as a sparrer he had given convincing proofs of his knowledge of the science, but his manhood had never been practically put to the test: Sam, however, did not view him with indifference—and in the first instance forfeited a deposit of two guineas. The mill, which excited great interest in the sporting world, came off on Moulsey Hurst, May 31, 1810. Sam was seconded by Harry Lee, and Pass was his bottle holder; Medley was attended by his brother Phips, and Gribb. The odds were greatly in favour of Sam. Throughout a long fight of forty-nine rounds, Sam obtained the superiority—the punishment he dealt out was dreadful in the extreme. Medley's science was by no means superficial, and his game would have done honour to the first-rate boxer, but his blows, however well-directed, were not effective—they were showy instead of telling. Although he proved himself game, and a gluttonous receiver, he never could turn the tide of victory in his favour. Sam's humanity was nobly exemplified in the contest, and much as his abilities were admired, his feeling claimed higher applause.

Sam fell into a casual turn-up, which occasioned some gossip, inasmuch as in his laurels were in danger of being wrested from his brow. In passing over Wimbledon Common, near to which he was in training, he met with a butcher, of the name of Jem Brown, of Wandsworth, and some words having passed between them, an appeal was made to the fist.

The butcher, most certainly, had the best of it, and floored his opponent two or three times—when Sam declined proceeding any further at that time. Whether from inability, or from feeling the impropriety of risking the issue of a private row, which might have prevented him from fulfilling his engagement, and in the event of it, perhaps, made him lose that battle, can only be decided by himself—but a tolerably general opinion was entertained that Brown, in a regular contest with Sam, would soon be disposed of; at any rate, after much chaff, no match was made.

In the vicinity of St. George's Fields, a stout fellow of the name of Jones, a painter, and a neighbour of Dutch Sam's, who valued himself upon his milling qualities, publicly declared that he was the champion of that quarter, and frequently had importuned Sam to have a set-to; the latter always declined. It happened that one evening Sam was regaling himself at a public-house, and glass succeeding glass of Deady's brilliant fluid, had nearly obliterated all worldly things from Sam's pericranium, when Jones, learning the circumstance, entered the premises, and endeavoured to provoke him to a combat, but in vain. At length Jones struck him. This was too much, the staggering Sam returned it, and inquired, "whether he was doing right or wrong to defend himself?" An adjournment to the street took place, when Sam, notwithstanding his intoxicated state, appeared to have the advantage, until Jones, seizing him by the hair of his head, threw him down, and struck him violently upon the stones. This unmanly act appeared to have a most unusual and electric effect, for it awoke Sam to a recollection of what he was about; and to the surprise of the spectators, the Israelite started up, exclaiming—"Take care, take care, I'm coming now!" put in such a bodier as nearly deprived Jones of his breath, and following it up by a slashing hit over his eye, levelled the brute with his congenial mud. Utterly flabbergasted by the severity and impetuosity of Sam's hitting, he fairly bolted. Jones weighed thirteen

stone six pounds; and, though destitute of propriety, was not without pretensions to science; this lesson taught him summarily the folly of vain boasting, and the superiority of a master in the art.

Five years had nearly passed away in reckless dissipation and intemperance upon the part of Sam, since his battle with the game Medley, when he, for the last time, entered the ring with Nosworthy, at Moulsey, December 8, 1814.

The good advice of the poet had been totally unheeded by him:—

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;  
For, in my youth, I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;  
Nor did I, with unbecoming fondness, woo  
The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore, my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty but kindly.

Four to one had been betted on Sam previous to this fight, and it is certain that he was backed when fighting till near the end of the battle, by the best judges in the pugilistic circles, that he must ultimately win. This defeat (which will be found detailed in the next chapter under NOSWORTHY,) ruined him, and he sunk under dejection, misery, and want. Like many others of their headstrong race of hard drinkers, he was infatuated with the idea that nothing in the shape of excess could harm his iron frame. Indeed, Sam has been heard insanely to boast that he could train on "three glasses of gin, three times a-day." What wonder, then, that he fell? Excess, pride, and conceit destroyed his vigour and stamina, and on this occasion he might exclaim with the poet,

I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,  
And from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting.

We now hasten to conclude with a few anecdotes from BOXIANA.

Sam's integrity was a bright jewel, and it was undoubtedly of the first water; he was once tampered with by a large offer to lose a fight (*Egan* says 1000*l.*), but he at once disclosed the affair to his backers. If all our pugilists had displayed the like integrity, the ring would be in a very different state.

Sam's skirmishes would fill a volume. Passing through Wapping, one evening, when it was almost dark, he observed a poor Jew and a sailor fighting, and, upon inquiring the cause, he was soon recognised by the unfortunate Mordcaï, who had been several times flogged by the rough son of Neptune. Sam stooped to pick up his Israelitish brother, when the latter whispered in his ear, "So help my Cot, Sam, I can't fight any more!" "Hold your tongue, you fool," replied Sam, at the same time falling down by his side: "you get up, and pretend to pick me up, I will let fly at him." This imposition was practised with success, and Sam, staggering on to his legs with well feigned grogginess, went bang in with his one-two to the Jack Tar, in such style that he saluted mother earth in a twinkling. The sailor, upon getting upon his pins, roughly exclaimed, "D—n my —, this isn't the man I was fighting with, it's another. Shiver me, but his blows are like the kicks of a horse, I'll have no more of this," and instantly sheered off, while Sam and his friend stepped into a neighbouring gin-shop to laugh over the trick.

It is impossible correctly to ascertain the number of bye-battles in which Sam was engaged; but it is certainly within compass to assert, that he fought above one hundred.

When stripped Sam had more the appearance of a twelve stone man than one of nine stone eight pounds, which was his fighting weight. His shoulders were remarkably square, and his arms exceedingly muscular and hard: his hands positively seemed of iron, never failing in the tremendous punishment he inflicted on his antagonists. His quickness of eye and fierceness of rallying were unexampled.

Bill Shipley, the hero of the Broadway (or tossing-up ground), Whitechapel, a man weighing nearly fourteen stone, was one of Sam's earliest antagonists. Shipley had beat every one opposed to him, and was a scientific fighter. He laughed at the presumption of Sam in offering to box with him—and treated the Jew in the most contemptuous manner, by making Sam a present of five shillings to stand before him for only ten minutes. The Jew pocketed the cash with the utmost sang-froid, and, after a contest of fifteen minutes, Shipley experienced such severe punishment that he was compelled to acknowledge the vast superiority of the arm of this iron-like pugilist. Warren, a boxer of some note, was also beat, with great ease, by Dutch Sam.

It is curious to remark, that the first four rounds of the fight between Sam and Britton were well contested; but Sam recovering from rather an inebriated state, and understanding that Britton was a plant upon him, dealt out his punishment so rapidly upon his opponent, that he was ultimately finished in style. Sam's conduct throughout this fight was truly singular:—in milling Britton down, Sam, in a manner peculiar to himself, frequently went off his legs, in order to get alongside his opponent on the ground, then, patting Britton on the back, exclaiming, with a smile, "what, you are a plant, are you? s' alp me Cot, I'll soon plant you!" And once during the battle, when Britton was rushing in to mill Sam, the latter treated him with the utmost contempt, by holding up both his hands, calling out to the spectators—"See, see, this plant wants to kiss me!" and then, with the most perfect indifference, hit Britton cleanly down.

As a hard hitter—we except no pugilist whatever—Gully never struck with more force, or Cribb with greater ponderosity than Sam, whose blows were truly dreadful to encounter: and it has been the publicly expressed opinion of one of the most experienced and scientific pugilists in

England, that he would be a complete match for the mighty Cribb, provided they were only to strike blow for blow. Cropley, who entered the lists with Tom Belcher and Dutch Sam, has since declared that he would sooner receive half an hour's milling from the former, than five minutes' punishment from the latter boxer.

Sam's constitution originally was of the finest quality, and his strength amazing. The day he fought with Cropley he asserted that he was able to attack an ox. The Game Chicken once affronted Sam, when the latter informed that formidable boxer that he could not beat him in a quarter of an hour. In private life, Sam possessed a good deal of comic humour; and he passed much of his time, latterly, in the service of Saunders, the equestrian, of Bartholomew-fair notoriety.

He suffered considerably in his illness, and died in the London Hospital, on Wednesday, July 3, 1816, in the forty-second year of his age, and was buried on the 4th of the same month, in the Jews' burying-ground, Whitechapel.

As a boxer, "take him for all in all," while he lived, he had no equal. But, latterly, his stamina was utterly ruined by excessive indulgence in ardent spirits.

(To be continued.)

## SHOOTING.

(Concluded from page 309.)

32. Never put a ramrod down an empty barrel after it has once been fired; for by thus loosening the scales, or feculent matter, and forcing them into the chamber, the nipple becomes choked up, and hence a misfire.

33. In case of your ramrod head sticking fast in the gun, never attempt to pull it out by force, or allow any one else to aid you in so doing; but, having first removed the cap, or primer, invert the gun, and press the end of the ramrod home upon the charge, when, in all probability, it will be easily extracted, especially if it have been wedged there by means of a stray shot-corn. But, observe, this pressure must not be with the hand, but against a tree root, or otherwise.

34. Never drag a gun after you over a fence, especially by the muzzle.

35. In reaching a gun to a companion on the opposite side of a ditch, or drain, having poised it horizontally in both hands, pitch it to him in that position, when he, of course, makes a neat catch of it. But if he can easily reach the butt-end, as soon as he has got good hold of it, throw the muzzle up to the perpendicular, of course taking care that it at no time points towards yourself. But never allow your friend to assist you with his gun in crossing ditch or fence.

36. In public pigeon-shooting, a bird sometimes escapes suddenly from the basket, or from the trapper; on such occasions beware of firing precipitately, as bystanders may be in the way.

37. On returning from shooting, if any part of your apparel, and, above all, if your feet be wet, put on dry clothes, stockings, and shoes forthwith. But, wet or dry, the safest and best plan, on coming home, is to make an immediate and thorough change an invariable rule.

38. When taking refreshment in the field, or on the moors, beware how you place your gun; not as one sometimes sees it, with the muzzle pointing directly towards the shooter's own sacred person, or that of his friend.

39. When shooting in covert, especially at rabbits or hares, it sometimes happens that your friend, or a marker, by stooping or lying down, may enable you to take a shot over him, which otherwise could not have been safely taken. In this case the person crouching ought never to attempt to arise from his bended position until he either have heard the report of both barrels, or the word of command, "Up!" from the shooter himself: otherwise, in case of the gun hanging fire, or of the shooter being about to take a second shot, the rising individual may fall to rise no more. But, remember, as this is a hazardous experiment at best, the safest plan is never to try it, and, least of all, if you do not know your man.

40. Never send any specimens of detonating caps, tubes, &c., when charged with powder, per post, in a loose state, as, in stamping the letters, explosion might take place, and mischief ensue; but, if resolved to run all risks—having first wrapped them in cotton wool—enclose them in layers of best velvet cork, tied round with thread.

41. Persons unpacking grouse, or any other game, in a very high or putrid state, should be careful not to suffer the virus to touch any sore or wound they may have on their hands, or other parts of their persons, as serious consequences have resulted from such contacts.

42. When a summer party are enjoying a marine shooting excursion, and some of them are placed before, and others (as in a cable) behind the sail, the latter should be very careful in what direction they shoot, lest any one of the former should at the same time be popping his head forward on either side the sail. In fact, the greatest possible caution should be observed by the whole party, especially if there be any "sea on." Recollect, if an accident take place in a boat at sea, it might often prove fatal, where the same would not be attended with a similar disastrous result on land.

Neither let any one deem this or any other of these CAUTIONS as needless, frivolous, or groundless; for there is scarcely any one of them from a neglect of which the most formidable accidents have not occurred; and the fatal consequences which have resulted from a neglect of some of them have been painfully numerous. I should shudder at the relation of no more than the catalogue of serious and fatal gun accidents, from



various causes, which have come within the limited sphere of my own immediate knowledge, or ocular testimony; and what are these compared with the hundreds which take place every year, and the thousands which have taken place.

Towards the latter part of the season, and in a wild country, I always prefer hunting with one active stanch dog only, or if more accompany me, I would have all but one taken up where game was either pretty certain to be found, or was actually known to be; for, at such times, how stanch soever in company the dogs may be, the fewer down at a time the better, because the less show and noise. Nay, where a covey has been marked down to a yard, it is sometimes advisable to go up without a dog at all: to take a shot or two, and make a silent signal to your follower to loose the dog when you want him; and though some sportsmen may be disposed to smile at the assertion, I am confident that both the size of a dog, and the style of his ranging and going up to his game, when birds are wild, have often a good deal (more than his colour, though there may be something, too, in that) to do with his obtaining shots for his owner. A great big setter who gallops high, lashes his tail about like a lion, and walks upright to his game, will often raise the birds, when a low dog, that gently steals away, and crouches close to the ground, the instant he touches on the scent, will "have" them!

Whenever a dog points, the shooter should endeavour to spring the birds so as to secure the fairest shots he can, and especially for the second barrel. From the dog's manner (and this his master should study, as equally good dogs vary in their modes of indicating their approach to game), and the direction of his head, he may generally form a good idea whereabouts the birds are, and will go directly up to them, will head them, or will walk across between the dog and them, according to circumstances; generally facing the wind himself, and, therefore, flushing them against it, which causes them to rise with greater reluctance and difficulty, and, therefore, slower, thus allowing him more time to perceive the probable direction of their flight, and to select his first shot accordingly. The caution observed by the most cognoscent of the gentlemen of the trap, when they have to deal with "a pair of old blues," and have to face the wind blowing across, is to shoot at that bird first which has the wind the most in its favour; because the volume of smoke is blown clear away from, instead of across, the shooter's vision, or into his eyes; by which means, not only is his sight of the second bird unclouded, but the bird itself, meanwhile, has been "detained," more or less, "by contrary winds." And this plan is also well deserving a place in the memory of the game-shooter.

In still weather, as most shooters can hit a bird flying to the left, better than one crossing to the right, it will generally be found advisable to fire first at the latter, especially if a cross shot to the left be immediately afterwards likely to present itself: but, in nearly all cases where birds are wild, *quickness* (for if you hesitate you are lost) in firing the first barrel is the grand secret in killing double shots in brilliant style; unquestionably, at once the most difficult, interesting, and beautiful feature in all shooting.

But the shooter should not only endeavour to spring the birds in a way the most likely to prove favourable to his getting present shots, but should also strive, by intercepting them, to divert the direction of their flight from covert to "vantage ground"—such as turnips, small patches of gorse, young plantations, with long, dry grass at the bottom, ling, fern on warrens, &c., where he may shortly afterwards have the pleasure of popping at them again and again, as they get up singly; and not improbably, at last, may be able to give a very satisfactory account of the whole covey.

At the same time, when birds are wild, the shooter ought, generally, to spring them as he considers best for the immediate shot, regardless of the course they may afterwards choose to take. For, "one bird in hand," &c. But as there are exceptions to all rules, so are there cases, even where birds are wild, when actual forbearance from shooting at all, or, in other words, letting the birds go quietly away, will prove the shooter's best policy.

In countries where birds are exceedingly scarce, and such are becoming more and more numerous every season, it is a good plan, whenever a single or "odd bird" rises within shot, or even as a long shot, to fire, without waiting for a nearer rise, or for the expected remainder of the covey springing at your feet; because it frequently happens that the wild rising bird is an orphan, and, it may be, the sole survivor of a family of sixteen; and, if more be left, you still have your second barrel in reserve. By attending to this rule, I have frequently bagged my brace or two of *oddings* in a day, where many shooters, on coming home, would have declared they had not had the chance of a single shot. Two halves are equal to a whole, and a brace of birds is no bad morning's work for the latter end of the season, at least in countries where shots, at best, are "few and far between." These odd birds are as generally as erroneously considered old ones, which, after October, is rarely the case.

• Although no advocate for a host of mobbing markers, yet when birds are wild, and game is much wanted, I see no harm in making your only attendant useful. You will often find your account in planting him on a gate or eminence as a marker; and, when it is more convenient or advisable to have him near to you, he may sometimes be placed as an auxiliary to turn the birds in the direction you wish them to go. Various little preconcerted signals, also, should be mutually understood betwixt you, so that you may telegraph to advantage at a distance.

## REVIEW.

THE PRACTICE OF ANGLING, PARTICULARLY AS REGARDS IRELAND.  
By O'Gorman. 2 vols, small 8vo. Dublin: 1845.



ANOTHER new book upon Angling! Verily, thought we, in the words of King Solomon (who no doubt was an angler), of "the making of books there is no end." And in this temper did we sit down to perform our promise of reviewing this work, as we propose to do all new ones of an exclusively sporting character. But soon our critical bile assuaged, impatience gave way to interest, and we became absorbed in the pages of Mr. O'Gorman, constrained to their perusal by force of their intrinsic merits.

Mr. O'Gorman, who chooses to sink his military titles (for he was a gallant soldier,) in the Milesian patronymic, is a first-rate practical angler; and his book, as far as it goes, will well repay the study of all who are desirous of practising his favourite craft upon the rivers in the south and west of Ireland. Of the northern Irish rivers he does not appear to have any knowledge; nor yet of the lake-fishing in Westmeath. But we can vouch for the perfect correctness of the "communicated" information which he gives respecting the Bann, a river celebrated by Spenser for the quality and the multitude of its trout, and upon which the angler, who is skilful and can "hide his time," may have inexhaustible amusement. Our author's first essay at salmon-fishing we give in his own words. It was as follows:—

"At the time I am about to write of, I had many relatives living in Limerick, with one of whom I was on a visit. I was a good trout-fisher—could throw a line well and far—had killed a trout of six pounds weight, and had even fished a day creditably on the lake of Inchiquin—knew something of cross-fishing; but as to mending a rod, tying a splice, or making a fly, was entirely helpless, and dependent on Corney, our fly-tier, already mentioned. It was, I think, on or about the 15th of February, I strolled up the banks of the Shannon, and had walked about two miles when I was stopped by a very large drain, at the other side of which was a high steep bank, partially planted with quicks. This was a boundary between two farms. You will soon perceive the reason of my being so particular. I was obliged to walk a considerable way round, before I could get across, after which I continued along the bank, till under Castle Troy, where I saw two men fishing in a boat, whom I hailed, and they very civilly came to shore. They were dragging for salmon—which mode of angling I must again explain.

"The boat or cot is brought to the head of a current, and the lines let out with flies or baits attached, viz. salmon fry, gravelin, or loach, commonly called callaghrroo. On this occasion, there were three very large ugly rods, great iron wheels, and very strong hempen lines, large flies tied on six or seven twisted gut. After the lines are at the designed length, the boat is rowed and paddled across the river, the fly or bait always dropping before the boat, the lines about the handles of the wheels, and every turn the boat drops down a little. In this mode of fishing you never see a salmon rise; it is always a pull, and generally a very hard one. I asked to be taken on board.

"Can you play a salmon, or have you ever killed one?"

"No; but I am a good trout-fisher."

"Well, come along. Will you pay your footing if you hook a fish?"

"Certainly." "Can you row, as the current is strong?"

"Right well." "Will you take a fly or the callagh?"

"The half-black and orange fly—I like the hook."

"Very well; take the right-hand oar."

"We had taken seven or eight crossings at hard work, and were feeling gloomy, when my rod got a pull that made it squeak, and the little pin the rod lay against was snapped, but before it was taken quite straight, I had it in hand.

"Don't take the line off the handle till the rod is well bent."

"I obeyed orders."

"Now, my boy, see what you can do. I believe you have the old one!"

"We made towards the shore—the fish showed, and appeared large, but very distant.

"Give me the rod, sir," said Darby Shaughnessy, brother to the famous Daniel—"the fish is large, and you may lose him."

"I took from my pocket a half guinea, and put it on the seat of the boat, saying—"If I lose him, take the half guinea." "Done."

"I stepped ashore, and set lugging at a famous rate: he ploughed across the stream, and showed himself at about seventy yards distance—put his broad side to the current and down he went, followed close, and well held. I tried every way of turning him, to no purpose. When, appalling sight!—the large ditch appeared in view. I called to the paddle-man—

"Run for your life—get round the ditch—I fear I can't cross it; and if he continues, all will go."

"Nearer and nearer still! I was at last obliged to step up the bank of the ditch—no drain at my side; the leap was large, and no run; I got my feet together among the quicks, tried again to turn him; he was nearly striking fire out of the wheel, and part of the axle began to appear. I made a desperate effort, got one foot on the bank, the other went down—I was pulled on my face—not two yards of line on the wheel; when the paddle-man came just in time, took me up, and saved all.

"I had now tolerably fair play, and killed shortly after. He was a most lovely spring fish."

"DARBY—Sir, you behaved well. We would never have crossed that ditch. The fish is yours, though he were worth ten pounds."

"Very well—shan't we go out again?"

"We fished for more than an hour after, but only met a poor sisk. We then returned to town, went into a shop, and weighed the fish I killed. It weighed *thirty-nine pounds*; and though I have killed larger fish, I never saw such a beauty—it was very little more than a yard in length."

"Well, Darby, don't you think him cheap for half-a-guinea?" To the shopman—"What is salmon a pound?" "Two shillings."

"No matter, sir," said Darby, "you are welcome to him."

"No, Darby, I won't take your salmon, and here is my footing," giving him five shillings; "but I must get the fly," which I took with much pride.

"I was now entered, and quite proud of the skill and decision I evinced, and next day set about my future appointments."

Of rods, wheels, and lines, our author treats with the science of experience. He has tested every rule which he lays down, and been led to the adoption of it by the accidents and mischances of which every angler has had his share, although few have turned them to such account for their own and others' instruction. The following observations upon the size, the structure, and the materials used in the construction of the salmon rod, evince great practical judgment, and cannot be too heedfully attended to by the angler who may have to deal with heavy fish.

"The two-piece rod is undoubtedly the best; the but of it should be in one piece; the top should be composed of two pieces, permanently spliced together; the first piece of the top should be good West India hickory; the upper piece, lancewood, which is a most invaluable timber for the purpose, being tough, elastic, and retentive of its form. The butts of all two-piece rods are formed of one stick, which should be of well-seasoned crag-ash, without splice—a spliced but always fails. Spear-wood is also, often used, but it is difficult to procure a piece long enough for a good sized rod, and it is heavy, though it keeps its form well."

"I will now point out the different lengths I approve of for salmon, pike, and trout."

"For salmon, a great deal will depend on the river you fish, but in general from sixteen to twenty feet will be sufficient. In the Shannon, for spring fishing, the rods do not exceed the latter length;—ten and a half feet in the but, and nine or nine and a half in the top; the Limerick rods are often made on a very mistaken principle, having too much spring in the but which endangers them, particularly if you throw underhand, (which method I will hereafter explain,) or against a strong wind, and no rod is worth a farthing which you cannot use so; nor any angler good for any thing who cannot get his fly out, even with a strong breeze in his teeth. In fact, every rod should be tolerably strong for eighteen inches above the wheel, which should be, in my opinion, invariably placed twelve inches from the thick end of the but; this I have found the best distance in all cases—one hand can be placed below the wheel, the other above, when you are fishing; always holding the line between the fore-finger and thumb of the upper hand."

"The top of a salmon-rod should be proportioned to the kind of line you fish with; if the line be very strong, the top should not be too fine to the whalebone. Indeed, there should be two tops to all rods, one lighter than the other; as, when the season advances, you generally adopt finer tackle and smaller flies."

Nor is he less happy when he would teach the young angler how the rod is to be used:—

"I now suppose you arrived at your fishing-ground, and commencing at the head of your course or current; and now—*mind yourself*."

"Always begin with a short line, keeping a proper distance from the river; fish first near you; lengthen your line by degrees (never stirring from your first position till you have thrown as long a line as you can tolerably master); always throw rather down and across, but so as that you can be satisfied that no fish can avoid seeing your fly: don't raise your hand too suddenly after throwing out; then draw your fly gently, if the current be rapid, and occasionally shaking your hand, particularly whenever the fly comes into an eddy, or smooth part of the stream; then fish down step by step, never holding your hand too high, lest, if a fish rises, you should not have sufficient power to strike him."

"It often happens, particularly in the early season, that you are taken under water: now, in either case, whether the fly is taken under or over, always, if possible, strike low, that is, with the top of your rod as near the water, either right or left, as circumstances will admit of. I am convinced it is a much better method than raising your hand high."

"Don't strike a salmon too quickly—let him get nearly out of sight after his rise before you pull at him, which you must do with strength proportioned to the size of your fly, never with a short snap, but with a fine, strong, long pull."

"When you have him firm, lean on him at once, fairly bending the rod, till he runs out; let the line run between your fore-finger and thumb till he stops, then be at him again. He is a fish that, if you give him any respite, and if he has a rock or stump to get to, and that if he has a slack line, will be round it in double-quick time; so be always on the alert."

\*A fine imposed when you kill your first fish on any lake or river.

"If he comes to the surface, and keeps tumbling and splashing, then for your life hold him as hard as your tackle will bear; if you do not, ten to one that he either shakes out of the hook, or gets his tail across the line, which he will by that means endeavour to break. Lug him fairly, and if you do so with strength and judgment, always taking care not to hold too hard when far from the bow of your rod, it is more then probable you may bring him to the gaff, but be always at him, particularly when near you. I need not observe on the folly of holding a fish in his race; don't attempt it; but after his spring, or whenever he stops, then give him no time for consideration—in short, literally obey the above instructions."

"It often happens, that one occupies a position from whence there is no such thing as following a fish: in that case if your line is nearly run out, take your finger off the wheel, raise your rod high, and behind you, and throw it forward. This is what we call giving a slack: it often happens that the animal thinks himself at liberty, when he generally turns back. If such should happen wheel him up softly, holding your rod low to the water, till you get him again under your bow—then lug at him, butting him fairly; and if he gets away again, you have only to try which is the strongest, always endeavouring to avoid letting him come too near the surface; to prevent which, almost dip the point of your rod obliquely in the water, never changing from right to left till he is again wheeled up, after which, again lug at him, until his resistance is at an end; and the moment he is gaffed, let him be priested before you take the hook out; then throw your fly into the water, and whisk it two or three times into the air; examine it, and see that the fly and the point of the hook are not injured; if the latter be blunted, and that you have not an exact match, take a small, half-round, very fine-cut file, which you should always have in one of the pockets of your book, and sharpen the blunted part carefully; then look to your links and line, recollecting Franklin's advice—'Leave nothing to chance.'"

The following directions and observations could proceed from no "practice hand" in the gentle art—they evince the accomplished angler:—

"If you fish the rapids of the Shannon, (those streams that cannot be dragged,) such as several of the Donnas and Castleconnel waters, take care to provide the best and most experienced cotmen, of whom there is no want, and who will place you in the positions best adapted for throwing the various currents. This you must do, standing up in the boat, which is always well held by means of the poles already noticed; and here it will be expedient that you be very steady, and have your sea-legs well in requisition."

"You commence, as usual, at the head of the stream, with a short line, gradually lengthening until you throw the largest quantity of the line you can master, always noticing, that as the fly comes round into the eddies, the hand is to be well shaken, but not so much in the very rapid parts of the current. As the flies you fish with at this time are very large, when you want to throw out, you must suffer the current to take the fly almost straight from the top of the rod, which must be then almost level with the water. You then gradually raise your rod, till you judge the fly is near the surface, when, with the quickness of lightning, you throw the fly behind you, till you either find it check you a little, or judge that it has attained its due distance. You then throw it with sleight and strength from your elbow and wrist only, ever taking care not to throw your body with it. In this way you fish to the end of your reach; and let the day be as it will, there is little danger of your feeling cold after fishing two or three of those streams as I direct."

"It sometimes happens, that in the very act of whipping the fly out of the water, and with strength and quickness, a detainer is laid on you by a very large fish; in that case, he gets it well, and there will not be much harm in the angler's looking principally to his footing for a few seconds. You can't throw those very large flies with the wind in your back, but the cotmen, particularly as the angling is carried on in the middle of the river, will place you in the best positions."

"When (in the fishing phrase) you '*rise*' a salmon, should he miss the fly, observe how he comes to it; if he shows himself well and eagerly, you may almost depend on hooking him; but don't throw over him for a few seconds, let the fly go deeply and slowly by him at first; you may then shake your hand a little, but observe that after rising he may fall down a yard or so, in which case, you must lengthen your line a little, or fall down a step; if he should not then take, let him alone for about five minutes, and change your fly to one of a smaller size, and not so gaudy as the one you commenced with; try him again, but do not dog him; three or four casts will determine whether he will take or not."

"If the river is narrow, and you can get over to the off side, throw from thence, so that the fly may come over him the reverse way to that he first observed, and it is ten to one he will then have you. I have witnessed the most decided success from this method, both in my own case and in that of others with whom I have angled, and who have tried this practice."

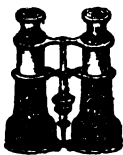
"If all fails at that time, and you purpose returning to where you had risen him, which may not be much out of your way, let him alone, till, in the common phrase, the *sun goes back of him*, for in the early spring, 'tis full time to commence at ten A.M., and from two to four or five P.M., is certainly the best part of the day. When the season advances, early and late tell best, often till quite duskish in May or June."

(To be concluded in our next.)

# ADVERTISEMENTS.

**THE NAUTILUS LIFE-PRESERVER**  
and **SWIMMING BELT**.—No Lady or Gentleman should cross the water or go to the seaside without obtaining this small, simple, and valuable apparatus, unsurpassed for buoyancy, portability, and efficiency, and approved by the Admiralty, and all nautical and scientific men. The Nautilus may be procured, of any size or quality, at the Office of the Company, 12, Wellington-street, Strand.

**THE NEW RACE GLASS**, to be had only of the inventor, **THOMAS HARRIS and SON**, Opticians, No. 52, opposite the entrance to the British Museum, London. The extraordinary magnifying power of this glass, with its approved adjustment, made to suit all sights, enables the possessor to keep the horses distinctly in view, the entire course, from "the start to the coming in." Caution: No. 52, opposite the British Museum, London, is T. HARRIS and SON. Established 70 years.—To prevent mistaking the house, notice the name, *Thomas Harris and Son*, and the number (52) is laid in *Mosaic pavement* in the footway contiguous to their shop.



**TO THE LOVERS OF ANGLING.**—**J. K. FARLOW**, 5, Crooked-lane, London-bridge, being the actual manufacturer of Rods, Flies, Tackle, &c., is enabled to offer to his brother Anglers, the following low list of prices: four joint hickory fly rods, 10s.; four joint best hickory fly rods, two parts, partition bag, double breasted socket, spear, &c., &c., 21s.; three joint walking stick rods, 3s. 6d.; best hickory or cane punt rods, two tops, 10s.; the best town made taper fly line, twenty yards, 3s.; thirty yards, 4s. 6d.; thirty yards patent eight plat, 3s. 6d.; the best trout flies on Lime-riek hooks, dressed on the premises, 2s. per dozen; winches from 1s. 6d.; fly hooks from 9d.; best gut hooks 1s. per dozen; best gut lines 2d. and 3d. a yard.  
Lists of prices forwarded on application; country and export orders executed on the shortest notice; old netting for preserving fruit trees from frost, blight, and birds, or as a fence for fowls and pigeons, and can be had in any quantity at 3d. the yard, two yards wide, or 1½d. the square yard; the above netting being tanned, will stand exposure to the weather.—Observe the address, 5, Crooked-lane, London Bridge.

**BROTHER ANGLERS.**—**HUTCHINSON and SMITH**, 67, Wood Street, Cheapside, beg leave to offer to their Brethren of the Angle their unique Basket Seats, being light, commodious, useful, and a sure prevention against damp. Also their novel Glass Roach Floats, 6d. each, hermetically sealed; balance handle fly rods, 21s., warranted; cane roach rods, trolling rods, winches, lines, floats, cans, hooks, nets, and every article in the above line at the lowest prices, and best quality. Live and all other kinds of baits always fresh.  
Gentlemen supplied with every information of any fishing water within 20 miles of London.—Observe, 67, Wood-street, Cheapside.

**OKEY'S ST. LEGER SWEEPS ARE NOW OPEN.**  
Three classes of Leger Sweeps divided as follows:—  
First. Second. Third.  
97 at £2 2.... £112 0.... £34 0.... 10 0  
97 at 1 1.... 56 0.... 12 0.... 5 0  
97 at 10 6.... 30 0.... 6 0.... 0 0  
Each starter, £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.  
N.B. The prizes go with the Stakes. Disqualified horses not drawn. Post Office Orders to Mr. N. F. Okey, Hero of Waterloo Inn, Waterloo Road, London, will be duly attended to.

**BATHE'S ST. LEGER SWEEPS, Green Dragon, Fleet-Street.**  
Subs. 1st Prize. 2d. 3d. Starters  
97 at 40s.... £120 0.... £50 0.... £15 0.... £9 0  
97 at 20s.... 60 0.... 20 0.... 10 0.... 7 0  
97 at 5s.... 12 0.... 8 0.... 4 0.... 1 0 0  
Great Yorkshire Handicap.  
1st horse. 2nd. 3rd.  
26 at 20s.... £16 0.... £7 0.... £3 0  
26 at 10s.... 8 0.... 3 0.... 1 10  
26 at 5s.... 3 10.... 2 0.... 1 0  
5s. St Leger drawn on Monday next.  
All money divided, less 5 per cent.—Post Office orders, payable to Mr. John Bathe, will be punctually attended to.—Drawing night, Monday and Thursday.—Money paid as judge places.

**TURPIN'S ST. LEGER SWEEPS, Old Essex Serpent, No. 6, King-street, Covent Garden.**  
1st horse. 2nd. 3rd. Starters.  
98 at 45s. 0d.... £110 0.... £40 0.... £25 0.... £30 0  
98 at 25s. 0d.... 70 0.... 25 0.... 12 0.... 10 0  
98 at 12s. 6d.... 35 0.... 12 10.... 6 0.... 5 0  
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The above sums paid less five per cent.  
WM. WRIGHT, Secretary.  
All horses disqualified previous to the draw will be omitted, and the number of chances less than the above will be deducted from the Starting Money.  
21s., 12s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 3s. sweeps for the Great Yorkshire Handicap.  
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**SHOOTING, FISHING, and DEER STALKING KNIVES.**—**J. B. DURHAM**, manufacturing outler, respectfully invites the attention of sportsmen to his immense stock, which includes all the newest patterns and latest improvements, and all warranted of the best quality. Knives of every description made to order on the shortest notice. Old knives, &c., polished and repaired. 261, Regent-street, near the Polytechnic Institution.

**T. PARISH**, of the White Horse, Fan-street, Aldersgate-street, has the following Sweeps open:—  
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1st prize. 2nd. 3rd. Starters.  
97 at 2s. 6d.... £7 10.... £2 0.... £1 0.... £1 10  
**LEAMINGTON STAKES.**  
1st prize. 2nd.  
14 at 2s. 6d.... £1 5.... 10s.  
**YORKSHIRE HANDICAP.**  
1st prize. 2nd. 3rd.  
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To be drawn on Thursday next. Prizes paid as the judge places, 5 per cent less.  
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This Medicine should be taken previous to persons entering into the Matrimonial State, to prevent the offspring suffering from the former imprudence of its parents, or inheriting any seeds of disease, which is too frequently the case. Sold in Bottles, price 4s. 6d. and 11s. each, or the quantity of 4 in one Family Bottle for 33s., by which one 11s. Bottle is saved.

The 5s. Cases may be had as usual.  
**BRODIE'S PURIFYING VEGETABLE PILLS** are universally acknowledged to be the best and surest remedy for the cure of the Venereal Disease in both sexes, including Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Secondary Symptoms, Strictures, Seminal Weakness, Deficiency, and all Diseases of the Urinary Passages, without loss of time, confinement, or hindrance from business.  
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Messrs. BRODIE and Co., Surgeons, may be consulted daily from Eleven o'clock in the Morning, till Eight in the Evening, and on Sundays from Eleven o'clock till Two.

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The Earl of Aldborough cured of a Liver and Stomach Complaint.

Extract of a Letter from the Earl of Aldborough, dated Villa Messina, Leghorn, 21st Feb., 1845.  
To Professor HOLLOWAY.—  
SIR—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thanking you before this time, for your politeness in sending me your Pills as you did. I now take this opportunity of sending you an order for the amount, and, at the same time, to add that your Pills have effected a cure of a disorder in my liver and stomach, which all the most eminent of the Faculty at home, and all over the Continent, had not been able to effect; nay, not even the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad. I wish to have another Box and a Pot of Ointment, in case any of my family should ever require either.  
Your most obliged and obedient servant,  
(Signed) ALDBOROUGH.

A Wonderful Cure of Dropsy of Five Years' standing. Copy of a Letter from Mr. Thomas Taylor, Chemist, Stock-ton, Durham, 17th April, 1845.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.  
SIR—I think it my duty to inform you that Mrs. Clough, wife of Mr. John Clough, a respectable farmer of Aukham, within four miles of this place, had been suffering from Dropsy for five years, and had had the best medical advice without receiving any relief. Hearing of your Pills and Ointment, she used them with such surprising benefit, that, in fact, she has now given them up, being so well and quite able to attend to her household duties as formerly, which she never expected to do again. I had almost forgotten to state that she was given up by the Faculty as incurable. When she used to get up in the morning, it was impossible to discover a feature in her face, being in such a fearful state. This cure is entirely by the use of your medicines.  
I am, Sir, yours, &c., &c.,  
(Signed) THOMAS TAYLOR.

These truly invaluable Pills can be obtained at the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, near Temple Bar, London, and at most respectable Vendors of Medicines throughout the CIVILIZED WORLD, at the following prices:—1s. 1½d. 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.  
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**PERRY'S PURIFYING SPECIFIC PILLS**, price 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 11s. per box, are the most effectual remedy for Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Strictures, Inflammation, Irritation of the Bladder, &c., without hindrance to business.

Consultation-fee, if by letter, £1. A minute detail of cases is necessary.

Messrs. Perry are in daily attendance, for Consultation, at their residence, 19, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, from 9 till 11, and 5 till 8. On Sundays, from 10 till 12. One personal visit only is necessary to effect a permanent cure.

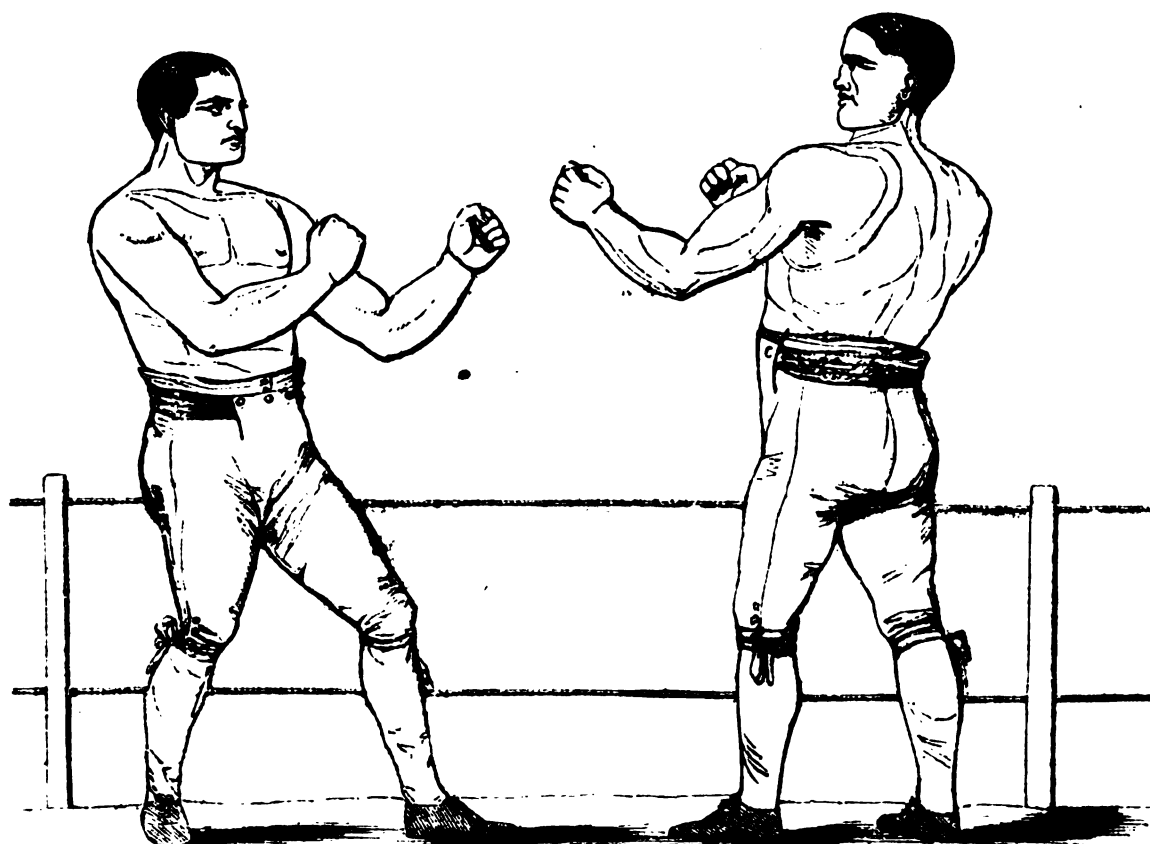
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# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 18. FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPT. 20, 1845. THREE HALFPENCE.

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CAUNT AND BENDIGO.

The great Pugilistic Contest for 400 guineas and the Championship, at Sutfield-green, Northamptonshire, Sept. 9, 1845.

## THE GAMECOCK

SECTION I.—(Continued from page 312.)

### BREEDING.

**T**HE eggs you intend to set from must not be saved too early, nor from hens that have not been with your brood cocks from the beginning, or you may fall into errors which it will take a long time to correct; and although a few eggs may partake of the stamp of another cock, those few may be of incalculable mischief, and engraft a blood every way so different from that of the cock you desire that in the course of fighting you will find cocks so very good and so very bad that, supposing them bred alike when they are not, you are utterly at a loss what steps to take to remedy the evil. This circumstance, and another equally if not more dangerous (the unwarrantable practice of changing the eggs), every Fancier who has been in the habit of long breeding, has experienced. To obviate such errors, so as not to admit of a doubt (at least as far as human foresight can insure us) have them so early together as may in

that respect totally exclude the idea:—even with this precaution, I would not save the few first eggs, nor the last.

It is not in the compass of practice to avoid every particular inconvenience that arises in breeding, or I could wish that every hen could lay distinctly—that the eggs might be marked differently, and of course hatched under separate hens: for every sister may not enjoy an equal share of good health. In this particular, how requisite it is, that the person employed or engaged in the pursuit should have a knowledge of those deviations of health to which these birds are subject in order that they may be detected as early as possible. It does not always fall to the lot of those whose province it is to superintend them, to discriminate to that extent; but the many inconveniences and errors attendant on this pursuit, should point out the necessity of their being possessed of such qualifications. A single day should not pass without seeing the general brood, and the utmost attention paid to every minutiae to prevent the errors committed by neglect; and more particularly so, when experience some default, notwithstanding our utmost care, it behoves us to exert our best endeavours to bring them to the feeder, in whom we confide, as unexceptionable as possible.

'Tis doubtless an absurd opinion to think any breed incestuous that springs from the brute creation, and of course we have bred from father and daughter, mother and son, or from brother and sister, which is termed full-blood. I have also known the brood excellent where the brood-cock and hens are got by the same cock, but out of a different hen. Though I most approve of the former, the hen's strain being generally allowed to be superior and more certain than the cock's. If your brood places are at a distance from your house or place where you mean your old game hens to sit, great care should be taken that your eggs in being conveyed away, are not cracked or shaken, but compact and firm for carriage. As eggs are best marked when gathered, always on these occasions provide yourself with pen and red ink, and mark each egg with some character known to yourself, with the day of the month: for, as you may not always have broody hens ready, this method will point out to you to set or destroy them according to the time they may have been on hand. I have generally kept mine in sweet bran: their own weight imbeds them and prevents their contact: cause them to be turned every two days—for by lying too long in one position, the yolks will frequently decay, and destroy the prolific power. It frequently happens that some eggs are smaller than others, and ill-formed—they therefore should be rejected; for all misshaped eggs will produce defective birds. From intense observation I have generally found that the round egg produced the female, and those of the oblong the male bird. If too many eggs are set under the hen so as to be exposed to the chilling cold or too intense heat, either extreme impairs the vital power, and the embryo will prove deficient. Nature prompts these creatures to turn their eggs during incubation; equally necessary is its being done previous to their being set.

When provided with a sufficient number of old game hens to sit, on no account be prevailed on to use any other. Old hens are always more steady in sitting than pullets, are more industrious and attached to their brood, and not half so prone to quit their brood at too early a period. Their places for sitting should be private, free from annoyance, and ought to be as little ruffled as possible, save more immediately to see that they are not laid to, as well as to observe that she has not deserted them:—to give them every chance of secure retirement, they should be little liable to intrusion. It has been recommended to supply them with food, &c. near them. Whatever is most natural I should think most conducive to their health, and therefore have suffered them to come off to enjoy good water with feed at a certain place, that they may not be too long absent from their eggs, with any other enjoyment they are in search after.

It is a good and regular method to chalk over the place where they sit the day they should hatch, and of course draw your attention to see that the eggs are perfectly right as to number, mark, &c.—and to remove the chipped envelope, as well as the chickens which are hatched, until the whole are at hand. You will then return them to the hen in such place as you may have for the purpose (boarded floors are best) where they remain as to time according to the clemency of the season, and the strength of the chickens. Let their feed be:—

Macerated eggs that have been boiled hard;  
Crumbs of white bread;  
Lettuce leaves, well mixed with an addition of meadow ants;  
The maggots from grains, kept for the purpose;  
Shelled steeped oats;  
Small wheat;  
Curds, with new milk;  
Bread toasted, steeped in chamber-lye;

as they are fond of variety. Let their food be given frequently, in small quantities, and accommodate them with small heaps of dry earth or fine sand in the room.

You will observe never to carry them abroad until the dew is entirely off the grass, every kind of humidity being hurtful; and you will return them before sun-set.

As more hatches than one may be in the same place, [never delay marking them when brought into the room with some one of the marks usually put upon them (perhaps those upon the nostril and eye are the most injurious) in order to discriminate their sorts as well as to enter them in the manner set forth in the book for the purpose, previous to your leaving the room. If you have plenty of range in your department, a great many chickens may be kept until such time as the hens may leave them. A distribution of your cockerils claims your serious attention, so much so that one half of your early birds may be preserved until such time as they are to occupy their allotted walks. The mode I have pursued to accomplish this desired end is, to select as many early cockerils, as nearly of an age as they present themselves, and turn them down in some secure retreat, under the guidance and authority of a two-year-old cock, with one hen. Here they may remain without a probability of their becoming rebellious or self-contentious until November, when it may be right to do away the old cock and his mate, and suffer them to enjoy an uncontrolled retirement until a proper disposal offers. No other mode that I could possibly devise has offered me so much security as this, and what I should strongly recommend. Others you may dispose of in such far n-yards, where interest is most predominant, and there remain a proper season until their removal. Frequent visits are in this department necessary to watch their growth and well-doing—and at a proper time to make choice of those whose shape and perfection promise

to reward your future care. Those that are not the objects of your choice, see them properly disposed of, in order to prevent an improper use.

Previous to their going to master-walks have them up for twelve or fourteen days, that you may cut their comb and wattles; and handle them with gentleness and every encouraging demeanour. Let them go proudly out of hand, and touch them lightly behind to bring them to the front of the pen: this will feed their pride, inure them to the crow of others, and they come to with more alacrity and pleasantness to be fed and with more facility than cocks unaccustomed thereto; and from this necessary attention few or any are liable to shy.

Let your pens be well aired, the fastenings properly secured, the perches arranged, the straw sweet and not damp, and every morning shook from their filth. Before you send them out number your pens from number one to the number you have up, with the person's name they are to go to; and having your book ready enter them as directed, being particular as to their marks and colours, with any other natural mark they may have, and ticket your bags according to the pens, when sent. A regularity of this kind will save much trouble.

Your utmost care and attention must be exerted to procure good walks, for half-bred fowls in a well-furnished walk will beat the best game when starved or pined; and hand-strewed walks generally bring on an inactive sloth. To send fine stags that have enjoyed every indulgence to bad walks, is one of the most flagrant errors a breeder can commit, and it is undoing all you have done before. Cocks, from so sudden a deviation, experience a change in their system, and it checks their growth—frequently a gradual decline ensues. Therefore the procuring good walks is absolutely necessary and conducive to the well-doing and constitution of your cocks. All town-walks, except here and there a few, are not worth having, and there are few in villages where towns are near to each other, but may be ranked in the same class. The best are those whose situations are distant, and where plenty of corn and water abound. Grass walks with corn are to be preferred to clay-bound fields, the latter defacing their glossy plumes. Where a great number of walks are wanted, the practice of running stags with cocks is unavoidable, and with some to a late period; even if he fights a long main early in the spring he may fall short of the whole of his stags being got off, and of course many are sacrificed. If you have much yard-room, or two yards belonging the same dwelling, let the younger brood be accustomed to occupy the one, with a proper roost distinct from the other, seldom interfering with the older branch. Gentlemen who command any number of walks, have infinitely the advantage of those whose walks are few and limited; the advantages over the latter are pre-eminently great, for many are so beautifully situated that even the crow or the sight of a cock seldom come across them; they are neither fretted nor teased, which even causes them to lose much of their flesh, and destroys that martial fire and spirit, when so habituated, added to the annoyance of stags—that when exhibited upon the pit, his raging pride is so far abated it frequently makes him tardy and slow to action.

Those who fight for considerable sums cannot be too scrutinizing in the choice of their stags, when they are to be sent out to clear walks, to see that they are in all respects free from ocular imperfections; for the occupying walks with any deficit is not only an increase of expense, but a great disappointment, as it frequently happens for want of such observation, that they are reckoning upon more fine cocks than they are possessed of.

To mention a few of these imperfections may be necessary, although they are generally well known; such as are

Flat sided, and then generally deep keel-d,  
Short legged,  
Thin thighs,  
Crooked or indented breast,  
Short thin neck,  
Imperfect eye,  
Duck and short footed, and  
Unhealthy.

may be easily seen when up for the purpose of cutting and handling.

Cocks that are well formed and lofty have an amazing advantage over the disproportioned; the latter carrying with them much useless weight. High bearing fowls will always have the odds in their favour over low setting cocks. Cocks when they are justly formed, rise in their fight with more agility and force, are better heelers than those that carry their make equal to the extreme: and your dry heeled cocks are generally of the latter description, the weight being too far from the centre of action, and once overpowered they are always under a cock, that is not alike defective;—their legs are thrown out of the line of the body, and of course are never close hitters.

Cocks that do not bear cone-like shapes, are for the most part wide and straddling in their walk, and as they walk they fly—whereas in the cone-like shape, the legs are more inverted and narrow, and are more terrible in their spur.

(To be continued.)

A Yankee, whose face had been mauled in a pot-house brawl, assured General Jackson, that he had received his scars in battle. "Then," said Old Hickory, "be careful the next time you run away, and don't look back."

## NOTICE I.

\* \* THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, Part IV., for SEPTEMBER, price Sevenpence, in an embellished wrapper, is now ready. The Parts for June and July are also procurable. ALL the back numbers are now in print, and may be had through all booksellers. The Stamped Edition (free by post) price 2½d., must be ordered a week in advance; or per quarter, 3s., (in advance) will secure its transmission to the subscriber's address. In the number of this paper for this week (the Stamped Edition only), will be given a full and faithful report of the GREAT PUGILISTIC CONTEST for the CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND, exclusively by express. To prevent disappointment in the country, all orders must be given before September 10, as the number of Stamps printed will be regulated by the orders.

Office, 42, Holywell-street, Strand, where all communications for the Editor must be addressed.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

ANTONIO PUGNO.—Apply to Alec Reed, at Owen Swift's, or Mr. May, of the Lamb, in Houghton-street, Clare Market, will enlighten you as to getting lessons. Young Sambo (Welsh) is a teacher, or Jenny Shaw, whom you may meet with at Caunt's, in St. Martin's-lane.

PROMICUS.—Much obliged for good intentions: but the paper was made up when your note arrived. Like *Punch*, *Joe Miller*, and *Chambers's Journal*, we supply the wholesale dealers with the unstamped edition of our paper on *Thursday morning*, as many want them to pack for very distant parts, where they are conveyed in heavy parcels with other publications, that do not go post-free. Hence it is necessary to get the type to machine on Wednesday evening, so as to print off a quantity, and in good time, say four o'clock, on that day, as the latest time for any communication to be inserted in the current number. Some of the larger publications, which print immense long numbers, in these respects rule the trade, as it is called, and all others must follow their plan, or "miss parcels," and abide the loss of their late keeping open. The stamped edition is independent of all these embarrassments.

G. W. N.—A HANDICAP is a prize given by an individual, or raised by subscription, for which horses are declared on a certain day on a certain hour, by written information delivered to the Clerk of the course, whose province it is to make out the list and hand it to the Stewards; the weight each horse is to carry in the race is irrevocably fixed by some one appointed by the Steward, and appears in the printed list; horses thus entered and declining the weight appointed them to carry, are of course permitted to be withdrawn without loss. *Sweepstakes* is what its name implies; a race where the winner sweeps all the stakes. *Give and take plates* are for horses fourteen hands high, to carry a stated weight, above or below which seven pounds are to be given or altered for every inch.

A GROOM.—Pond water, from a clayey bottom, is better for the health of horses than running water. Nevertheless, in summer, stagnant water sometimes becomes putrid and nauseous, and consequently injurious. A pond with a moderate running scour is better than a river for grass-eating animals. We will give you an article on *GLANDERS* soon.

A SCOT, Edinburgh.—It is the Gannet, or Solan Goose, of which the fact is related. Sailors sometimes catch them by fixing a fresh herring on a floating plank. The gannet, catching sight of the glittering fish, stoops at it so furiously as to break its own neck.

"ROBERTUS."—"Salt-cat" is a queerly named article used by pigeon-keepers. It is placed on a dish in the middle of the loft, and it is thus compounded:—Lean, sand, old mortar, fresh lime, bay salt, coriander seed, caraway seed, and allspice, mixed into a consistent mass with uric acid. The pigeons peck at this, and are constantly in a good state of health. They are very fond of it, and it also prevents them from pecking the mortar on the roof of the houses, which otherwise they are very much given to.

"FUSILLION."—Lined oil must be used to repel sea water; sweet oil (Florence or olive oil) has not body enough to do it. Yellow soap and warm water, says Hawker, are the best things to clean and restore the colour of gun barrels, stained by the brine.

W. F.—Four mortal times have we explained to correspondents in the *SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE*, that although its Editor is the same as that of the *SPORTING WORLD*, yet its proprietorship is different. The *SPORTING WORLD* was the property, as a business speculation, of its then publishers, Messrs. Dunn and Sweet. On their failure other parties (anxious that the only popular and cheap sporting periodical should not "die and make no sign," clubbed brains and peace to carry it on; with thanks to all subscribers who have supported and recommended us, we are sorry to say that the sporting public has but coldly responded, and labour and money are yet unpaid for to a very large amount. This is not a very bright perspective for those who may try a similar venture. In the last number of the *SPORTING WORLD*, a promise was vicariously made, at the suggestion of the publishers then (though the Editor knew it not, and that to his cost) in *extremis*, to give all purchasers "a sporting plate worthy of a frame." This he, the Editor, supposed they, the publishers, intended: but, "Oh, *World*, thy slippery turns!" next week the proprietors stopped payment, and more than that, when the Editor, with another gentleman, proposed to carry on the paper, they were warned by due legal notice, that the title of the paper being "the property of the said, &c. &c.," they would be called upon to account for all moneys received on account of the said *SPORTING WORLD* for the benefit of the estate. Now, as there were some proceeds, but little or no profits, the Editor at once changed the name. Louis the Fourteenth, when a minister spoke about the "State," replied "L'état c'est moi!" so, when they squabbled about the copyright of the *SPORTING WORLD*, the Editor replied "I am myself the paper," and proved it by declining to edit it for the estate, and on his withdrawal the publication ceased to exist. Does W. F. consider the present proprietors bound to give him sixpence for his three-halfpence under these circumstances?

A HORSEKEEPER.—It is a good time to buy them. With regard to fomentations, you will find elderflowers a very cheap and profitable ingredient; gathered in the height of bloom and properly dried they will keep well throughout the season. They are excellent in strains, bruises, blows, and other injuries; the efficacy of hot and persevering fomentation is only known to those who have experienced its salutary effects.

A. B. C.—Mr. Gully's horses are Weatherbit and Old England; Old England is entered as John Day's. Forth's lot comprises Clear-the-Way, Merry Monarch, Connaught Rasper, and Ould Ireland of the probable starters. C. Peck trains for Major Yarbrough, the major's colours are dark blue, with a red cap.

E. W. S.—The Doncaster course is a round one, of one mile, seven furlongs, and seventy yards. The St. Leger course is much more than a mile and a half; it is one mile, six furlongs, and 182 yards, which is over a mile and three quarters. The New Derby Course at Epsom is exactly a mile and a half.

J. W. Dumfries.—The sire of Voltaire was BLACKLOCK.

C. S., Handsworth.—The list was sent by us to the printer, and by him mislaid. Accidents will happen in the best regulated families.

W. P., Manchester.—We should say J. K. Farlow, of 5, Crooked-lane, is the best to go to; he is not only a first-rate maker, but being a crack angler, is enabled to judge of what you want. Give him a call.

A. FORSTER.—Pressure of matter (as four pages of type are cancelled for the REPORT) must be our apology to yourself and several correspondents.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

SUNDAY, September 14.—SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.—Moscow burnt by the Russians, 1812.

MONDAY, 15th.—CRICKET.—The Gentlemen v. the Players, at Brighton.—Redditch Races. Stockport Races.—Southampton Races.—Northern and Eastern Railway opened, 1840.—Mr. Huskisson killed at the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, 1820.

TUESDAY, 16th.—THE COURSEING Season commences with Abington Meeting.—Doncaster Races.—The materials of the Speaker's house sold in lots, 1843, prior to the improvements near the new houses of parliament; the auctioneer, as the Speaker's deputy, "put the question;" the bidders were the "ayes," and so the "House came to a division."

WEDNESDAY, 17th.—THE GREAT DONCASTER ST. LEGER DAY.—Redditch Fair.—Brecon Races.—London and Birmingham Railway opened throughout, 1820. Siege of Gibraltar ended, 1782.

THURSDAY, 18th.—Canterbury Races.—Hastings Races.—Whitby Regatta.—A quantity of half-farthings issued, 1844. Tom Duncombe congratulates Joe Hume and the Dean of Westminster that charity is at length made easy to the meanest capacity.

FRIDAY, 19th.—Worcester Fair.—Abingdon Fair.—Madame Laffarge found guilty of poisoning her husband; "with extenuating circumstances," says the French jury, and a "jolly young barrister," as *Punch* would call him, declares in open court that if they'll let her out he'll marry her! That was the way to make a *grande sensation*, and perhaps to get brief.

SATURDAY, 20th.—Dolgelly Fair.—The Fortifications round Paris begun, 1840.

## THE MOON IN SEPTEMBER.

New Moon, 1st	...	...	...	...	9 34 aft.
First Quarter, 9th	...	...	...	...	5 25 morn.
Full Moon, 18th	...	...	...	...	10 13 morn.
Last Quarter, 23rd	...	...	...	...	10 25 aft.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK

High water at London Bridge.

		morn.		aft.				morn.		aft.		
Sunday, Sept. 14th	...	0	14	0	42	Thursday, 18th...	...	...	3	16	3	36
Monday, 15th	...	1	7	1	23	Friday, 19th	...	...	3	54	4	13
Tuesday, 16th	...	1	56	2	15	Saturday 20th	...	...	4	31	4	48
Wednesday, 17th...	...	2	37	2	56				—			

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 20, 1845.

## THE "BULLS" AND "BEARS" OF THE SPORTING WORLD.

EVER since there was an interest to be served and a profit to be made of sporting matters, have these two classes of speculators, rumour-dispersers, and "Sir Oracles," been existent, lively, and flourishing. Like their namesakes of the Stock Exchange, the Sporting "Bulls" and "Bears" are active, loose-tongued knaves, whose business it is to decry or to praise-up, to debase or to exalt, the subject matter of their hopes, desires, fears, or wishes. Their vocation, however, generally lies in "alarming."

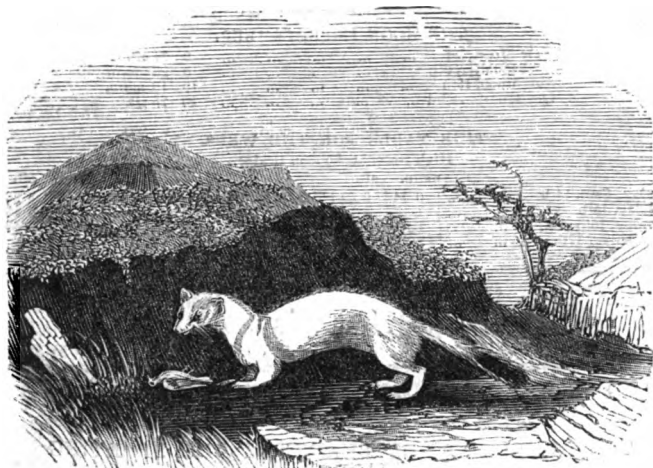
No race is run, no fight comes off, but these gentry have a "finger in the pie:" at one time they puff off a particular man or horse, and by dint of strong assertion and the assumption of exclusive knowledge, they raise him or it in the market, and within some narrow sphere of their own influence if they do not command the betting. Their vocation is a combination of the hypocrite and the false swearer, and they are necessarily shunned by the better informed section of the sporting world, except those who seek to profit by them. At the race, the regatta, the coursing meeting, the cockpit and the prize fight, are these "bulls" and "bears" to be found, and dearly must that man pay who puts his confidence in these knaves. They are of all ranks too; from the "bull" dressed in broadcloth and fine linen and faring sumptuously every day, down to the ragged oracle of the taproom. Some "bulls" and "bears" of the turf possess a honeyed tongue and a gentlemanly demeanour; others are the antitheses of these, being bullies and ignoramuses, yet each labours in his vocation. In the times of the Second and Third George, a gentleman could be known by his coat, there is now no such distinction in dress, and the stranger or the uninitiated would do well, when he finds any man in a mixed company more than usually knowing upon subjects on which the public at large are not only uninformed, but which an individual can only know by surreptitious, underhand, dishonest, or confidential means—to distrust, avoid and despise him. These are the professional "bulls" and "bears," or what is as bad, mere *touters*: there is another class, however, extremely rife in these days of Derby, Leger, and all other sorts of "Sweeps." We mean the "amateur" "bulls" and "bears." These generally are a set of conceited, uneducated, overweening fellows, swell tradesmen, natty bagmen, clerks in warehouses and the like, whose narrow education enabling them to commit to memory the names of the leading turfmen, the nominations for the great races, and a few trifling turf-minutiae, become a sort of tavern oracles, and sporting "bores" (in this case the e may well be changed). This animal is a dreadful infiction, and unfortunately the breed is sadly increasing. Crammed with a catalogue of names of horses, he looks down with pity on every man or mixed company who knoweth not, and pleads guilty to his ignorance of the "market prices" of all the favourites, and every, even the most recent fluctuation in the betting at "Tatt's" as he terms it, or Manchester.



Speak upon any subject under the sun, any topic of general interest, and he exhibits his "book" learning on the forthcoming great race. These "singlestring" talkers are really becoming a public nuisance. The other night we dropped in to a place where we were wont to hear social converse; but lo, the Sporting Oracle was on his legs and we were fain to depart. These gentry can always "put their finger on the horse," but somehow they seldom do. They lose their money and disappear from the society they have infested only to make room for another bore. A word to these gentry—they are mighty in their own opinion; let one or two of them look out, for

"A chiel's among ye takin' notes,  
And faith he'll print it."

### THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SPORTING.



THE STOAT.

This animal, which is as agile and mischievous as the weasel in pursuit and destruction of the hare, and all other sorts of game, poultry, and eggs, has, from its habits and the small difference in shape from the weasel, been often described under the same denomination. Its height is about two inches; the tail five and a half, very hairy, and at the points tipped with black; the edges of the ears and ends of the toes are of a yellowish white; in other respects, it perfectly resembles the weasel in colour and form. In the most northern parts of Europe, the stoat regularly changes its colour in winter, and becomes perfectly white, except the end of the tail, which remains invariably black. It is then called the ermine: the fur is valuable, and sold in the country where caught, from two to three pounds sterling per hundred. The animal is either taken in traps, made of two flat stones, or shot with blunt arrows.

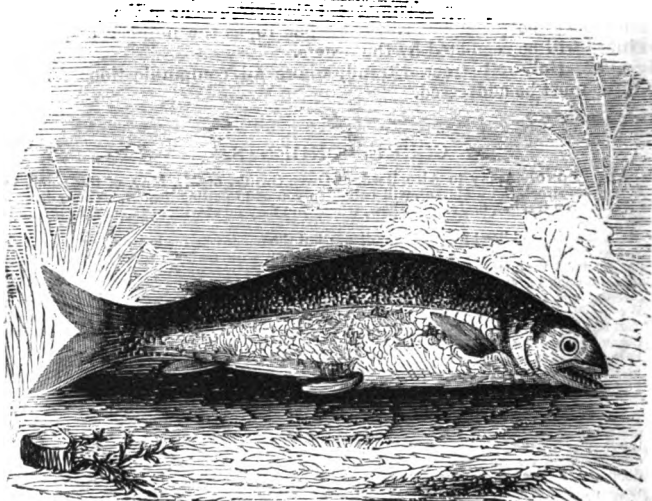
The stoat is sometimes found white during the winter season in Great Britain, and is then commonly called the white weasel. Its fur, however, having neither the thickness, the closeness, nor the whiteness, of those which come from Siberia, is, with us, of little value.

To destroy these worst of all four-footed vermin to game in its infant state, the following mode is recommended:—Provide small square-made steel traps, with a small chain and iron peg to fix them down; get two drachms of musk, shoot some small birds, and dip the tail of these birds in the musk; tie one on the plate of each trap, and net in the hedges, or where it is suspected they frequent: this will soon reduce the number, should it be ever so considerable: if it so happen, that no musk is immediately to be got, the trap must be baited with a bit of rabbit; and it should be remembered that this bait cannot be too stale.

Some time since, as Mr. Clarke, of Horndean, was going a few miles on foot, in the forest of Bere, to visit a friend, he observed a hare come into the green road before him, which seemed to be listening, and looking back for something which pursued her. He stood still, and hearing no dog, was curious to discover the cause of her alarm, when, to his great surprise, he discovered the object of it to be a small yellow red and white stoat, which hunted her footsteps with the utmost precision. He, wishing to know if so diminutive an animal could have a chance of coping with the great speed of the hare, retreated to a holm-bush hard by, where he was an attentive observer of this silent hunt for near two hours, during which he is certain to have seen both hare and stoat at least forty times. They were frequently gone for five or ten minutes; but the hare, still unwilling to leave the place where she was found, came round again, and her little pursuer sometimes close at her heels. Towards the end of this remarkable chase, which became uncommonly interesting, the hare took advantage of the thickest covert the place afforded, and made use of all her cunning and strength to escape, but without effect; till at length, wearied out by the perseverance of the stoat, Mr. C. heard her cry for some time.

At last, the cries coming from one point, he concluded she was become the victim of the chase; on which he went to the spot, where he found the hare quite dead, and the stoat so intently fastened on her neck, as not to perceive his approach. The stoat, in its turn, now fell a victim to Mr. Clarke's stick, after which, he proceeded with both hare and stoat, to the house of his friend.

### THE FISHER'S CREEL.



THE SALMON TROUT.

**P**RESSURE of matter having this week disarranged our columns we shall be brief upon this beautiful variety of the speckled trout as the "posy of a ring."

As may be gathered from the print he is handsome in his form, and is thicker and rounder than the salmon. Add to this that he is splendidly adorned, his scales are small and beautifully spotted on both sides the lateral line and on the gill covers, the fins are strong, the tail shorter and less forked than that of the salmon. The flesh of the salmon-trout is exceedingly rich, and in some counties esteemed superior to any fish of the salmon kind. From two to six pounds weight is their general run, though they are occasionally taken larger. They are often hooked while fishing for salmon or larger trout, their haunts being similar. Early in spring they enter the rivers, are in prime season from the end of April to July, and spawn chiefly in September. The period varies, however, in different waters. The rod for the salmon trout should be similar to that for the salmon, the reel line strong, three yards of fine-twisted silk worm gut for a foot-length or the strongest single with the knots well whipped.—In this brief notice of the salmon trout, we beg to append a letter of an epicurean correspondent, who has chosen the signature of *ICHTHOPHAGUS*.

(The letter next week.)

**SAM SLICK HOOKING LUCY'S GOWN.** "Well, just as I was ready to start away, down comes Lucy to the keepin' room, with both arms behind her head a fixin' of the hooks and eyes. 'Man alive,' says she, 'are you here yet, I through you was off gunnin' an hour ago; who'd a thought you was here?' 'Gunnin'?' says I, 'Lucy, my gunnin' is over, I shan't go no more now, I shall go home; I agree with you; shiverin' alone under a wet bush for hours is no fun; but if Lucy was there—' 'Get out,' says she, 'don't talk nonsense, Sam, and just fasten the other hook and eye of my frock, will you?' She turned round her back to me. Well, I took the hook in one hand and the eye in the other; but arth and seas! my eyes fairly snapped again; I never see such a neck since I was raised. It sprung right out o' the breast and shoulder, full round, and then tapered up to the head like a swan's, and the complexion would beat the most delicate white and red rose that ever was seen. Lick, it made me all eyes! I jist stood stock still, I couldn't move a finger if I was to die for it. 'What ails you, Sam,' says she, 'that you don't hook it?' 'Why,' says I, 'Lucy dear, my fingers is all thumbs, that's a fact, I can't handle such little things as fast as you can.' 'Well, come,' says she, 'make haste; that's a dear, mother well be a comin' directly;' and at last I shut too both my eyes, and fastened it: and when I had done, says I, 'There is one thing must I say, Lucy.' 'What's that?' says she. 'That you may stump all Connecticut to show such an angeliforous neck as you have—I never saw the beat of it in all my born days—it's the most—' 'And you may stump the State, too,' says she, 'to produce such another bold, forrad, impudent, onmannerly tongue as you have—so there now—so get along with you.'

# THE GRAND TOURNEY FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND, THE BELT, AND £200 ASIDE,

AT

LUFFIELD GREEN, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, ON TUESDAY, SEPT. 9, 1845.

[Specially Reported for the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE.]



HE combat, the haps and mishaps, chances and contingencies, merri-ments and misfortunes, frolic, fun, and fighting of which it is now our province to record, stands, as penny-a-liners would say, "unmatched in modern times" for the interests involved and the general excitement it has created in circles beyond those usually and exclusively termed "Sporting." This may be referrible to several distinguishing features which occasioned this mill to stand alone, and lent it an attraction beyond the everyday combats of ordinary pugilists. Although we must say, ere we enter on the details, that we have seen better fights by second-rate millers, yet the disparity of the men, their known rivalry, the distinctive character of their styles of fighting, the honour as well as profit at stake, and their numerous partisans in London, Birmingham, Leeds, Nottingham, Derby, Manchester, &c., made this one of the most interesting combats since the days of Tom Johnson and Petrus, and Big Ben, to whom the men in nature and personal qualifications presented several points of similarity.

In the thirteenth number of this periodical we gave the several fights of the antagonists, and as space is valuable we shall not here repeat the details; suffice it to say, that this was the third meeting of the belligerents, and if we may judge from several conferences with the parties themselves, their former meetings had by no means enhanced their good opinion of each other. Caunt appeared more than confident, he booked winning as a dead certainty, and prided himself hugely on the improvement he had made. He insisted on it that he was a mere novice, a yokel, in his former conflicts with the "renowned Bendy," and declared that he could not lose, and would not be trifled with as he had hitherto been. That the burly champion is a "good plucked one," and that his giant strength is seconded by invincible courage, no man who has seen him fight can deny; but that his skill, temper, and judgment are on a par with his physical gifts, no one can contend without damaging their reputation for judgment in matters pugilistic. But we quit this discussion and hasten to the mill.

The word was given, (and pretty well published too) that Newport Pagnell, Bucks, situate some four miles from the Wolverton station of the London and Birmingham Railway, was to be the rendezvous; and thither on Monday evening did some hundreds of the cognoscenti repair by the six o'clock train: that at half past eight brought its share of reinforcements; and about eleven, we were sipping our cocoa 'neath the lustrous light of a pair of splendid black eyes reflected from that staple commodity of a railway station, a large white-metal urn—for to look at the eyes themselves without this medium would be utterly beyond our philosophy. Refreshed, we started on a superannuated stage-coach, whose creaking wheels, rattling axles, and unmusical shrieks, as each successive passenger climbed to its dusty roof, gave ominous warning of a dissolution of its crazy members. "Fortune favours the brave," and by the separate efforts of two blind uns and a bolter, driven unicorn fashion, who displayed an agreeable diversity of opinion by never leaning against collar at the same time, we, by about half past twelve, achieved the up and down hill distance, and found ourselves snugly ensconced in the coffee-room of the Swan Inn, Newport Pagnell, blowing a choice Havannah, and sipping our cold without, amid a set of choice spirits, whose phisigs recalled the "days of auld lang syne." Jem Ward, the once clever Black Diamond, was there, active, pleasant, and amusing; he had left Liverpool and the York Hotel to take care of each other, and had come among the beauties of Bucks—and some beauties of Bucks there were—to look on and keep order at the approaching "passage of arms." There too, was my rattling, roasting, roaring, host of the Queen's Head and of Fulham Fields, the chaffing Jem Burn, lively as a young elephant, frisky as a kitten, and as full of fur. The Rising Sun too, had lost its light, for the conqueror of Hannan and of Bumparee, the youthful-looking Johnny Broome was there, choke-full of oratory, and certainly making out a strong case against the "Prophet" of the Era, until the good feeling of the company properly repressed his specification, as the much-canvassed Vates was absent. But when the liquor is in the wit's not at home, and although no man present would suspect Broome of being guilty of the offence so slanderously imputed to him by some obscure scribbler (for we are sure the Editor is not the man to prostitute his talent to such purposes) from "the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and we drop this unpleasant subject. Swift, the Wonder, Alec Reed, and that's no wonder, showed a head; "our fat friend" of twenty-stone, and a pen ditto of eight; swells of the first water, coves at low water in the cly, patricians, playmen, pubes, and patrons of the good old art of self-defence of every class, made up the noisy assemblage. Beds were at a premium, farm-chairs advanced to the dignity of four posters, and sofas carried double; two thousand were to make shift with accommodation for two hundred, and the state of the town, with scores of peripatetics who preferred promenading the street

in a splendid starlight night, to stifting in a steam of cookery, bad tobacco, and reeking, liquors, kept the place alive till

The morn in russet mantle clad  
Walked o'er the dew of the high eastern hill,

safron-robed Aurora oped the gates of day,

And from the sloping hill descending,  
Strewed the earth with orient pearl.

But who ever got poetical going to a fight? For ourselves we, as old campaigners, felt no inclination to pay gold to be fleabitten, and furnish a feast to Buckinghamshire bugs; so, finding a comfortable carpeted apartment at the Swan, the best inn of the town, wherein mine host proposed and effected the lighting of a roaring fire, we, with a half-score of choice spirits from various quarters of England—not forgetting a most garrulous and rest-disturbing Taffy, who had come down from the Welsh mountains to see the sport,—bivouached with an ample supply of mull and cogniac, and got through the small hours till the assembling multitude in the village street awoke us from a brief dose, and we walked forth to view—not the nakedness, but the fruitfulness of the land. Rumour was rife, but in the sanctum it was announced that retracing the steps of the previous night, and crossing the line of rail, Stoney Stratford would be the fixture, and could Tom Oliver, the commissary, was sent off in that direction. By the first morning train arrived numerous members of the London division—mine host of the Castle, &c. To them the change of venue was announced, by which eight miles were saved, them, and looking to the after proceedings, that was by no means disagreeable. All were now en route; £2 per seat in omnibuses, £1 in chaise-cart with a likely prad, and anything that could be got from a crown to a half sovereign for a coster-monger's timbel, or the inside seat in a cheap funeral company's hearse (we saw one of them on the road with the Tipton Slasher on the box thereof!) may be quoted, as the City Correspondents say, as "the ruling prices." "Kim sup," as the deceased Charles Mathews used to say and sing: "d'ye think I stole yer?" "Git down, yer inhuman wretch, arn't nine enuf for vun donkey?" was about the size of much of the cavalcade, which comprised everything, from the swell barouche with its four posters, down to the hay cart of "Giles Jolter, of Bacon cum-cabbage, in Bookenhamshire." Stratford the Stoney is reached, and from the big stones on the road, which must have given striking and painful proofs of their frequency to the riders on untaxed vehicles minus springs, of which there were not a few, it must have been feelingly manifest that the place was not misnamed.

Leaving the Cock at Stratford, away we rattled along dusty roads, through a splendid country beneath a blazing sun, the fields dotted with stocks of cut corn brown and full, or bowing their waving heads to the sickle of the sweating labourer, by hedgerows ripening their crimson hips and berries beneath an autumnal sun, which might have made the dog days of the present year of our Lord utterly ashamed of themselves. On reaching Whaddon, a parish some seven miles from Stoney Stratford, at a little before ten, the ring was already forming in a beautiful rural spot, most admirably adapted for the assembled multitude. An excellent inner and outer circle were formed, but there was a deficiency of management. Half-past ten came, Old Tom walked about, scratched his grey head, and surveyed his work; where are the inner-ring tickets? No one had the authentic pasteboard, and a congress of rough uns from the hardware village, &c., with some half dozen fellows who never were or will be pugilists, began selling a lot of spurious cards with which they had previously supplied themselves. Two mortal hours beneath a broiling sun did this game go on, still no authentic tickets—this was, to say the best of it, unjust to the more respectable portion of the flaccid body, who anxious for the cause of fair play and good order, were thus deprived of their legitimate profit; and some in self-defence began disposing of pieces of card displaying their own name written thereon: to this strat was old Tom himself reduced. Twelve o'clock came; the sun rode high in heaven, and the half-baked multitude were grumbling loudly, when up rode Broome on a Windsor cob, and announced that "the magistrates had decided that there should be no mill within the hundreds of Newport, Stratford, and Whaddon," and, therefore, "so much for Buckingham!"

Again on the road, and the now familiar Stoney Stratford is once more gorged with pedestrians and horsemen. At the Cock hostelry, where Bendy and Maley were located, the cry was "still they come," and the question of many of the owners was, "how shall we go." Eating and drinking seemed to be taken to naturally, and the Cock was in "high feather," while all the drinkables in the town, from swipes up to sherry, dried up with amazing celerity. For Oxfordshire—or perhaps Northamptonshire—seemed to be now the cry; the ropes and stakes were sent forward to Luffield-green, a locality in the latter county, among the sylvan beauties of a portion of the Forest of Whittlebury, and thither, soon after three, all were on route.

(In, on, through meadows tended like a garden, sylvan slopes, stony and dusty roads, which powdered all oostumes to an undistinguishable white, and made the motley group look all, what many of them were, a company of "millers." The ground is reached, through gates and field roads for the last mile or two. See! there is the ring, and every

moment the surrounding mass of humanity augments by hundreds till the dense crowd contains not less than ten thousand persons. Indeed the "sons of the soil" who swelled the procession, and who stuck to pedestrianizing like good un's, were awfully and unpleasantly numerous. Intermixed with these were all sorts of outsiders—a set of semi-pugilistic roughs, whose presence is at no time so pleasant as their absence. At a little after three, Caunt shied his cap into the roped square, and Bendigo was not slow in answering the defiance with his castor. Caunt was waited on by Jem Wharton (Young Molyneux) and Jem Turner, the trainer, while Nick Ward, the brother of "our Jem," and Johnny Hannan did the attentive to Bendigo. The colours were tied to the centre stake—they [were] dark blue, with white spot, for Bendigo; for Caunt a blue with an orange border and star, with the motto—"Beff Caunt, Champion of England, and Bendigo, 9th Sept., 1845. May the best man win!" Above them was placed the proud insignia of Championship, a black leather belt covered with massive silver plates, emblematically chased and inscribed with Caunt's victories. All seemed now ready; expectation was on tiptoe, the inner ring beaten out, the men's toilet completed, when, behold, all sorts of difficulties arose. One gentleman after another declined the office of referee; a thankless, an onerous, and a trying task. We would here suggest the propriety of the "big wigs" who are the leading and influential men on such occasions, endeavouring to arrange these matters beforehand, so that when the many-headed multitude have taken their places, the men are stripped and ready, and all is anxious expectation—these delays may not occur to exasperate any partisan feeling, prejudice, or desire to avail themselves of any excuse for disturbance which may be rife among the roughs, who always attend such great and interesting mills. From three till a few minutes to four were some ten thousand persons kept on tenter-hooks. No referee could be had, and all sorts of people who had no business to be there, traversed the inner ring, while the hundreds who had paid for the privilege, or assumed it, crept closer and closer, justified, as they insisted, by the bad example of others. The consequence was, that those whose official duties brought them to the ring side, the respectable Editor of *Bell's Life*, and several others, were seriously incommoded by the continual "pressure from without," to which the "House of Lords" was on this occasion subjected by its "most unfaithful Commons." At length, the venerable "Squire" accepted the ungrateful task; a referee was thus obtained,—and at five minutes to four—the choice of corners having been won for Caunt, who, of course, fixed himself with his back to the sun—the men shook hands, and placed themselves in attitude.

## THE FIGHT.

1.—As the men placed themselves in position, we had a better opportunity of judging of their condition. Caunt looked big as a house, strong as a bull, muscular as the Farnese Hercules, and hard as nails. He seemed fit to fight for a man's life. Bendigo, though well proportioned and confident, appeared rather softer and fleshier than we liked for so tough a job and so hot a day. The weight of the men was—Caunt, who had no superfluous meat, 14 stone 5 lbs.; of Bendigo, 13 stone and a bare pound. The height—of Caunt, six feet two inches and a half; of Bendigo, five feet nine and a trifle over. Bendy, however, looked a big man in a small compass, compact and well knit. The round was begun by Caunt displaying too much eagerness for the fray, while his antagonist seemed as quick as a harlequin and as shifty as a shadow; substantial proofs were not long wanting, however, of their both being there in flesh as well as spirit, for they soon got to hard knocks; Caunt letting go his left which Bendigo parried, following it by his right which Bendigo avoided, and then going in like a bull at a gate. Bendy broke ground, evaded his rush, capered a little, feinted once or twice, and at last got home in a merry sort of rally, with a most undeniable smack over the left eye of the big un, which raised a mouse in no time; in some rather wild-tumble-about-maneuvring, the effect of which was not very visible, Bendy again planted on Caunt, from whose face the purple fluid was instantly visible. Bendy was nearly down but up and at it again; both down. The first event decided. "First blood for Bendigo!" and the provincials made the welkin ring with shouts and exclamations.

2.—Some shifting, parrying and manœuvring on the part of Bendigo; "Caunt nothing daunted, forced the fighting: he rushed at his man, delivering with one hand after the other, but out of distance, Bendy propped him once in the nose as he came in: Bendigo slipped down, but started up again, and renewed the round. Caunt's left eye swelled and much discoloured, but he grinned confidently, stepped in, when Bendigo got down craftily. Caunt pointed derisively at Bendigo as he lay on the ground, who laughed in return.

3.—Caunt seemed determined to annihilate his adversary; he rattled in at him as if he meant to make this round the last, but though his steam was up, it blew off without much work done; Bendy ducked his head and caught Caunt a bodier, who repaid with a round crack with the left on Bendy's jaw; the men closed, Bendy went down as easy as he could with Caunt's heavy carcase on him. Caunt laughing.

4.—Caunt's tactics still "forward" he seemed fresh, in good wind, and out and out sprits. He let fly three or four times, but was foiled by his crafty antagonist, rushed in; Bendy went with his bandungas through between the upper and lower ropes, and looked up laughing.

5.—Caunt at him again, determined to make it no laughing matter; Bendigo hit short once or twice, and the Champion's immense arms seemed to cut the air in vain, at last he caught Bendy a rap in the mouth which drew the claret; the latter at once ended the round by getting down upon this receipt, so as to take the sting out of the blow. "Who'll bet even on Bendigo?"

6.—The big un bent on mischief; he grinned like a Cheviot cat, and in he slapped. "D—the repairs!" seemed to be his motto. Bendy broke ground and retreated before his charge, lashing out his right, and once touching him on the body just to check him a little: it was no use, Caunt did not mean to be denied, and Bendigo got down much more cleverly than courageously.

7.—Considering how fast the men had been fighting (or at least jumping about, hugging, and hitting away), as well as the heat of the weather, they seemed both very fresh. Bendy pumpled profusely, but Caunt seemed as hard as a flint. Bendy made several very pretty offers, and Caunt for the first time retreated a little; both got at it, ding dong, Bendigo gave Caunt a regular smother, in the exchanges; Bendy, who seemed already bent upon a long fight, saluted mother earth.

8.—Caunt in a hurry, wouldn't have any delays, at it as soon as at the scratch. Bendy retreated and got on the ropes near the corner; Caunt hesitated a moment, when Bendy, who seemed to be about to go down, sprung up again, and hit Caunt on the neck or shoulder; the big un embraced him, bore him to the ropes, gave him an ugly squeeze against them, and after some vain attempts to fob his man, they both rolled outside them, Bendy undermost.

9.—After a sort of dance round the ring, in which the men changed hands and set corners at all points of the compass, in went Caunt at Bendigo's headrails; the little un bobbed to right and left, nailed the big un once on the mouth, and slipped down from his own blow.

10.—Bendy tried to draw the champion, but it was no go; anxious for an opening he played round him; at last Caunt stepped in, drove him to the ropes, got him in a bruin's hug, and gave him an ugly fall.

11.—A smart little rally, but Caunt wild and ineffective. His intention was mischievous, but he could not carry it out. Bendigo hit open handed. Both rather awkward. Bendy dropped in a round right-hander, received a round left-hander in return, which, to prevent mischief, as usual, he compromised with by going down as soon, or perhaps a little sooner, than it reached him. Caunt's friends crying out at Bendy's style of falling.

12.—Caunt tried his left, missed, then his right, got slightly home; Bendy half down against the ropes and then up again; but finding the big un ready and eager for the fray in an exchange, he closed the round by another downer.

13.—A clumsy weaving sort of affair on the part of Caunt, Bendy shifty, popping at him now and then; a close, Bendy under.

14.—The best round in the fight. Bendy met Caunt, who hit out well and powerfully, but was generally stopped, some ugly raps were given and taken, at length Caunt's left was shot rather round, over Bendigo's head, who ducked to avoid, and as the giant made what the captains of steam-boats call "half a turn a-head," Bendigo dealt Caunt such a tremendous right-hander on his right cheek-bone, that down went the mighty house of the champion in a twinkling. (Half the ten thousand spectators roaring like five times their numbers of bellowing bulls of Bashan; a rush and pressure on the inner ring, which rendered the duties of reporters, umpires, and referees, anything but agreeable. First knockdown for Bendigo, making the second event. Half of his partisans seemed frantic with joy.)

15.—After a storm comes a lull, but Caunt came up as rough and ready as ever; Bendy closed with him, Caunt bore him to the ropes, where he got him in an awkward position, hanging on him and hugging him amid the shouts and yells of the multitude.

16.—Caunt at Bendy right and left, Bendy turned and got away, Caunt could not get near enough to him, and Bendy was under in a sort of roley-poley fall.

17.—Bendy backed to the ropes, an injudicious position which he often took during the fight, a close, a hug, Bendy hit up with some little effect. Both down.

18.—"All round the ring Ben danced after brisk Bendy, All round the ring, but Bendy he said nay,

And if any body axes you the reason why he did it, 'T was because the small un would do nought but hit and get away."

This was about the time o' day, Caunt had a score of raps and taps to settle, but Bendy did not seem to be inclined to an exchange in which he was to receive the difference in hard knocks. Bendy got down somehow in Caunt's corner. No harm done.

19.—Caunt fresh as a young bull, and just as ferocious; Bendy performed hanky-panky, and was down in the hitting.

20.—Caunt hit Bendigo down, and acted with a forbearance which produced some applause, as Bendy hung on the lower rope.

21.—Two or three little rounds rolled into one. Bendigo up and down like a Jack in a box, slipping and skipping; Caunt got close and nailed him on the body with his left, and somewhere at the side of the head, with the right, not, however, without getting a smashing hit on the mouth which cut his lip open. Bendigo down in the corner.

22.—Bendy run down; retreated, hitting out once or twice. Caunt bored him completely through the ropes, Bendigo laughing.

23.—Bendy down in some sort of a fashion. The scene of confusion here became awful; whips, sticks, and flais were in vain flourished. "The Squire" and the writer of this, despite the energetic and praiseworthy efforts of Jem Ward and his namesake Burn, occasionally aided by Spring and Broome—to the last and first named of whom his best thanks are due—were carried by the encroaching tide of people, impelled by those behind, on to the ropes of the ring itself. The scene was terrific; some of the hindmost ruffians, who, it seems, supposed or feared that Bendigo was beaten, rushed recklessly in, and it was only by the most strenuous exertions of the pugilists already named, that they were prevented getting to the ropes and breaking in. This confusion and disorder lasted through the remainder of the fight, with but few and short intermissions.

24.—An appeal to the referee by Spring, as to Bendigo's method of getting down. Bendigo planted on Caunt, and slipped. The referee saw nothing unfair. "Go on!"

25.—Exchanges right and left, Bendigo bent on procrastination as the only chance of reducing his mountainous antagonist to his own weight, got down during the hitting.

26.—Hugging and hanging on the ropes. Caunt hung on him cruelly, and Bendy twisted like an eel till he touched ground undermost.

27.—On coming up it was perfectly clear that, so far as hitting went, Caunt had the lion's share of punishment. His right eye was in mourning, his cheek bone more than naturally protuberant, his lip was split, and his nose somewhat damaged; yet he was as cheerful as a cricket, and as strong as a horse. Bendy still as alert as ever, showed but trifling marks; a little boss over the left eye, and some marks on the neck, and near the angle of the right jaw, from Caunt's left handed visitations, were all that was perceptible. A rally and a roll, wherein Bendigo cleverly turned Caunt over the ropes; and both down ended the round.

28.—A pause. Both had been quite active enough; Caunt at last got tired of shifting, went at his man, received a pop from Bendy's left and in return rattled Bendy, who went down, nothing loth.

29.—A close a struggle on the ropes, and Bendy down with Caunt's stern on his body.

30.—Caunt, in the middle of the ring, a rally took place near the ropes, wild deliveries on both sides, Caunt got half over the ropes, and so down; Bendy stood over him, but did not hit "bravo" from all quarters.

31.—Caunt did not know what fear was; he pushed in, hitting away, and would take no denial. Bendy let go his left, and caught the big un a smack on the face; Caunt bored him down furiously.

32.—Bendigo gave Caunt a job on the nose, and got down cunningly.

33.—Bendigo, sweating awfully, as Caunt strove to embrace him, Bendy got down; a claim of "foul!" on the part of Caunt.

34.—Both down.

35.—Caunt seemed to lose his balance when hitting; he reeled for an instant upon missing a blow; Bendy was at him like lightning, and rolled him over the ropes cleverly, both men falling outside the ring.

36.—Bendigo dropped as if from his own blow. Another appeal: An awful noise, and confusion reigned confounded.

37 to 41.—The same tactics throughout; Bendy grinning at Caunt when he was down, and Caunt nodding his head in acknowledgment of the compliment.

42 to 45.—Caunt still first to fight. The old game again in each round till the last named, when, as Bendigo slipped down, Caunt struck him with his foot, evidently unintentionally, and perhaps carelessly. A loud claim of "foul!" from the Nottingham hero's partisans, but the referee said "Go on!"

46.—Caunt let fly with both hands—a close, and both down. In several rounds Bendigo succeeded in the closes and falls, so as to shift his position; hence Caunt did not seem to gain much by them: indeed, once or twice he decidedly struck earth hard, when his competitor got down softly.

47.—Caunt again forcing the fighting, Bendy seemed almost astonished at his obstinate hurry; the big un went at him like a bull at a gate, a close, and Bendy made himself as small as he possibly could. Bendigo's shoes and his foot were damaged by Caunt's cricket spikes in his soles, which were certainly of improper length.

48.—Some very pretty exchanges. Caunt in first with right, and followed it up with the left, catching Bendy on the head; Bendy retorted by a plunging blow, and was down the head he could.

49.—Caunt, still fresh and eager, hastily stepped in upon Bendy; a close, both down.

50.—Caunt at his man; Bendy jumped in and got down.

51.—A few exchanges, out of distance. The men broke away and looked at each other, neither seemed to form a more favourable opinion from the inspection. Caunt's figurehead was painted and embellished, and Bendy had not escaped quite scot-free; indeed, he had received several awkward visitations to his ribs in the rolls at the ropes—to say nothing of having fourteen stone weight every now and then to assist his going down hill, and as coverlet when he laid on the ground. Caunt wiped his hands, Bendy seemed to have something the matter with his left, in which he held a piece of paper. Having stood a breathing, while they mutually missed hits, closed, and rolled down; Bendy too fond of fighting with his back close to the ropes.

52.—A rally, Bendigo rolled over on the ropes, recovered himself, jumped up and renewed the round; ran after Caunt, who in turn retreated across the ring; Bendigo nailed him somewhere on the upperworks, and both were down, Caunt undermost.

53.—Some posturing and shifting about, not over graceful or scientific on either side; then they got at it, ding dong, hammering away, Caunt his wild and for the first time got down upon Bendigo, hustling him into his corner, jumping at him and hitting. Caunt laughed grimly at Bendy as he sat on the ground, the latter drew back his hand and returned his grimace.

54.—No harm done, both missed and closed, Bendy down on the lower rope touching



the ground, Caunt on him. The ropes of the ring were much loosened, by the pressure upon them, and various persons, the reporters, referee and others, being compelled to stay and support themselves thereby to prevent their being thrust bodily into the ring. As it was, in various falls, Bendigo was bodily borne on to the hat and into the arms of the writer, and the venerable and respected referee, neither of whom could retreat a yard to save themselves.

55.—Time but badly kept. The minute given on this, and one or two other occasions was "as good as bread" to both the men. They had been fighting at a pace though doing but little work, and the good condition of Caunt was proved by the fact, that he seemed but little winded by his exertions; Bendy perspired profusely. Exchanges, a close, a scuffling wrestle, Bendy tried for the crook, got it, and turning Caunt half round, got him undermost. The fall was of no moment, but the Bendy-ites cheered vociferously, and the volume of voice gave pretty good proof they were in a glorious majority.

56.—Bendy caught Caunt a slight slap, then retreated to the ropes, Caunt after him, the big 'un went at him one, two, but Bendy was down cunningly. Caunt pointed contemptuously at him.

57.—Caunt surprisingly fresh and seemingly as strong as ever, several capital exchanges; loud cheers for both men; Bendy down, but no best in the round.

58.—Time! time! all callers, but no markers. Caunt first at the scratch, but Bendy up in a moment after. Of no account, both down.

59.—Bendy retreated to the ropes, and let go his right at the body, Caunt returned on Bendy's ribs, who rolled on the ropes, and as the giant withheld his hand, over anxious not to throw away a chance by hitting his man when down, the latter sprung up, making use of the elasticity of the rope for an impetus, gave Caunt a clever hit with the left, and was down again not very creditably.

60.—Nothing to nobody.

61.—A rattling round, Caunt got up his steam, and Bendigo seemed to mean fighting; went at his man like a trump, serviced him with both hands, and despite his weight and strength got him over the ropes among the spectators; whereas not a few were a little astonished.

62.—Caunt didn't seem to care a rap for anything; he was as fresh as a four-year old, and though his features were by no means improved by his antagonist's handy work, he seemed all right in the right place. He went on, despite a stopper, or two from his opponent, caught Bendigo in his arms, gave him a Bruin-like hug, and went down on him. Caunt acting perfectly fair, yet the prejudice in favour of the lesser man was unpleasantly manifested by the shouts of many bystanders.

63.—Time! time! but who would have dared to pull out a watch at that instant! Caunt bored Bendy through the ropes, again. Whips, sticks, and fists at work; the referee thrust through the ropes, and for a few seconds inside the ring, under shelter of the corner-post till Ward, Burn, Alec, Reid, and others made a few yards of standing room. The conduct of the referee, who thus broke the inner ring, of whom we observed and received several outsiders of the provincial schools, must be utterly destructive of fair fighting and order, on which depend the existence of the ring itself.

64.—Bendy got away once or twice actively; Caunt followed him up, getting now and then "a little 'un in." Bendy was two thirds down at ropes. Caunt held back his hand and stepped back, as if undecided, when Bendigo sprang up as before; Caunt retreated, slipped down, and laughed at Bendigo, as much as to say "that's tit-for-tat."

65.—Time, a minute or thereabouts. Bendigo, still with his back against the ropes; Caunt fell on his knees by accident, and Bendy was in a praying position near him.

66.—The row outside the ring much more vigorous than the mill within it. Caunt bored in, Bendy did not carry metal enough to stop him, both blowing, and Bendy wet with perspiration, the weather piping hot, and the men piping too. One hour and thirty-five minutes had now elapsed, and there was certainly no remarkable advantage on either side. Caunt still much the stronger; had the worst of the punishment, and Bendy, except seeming rather tired, looked much the same as when he began.

67.—Wild and indecent deliveries on both sides. Bendigo down under Caunt's hands in the hitting, the big 'un slipped down on him, and a vast deal of fuss was made by his party, who declared Caunt knelt on him. We, who could see best, perceived there was no occasion for pestering the referee, who was almost wholly occupied with his own personal safety, which seemed really though unintentionally menaced.

68.—Caunt on to his man once more, but with no better luck than hitherto; Bendy leaped out his right and stopped it against Caunt's ribs, who returned ineffectively on his shoulders; there was not a fair counter hit throughout the fight, a fact perhaps attributable to the disparity in the men's size, as much as to their different styles of fighting. Bendy fell, and Caunt was again charged with dropping his knees on his chest; indeed Bendigo as he lay on the ground pointed to that part of his person and then at Caunt, but it was a smothering at straws, and the umpires disagreeing, the referee said "so end" A most infernal wrangle.

69.—Caunt succeeded in nailing Bendy on the ropes, a close, and both down.

70.—Bendy retreated before Caunt until he was dangerously close to the corner stake; Caunt rushed at him, and Bendy stopped in, hit, fell into the big 'uns arms to avoid mischief, and then scrambled down.

71.—"Beware of the bull!" Bendy missed his blow, but the Champion was too slow to snatch the advantage; Caunt let drive full of mischief, Bendigo ducked and shifted, firmed and stopped, and at last, after plinking Caunt in the body, got down just in time to avoid a swinging left hander, that if it had reached his canvaser would have told tales.

72.—Wild random hitting. "Is this your improved big 'un?" Caunt wanting to get on closer terms, and Bendy keeping out. At last they closed. Both down, Bendy under, but no harm done.

73.—Caunt's visage becoming quite a study for a painter; Bendy looking much as usual except a ruby tinge in the mouth, and the puffed eyebrow aforesaid. A pitiless, relentless man, roasting the spectators and melting the combatants. Caunt hustled Bendigo on to his knees. Another claim of "foul," and a loss of time between this round and the next. "All fair; go on!" One hour and forty-five minutes gone.

74.—Time! time! Both considerably slower, and well they might be. Caunt determinedly followed Bendy into the corner, and he got down more prudently than creditably. At this point a rumour with a whip, under pretence of clearing a space, came and laid a cartwhip once or twice on the referee, lashing away furiously and indiscriminately until stopped in his career. The confusion and violence were shameful, and several who ought to have known better instead of quelling, aggravated the disturbance.

75.—Bendy on the ropes, Caunt hugging him, and at last, both were down, the little 'un undermost.

76.—Of no account. Bendigo almost laid down. A vociferous appeal, during which the men were up at the scratch for round.

77.—Bendy in with right, but his strength seemed so much impaired that the blows did not tell, neither did Caunt's exhibit the same impetus, both in a scrambling close, neither undermost.

78.—Bendigo jumped in, hit, and slipped through Caunt's hands, fell forward under the big 'uns arms, who looked down at him, pretty considerably annoyed that he had not stayed for the present he intended for him.

79.—As before, Caunt followed up his man, and he got down somehow.

80.—Ditto, ditto, ditto; the old pattern repeated.

81.—Bendigo seemed to think he had reduced his man's strength a little, but he had certainly lost most of his own in the trial; he let go, but Caunt stopped him rather cleverly; he tried both hands but was foiled, and Caunt resuming the offensive, down went Bendy.

82.—Generalship and manoeuvring; the champions missed twice in succession; Bendy put in a straight right-hander with astonishing celerity, and followed suit with the left, which, however, did not get so well home; in trying to profit by his advantage, he slipped down.

83.—Some sharp work considering the tired state of two heavy men. A close, a roll over, and Caunt kicked up his heels in the air.

84.—Time! time! all sorts of discussions and altercations till the men were at the scratch. Bendy kept clear out and worked round his man, dodging and watching for an opening. Caunt went at him as usual; both down awkwardly.

85.—A silly, wild hitting. Caunt got the best of it, although the little 'un put in a sharp crack over the eye; Bendy down in a roll.

86.—The Nottingham hero showed a bump on his forehead, and seemed much worried, yet he answered the call of "time" with alacrity: he dropped in on Caunt's neck with his left, but received a sharp bodier in return, and was quickly on the grass.

87, 87, 88.—The confusion of Babel was nothing to it—there they had only a confusion of tongues, but here, yells, roars, thrustings, sticks, whips, and fists were all in full play. To the individuals already named, added by a noble lord and a gallant captain, the worthy old Squire was indebted for the preservation of the confined space he stood on, and even that was momentarily changing. Every one of these rounds ended with a squabble and a noisy appeal—the appellants knew they could say what they liked for the referee declared he could not see the men, and must resign his office, in the midst of the uproar the men stood for the

89th round.—After some bustling exchanges, Bendigo caught Caunt an ugly thump on the cheek. he turned round, and amidst the roar of the multitude Bendigo forced him over the ropes.

90.—A close, Bendy under, when Caunt rose Bendigo intimidated by gesture that he had knelt upon him. It was not true, at least Caunt could not help dropping as he did, from the shiftiness of his antagonist. Johnny Hannan (as Bendigo's second) was very pressing for a decision, and on the other hand so was Wharton; the umpires disagreed, a minute was consumed, but the referee properly decided "Fair!"

91.—More hugging, and another appeal. Both men slow, as well they might be.

92.—Bendigo caught the big 'un a bodier, but got a nasty left-hander in return; he plunged in with a stoop, very low; and struck Caunt in the mark, the effect of this blow on the wind was instantly and visibly manifest; he gasped for breath, Bendy got close, but they laid hold of each other and rolled down. An indescribable turmoil now ensued. The referee was assailed on all sides for his decision amid cries of "foul," and "fair," one party asserted that Bendigo had struck Caunt in his tenderest parts; another that it was below the waistband, while an equally or more noisy lot strenuously denied that the blow was at all unfair. For ourselves we could not see its exact position, inasmuch as Bendy's back at that moment eclipsed our view, and per consequence, that of the referee. That gentleman declared "he did not see any foul blow!" and the men stood up for

Round 93 and last.—There was some rallying. Bendigo got down, or so nearly down, on the ropes, that Caunt, afraid of giving away a chance, retreated a stop or two, when Bendigo, as if thinking all stratagems fair in war, jumped up from the ropes and plunged in at Caunt, who was half turned from him; the big 'un, though surprised at this renewal of the round, let go his right, and sent Bendy a little backward; Bendy made an offer to repeat his blow at Caunt's stomach, and the latter, as if suddenly struck comical, went back three or four steps, and came leisurely on his broadest end. It was certainly going down without a blow, and that with some of the wily cunning of Bendigo, who always played some slip or trick off, to mask his manoeuvre; the Nottingham hero at the moment of Caunt's taking his seat, was in the act of pointing his finger at him. "The Squire" was once more appealed to, and he deliberately replied "Caunt has gone down without a blow, or the shadow of one." It was urged by several that Bendy lost the fight the round before, but this was utterly irrelevant. The referee was, in our opinion, right; he declared just before, that the first foul he himself observed he would stop the fight, or throw up his office, and he did so. Bendy was borne from the ring amid the vociferous shouts of his partisans, while Caunt stood for some seconds unable to believe in the fact of the adverse decision. It was now three minutes after six, and the battle had lasted ~~two~~ <sup>three</sup> hours and eight minutes.

## REMARKS.

The length of the details of this momentous contest preclude the necessity of any diffuse remarks. The style of both the men may be best judged from the particulars of the rounds; Caunt seemed over eager, and occasionally lost his temper, by which he threw away a chance which moderation, steadiness, and coolness might have given to him. His physical advantages—height, weight, length, and strength—were too great to allow of that deviation on his side which was accorded on the other; for it was impossible to repress a feeling for the boldness, dexterity, and quickness of the lesser man, whose escape from utter annihilation seemed little short of a miracle. Hence much of the imputed unfairness. Yet we must here record our deliberate conviction that, although Bendigo was often sailing too near the verge of unfairness to be altogether pleasant or proper, yet this only occurred in the earlier rounds, and that it must be viewed as a set-off for natural qualifications which the lesser man supplied by activity and skill. To have stood up and exchanged blow for blow in half-arm rallies with an overwhelming giant like his opponent must have quickly terminated the contest, without a hope on the part of the lesser man. Indeed, it would have been the very hammering game at which a thorough staunch man like Caunt, with unmatched strength, must annihilate an adversary: he was therefore expected to shift and get down, and it argues little for Caunt's skill or gift of hitting, that twelve stone should fight for two hours and eight minutes, and leave off with a few slight contusions. Bendigo however, declared previous to entering the ring, that win or lose, he would not fight again, a resolution we sincerely commend. His thirty-three years of age, a time at which professed pugilists, especially of the heavier weights, should retire. He may well repose beneath the shadow of the laurels he has won, although we doubt not that there are many who would fain pluck the leaves from his brow. Both sides cannot be satisfied: the London division, and the most experienced members of the corps pugilistique, have large odds in favour of Caunt, whose science it was declared was so much improved, that Bendigo would be served *à la* Nick Ward; the result proved their error. Bendigo is a bolder man than Ward, ready, cool, and courageous; the first fight with Ward, which Nick won, was but eleven or twelve minutes; the second, which he lost, forty-seven minutes of manoeuvring, while Bendigo on the first occasion, fought Caunt twenty-two rounds and forty-five minutes; and on the second, after seventy-five rounds, occupying one hour and twenty minutes, he lost by getting down too quickly; this third time he contended for one hundred and twenty-eight minutes, a pretty convincing proof of the difference between Caunt's two competitors. Caunt will, of course, challenge the championship, and in the present dearth of big men we do not know of any one who could contest the claim. Independent of ill-health, we cannot think the Tipton Slasher, slow and navigational, could have the ghost of a chance with so resolute and two-handed a fighter as the mighty Ben—mighty, although for the present, fallen. That the losers will grumble and seek to revise the decision we doubt not, but it is a duty which the press owes without fear, favour,

partiality or affection, to support rigorously the decision of the appointed judge, when acting, as Mr. O——n unquestionably did, with perfect *bona fides*. If this is not done, a most dangerous and destructive precedent is introduced, which can involve no lesser consequence than the utter ruin of the ring. No one can impeach the uprightness of the judge, and the absurd rumours about the intention to retain the stakes, divide them, or to adjourn the affair to another day and another trial, are as foolish as they are mischievous. If those who have always supported this authority are the first to renounce, deny, and invalidate it, what can be said? That they are the worst enemies of the system they profess to uphold. In conclusion, we may observe that the result of the battle was known in London before eight, by means of pigeons and the telegraph. Many clever people, however, *knew* it for certain long before it took place; and previous to the publication of this detail, the sole authentic report, by the only reporter who succeeded in reaching town in time for the daily papers, was the condensed account in the *Morning Advertiser* of Wednesday.

The lateness of the hour, half-past six—it was dark a little after seven—precluded the possibility of the second contest, that between Maley and Merriman, from being proceeded with. Indeed, as those worthies have proved rather long-winded in their former battles—it would be as well to give them a "long day."

CRICKET.—KINGSTON CLUB v. WALWORTH UNION.—This match was played on Tuesday last, and was decided in favour of the Kingston by twelve runs; the return match will be played at Blishous Ground, Kingston, on Wednesday next.



MONDAY.—If not a very busy, was an important day at the corner, inasmuch as the hopes and fears of the backers of Merry Monarch were effectually set at rest by a declaration that he would not start, owing, it was reported, to his having fallen lame, while, to increase the excitement, Mentor, who, but the day before, owing to a similar rumour, had receded to 40 to 1, sprung to 12 to 1, at which price nearly all the money for which he was backed (some three or four hundred pounds at a guess) was laid out. Miss Sarah was quoted at 3 to 1 layers, Weatherbit at 7 to 1, laid once to a small sum and afterwards offered, but not currently. The Pacha at 11 and 12 to 1, both taken in several quarters, and Red Robin at 16 to 1, to which figure he rose from 1000 to 45, laid twice at the commencement of the betting. Forth's lot, now confined to Mr. Irwin's two and John Davis, was backed by Mr. Irwin himself at 20 to 1, but did not appear to have any admirers out of the stable. The other changes were of little moment. Closing prices.—

TRAINER.		ST. LEGER.		MONDAY.		THURSDAY.	
Major Yarburgh's lot	...	2 to 1	...	1 agst (1k)	...	...	...
Forth's lot	...	20 to 1	...	1 (1k)	...	...	...
Major Yarburgh's Miss Sarah	...	3 to 1	...	1 (1k)	...	...	...
Weatherbit	...	7 to 1	...	1 (1k)	...	...	...
Mentor	...	15 to 1	...	1 (1k)	...	...	...
The Pacha	...	12 to 1	...	1 (1k)	...	...	...
Old England	...	14 to 1	...	1 (1k)	...	...	...
Pantasa	...	15 to 1	...	1 (1k)	...	...	...
Red Robin	...	16 to 1	...	1 (1k)	...	...	...
The Barcn	...	18 to 1	...	1 (1k)	...	...	...
Duc an Durras	...	25 to 1	...	1 (1k)	...	...	...
Mid-Lothian, Mr. Ramsay's	...	25 to 1	...	1 (1k)	...	...	...
Ould Ireland	...	30 to 1	...	1 (1k)	...	...	...
Fitzallan	...	33 to 1	...	1 (1k)	...	...	...
Clear-the-Way	...	40 to 1	...	1 (1k)	...	...	...
Connaught Ranger	...	40 to 1	...	1 (1k)	...	...	...
Worthless, Mr. Wicford's	...	50 to 1	...	1 (1k)	...	...	...
Chertsey	...	66 to 1	...	1 (1k)	...	...	...

#### YORKSHIRE UNION HUNT CLUB MEETING.

Acceptances for the York and Ainstey Handicap.

	yr	lb		yr	lb
Winesour.....	5	12 3	Red Rover.....	4	11 3
What.....	5	11 12	Pedometer.....	4	11 0
Nottingham.....	5	11 10	Helen.....	4	10 7
Poussin.....	5	11 6	Paint Brush.....	3	10 3
Ch. m. by Wizard.....	6	11 6	Marian Ramsay.....	3	10 0
Cataract.....	5	11 3	C. by Confederate.....	3	9 12

BUTT ER AND CHEESE.—House-feeding of cows is admirably suited for promoting a great increase of butter, if the animals are properly fed; grass-feeding, or out-of-door feeding, is essentially necessary for the manufacture of cheese. And this reason is assigned for the difference in treatment—that a generous diet, and warmth and quiet are promotive of the oily substance of the milk, from which butter is made; but that exercise, and less rich nourishment, produce that peculiar substance in milk called *casein*, from which cheese is procured. In fact, it appears that, without exercise, very little *casein* is obtained from the cow, and that the waste of the tissues which exercise promotes, increases indirectly the amount of *casein* in the milk.—*Professor Playfair*.

#### A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

"Tis the first of September"—the sports of the field  
The metropolis thin, from St. James's to Wapping;  
And each blood, that an Egg or a Manton can wield,  
Is off for the fields to commence partridge-popping:  
Not a soul, bless'd with tin, cares in London to stay,  
Where all is blank, profitless, *blasé*, and tame,  
Where, of course, as the people of *mark* are away,  
There remains nothing really deserving of *aim*!

What a strange medley grouse is this second *crusade*,  
Where certificate-christians make war on the *moors*:  
Here distinctions anomalous, startling are made,  
For the hunters, not game, class as very great *bore*!  
Raw from college, the "young idea," learning "to shoot,"  
Aspiring to laurels of sporting renown,  
Of his *bringing up* shows, with *empressment*, the fruit,  
By the science with which he contrives to *bring down*!

And the quondam disciples of famed Billy Pitt  
Follow anxiously now in the footsteps of Fox,  
While the *Tally-ho*—*nigh*, which a fine ear would split,  
Reminds of the *ballet* and *opera-box*!  
Over hill, over stream, the equestrians bold,  
Whom no perils can daunt or delay, onward tear,  
Fully bent, like a beauty of three seasons old,  
To succeed, at all hazards, in *catching a heir*!

Still philanthropy squares not with every one's views,  
When restricting the palate, or slighting its claim,  
And we candidly own, that we should not refuse  
From our friends in the country, a *basket of game*!  
So fail not, ye Nimrods robust of the chase,  
Whom exercise sylvan embrowns like anchovies,  
Of partridges early to send us a brace,  
Or else we shall think you are very *queer coveys*!

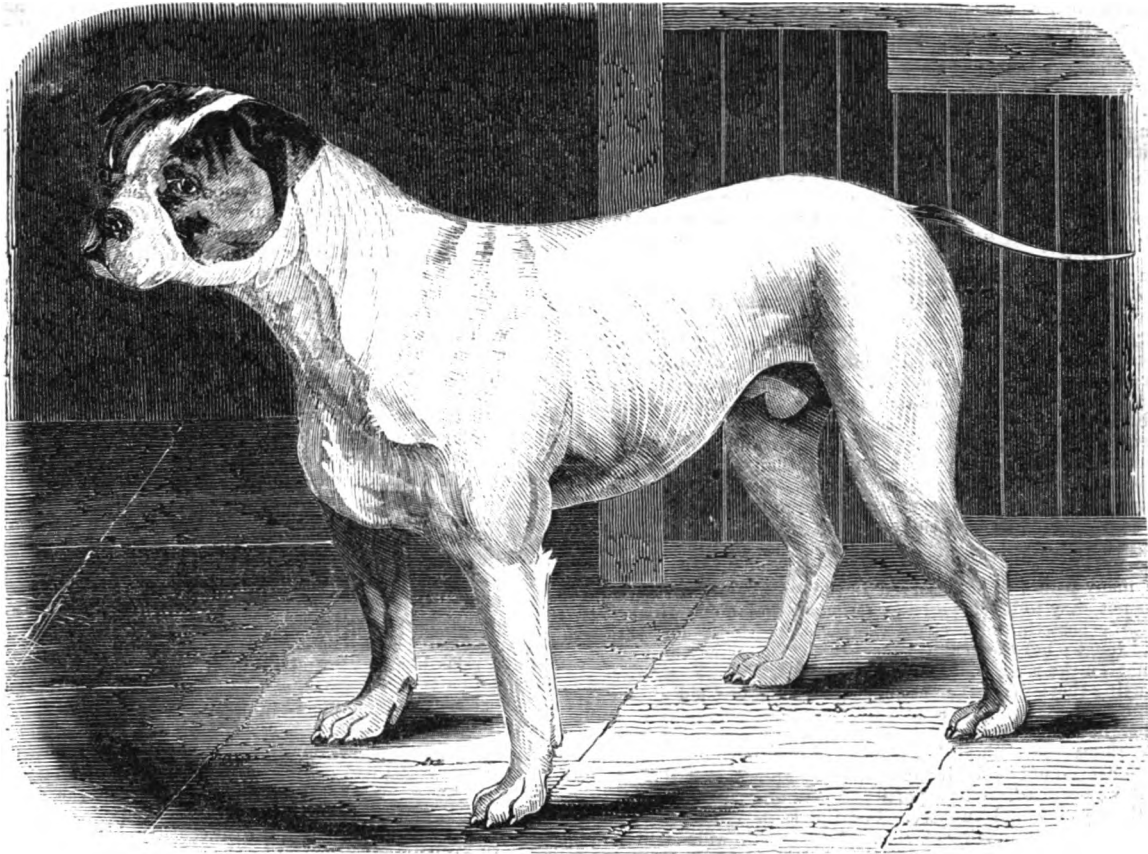
SHOOTING.—Did you ever shoot with a funnel bore? It spreads the shots so that you can bring down hundreds at one pull. But I'll tell you of a peculiar cheap shot as I had with a single bullet. In at Farmer Spovin's I see a coop ready to go to Brooklyn, with seven and forty ducks in it. So I says to Spovin, "How much will you charge me for a single shot among that brood with a single bullet, whole, and not split?" "Two dollars," said Spovin. "Done!" says I, slick enough. So I took a little bruised corn and strewed it along the trough, and out pops the seven and forty heads of the ducks. Then I lay down on the ground right away, and taking a perspective horizontal view of the whole regiment sideways, I wish I may be tee-totally substaquillated if I didn't carry off the entire whole of the seven and forty heads.—*Yankee Paper*.

PURCHASING A POINTER.—If you are forced to this alternative, be very cautious; first, learn as much as you can with regard to the breed, and have indubitable proofs that the account rendered is correct. Let powder be burnt over the dog, for it has not unfrequently happened, when one has been purchased without a trial, that the first shot has sent the frightened animal no one knows where, perhaps to his original home, where he had been foolishly shot at to cow him, and consequently he will never be worth the powder that ruined him. Mark the signals which the master of the dog you are buying makes, and carefully note the words of command, reproof, &c., he uses; dog language, unfortunately varies in different localities, and almost every breaker has his own calls which it behoves the buyer of a new dog to store up in his mind.

"I smoke as well as you," as the chimney-pot said to the counter-jumper.

AN AMERICAN SHOT.—A hoozier walked into a country store on the banks of the Ohio River, and asking the owner if he had any good powder, he was answered in the affirmative. "Is it first-rate?" "First-rate, sir," was the reply. "I will take a quarter of it to try." He got his powder, stepped out of the store, loaded his rifle, looked around to find an object to shoot at, when the storekeeper pointed to the opposite side of the river (which was about 300 yards wide), where there was a goose picking grass. "There," says he, "shoot that goose!" The hoozier levelled his rifle, fired, and over tumbled the goose. A boy jumped into a boat, and soon brought the goose across the river. The ball had passed through its head. The hoozier shook his head, walked into the store, threw his powder down, and demanded his money back, grumbling—"You sold me this powder for first-rate, and it ain't worth a curse!" "How so?" inquired the storekeeper, "You have certainly made an excellent shot"—pointing to the goose's head. "That a shot! why, if the powder had been good I should have shot it through the eye! Don't you see that the ball is full a quarter of an inch below it?" The storekeeper at once returned him his money.

"Those notes enliven me," as the man said on receiving a remittance.



JEM BURN'S CRIBB.

We this week present a portrait of JEM BURN's celebrated dog CRIBB, out of LADY SANDWICH, presented to JEM BURN by CAPTAIN VERNON, aged 10 years; he is on the sire's side of the celebrated TUMBLER breed. The owner still preserves the breed, at his rural crib in the Fulham Fields.

### WRINKLES FOR THE GROOM.—NO. III.

#### **DIRECTIONS FOR MANAGING A HORSE DURING A JOURNEY.**

Previously to setting off on a journey the horse should be brought into good condition, by being worked out for two hours every morning, and fed as I have directed in the chapters on feeding and exercise. The feet should be carefully attended to, and, if they are dry and brittle, the soles should be stopped a few days with cow dung, then pared rather thin; and, for about a week before he begins his journey, the feet should be kept stopped with tar-ointment, which is then much better than clay or cow-dung, and, in the course of a week, will considerably improve the quality of the horn, and tend, in a considerable degree, to cool the feet. This ointment is of great use, also, about the heels of the frog and coronet, especially when they are dry and cracky. A horse had better be new shod about the same time; for, when it is done just before he sets off, the shoe may not fit exactly, or a nail may be driven too close, and the horse be found lame in consequence during the first or second stage. The saddle, or harness, should be carefully examined, as much inconvenience sometimes arises, during a journey, from saddle or harness galls. The most important thing to be attended to, during a journey, is the method of feeding, as, by improper management in this respect, not only great inconvenience and delay often arise, but sometimes the most serious diseases are the consequence. The hay should be examined, and the best that can be obtained should be given. It is usual not to limit the horse in hay; but leave that part of his diet entirely to the discretion of the ostler who takes care to keep the rack full. If a horse travels every day from ten to twenty miles, one peck and a half of corn will not be too much for him, provided he has only about eight pounds of hay; and the less hay he has the better; for, by distending the stomach, a morbid appetite is produced, which leads a horse to eat and drink much more than is proper for him, and this often proceeds to a depraved or voracious

appetite, which leads him to eat even his litter. While I was in practice at Exeter, and attended the horses of commercial travellers, I met with numerous cases of cough, broken wind, gripes, and other diseases produced by this cause. So common, indeed, is the practice of giving too much hay, that most horses have a greater appetite than in the natural healthy state; the capacity of the stomach having been increased by frequent distension, and the capacity of the lungs, or wind, not unfrequently proportionably diminished. When a horse comes in from a stage, the feet should be picked and examined the first thing; and the common practice of tying up a horse at a stable-door, and washing his legs, is not injurious, if the horse is cool, and has been walked quietly in; but he should never be taken to a river to be washed. The horse should never be put in a hot close stable, however comfortable it may appear, nor in a dark stable desirable, unless a horse is very tired, and then, perhaps, he lies down more readily. When there is no work for a horse, he should always be taken out, and have one hour's exercise, at least, early in the morning; he may then have his full feed without injury, and be perfectly fit for the work he is wanted for; but when this cannot be done, especially for two or three days, he should have less corn, and some cold mashes.—WHITE'S FARRIER, by Spooner, 17th edition.

#### THE SIZE OF HORSES.

Most persons have heard the remark that the smallest cows in the pasture yield most milk. It is, with a qualification, true, and the result of observation and experience for many years; and most owners of stock are ready to assent to its correctness. This is the case also in breeds of horses. Those above what are called middle-sized are not so good travellers, they are more liable to stumble, and they are less capable of enduring hardships than those of middle and under size. It is also observed that large horses require richer food than small ones to keep them in good working condition.

If we were required to give a reason why middle-sized animals of all



kinds are better than the largest, we should answer that nature must not be wholly disregarded. Nature never intended that the horse should be made to weigh as much as the elephant, nor the cow should have as large bones as the ox. By crossing and selecting the very largest animals for breeders—not permitting them to have progeny until they are fully grown, and by high feeding, we can produce monsters in size and weight. But monsters are not agreeable to nature's rule. Monsters are exceptions to nature's law.

In directing our efforts, therefore, to the increase and size of animals, by extraordinary means we build up an artificial frame; and this requires extraordinary care—artificial support. We find that the largest horses will never be in so good condition as small ones, with the same kind of keeping, either in pastures or on hay. We have raised them above their natural level, and we must use extra means to keep them there, or they fall away.

This is the reason that we offer to account for the known fact, that all the animals of the middle or ordinary size are more useful, more active, and more easily kept in good condition, than the largest are.

Heavy, large-boned horses are clumsy, and are more apt to stumble than small ones; and when they do fall their burthen is precipitated with more violence in proportion to their height. Small-boned animals require less food in proportion to the service they perform, and they are not half so likely to become lame as the largest samples are.

It is a remarkable fact that short-legged horses, as well as oxen, travel better and endure hardship longer, on a journey, than horses with long legs. This is also the case with the human species. Experienced officers know that the longest-legged soldiers cannot march so far as those that are not distinguished for length of shank.

#### SELECTION OF HORSES.]

There are many points to be observed in the selection of a horse for use, and it is not easy to lay down rules on paper that alone will serve for a guide. We sometimes purchase compact, snug-built horses that are hardy and tough; but they cannot go ahead. These may answer on a farm, but not on the road. If we go to the opposite extreme, we run the risk of buying those that have not sufficient bottom or endurance.

Well-built, compact frames are always to be preferred for service; and it is a good sign in a horse if he weighs more than you would judge from his appearance; because well-built horses, houses, monuments, &c., having good proportions—no ugly prominences—always appear less than they really are. A well-formed, well-proportioned man or woman will always weigh more than you would suppose. For the same reason dress has much effect on the eye in judging of size. A lady with wide stripes in her gown looks larger than in one of a uniform colour. A man in striped trousers and coat looks larger than in plain clothes. Speckled oxen and horses look larger than they really are. Irregularity of colour, as well as of form, makes the eye wander and distracts the judgment.

It is important to a purchaser to know how a colt has been bred; whether to stand on a plank or stone floor; or on loam or litter that would not injure his feet. It is believed that corns and ringbones are produced by standing on hard and dry floors. Dealers are sometimes so cunning that they will put off ringboned horses in seasons when their lameness is not observable. Press your hand on the upper edge of the hoofs of the fore feet, and see if the horse flinches—at the same time look the dealer in the eye and see if he does.

#### COLOUR OF HORSES.

This point may be thought a mere matter of taste, but it is not so. Who ever knew a black and white horse to earn his living? The iron grey is a very good colour for a horse. It is a strong indication of health as well as activity. Bay, or chesnut, is a handsome and promising colour; the mane and tail being black. A deep sorrel is not a bad colour, but a light sorrel is indication of a want of strength and endurance. White horses often prove good; and black ones are not to be rejected on account of colour.

The quality of the hair is quite important, as indicating the stamina of the horse. Fine glossy hair denotes a good skin and a good constitution. Fine haired horses and oxen will endure heat and fatigue much longer than others. A coarse yellow haired ox makes the tenderest beef; but such haired animals are not good for labour, nor will their hides make so tough leather as hides covered with the finest hair.

In regard to white spots and marks, as indicative of valuable qualities, we can say but little, though we have seen dealers who value them. One white foot and three white feet are said to be good signs, while an even number of white feet are said to be bad signs—these may be as uncertain as the signs in the almanac. A white star in the forehead, or a narrow streak of white in the face is not considered a bad sign, but a white faced horse is never sought for, if regard is had to beauty, speed or endurance.

HARES AND RABBITS.—Rags, dipped in melted sulphur, are the best means of preventing the destruction to trees, caused by these animals. Let the rags, cut into slips nine inches by six, be put into cleft sticks, two feet long, which should be stuck in the ground, about six inches deep, and about three yards apart, all round the trees intended to be protected.

#### A PURSUIT BY WOLVES.



One among the many instances that can be adduced, of the tenacity with which a pursuit is kept up by these animals, the following may be found worthy of the perusal of our readers.

During a severe winter, several years ago, two boys were driving a sleigh through the woods in the northern part of Vermont. The season was uncommonly cold, and the snow lay at the average depth of five feet. But the boys were hardy fellows, accustomed to the climate, and, moreover, were well wrapped up in furs. They had occasion to pass from one town to another, where a portion of the road led through a dense forest, for four miles, without a single house. Soon after they had entered upon the solitary portion of their journey, they were startled at hearing the gruff, husky bark of a wolf in the adjacent thickets. In a few moments, the animal sprang out from his cover, and came rushing to the side of the sleigh, making a desperate plunge at the elder body, who was driving. The youth gave the furious brute a rough salute with his whip, and for a moment the animal slunk back—the boy taking advantage of this to put the horse to the utmost speed. The animal was, however, too jaded for anything better than a smart trot to be extorted from him. The wolf soon rallied, and now renewed his attack, accompanied by one of his companions. He again assailed the driver, while the other came up to the back and threatened to leap into the sleigh. At last, the horse noticed the savage growling wolves; and now, being seriously frightened, he broke into a round gallop. The wolves still pursuing, kept by the side of the sleigh, occasionally making a fierce leap for the purpose of springing into the vehicle. The two boys had no weapon of defence but the whip, yet they carried a brave front. In one or two instances, the pursuers had partially succeeded in mounting the sleigh but they were knocked off by the butt-end of the whip. It was, however, a serious race, and the little fellows saw their danger was extreme. By the time they had passed one half the forest, and while they were yet two miles from any house where they could hope for assistance, the wearied horse began to relax his speed, and the wolves, as if rendered desperate by strife, became even more furious than before. Laying down, and sheltering themselves as well as they could, or starting from side to side, as occasion required, in order to escape the fangs of the foe, the boys continued their course. It seemed, however, that they must at last be overcome, and fall victims to their fierce assailants. Nothing indeed could have saved them but a most unexpected accident, and one which might have seemed to expose them to certain death.

While the horse was advancing with considerable speed, he came to a short turn in the road; cramped by the ridges of snow on either side, the sleigh was thrown out of the track, and, rising with a sudden bound, was completely overturned, and thrown to a considerable distance—the two boys caught beneath as in a trap. The edges of the board sank deep in the snow, and the impulse of the horse, snapped the traces in an instant. He was liberated and pursued his career rapidly towards the village.

The wolves were at first disconcerted by the adventure, and hesitated whether to pursue the horse, or to investigate the wonderful disappearance of their intended victims. After smelling about for some time, they comprehended the real state of the case; and now began a regular siege upon the intrenchment which had been so luckily provided for the two boys. The latter were a little stunned at first, but they soon appreciated their condition, and saw the advantage which their present stronghold afforded for defence.

Turning round and bedding themselves in the snow, so as to obtain a comfortable position, they determined to continue where they were, until relief should come, which they hoped might speedily take place. They had not long space for deliberation; the growling of the wolves was soon audible, and a few minutes after they heard them pawing furiously in the snow, at the sides of the capsized sleigh. The elder boy had a jack-knife, which he now got ready, and, placing himself on his knees, prepared to give the enemy a sharp reception.

In a few minutes the paws of one of the wolves were seen below the edge of the sleigh. Clinching one of them, the resolute youth pulled it in with all his might; but as he was about to ply his knife, the limb was wrenched from him.

The two animals wrought at their task with incredible energy. Although a thick sharp crust lay upon the top of the snow, this was immediately torn away by their feet, and in a short space they were already below the edge of the sleigh, and on the point of grappling their prey, when their attention was called to their own safety. The horse had reached the village and an alarm had been excited. The people hurried along the road, and soon came to the scene of action.

So intent were the wolves upon their object—so reluctant to surrender the prey which seemed within their grasp, that they faced two men for a considerable time, and did not finally retreat till they had received several severe blows. With a reluctant growl they took to the wood, and the two boys were safely delivered from their imprisonment.—*Magazine of Natural History.*

FISH AND FLOWERS.—When is a nosegay a fish?—When it's smelt!  
AGAIN.—When is a nosegay literary?—When its a Book—eh?

**RELIGION, RAILWAY SPECULATION, AND HORSE-RACING.**—The editor of the *Liverpool Chronicle*, writing of the present mania for railway speculation, observes—"It is a riddle which we cannot comprehend, when we see men, who would decry a bet on a horse-race as an abomination never to be got over, and even the transfer of a sixpence by the means of threepenny points at whist as an unpardonable sin, rushing, under the most insatiable influence of Mammon, into speculations which, they know, can only turn to their profit by effecting the ruin of hundreds of their fellow-creatures. We cannot understand the mental construction of such "pick and choose" saintship. Surely if it be wrong, to back Tom Tinker against Alice Hawthorn for a five pound note, it cannot be right to back the Grand Goose Line via Cape Horn to China, against the Big Cheat'em plan which is to go by Greenland and the North Pole, for a couple of hundred thousands. It may be that these gentry only consider gambling to be a sin when administered in infinitesimal doses, but regard it as a virtue when it grows into magnificence and comprehensiveness, and contemplates the total ruin of its victims as its result. At all events, the subscription list we are speaking of [the parliamentary return of railway shareholders to the amount of more than 20000.] bears ample testimony to the fact, that when *pious* and *religious* men do take to gambling, they do not enter upon the thing by halves, but throw Ascot, Epsom, Doncaster, and Newmarket—Crockford's is but a drop of water in the ocean compared with them—into the shade at once and for ever.

**ORIGIN OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.**—By A FORMER MEMBER.—There appears very little on record of the origin of this society of noblemen and gentlemen, beyond the fact of its first establishment in 1768; the following whimsical remarks upon this interesting subject, are from the pen of "An Old Member," who says:—"The original founders were a set of dignified mathematicians and natural philosophers, who, to wipe off the aspersions usually thrown on persons of their quality, that they are altogether ignorant of everything like science, or mere smatterers at best, agreed to hold periodical meetings, the result of which should prove to the world that they were not only well read, but *practically* conversant in these things. For this purpose they commenced their studies in 'natural history' upon that noblest and most beautiful animal of the brute creation, the 'horse,' and, as a proof that they are something more than superficial observers of nature, their physical investigations have not, since the year of their institution, 1768, extended beyond this creature, convinced, as they seem to be, that true philosophy cannot dwell too long upon one subject; and possessed of this idea, it appears to be their unanimous determination to devote their whole study, as naturalists, to no other. Their mathematical pursuits have been entirely occupied in the doctrine of 'chances'; but in this, as in their natural history, they have rested more upon practical experience than vague theory. Their first knowledge on this subject was obtained from the Jesuitical sect of 'Blacklegs,' who, for a series of years confined it to themselves, till by a masterly manoeuvre of 'the right honourables,' in pretending to become 'novices' of the society, they obtained their secrets, and instituted this establishment upon their principles. The principal object of their first meeting, was, as before stated, in 1768, after electing officers and arranging the standing articles of their league, to establish an annual subscription of five guineas each, for the purpose of raising a sufficient sum to be laid out in the purchase of a Gold Cup, to be run for by horses the property of members, at their immediately succeeding meeting, by which means they might be enabled to contemplate the mechanical powers and muscular beauty of their favourite quadruped to greater advantage. However, it does but ill-become me, as a former member, to be too much in the line of burlesque on the occasion; but your readers will naturally conceive from what has been said, that a man must be possessed of qualifications superior to birth and fortune to fit him for a society of such respectability as the jockeys. They have read, perhaps, in the public prints probably, of the philanthropy of one, the learning of another, and the taste of a third for the sister arts and polite literature, and they will naturally conclude, that in even their cups they enjoy 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul;' but they are so absorbed in the vastitude of their 'peculiar studies,' that like all other mathematicians, they have little time, or, indeed, disposition, to dabble in less abstruse sciences, particularly at their meetings."

**THE CAPE BUFFALO.**—This animal is nowhere to be found but in the southern parts of Africa, and is now rare even there, civilisation driving it into more distant, and for a time, secure retreats. It is characterised by its great dark rough horns spreading horizontally over the summits of the head, with the points turned upwards. These horns are extremely heavy, and measure from five to eight or nine feet, following their curve from tip to tip. The countenance of the animal exhibits a savage and malevolent expression. Its bulk is great, and this is equalled by its activity and strength: its withers are high; its tail resembles that of the common ox, but is shorter; its hide is unusually strong, and is on this account much valued. It is of so fierce and treacherous a disposition, that to attack it without extreme caution and a ready means of escape is highly dangerous. This is well illustrated by the following anecdote:—A party of boors went out to hunt a herd of buffaloes which were grazing on a piece of marshy ground. As they could not conveniently get within shot without crossing a marsh, which did not afford a safe footing for

their horses, they agreed to leave them in charge of the Hottentots, and to advance on foot, thinking, that if the buffaloes should turn upon them, it would be easy to retreat by escaping across the quagmire, which, though passable for man, would not support the weight of heavy quadrupeds. They advanced accordingly, and under covert of the bushes approached with such advantage, that the first volley brought down three of the fattest of the herd, and so severely wounded the great bull leader, that he dropt on his knees, bellowing furiously. Thinking him mortally wounded, the foremost of the huntsmen issued from the covert, and began reloading his musket, as he advanced to give a finishing shot; but no sooner did the infuriated animal see his foe in front of him, than he sprang up, and ran furiously upon him. The man, throwing down his gun, fled towards the quagmire; but the beast was so close upon him, that, despairing of escaping in that direction, and turning suddenly round a clump of copse-wood, he began to ascend a tree. The raging animal, however, was too quick for him, and, bounding forward with a frightful roar, he caught the unfortunate man with his terrible horns just as he had nearly escaped his reach, and tossed him into the air with such force, that the body fell dreadfully mangled into a cleft of the tree. The buffalo ran round the tree once or twice, apparently looking for the man, until, weakened with loss of blood, he again sank on his knees. The rest of the party, recovering from their confusion, then came up and despatched him, though too late to save their comrade, whose body was hanging in the tree quite dead.—*Pringle's South African Sketches.*

**THE POWER OF TRUE LOVE.**—A girl in one of the Midland Counties, who has a *swivel* or *screw eye*, looked so long and affectionately on a gin bottle, that she actually drew the cork!

### A SEXAGENARIAN'S VIEW OF THINGS IN GENERAL.

"There's not a joy this world can give, like that it takes away!"—BYRON.

I've ta'en the nest!—Then—how enrich'd!  
(Look! five blue eggs are gleaming there!)  
I've fought a wasp's nest, newly breech'd,—  
And gone, excited, through the air!  
I've kept a jackass—kept a fag,—  
I've fought a lad with all my might;  
I've bath'd,—and lost each grass-bank rag,—  
But now I take a calmer sight!

I've baited badgers,—baited bulls,—  
Tried quoits,—thrown up in slanting rings!  
Play'd hazard,—never minding *pulls*,—  
Ecarté,—never minding kings;  
I've seen Dick Fleming handle cocks  
Gracefully,—neath a mere dip's light;—  
But all these luring things are—rocks!  
I now can take a calmer sight!

I've touch'd the cider cellar late,—  
Supp'd with a Jackson, and an Earl;—  
Slang'd a dawn pike-man at his gate,—  
And made it up with early purl.—  
I've tried the things of fins and wings,  
Hook'd,—and brought down them, left and right;  
I've sprung a glorious night at *Spring's*—  
But now I take a calmer sight.

I've watch'd dark eyes by lobby-glare,  
And (all rose-soften'd) *thought* them eyes!  
I've deem'd a chambermaid all fair,  
And watch'd her warming-pan with sighs;  
I've shudder'd at the covert's side,  
Yet thought the chill, in scarlet, right:  
I've panted for the bullfinch ride,—  
But now I take a calmer sight!

I've seen the blood-thing start and win—  
Rush at the word, and keep the van!—  
Seen the stripp'd man, with glowing skin,  
Stand, in the sun-light, 'gainst his man!  
Seen the day die on Epsom Down —  
(O'er faded spirits faded light!)  
Oh! then I thought life all my own:  
But now I take a calmer sight.

No more a boy,—no more a boy;  
The turf,—the sod, the follies fly;  
The green baize cannot bring a joy;  
Dark knowledge glooms the heart and eye.  
Passion so mads the early games,—  
It spreads o'er reason all its blight!  
But seventy-eight the spirit tames!  
And I can take a calmer sight!

SERENISSIMUS.

# ADVERTISEMENTS.

**THE NAUTILUS LIFE-PRESERVER**  
and SWIMMING BELT.—No Lady or Gentleman should cross the water or go to the seaside without obtaining this small, simple, and valuable apparatus, unsurpassed for buoyancy, portability, and efficiency, and approved by the Admiralty, and all nautical and scientific men. The Nautilus may be procured, of any size or quality, at the Office of the Company, 12, Wellington-street, Strand.

**THE NEW RACE GLASS.** To be had only of the inventors, **THOMAS HARRIS and SON**, Opticians, No. 52, opposite the entrance to the British Museum, London. The extraordinary magnifying power of this glass, with its approved adjustment, made to suit all sights, enables the possessor to keep the horses distinctly in view, the entire course, from the start to the coming in. Caution: No. 52, opposite the British Museum, London, is T. Harris and Son's only establishment. To prevent mistake, the name, *Thomas Harris and Son*, and the number (52) is laid in mosaic pavement in the footway contiguous to their shop.

**TO THE LOVERS OF ANGLING.—J. K. FARLOW**, 5, Crooked-lane, London-bridge, being the actual manufacturer of Rods, Flies, Tackle, &c., is enabled to offer to his brother Anglers, the following low list of prices: four joint hickory trolling rods, 10s.; four joint best hickory trawling and bottom rods, two tops, partition bag, double braided socket, spear, &c., &c., 21s.; three joint walking stick rods, 2s. 6d.; best hickory or cane punt rods, two tops; 15s.; the best town made taper fly line, twenty yards, 3s.; thirty yards, 4s. 6d.; thirty yards patent eight plat, 3s. 6d.; the best trout flies on Limerick hooks, dressed on the premises, 2s. per dozen; winches from 1s. 6d.; fly hooks from 9d.; best gut hocky 1s. per dozen; best gut lines 3d. and 3d. a yard. Lists of prices forwarded on application; country and export orders executed on the shortest notice; old-netting for preserving fruit trees from frost, blight, and birds, or as a fence for fowls and pigeons, and can be had in any quantity at 3d. the yard, two yards wide, or 1 1/2d. the square yard; the above netting being tanned, will stand exposure to the weather.—Observe the address, 5, Crooked-lane, London Bridge.

**BROTHER ANGLERS.—HUTCHINSON and SMITH**, 67, Wood Street, Chappaiside, beg leave to offer to their Brethren of the Angle their unique Basket Seats, being light, commodious, useful, and a sure prevention against damp. Also their novel Glass Beach Flots, each, hermetically sealed; balance handle fly rods, 21s.; warranted; cane roach rods, trolling rods, winches, lines, floats, cans, hooks, &c., and every article in the above line at the lowest prices, and best quality. Live and all other kinds of baits always fresh. Gentlemen supplied with every information of any fishing water within 20 miles of London.—Observe, 67, Wood-street, Chappaiside.

**OKEY'S ST. LEGER SWEEPS ARE NOW OPEN.** Three classes of Leger Sweeps divided as follows:—  
First. Second. Third.  
97 at £2 ..... £12 0 ..... £24 0 ..... 10 0  
97 at 1 ..... 5 0 ..... 12 0 ..... 5 0  
97 at 10 ..... 30 0 ..... 60 0 ..... 0 0  
Each starter, £3 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.  
N.B. The prizes go with the stakes. Disqualified horses not drawn. Post Office-Orders to Mr. N. F. Okey, Hero of Waterloo Inn, Waterloo Road, London, will be duly attended to.

**BATHE'S ST. LEGER SWEEPS, Green Dragon, Fleet Street.**  
Subs. 1st Prize. 2d. 3d. Starters.  
97 at 40s. £150 0 ..... £50 0 ..... £15 0 ..... £9 0  
97 at 20s. 60 0 ..... 30 0 ..... 10 0 ..... 7 0  
97 at 5s. 12 0 ..... 6 0 ..... 2 0 ..... 1 0  
Great Yorkshire Handicap.—20 Subs.  
1st horse. 2nd. 3rd.  
26 at 20s. £16 0 ..... £7 0 ..... £3 0  
29 at 10s. 8 0 ..... 4 0 ..... 1 10  
26 at 5s. 3 10 ..... 2 0 ..... 1 0  
5s. St. Leger drawn on Monday next.  
All money divided, less 5 per cent.—Post Office orders, payable to Mr. John Bathe, will be punctually attended to.—Drawing night, Monday and Thursday.—Money paid as judge places.

**TURPIN'S ST. LEGER SWEEPS, Old Essex Bepent, No. 6, King-street, Covent Garden.**  
1st horse. 2nd. 3rd. Starters.  
97 at 42s. 0d. £110 0 ..... £40 0 ..... £25 0 ..... £20 0  
97 at 25s. 0d. 70 0 ..... 25 0 ..... 12 0 ..... 10 0  
97 at 12s. 0d. 35 0 ..... 12 10 ..... 6 0 ..... 5 0  
97 at 5s. 6d. 15 0 ..... 5 0 ..... 2 0 ..... 1 10  
97 at 3s. 0d. 7 10 ..... 3 0 ..... 1 0 ..... 0 10  
The above sums paid less five per cent.  
W.M. WRIGHT, Secretary.  
All horses disqualified previous to the draw will be omitted, and the number of chances less than the above will be deducted from the Starting Money.  
21s., 12s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 3s. sweeps for the Great Yorkshire Handicap.  
Post Office-Orders (payable at Charing Cross) punctually attended to.

## TO SPORTSMEN.

**SHOOTING, FISHING, and DEER STALKING KNIVES.—J. B. DURHAM**, manufacturing cutler, respectfully invites the attention of sportsmen to his immense stock, which includes all the newest patterns and latest improvements, and all warranted of the best quality. Knives of every description made to order on the shortest notice. Old knives, &c., polished and repaired. 261, Regent-street, near the Polytechnic Institution.

**T. PARISH, of the White Horse, Fan-street, Aldersgate-street, has the following Sweeps open:—**  
**GREAT ST. LEGER.**  
1st prize. 2nd. 3rd. Starters.  
97 at 2s. 6d. £7 10 ..... £2 0 ..... £1 0 ..... £1 10  
**LEAMINGTON STAKES.**  
1st prize. 2nd.  
14 at 2s. 6d. £1 5 ..... 10s.  
**YORKSHIRE HANDICAP.**  
1st prize. 2nd. 3rd.  
26 at 2s. 6d. £2 0 ..... £1 0 ..... 10s.  
To be drawn on Thursday next. Prizes paid as the judge places, 5 per cent less.  
Post-office orders attended to.

**ST. LEGER SWEEPS.—G. HAMLYN**, of the Angel and Crown, Gloucester-street, Queen-square, Holborn, begs to inform his sporting friends that he has drawn his first £1 sweep; the second is fast filling; will be drawn Sept 11th.  
Subs. 1st horse. 2nd. 3rd.  
First Draw ..... 97 at 20s. £30 ..... £14 ..... £8  
Second Draw ..... 97 at 20s. 17 ..... 7 ..... 4  
Third Draw ..... 97 at 20s. 10 ..... 5 ..... 2  
10s. 5s., and 2s. 6d. St. Leger Sweeps fast filling, and sweeps for all the principal races. The prizes will be paid the first Thursday after the race to the holders of the horses as placed by the judge, without regard as to qualification, pedigree, or any dispute whatever. G. H. begs to remind his friends that all the money is divided, less five per cent.

**S. DEWDNEY'S ST. LEGER SWEEP.**  
Old Cheshire Cheese, Adle street, Wood-street.  
Subs. 1st prize. 2nd. 3rd. Starters.  
97 at 30s. £50 ..... £20 ..... £10 ..... £12  
Money paid as judge places.—Post-office orders punctually attended to.

**BARR'S SWEEPS OPEN, Windsor Castle, Long Acre.**  
**ST. LEGER.—97 Subs.**  
Subs. First. Second. Third. Starters. Drawn.  
50s 0d. £150 ..... £40 ..... £30 ..... £30 this evening.  
21s 0d. 50 ..... 20 ..... 10 ..... 15 Sept. 15.  
10s 6d. 27 10s. 10 ..... 5 ..... 7 10s } Tuesday  
} and  
} Friday next  
} Nearly  
} every  
} evening.  
5s 6d. 15 ..... 5 ..... 3 ..... 3 5s }  
**ST. LEGER.—20 Favourites and the Field.**  
Subs. First. Second. Third.  
25 ..... £70 ..... £20 ..... £15 } Tuesday  
20s ..... 14 ..... 4 ..... 3 } Thursday  
10s ..... 7 ..... 2 ..... 1 10s. } and  
5s ..... 3 10s. 1 ..... 15s. } Saturday.  
**GREAT YORKSHIRE HANDICAP.—20 Subs.**  
Subs. First. Second. Third.  
30s ..... £16 ..... £6 ..... £4 } Tuesday  
10s ..... 8 ..... 3 ..... 2 } and  
5s ..... 4 ..... 1 10s. 1 } Friday next.  
**CHAMPAGNE STAKES.—42 Subs.**  
10s ..... £14 ..... £4 ..... £3 } Saturday  
5s ..... 7 ..... 2 ..... 1 10s. }  
**PARK HILL STAKES.—20 Subs.**  
10s ..... £10 ..... £3 ..... £1 10s. } Saturday  
5s ..... 5 ..... 1 10s. 0 10s. }  
Also 10s. and 5s. Doncaster Cup on Saturday.  
All money paid as judge places.—Post-office orders attended to.  
J. HURMAN, jun., Sec.

**RUPTURE.**—All persons afflicted with Hernia should at once supply themselves with Elam's Patent Truss, which supercedes all others now in use; it is light, imperceptible, and keeps its position in every motion of the body. Can be sent post-free to any part. See testimonials.  
Gentlemen's Belts for hunting, horse exercise, &c., &c., made upon anatomical principles, and warranted to keep their position in every motion of the body. Suspensory Bandages, Spinal Instruments, Spring Crutches, Artificial Hands and Arms. Elam's Patent Uterus-supporter, which has never failed in one instance, immediately gives relief, and performs a cure where it is possible. It has been tried in the most secure cases of the falling of the womb, with every success that could be desired. Can be sent post-free. See testimonials.  
To be had at A. Elam's, Human Mechanician. All letters by post, with a remittance, punctually attended to.  
403, Oxford-street, London.  
Laced Stockings, Ankle Socks, Knee Caps, for varicose veins, swollen ankles, and support of the knee cap. In ordering send the measures, as drawing, post-free.

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**THE SILENT FRIEND; a Medical Work** on the infirmities of the Generative System in both sexes; and on the loss of the reproductive power, with means of restoration. The baneful effects of solitary indulgence, neglected Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Secondary Symptoms, &c., are fully pointed out. Illustrated by Engravings; followed by observations on Marriage, with plain directions for the removal of certain disqualifications. By R. and J. PERRY, & Co., Consulting Surgeons, London. Published by the Authors, and may be had at their Residence, 19, BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET.  
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PERRY'S PURIFYING SPECIFIC PILLS, price 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. per box, are the most effectual remedy for Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Strictures, Inflammation, Irritation of the Bladder, &c., without hindrance to business.

Consultation-fee, if by letter, £1. A minute detail of cases is necessary.  
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# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 19. FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPT. 27, 1845. **THREE HALFPENCE.**

[Stamped to send Free by Post, Twopence-halfpenny.]



GEORGIANA CHARLOTTE THEOBALD, *Obit*, Sept. 13, 1845, AGED 29.

Beauty is nature's pride, and must be shown  
In courts, at feasts, and merry meetings,  
Where most may wonder at the workman's hip.  
It is for lovely features to keep home,  
They had their name thence; coarse complexions,  
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply  
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.  
What need a vermell-tinctured lip for that,  
Love darting eyes, or tresses like the moro?

COMUS.

**A**Ll that's bright must fade; the brightest still the fleetest,"  
is, indeed, too true. The finest field flower has been cut  
down in its prime; and the gay, the beautiful, the high-spi-  
rited, the charming, the charitable, the true-hearted Geor-  
giana Theobald, the Diana of the hunting field, the star of  
the assembly-room, the ornament of the race-course, the

admiration of all circles, and the idol of her own, has been snatched from  
among us in the full glow of youth and generosity by one of those fatal  
and inglorious chances which make us feel that—

The spider's most attenuated thread  
Is cord, is cable to man's held of life!

Georgiana Charlotte Theobald, was the daughter of Major General  
Sir Amos Norcott, of the Rites, and formerly Governor of Jamaica.  
Married at an early age to the well-known Mr. Theobald, of Stockwell,  
the proprietor of some of the best horses on the turf, she shone as a  
bright and cheering light, in the circle which she as a wife adorned.  
To the world she was best known as a fearless horsewoman, and it was  
to a predilection for this fearful accomplishment that her melancholy  
death is to be traced.

Her attire and appointments were always of the choicest description,

and her steed one beautifully adapted both by nature and art, both in size and training, to receive the gentle burden it had to carry. This lady's style of riding was masculine in its undaunted bravery, but truly feminine in its grace and elegance. Her person—but why describe that with our pen, which our artist has so happily depicted with his pencil?—was perfection; that one word has economized a hundred. Her charms were—oh, that we should write *were*—admired wherever known, and known wherever civilization has advanced, and the value of female loveliness is recognized. Mrs. Theobald was of the *Diana Vernon* cast of beauty. The ideal of Scott found a brilliant realization in the form of this fair personage; and, on horseback, we know of no woman—Miss Woolford not excepted—who so fully entered into the spirit of the course. At that period of life when female charms have reached their full development, and when the judgment and the figure are alike matured, this lady had an advantage over the *belle* contemporaries of the day, which must be universally admitted. It is to this pre-eminence of attraction that Mrs. Theobald was indebted for her high reputation amongst the coteries of town and country, and ever foremost in the rank of benevolence. Mercy, indeed, is here twice blessed, both in the giver and the receiver. At Ascot and Epsom, crushing the heath-flower on the course of the one, and trampling the gorse on the Downs of the other, Mrs. Theobald and her charger were invariably found, lending fresh spirit, and imparting renewed attractions, to the beauties of both those favoured spots. Royalty itself has even deigned to acknowledge the presence of charms which might well keep the world in awe; and the highest male personage in these realms testified, by his attentions, the estimation in which he held a being so wondrously and beautifully framed.

The melancholy particulars of her fatal accident will be found in our stamped edition.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE SLANDERERS OF THE TURF.

Sir,—At the last past Derby races, some excitement was caused by the issue of hand-bills, purporting to be extracts from a speech of the Reverend E. H. Abney, vicar of St. Alkmund's, at the Lancasterian school-room, on February the 18th, 1845, against the re-establishment of races at Derby. Now on a careful perusal of these extracts they exhibit, as the generality of such speeches do, the most conscious denunciations against this peculiar feature of our national sports.

In one place the reverend rector says, "He could speak from his own experience of the bad effects resulting from races. He lived in York, when races were held there, and such were the evils that followed them, that the inhabitants of that place had not recovered from their effects before the period of their recurrence."

Oh! most sagacious Solon, you must indeed have a narrow mind; or, what seems almost as bad, a narrow education, thus to libel the inhabitants of York. We would ask the reverend gentleman one question upon this point; Pray of whom did you get that opinion? Was it from some sour hypocritical puritan? or, from some pious shop-keeper, who, during the races, shut up the front of his shop and sold goods out of the back door, so as not to incur the charge of inconsistency? It is a notorious fact, that more trade is done in a town during the racing season, than during the whole round of the year, and that the tradesmen of many towns would be glad to establish a per-centage for a race to be established near their location. As to their not recovering from its effects before the period of its recurrence; bah! you may tell that to the marines, but it won't do for the sailors.

In the next place the reverend anti-cursor says:—"From circumstances which had recently taken place connected with races, it had been made fully manifest, that they were most degrading and demoralising in their character. He would ask who were the persons that were so zealous for races? *Not respectable people.* It was always found that they were persons whose characters were defective or immoral. He had no hesitation in saying, that, taken as a whole, the frequenters of races were a mass of unredeemed, unmitigated blackguards! He said this respecting those persons who generally attended races. They choose not only to debase themselves, but they were instrumental in assembling large masses of the worst characters together, and thus they demoralised the whole community." No doubt the reverend gentleman felt a glow of pious excitement when he delivered this passage; he says, "The frequenters of races are a mass of unredeemed, unmitigated blackguards." Extremely loyal, Mr. Abney, to call his Queen and her Royal Consort, the Royal Family, and the Royal Families of Foreign Nations, and, the most noble families of England, "A mass of unredeemed, unmitigated blackguards." It is a good thing that Mr. Abney did not live in the days when the Godolphin Arabian ran: at that time he would have had his ears cut off and nailed to the pillory for *Scandalum magnatum*. But this is not all, the reverend denouncer says that, "they demoralise the whole community." It is very evident that Mr. Abney is a man who has not paid much attention to the subject matter of his address, or else he would use more moderate language, for nothing can justify such coarse and virulent language from the lips of a clergyman,

who should be no "brawler," but whose speech should be "seasoned with salt, and be an example to all hasty and unlicensed tongues." Trusting these few lines will be thought to the purpose.

I am, Mr. Editor, yours,  
PHILOCURSUS.

## IRISH FISHERIES.

Sir,—As a correspondent of yours has made an inquiry on this subject, permit me to reply to him through your medium. The river fisheries of Ireland though conducted with very bad management, (with a few pleasing exceptions, which are generally confined to large landed proprietors, who find it to their interest to preserve their waters,) nevertheless, form, in several parts of Ulster, a very lucrative source of property. The want of proper management of the rivers is the more to be regretted, as they for the most part abound in an extraordinary degree with trout, pike, perch, eels, and char; and the Bann, the Foyle, and the Ballyshannon, in Donegal are well stocked with salmon.

The salmon fisheries of the Bann and the Foyle were very early celebrated. In Phillips's MS. they are stated to have been let from 1609 to 1612 at 666l. 13s. 4d. a year! The right of fishing in the river Foyle, as far as Lifford, is vested in the Irish Society, and tickets can be obtained from the members. The season for salmon fishing throughout Ireland, by the present law, begins on the 1st of February, and ends on the 1st of September. Seven months being open, and five close. On the Bann river the facilities for angling have been greatly improved under the able and judicious management of Charles Atkinson, Esq.

I am, yours obediently,  
F. B. THOMPSON.

## LICE IN DOGS.

London, September 9th, 1845.

Sir,—In reference to a query from your correspondent, G. M., on the best means for destroying lice in dogs, I beg to reply to him. Lice in dogs is invariably caused by proper care not being taken to keep the dog in a proper state of cleanliness. And besides producing lice, this neglect, if long continued, will cause the ruin of the dog. The best remedy is the following:—

Take a sufficient quantity of lard, and rub it well into the dog's body, especially the hind and fore-quarters; then chain him up for half-a-day, so that he cannot lick himself. Then loose him, and bathe him in hot water; but not hotter than you can bear your hand in; wash the lard well out, leaving no more grease on the body than you can possibly help. Repeat this treatment every day for a week; giving the dog after every washing, three grains of blue pill.

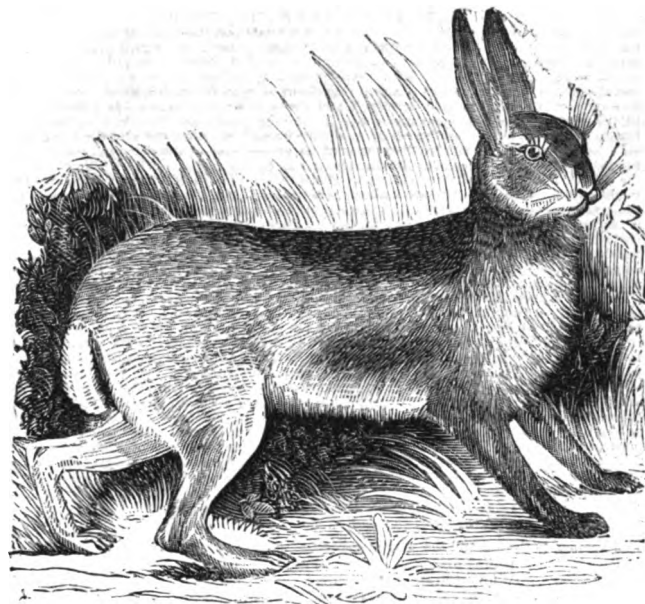
I am, Sir, yours obediently,  
F. B. THOMPSON.

**BAY CHILDERS.**—Amongst the various honours connected with the turf to which Doncaster can lay claim, is that of having sent forth into the sporting world the most celebrated race-horse of the period, Bay Childers. He was bred towards the middle of the last century, by Leonard Childers, Esq., who occupied at that time the residence of the family, Carhouse, in the immediate vicinity of this town. An anecdote, which is nowhere related in the accounts hitherto given of this horse, may here perhaps be read with some little local interest. The late John Woodyear, Esq., of Crookhill, when a young man, happening one day to be riding through the lanes adjoining some part of the Carhouse estate, attended by his groom, perceived in one of the fields at a little distance from the spot, a brood mare pacing to and fro upon the bank of a dike or deep ditch, apparently in much agitation and distress. Stopping to ascertain the cause, he observed a young foal splashing about in a vain endeavour to extricate itself from the unnatural element into which it had accidentally fallen. Mr. Woodyear immediately hastened to its succour, and, with the assistance of his servant, soon succeeded in rescuing from an untimely end what was then regarded no farther than a lackless foal, but turned out, in after-life, to be the fleetest racer of his day, and acquired for himself the well known appellation of the "Flying Childers." He became the property of the Duke of Devonshire, and is said to have been first trained as a hunter; but, at five years old, the superior speed and courage which he discovered caused him to be transferred to the turf—where, common report affirms he could run a mile in a minute.

**NEW NEWSPAPERS.**—The spirited proprietors of the "Iron Times" are about to publish a "Wood Herald," a "Cotton Chronicle," a "Steel Advertiser," and a "Zinc Post."

**THE CAUSE OF THE LATE BAD WEATHER.**—M. Arago has discovered that the inclemency of the weather in Paris is occasioned by certain blocks of ice floating about in the Atlantic. From this we may infer that the cold weather which we have lately experienced has arisen from the large quantities of Wenham Lake Ice which are daily carried about the streets of London.

## THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SPORTING.



THE HARE.

**H**IS little animal is found throughout Europe, and indeed in most of the northern parts of the world.—Being destitute of weapons of defence, it is endowed by Providence with the passion of fear. Its timidity is known to every one: it is attentive to every alarm, and is, therefore, furnished with ears very long and tubular, which catch the most remote sounds.—The eyes are so prominent, as to enable the animal to see both before and behind.

The hare feeds in the evenings, and sleeps in his form during the day; and as he generally lies on the ground, he has the feet protected both above and below, with a thick covering of hair. In a moonlight evening, many of them may frequently be seen sporting together, leaping about and pursuing each other: but the least noise alarms them, and they then scamper off, each in a different direction. Their pace is a kind of a gallop, or quick succession of leaps; and they are extremely swift, particularly in ascending higher grounds, to which, when pursued, they generally have recourse: here their large and strong hind legs are of singular use to them. In northern regions, where, on descent of the winter's snow, they would, were their summer fur to remain, be rendered particularly conspicuous to animals of prey, they change in the autumn their yellow grey dress, for one perfectly white; and are thus enabled, in a great measure, to elude their enemies.

In more temperate regions, they choose in winter a form exposed to the south, to obtain all the possible warmth of that season: and in summer, when they are desirous of shunning the hot rays of the sun, they change this for one with a northerly aspect: but in both cases they have the instinct of generally fixing upon a place where the immediately surrounding objects are nearly the colour of their own bodies.

In one hare that a gentleman watched, when the dogs were heard at the distance of nearly a mile, she rose from her form, swam across a rivulet, then lay down among the bushes on the other side and thus evaded the scent of the hounds. When a hare has been chased for a considerable length of time, she will sometimes push another from its seat, and lie down there herself. When hard pressed, she will mingle with a flock of sheep, run up an old wall, and conceal herself among the grass on the top of it, or cross a river several times at small distances. She never runs in a line directly forward, but constantly doubles about, which frequently throws the dogs out of the scent; and she generally goes against the wind. It is extremely remarkable that hares, however frequently pursued by the dogs, seldom leave the place where they were brought forth, or that in which they usually sit; and it is a very common thing to find them, after a long and severe chase in the same place the following day.

The females have not so much strength and agility as the males: they are, consequently, more timid, and never suffer the dogs to approach them so near, before they rise as the males. They are likewise said to practice more arts, and double more frequently.

This animal is gentle, and susceptible even of education. He does not often, however, though he exhibits some degree of attachment to his master, become altogether domestic; for although taken very young, brought up in the house, and accustomed to kindness and attention, no sooner is he arrived at a certain age, than he generally seizes the first opportunity of recovering his liberty, and flying to the fields.

Whilst Dr. Townson was at Gottingen, he had a young hare brought to him, which he took so much pains with as to render it more familiar than these animals commonly are. In the evenings it soon became so frolicsome as to run and jump about his sofa and bed; sometimes in its play it would leap upon and pat him with his forefeet, or whilst he was reading, even knock the book out of his hand. But whenever a stranger entered the room, the little animal always exhibited considerable alarm.

Mr. Borlase saw a hare that was so familiar as to feed from the hand, lie under a chair in a common sitting-room, and appear, in every other respect, as easy and comfortable in its situation as a lap-dog. It now and then went out into the garden, but after regaling itself always returned to the house as its proper habitation. Its usual companions were a greyhound and a spaniel, both so fond of hare-hunting, that they often went out together, without any person accompanying them. With these two dogs this tame hare spent its evenings: they always slept on the same hearth, and very frequently would rest itself upon them.

Hares are very subject to fleas. Linnaeus tells us, that cloth made of their fur will attract these insects, and preserve the wearer from their troublesome attacks. In India the hare is hunted for sport, not only with dogs, but with hawks, and some species of the cat genus. The flesh, though in esteem among the Romans, was forbidden by the Druids, and by the Britains of the early centuries. It is now, though very black and dry, and devoid of fat, much esteemed by the Europeans, on account of its peculiar flavour. The female goes with young about a month; she generally produces three or four at a litter, and this about four times in a year. The eyes of the young ones are open at birth: the dam suckles them about twenty days, after which they leave her, and procure their own food. They make forms at a little distance from each other, and never go far from the place where they were brought forth. The hare lives about eight years.

Some believe that hares propagate but once a year, but in the author's opinion they breed from February to the end of harvest. The doe chooses some thick dry brake, high grass, clover, or standing corn, to kindle in; her paps come forward under her belly than those of almost any quadruped; she does not long suckle her young; if she did, and had many, the udder would be drawn too big, and be inconvenient whilst the hare was running; she brings forth differently from the rabbit, her offspring being completely formed and quick-sighted the instant they are dropped. Among naturalists it is a received notion that the hare, especially the buck, seldom lives beyond seven years, and that when either is killed, another succeeds to occupy its place; whence derived the proverb—"The more hares you kill, the more you will have to hunt;" for when the buck and doe live undisturbed together a little time, they suffer no stranger to reside within their limits. It is also a well experienced truth, that some places are remarkable for being seldom without hares, and others, (although as likely, in all appearance to harbour them) rarely with any. Whether it is any particular excellence in the feed, in the situation for forming advantageously, for warmth, hearing, seeing, that induces them to prefer certain spots to others, or that on the death of a buck or doe, another succeeds, and they possess their usual circle, cannot be ascertained, but the fact is perfectly established.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## THE 'FISHER'S CREEL.

## HOW TO EAT A TROUT.

Mr. Editor—You have said much in your entertaining columns about eating fish. Allow me, with all due deference, to suggest a word or two, on what you should do with him when you've got him. True, in the first place, you should "catch your trout," before you even talk of eating him, yet, in this light communication allow me to consider him as already caught; thanks to your hints and instructions.

The rank of the trout, as a delicacy for the table, seems to have been placed very low by the ancients. It is, nevertheless, not a little singular, when the madness of the table was at its height, and the universe was ransacked for dainties, this beautiful fish, which is found in many lakes in the neighbourhood of Rome, should have been overlooked by the world's masters. The milts of "murena" were brought from one place, the livers of "scari" from another, and oysters even from our own remote Sandwich, to furnish forth the dishes of their feasts. Yet who would not resign the "brains of nightingales," the "rich paps of a pregnant sow," the "heels of camels," and the tongues of flamingoes, for a crimson-spotted trout, dressed after the recipe of honest old Isaac?

But *de gustibus non est*, &c., and so much influence have early habits and associations in fixing our tastes, that we cannot forbear giving an anecdote of our first monarch of the name of George, connected with taste in the matter of fish. "Vat ish ven man's fish is anodor man's poisson," said the Frenchman; and he was right. When George I. ascended the throne of England, his long residence in Hanover had given him some peculiarities in *gourmandise*. Among other gastronomic attachments, his Majesty was very fond of oysters, and had patronised the consumption of them very freely during his residence in Hanover. The distance from



their native beds, however (the method of keeping them in salt and water being not then introduced), prevented them from being so fresh as with us; but their *haut goût* had become familiar to the Hanoverians, and was by them identified with them as part of their excellence. On his Majesty's arrival, his pet luxury was not forgotten, and native oysters graced his board, of the choicest and latest arrivals. Day after day did the monarch bolt these grateful *bivalves*, and day by day did he swear, in choice German, that they were good for nothing. They were changed and re-changed, but to no purpose: at length some one suggested the true cause, and such a "dainty dish was set before the king" as would have caused an oyster-room waiter to be ejected at the window. But his Majesty, recognising the old flavour, pronounced them "good, very good," and thenceforward the monarch had them served with the requisite staleness. We take this pithy and "over true" anecdote to be worth a column of lucubration; and shall, without apology, return to our trout.

The moment a trout is landed it should be immediately killed; and so soon as you have arrived at home lay your fish on a cold stone.

Cold and crimping are the grand agents in preserving the firmness and flavour of all fish. It is, therefore, to these united causes, that we must attribute the firmness, almost amounting to crispness, of salmon and trout, when judiciously cooled; while, *vice versa*, softness, wateriness, and insipidity, are produced by injudicious treatment. Proceed we next to the process of cooking. We shall not here plagiarise the recipes of Walton, Heliaeus, and Kitchener; they are to be found in their respective works: we would merely suggest, as the powers above are said to send the vizard, while the ruler of the "nether realm" supplies the cooks, that no fisherman should be above knowing how to boil his fish, at any rate. Let the fish be well pumped upon for a few minutes, then, having ready the kettle of water with a handful of salt in it, when the water is *boiling properly*, and not before, place your fish in it; an average sized trout (one pound) will be "enough" in ten minutes. "A trout," as Colonel Hawker judiciously observes, "if possible, should always be dressed the day it is caught; and remember, that if this delicate fish is put to soak or soften over the fire in cold water, as is the general custom, it is spoiled. Care should moreover be taken that it is not suffered to remain in the water a moment after it is done."

We are pathetic and earnest in impressing this point, as our favourite fish hath lost much reputation through the evil treatment of the ignorant. Remember too, for we are not to give you the why without the wherefore, that our process is truly scientific and *secundum artem*; for, as Sir Humphrey Davy observes, boiling salt water attains a much higher temperature than fresh, hence the curd or interstitial matter of the flakes becomes more hardened by increase of heat. Let the reader store up this hint and I will give him a few more shortly, for which, if he have any taste, he will thank his gastronomic suggester,

ICHTHYOPHAGUS.

**REQUISITES FOR A GROUSE SHOOTER.**—A catalogue for some of the articles necessary to a Grouse Shooter's equipment may not be unserviceable. Dogs; fowling-piece, in case or bag; two extra pivots; a pivot-pricker; pivot-wrench; gun-rod, or cleaner; a small bottle of olive oil; some linen cloth and leather; powder-flask; dram-flask; shot-belt; bird-bag; a canister of powder; a quantity of shot, various sizes; a few pairs of woollen stockings; strong laced boots; or strong shoes and gaiters; dark shooting dress; copper-cups, and box; wadding; screw-turner; spring-crimp; a punch for cutting waddings; shoe-oil; straps, collars, couples, and cords for leading and tying up dogs; dog-whistle; dog-whip; a pocket-knife, with an instrument attached for unlacing boots; a pen-knife; a pocket-comb; some cord or string for tying up game; hampers, in which grouse may be packed between layers of heath; sealing-wax, and seal to mark birds when sent by coach or carrier; game certificate; card of permission, or other authority to produce to the gamekeepers; sandwiches; cigars; soda-powders; congreves; brandy. This bill of fare may not suit every one, there being few but would omit some of the articles, and fewer that would be content without adding to the list, since we have all our tastes and foibles; for example, one would leave out the cigars and substitute a canister of snuff; a small telescope, if no incumbrance, would afford amusement to another. However, the shooter should "run the items o'er" himself; trust nobody, and if he happen to possess a treacherous memory, or is otherwise too busily engaged in weightier matters to make a formal preparation for the autumnal campaign, the best advice we can afford him is, that before he travel northward, to compare the invoice of his outfit with the paraphernalia here enumerated, when he will probably be reminded of something that has not found its way into his travelling equipage; in which case he has only to ask himself the question, "Do I need this?" or, "Can I procure this over the Border?"

**RECIPE FOR BREAKING STONES.**—Select the thickest and strongest box you can find, and be sure to see that it is free from all defects. Then take the stones, which pack, as carefully as possible, in hay or straw. Write "Glas—with care," and sundry other such admonitions, on several parts of the box, in large letters. Then give it to one of the appointed men at a railway station, and desire him to take particular care of it. If you do this, and send your box fifty miles on the railroad, you may be certain that the stones will be Macadamized.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

**ETHELBERT.**—You are quite right; an editor is a sort of target for all sorts of wittlings to try the sharp shafts of their wits upon. One advises him upon the price of his publication; just as if those engaged in a trade did not understand it best. A second informs him of some minute defect or oversight in an artist's drawing. A third lectures him for his ignorance, seeing that the printer hath perpetrated a typographical error; perchance one minute piece of metal, the size of a pin, (our form of type for each number contains, on the average, upwards of one hundred and forty thousand moveable letters), has jumped from its place, or been substituted for the right one; and straightway, the unfortunate compositor, known as the editor, is offered up as a vicarious sacrifice for the sins of all people, and the ingenious discoverer of an accident or a blunder huggeth himself mightily of his superiority over the dunderhead he has so sagely set right. We can imagine old Sir Thomas Overbury, had he lived till this day, writing thus of the unfortunate wight called an editor:—"From the bottom of my soul do I pity the editor; for once he is too grave, for another too lively; for the serious he treateth not amply enough, or soundly of matters instructive and edifying; for the laughter-loving he draweth not enough from the sparkling fountain of jest and merriment; for the parsimonious he sellecth his wares too dear, albeit the said wight thinketh he is all too modest in asking the fair due of his commodity; and urgeth that things of small price are ever little thought of; hence do they all address him, as whilom the frogs did pester Olympus with their croakings. Thus have I seen a covey chewing the cud of rumination, in the midst of a pond, on a sunny day of midsummer, surrounded by the tormenting brize; first she shaketh her ear, then her tail; lastly banteth her side, anon swayeth like the pendulum of a clock from her angular rump; straightway one buzzing gad, more daring than the rest, inserts its sharp pricking latter-end into the patient one's hide, and deposits an egg; then a skin-shiver cometh ever, patient dapple, who, though she shakes her hide, has not got rid of the troublesome grub one day to become a gilded fly. This, gentle reader, is the symbolic likeness of an editor, with his advising, remonstrating, buzzing, and egg-laying correspondents." Questions he is happy to answer, when in his or any mortal's power with whom he is acquainted; but as to advice to alter, enlarge, change the price, matter, form of publication, quality of paper, engravings, &c., &c., &c., on all which points it hath been his misfortune to be fully advised with and demonstrated with; he begs to say that he hath fully studied and digested an ancient fable, lyricised in modern times, by George Colman, and which opens with these lines:—

Gaffer Grist, Gaffer's son, and their little jackass,  
Trotting along the road,

and keeping both that and the song ever present to his mind, he must insist on  
Riding his jackass just as he likes,  
While trotting along the road.

**STPHAX.**—Read our last number, or No. 13. You will there find the information you seek. **ENQUIRER, Bolton.**—Johnny Broome fought Bungaree for 300*l*. It was Bungaree's first fight in this country, and Broome was but recently married when the match was made.

**LONGLEGS.**—We never heard of a man running six miles in 30 minutes, and regard such a feat as an impossibility.

**WERRY NERVOUS.**—You are right. There has been a vast deal of humbug upon the subject of the "roughs" at the late fight. The referee was incompetent, and certainly people were thrust against him, by the involuntary swaying to and fro, produced by the pressure from behind; but that the "Squire was threatened" or "intimidated" we utterly deny. The rumours are the spiteful, interested, and complaining misrepresentations of the losing party.

**EMERITUS, Worcester.**—Your newsman is a—, and the truth is not in him. The same to our Chesterfield correspondent.

**A. E., Aberdeen.**—We will give the exploits of Childers in No. 20. Thanks for the report; but the races are not of sufficient general interest.

**M. R. S.**—The whole and exact process of gudgeon fishing is described as follows, in a book on angling, printed in the year 1815:—

"Lo! in a little boat where one doth stand,  
That to a willow branch the while is tied,  
And with a pole doth gently raise the sand,  
Whereas the gentle stream doth gently glide.  
And then with slender line and rod in hand,  
The eager bait not long he doth abide.  
Well loaded in his line, his hook but small,  
A good big cork to bear the stream with all.

"His bait, the least red-worm that may be found,  
And at the bottom it doth always lie.  
Whereat the greedy Gudgeon bites so sound,  
That hook and all he swalloweth bye and bye.  
See how he strikes, and pulls them up as round  
As if new store the place did still supply;  
And when the bait did die, or badly prove,  
Then to another place he did remove."

**AN ANSWER.**—You win. The fight between Cant and Bendigo did not take place half-way between London and Nottingham, although so stipulated in the articles. The place of meeting was changed by mutual consent of the men's backers.

**SAM SWORDSMAN.**—Fugilists are often short-lived from their peculiar exposure to excess in liquor, &c. Yet the most eminent pugilists may well compete with any other class, as witness the following old uns:—Mr. Jackson is in his 78th year; Mr. Gully is about 80; Tom Belcher is in his 69th year; Cribb in his 65th; Oliver is about 66. Spring is in his 51st year. Jackson's first fight was in 1798, his last in 1798. Gully's first fight in 1806, his last in 1801. Belcher made his debut in 1804, his final bow in 1813. Cribb came out in 1805, and fought Molyneux for the last time in 1811. Oliver fought from 1811 until 1821, came out again and fought in 1824. Spring fought first in 1814, and lastly in 1829. Broughton lived to be 85, and Mendoza to be 73.

**G. W. H., Brighton.**—Half-an-ounce of corrosive sublimate, powdered to an impalpable powder; to this, by very small quantities, add two ounces (half a gill) of spirits of wine, and one pint of rain or river water. Wash the dog on every affected part, with a sponge dipped in the solution, once in every three days; give him also three mercurial purging balls (proportioned to his size, age, and strength), this for red mange. If it is the common mange (which I suspect), three plentiful washings of the following cheap composition, will effect a cure. Sulphur, four ounces; white hellebore, in powder, two ounces; black pepper, one ounce; sal ammoniac, half an ounce; olive oil, about a pint. You may reduce the quantities proportionally, if you please. Let this be well and thoroughly rubbed in with the hand three different times; and give, at the same time, a mercurial ball. The flea will be got rid of by the process, as well as the mange.

**Q. R. P., Hampton.**—We do not know any good work on "Training Greyhounds for Running," except "Thacker's Courser's Manual," a rather expensive and bulky book, and we believe scarce. We will give you a series of short papers on the subject shortly, from the pen of a cunning friend.

**WM. Y., Kingland.**—The Editor don't know why you write; and what's more, he has no recollection of your letter.

**COOGER.**—Cant stands close and square. We don't know what you mean by legs expanded. When you say it is not like Bendigo, (with the exception of a mistake in putting his left leg foremost, which was right on the wood block, but comes wrong on the paper), permit us to say, though we may admit your sincerity, we would not give a rotten penny for your judgment; it is on a par with your English, and that is as bad as can be. Purchase a "Mavor's Spelling," and a "Murray's Grammar," read more and write less. We suspect your wretched barolical English reaches under two or three different signatures.

**YORKSHIRE FISCHER.**—"Derry." You should have addressed your letter to the Editor, at the Office, 42, Holywell-street; in consequence of addressing it to a former publisher by name, it was only by chance that it came to hand. Mr. J. K. Farlow, of 3, Crooked-lane, Cannon-street, who is a wholesale dealer, will execute your order with punctuality, and on reasonable terms.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

**SUNDAY, September 21st.—EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.**  
**MONDAY, 22nd.—Brewed Races.**—The French capture the Emperor of Morocco's parasol at Ialy, 1844; being as large as an umbrella, they leave the Emperor to the misery of a long reign, as the season is just setting in.  
**TUESDAY, 23rd.—Richmond Races.**—Oswestry Races.—Great Fire at Liverpool, 1842.  
**WEDNESDAY, 24th.—Bedford Races.**—Walsall Races.—Lincoln Races.—Monmouth Races.—List of claimants to vote, and persons objected to, to be fixed by Town Clerk in some public place in boroughs, from this day until October 1.  
**THURSDAY, 25th.—Gorton Races.**—A Warning to Parents.—A father having imprudently left his eldest son in a room along with a bill stamp, he converted it into a kite, and went into the city to fly it.  
**FRIDAY, 26th.—Lampeter Fair.**—Grassington Fair.—Marquis Wellesley died, 1842.  
**SATURDAY, 27th.—Derby Fair.**—Great complaints of detention of luggage at the Custom House, 1844: one gentleman, who was very drunk, complains to the *Times* that he could not get his intellects "cleared" in time for the next train (of thought). He must have been slow-brained.

## THE MOON IN SEPTEMBER.

New Moon, 1st	...	...	...	...	9 34 aft.
First Quarter, 8th	...	...	...	...	5 25 noon.
Full Moon, 15th	...	...	...	...	10 13 morn.
Last Quarter, 22nd	...	...	...	...	10 25 aft.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK

High water at London Bridge.

	morn.	aft.		morn.	aft.
Sunday, Sept. 21st	5 7	5 28	Thursday, 25th	8 30	9 11
Monday, 22nd	5 45	6 5	Friday, 26th	9 53	10 32
Tuesday, 23rd	6 22	6 50	Saturday 27th	11 9	11 48
Wednesday, 24th	7 17	7 50			

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 27, 1845.

## CAUNT VERSUS BENDIGO.

Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.



HENEVER an event comes off contrary to the prognostications, wishes, and interests of those who conceive themselves the knowing ones, conjecture, argument, and even the distortion of fact is liberally resorted to by those on the wrong side, to cover their miscalculations and save their vanity; or with the less creditable object of saving their pockets; which, in such cases, have been generally called in to back their judgment.

Thus has it proved in many a case within our recollection, and thus we suppose it will continue to be. There will always be two ends to a stick, and two sides to a question, and those who have the wrong end of one and the indefensible side of the other, will generally be found the loudest in assertion, the most varying in their arguments, and the readiest to impute all sorts of improper motives and actions to their adversaries.

This has been strikingly exemplified in the past week, wherein many who have been for years looked up to as the arbiters of fair play and the advocates of justice, even though it should strike their brothers, have been so touched in pride, purse, pocket, or prejudice, that they would shake the very structure they have themselves built, and pronounced faultless.

We allude to the "London Division," who have certainly been "hit" to some tune, in the affair of the fight for the Championship. Rumour with her thousand tongues, has been busy misrepresenting and slandering, and the whole details of the fight viewed through the distorting medium of prejudice and anger, have assumed a totally different aspect from that which they presented to the cool and dispassionate observer, and such the writer of this asserts himself to be. Having been close to the experienced referee from the instant of his appointment, until the time he stepped into his carriage, into which we, together with Jem Ward assisted him, surely a better witness, as to the subject of the much-talked-of "intimidation," can be nowhere had. We have not, nor even had a shilling on the fight, neither have we a predilection or prejudice to gratify; and we solemnly declare, that the question was twice or thrice put to the Squire by friends by whom he was surrounded, (one of them a noble lord), and he declared he was "perfectly at ease, if some one would keep those fellows from pushing us against the ropes." The referee then had his watch in his hand, which he consulted, as also did the writer of this, up to the ultimate decision, an act which he would have thought highly imprudent, even in the vicinity of the A division, during her Majesty's progress to the House of Lords, or a state visit to Drury Lane. The letter which Spring inserted in *Bell's Life* is clearly of that character that it answers itself. He says, that the "referee decided over and over again that a man going down without a blow after treacherously delivering one himself, was fair." This will not require an answer from the Squire. As to the gentleman who told him, that the referee said that "he dared not decide

in favour of Caunt lest his life should be sacrificed," the referee's observations and his character show that this unfortunately proves too much. The referee said to Jem Ward, that he had "decided to the best of his judgment, and was not, nor would he be, influenced by any man." This we heard; we will not say a harsh word on interested motives and mortified pride, but quote "the Oracle of the Ring," on the duties of a referee, his functions and powers, with the just commentary of the *Sunday Times*—

"The decision of the referee, is, and must be, final; neither should it be commented on or impugned. Why was he chosen if absolute power was not implied by his election to office. A sporting writer, and the editor of a popular work on the ring, has well said:—'He (the referee) should withhold all opinion till appeal to by the umpires, and, in giving his opinion, it should be done without hesitation, and, once given, it should not be retracted. Whatever may be his decision, it ought to be submitted to without cavil or dispute. The referee saw Caunt go down without a blow, and gave it against him. The friends of the loser aver that Bendigo having got down, Caunt considered that the round was over. If so it was the duty of Caunt's seconds to take him from the place where he was when Bendigo fell, and carry him to his own corner. It is clear Caunt's seconds did not consider the round over. Several times in the course of the fight Bendigo fell, jumped up again, and renewed the battle. This, though it should have been, was never once objected to. After Bendigo fell, Caunt's seconds permitted their man to remain in the ring in a defensive posture, and when the former made play to renew the combat, Caunt fell to avoid punishment, he being at the time weak and sick from the blow received in the previous round.'

Of the justice and sound sense of these observations, there can be but one opinion among the impartial and disinterested. While on the subject of letter-writing, we may observe as an instance of the bad logic generally advanced when men's interests call on them to argue against their better knowledge, the comical *non-sequitur* involved in a letter to the editor of *Bell's Life*, by one Joseph Saunders, who concludes that because Mr. O. told him (at the Wolverton-station,) that "if he had been there he would have done as he (Mr. O.) did," "left an impression on his mind that what he said was through fear and intimidation." Here is an astute deduction, which we don't see follows from the premises: we should think the answer the cut direct unless Mr. Saunders interprets the squire's speech to mean, "I have give an unjust decision, which is just what you (Mr. S.) would have done had you been in my situation." A sarcastic cut this, if meant, my worthy squire; but we rather think Mr. S.'s confusion of ideas must have the credit of the query and the answer.

To conclude, as we begun, in every instance where the knowing ones have been bit, and the odds floored, similar declarations of foul play, or of a cross, have been rife. When Noworthy beat the previously invincible Dutch Sam, in the fight which we give in part in this week's number, a writer of the day says:—"Boxiana, p. 84, vol. ii.")

"Every exertion has been made, by the author, to place the dispute in question in a fair, clear, and concise point of view, and the result of his conviction is simply this: that it was more owing to the immense odds laid than to any demonstrable proof of a cross having existed, that many of the bets were not paid!" Whatever strong prejudices may have been entertained against Sam since the termination of the fight, it is certain, that he was backed when fighting till near the end of the battle, by the best considered judges in the pugilistic circles, that he must ultimately win.

"The Jew, while living, challenged inquiry, and defied any proof being brought of his having lent himself to the views of any party to bring about an improper termination of the contest. Like many others, he had to lament, that having filled the pockets of his own people and numerous persons in the sporting world, while victory crowned his efforts, and their praises flattered him to the very echo, Dutch Sam was then invulnerable; but no sooner had the chance turned against him—the once great CONQUEROR being conquered—and not only suffering under a severe beating, and distressed from the total desertion of his friends, but he was denied even the small consolation to a defeated man, 'of having done his duty,' and a cross was insisted upon by his backers to avoid paying bets.

"It appears, that in a case once referred, a few years ago, to Sir Charles Bunbury for his decision, respecting a difference of opinion about the issue of a prize pugilistic contest, he delivered himself to the following effect—'If persons will bet on prize-fights, they must be decided by the event.'

Thus we see the present position of affairs is no novelty in the sporting world; yet we cannot but regret that those who, "come weal come woe," should support fair play, are now losing sight of it. We declare, and that without fear of contradiction, that the referee was not intimidated, nor is he the man to be so; that the inner ring was throughout preserved inviolate and unbroken; that no one molested either man (with the exception of a blow on Bendigo's shoulder); and that the referee gave his decision without fear, favour, or affection, on the merits of the case.

"You have been the making of me," as the mustard said to the cook.

"I shall be undone by you," as the pepper-corn said to the mill.



THE DONCASTER CUP.

We here present the reader with a faithful pencilling of this magnificent equestrian prize. It is a *currus quadrigus*, or four-horse chariot, driven by a triumphant charioteer; supposed to be Diomed. The design is from the pencil of Mr. Frank Howard, the horses grouped by Macarthy; the whole modelled under the superintendence of E. H. Bailey, Esq., R. A. The driver holds the ribands scintillating with his left hand, while with his right he waves aloft the curling whip, ready to apply it deftly whenever he perceives the symptoms of flagging. Apparently, however, there is no need of either lash or spur to urge the noble animals to the goal, for they are thorough-bred—perchance from Argos or Epidauros—and spurn the sands from their hoofs with full blooded indignation. The whole group is of pure silver, and both the *quadrigarius* and his team are beautifully moulded. The horses are very spirited, and the composition is chaste, and finely wrought, the subject being treated in a style at once simple and purely classical. This piece of argentine sculpture may stand comparison, in its finish, with the works of Benvenuto Cellini. The lines of Homer (thus translated by Pope) were evidently in the artist's mind:—

"High o'er his head the circling lash he wields,  
His bounding horses scarcely touch the fields;  
His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd  
Refulgent through the cloud;  
And the fierce coursers urged their rapid pace  
So swift, it seemed a flight, and not a race."

## BRITISH BIRDS.—NO. XII.

## THE GREY PLOVER.

**A**LTHOUGH the Plover has generally been classed with those birds whose business is wholly among water, we cannot help considering the greater part of them as partaking entirely of the nature of land birds. Many of them breed upon our loftiest mountains, and though they are frequently seen upon the sea coast, feeding with birds of the water kind, yet it must be observed that they are no more water birds than any of our small birds which repair thither for the same purpose. The long legged plover and the sanderling are waders, and belong more immediately to the water birds, to which we refer them; the great plover and the lapwing we consider as entirely connected with birds of the plover kind; the former has usually been classed with the bustard, and the latter with the sandpiper; but they differ very materially from both, and seem to agree in more essential points with this kind. We have therefore given them a place in this part of our work, where, with the rest of the plovers, they may be considered as connecting the two great divisions of land and water birds, to both of which they are in some degree allied.

Our next engraving will represent the Golden or Yellow Plover, the best known of the family. This bird is the size of the turtle-dove, which we shall figure when we come to the family of Pigeons; its bill is dusky, its eyes dark; all the upper parts of the plumage are marked with bright yellow spots upon a dark brown ground; the fore part of the neck and breast

are the same, but much paler; the belly is almost white; the quills are dusky; the tail is marked with dusky and yellow bars; the legs are black. Birds of this species vary very much from each other; in some which we have had, the breast was marked with black and white; in others it was almost black; but whether this difference arose from age or sex we are at a loss to determine.

The golden plover is common in this country, and all the northern parts of Europe; it is very numerous in various parts of America, from Hudson's Bay as far as Carolina, migrating from one place to another, according to the seasons. It breeds on high and healthy mountains; the female lays four eggs, of a pale olive colour, variegated with blackish spots. They fly in small flocks, and make a shrill whistling noise, by an imitation of which they are sometimes enticed within gun shot.

The male and female do not differ from each other. In young birds the yellow spots are not very distinguishable, as the plumage inclines more to grey.

The other variety we shall notice is, the subject of our engraving, the Grey Plover, called by some the Great Plover, or Stone Curlew, and commonly known as the Norfolk Plover. The length of this bird is sixteen inches. Its bill is long, yellowish at the base, and black at the tip; its irides and eyelids are pale yellow; above each eye there is a pale streak, and beneath one of the same colour extends to the bill; the throat is white, the head, neck, and all the upper parts of the body are of a pale tawny brown; down the middle of each feather there is a dark streak; the forepart of the neck and breast are nearly of the same colour, but much paler; the belly, thighs, and vent, are of a pale yellowish white, the quills are black; the tail is short and rounded, and a dark band crosses the middle of each feather; the tips are black, the rest white: the legs are yellow, and naked above the knees, which are very thick as if swollen, hence its name, the claws are black.



This bird is found in great plenty in Norfolk and several of the southern counties, but is nowhere to be met with in the northern parts of our island; it prefers dry and stony places on the sides of sloping banks. It makes no nest: the female lays two or three eggs on the bare ground, sheltered by a stone, or in a small hole formed in the sand; they are of a dirty white marked with spots of a deep reddish colour, mixed with slight streaks. Although this bird has great power of wing, and flies with great strength, it is seldom seen during the day, except it is surprised, when it springs to some distance, and generally escapes before the sportsman comes within gun-shot; it likewise runs on the ground almost as swiftly as a dog; after running some time it stops short, holding its head and body still, and on the least noise it squats close on the ground. In the evening it comes out in quest of food, and may then be heard at a great distance; its cry is singular, resembling a hoarse kind of whistle, three or four times repeated, and has been compared to the turning of a rusty handle.

Buffon endeavours to express it by the words *turlui, turlui*, and says it resembles the sound of a third flute, dwelling on three or four tones from a flat to a sharp. Its food consists chiefly of worms. It is said to be good eating when young; the flesh of the old ones is hard, black, and dry. Mr. White mentions them as frequenting the district of Selborne in Hampshire. He says, that the young run immediately from the nest almost as soon as they are excluded, like partridges; that the dam leads them to some stony field, where they bask, skulking among the stones, which they resemble so closely in colour, as not easily to be discovered.

Birds of this kind are migratory; they arrived in April, live with us all the spring and summer, and at the beginning of autumn prepare to take leave, by getting together in flocks; it is supposed that they retire to Spain, and frequent the sheep-walks with which that country abounds.



## SPORTS FOR QUEENS!

(From Punch.)

As *Punch* is very frequently smuggled beyond the Pyrenees, we have been solicited by Donna Mendoza—wife of a Spanish refugee, residing in Seymour-street, Somers-town—to print the subjoined letter, that it may meet the eye of the writer's sister, a lady of high rank, residing at San Sebastian.

"My dear Jacinta,—You know how much I hate this dull and foggy prison, England—how much I yearn for the sweet freedom, the blue heaven of our adored Spain. However, in the next revolution but ten—and that cannot be longer than three months—Baldomero Espartero will be paramount in Madrid, and we shall again embrace.

"Beloved Jacinta,—you can have no idea of the sluggish blood of these Britons—of their utter ignorance of romance—of their insensibility to true heroism. Will you believe it;—they absolutely sneer at our glorious bull fights! Yes, they condemn that gallant sport which thrills the heart-strings of Spain's daughters—they denounce the pleasure derived from disembowelled horses, with now and then a crushed and wounded *matador*! It is only a few days since that some of the audacious newspapers wrote in the most treasonous terms about the bull-fights at San Sebastian (witnessed by our beloved Queen—whom Heaven preserve! and her apostolic professor,)—and moreover cast the venom of their ink upon that truly national game, so dear to the hearts of Spaniards, of jumping at the head of a live goose, and pulling it from its quivering body. Imagine the effrontery of this!

"I had given up these English as a dastard race—a nation of cowards—incapable of nothing but killing men in equal fight—when my hopes of what they may do yet were raised by accounts from Germany. You must know that Queen Victoria (whom Heaven preserve!) has been to Saxe-Gotha, and there, with other royal ladies, has witnessed the butchery of I know not how many stags, in a way almost worthy of our own delicious bull-fights. All the deer were driven into a corner, when the Queen and the royal ladies, while the band played the Polka, were seated in easy chairs at a table, to see the fun. Well, the slaughter began—the princes fired away, the band playing the luster; and, after two hours, nearly all the brutes were killed. Then, says the *Times* account:—

"The dead or dying were either dragged, or carried suspended from poles, across towards the pavilion, where the huntsman plunged his enormous *couteau de chasse* into their throats."

The royal ladies, be it remembered by those who sneered at our bull-fights and our game of goose, looking on. When the delightful sport was over, why then, says the *Chronicle*:—

"The ladies passed along the line of dead on the way to their carriages. It was a wretched sight. The poor creatures arranged side by side—their dull, dim, dead eyes looking as ghastly as the wounds from which the clotted blood came oozing in black drops down the yet warm carcass. I had as lief see a knacker's yard."

"After this, dear Jacinta, I must confess I have some hopes in the spirit of English ladies, I do hope, that, influenced by the highest example, there may yet be bull-fights, and games of pull-goose in Hyde Park; and that at least until that glorious time arrive, young ladies of the very best families will gradually accustom themselves to bear the sight by attending the westernmost slaughter-houses on killing-days. To be sure, to see an ox felled with a pole-axe, or a sheep's throat cut, is hardly so exciting as to behold a herd of stags butchered as above described; nevertheless, the slaughter-house will do to begin with.

"However, after this, let us have no sneering at our beloved Queen of Spain, the *toros* and the goose,—let Englishmen think of Germany, and be quiet.

"Your affectionate Sister,  
"MARIA MENDOZA."

A FRENCHMAN'S IDEA OF THE YACHT CLUBS.—A French writer of some celebrity amongst his own countrymen, but who will obtain little faith here for his veracity (M. Lal), gives the following ludicrous description and edifying anecdotes of the lords and ladies of the Royal Yacht Club:—"Yachts," observes M. Lal, "constitute a luxury of which no idea can be formed in France—the luxury of wealthy islanders, loving to roam the world at their ease and pleasure. Every Englishman of fortune who is fond of the sea, keeps one or several yachts, just as he keeps his carriage and horses. The elegance and distribution of each vessel are characteristic of the whims of the lady who presides over its deck; or the sybaritism of the gentleman to whom it belongs. A yacht is considered as much a racer as any horse at Newmarket; and the sailor by whom it is navigated is, in fact, the mere jockey of a regatta. Just as gentlemen of the turf have portraits taken of their favourite horses, the M. R. Y. C. orders sketches of his yachts—of their feats, their perils, and their triumphs. Amongst others, a London brewer, of the name of Perkins, is the owner of several yachts, which are used by Mrs. Perkins, as so many barouches or landaus, for her morning visits. A short time ago she arrived at Cherbourg, in one of her yachts, to call upon a lady of her acquaintance. They gossiped over new novels and new Irish melodies, and in the sequel, Mrs. Perkins kindly offered to return to England and fetch some new songs which were just then

much the fashion amongst the fair melo-maniacs of London. One morning, shortly afterwards, Mrs. Perkins again made her appearance, with a roll of music in her hand. 'You positively must stay and dine with me,' said the fair friend, whom she had exerted herself to oblige. 'Can't indeed, my dear,' replied the yachting lady; 'I must be off immediately—I have promised the wife of the British Consul at Cadiz to drop in upon her, and I know she is expecting me!' And away went Mrs. Perkins to Cadiz, and then back to London, just as if she had been taking an airing to Richmond. It was probably this same lady whom the officers of the *Luxor* met at Alexandria."

NATURAL.—If a village beggar were to hoard money, in what funds would he invest it? In anything but the *stocks*!

ANGLING FOR A PUN.—A gentleman, much struck by the beauty of a barmaid, asked his friend if he knew anything about her. "Why, yes," said he, "I believe she is an odd fish." "I suppose, then," rejoined the lover, "you mean that she is a bar-belle (barbel) and difficult to be caught!"

Why is a Camel more fit to be present at a cricket match, than a horse? Because he is a *hump higher* (umpire.)

Why does a publican resemble his beer-engine?—Because the *pull* is on his side.

Why is a man knocked down in a row, like a pickled donkey?—Because he's Ass-salted (assaulted.)

THE DOG BILL.—Thanks to the Bishop of Bond street, the fellow now who steals a dog will find he doesn't exactly steal trash—not even in the eye of his old patron the law of the land. Eighteen months' hard labour, instead of a small fine or a few days in quod, is in future to be the reward for any clever canine seductions; while the "receiver-general" will have to tender his resignation forthwith, or continue to hold office on very different and far less agreeable terms. The Bishop and his backers held out strongly for seven years' transportation, but were in the end compelled to draw it mild in accordance with the wishes of some humanity members. Sufficient, however, has been done to put the trade upon the fret, and the victims upon the quiet; the threats and howlings of the former making a not unpleasant variation to the more lively airs now performing in Bond-street.

TICKS IN CATTLE.—A veterinary surgeon, in the *Agricultural Gazette* who admits the value of mercurial ointment and of tobacco-water in skilful hands, condemns the use of them by ignorant and careless farm-servants. He recommends the following as effectual, without fear of dangerous results:—Take of goose-grease, 4 oz.; train oil, 4 oz.; sulphur vivum, 2 oz. Mix well. The affected animal must be taken into the house; if out, be well cleaned with a strong brush, and a little of the ointment applied, and well rubbed in wherever the lice can be found on the skin. Cleanliness must be rigorously attended to, along with good keep and pure water. Tobacco-water is thus made:—Take of fine-cut tobacco, 8 ounces; boiling water, 8 quarts. Let the infusion stand until cold; then strain for use.

APPROPRIATE PRESENT.—It is not generally known that Prince Albert—"his brows bound with victorious garlands,"—on his return to the Isle of Wight from deer-killing, was waited upon by a deputation of ladies, who presented him with a blue apron, very curiously worked, in honour of his recent conquest of the stags. The ladies represented the body of butchers' wives of London, and the blue apron was worked with a *couteau de chasse*, and various gouts of blood, in scarlet silk. We understand that the master-butchers themselves intend to offer for the royal acceptance a magnificent knife, and a beautiful steel, manufactured from the very best German metal. It is further stated that Sir H. Bishop proposes to compose a new Royal catch, the burden of which will be—"What will ye buy?" The articles in question will, no doubt, be preserved as part of the Regalia, and consigned to the curatorship of Mr. Swift, of the Tower, to whom by-the-by we alluded erroneously the other day as the showman of the Crown, whereas he is entrusted with the honourable office of Viceroy of it.—*Punch*.

LONGER THAN ETERNITY.—At Waterloo, a Highland regiment and the Scots Greys met in the thickest of the fight, and raised the cry of "Scotland for ever!" "And could Ireland for longer!" exclaimed an Irish dragoon.

## SPORTING CONUNDRUMS.

When is an 'oss like a man dressing for dinner?—When he's changing his coat.

When is an 'oss like a man who hasn't settled his accounts of late?—When he's in a rear (arrear).

When is an 'oss like a man regularly done up?—When he runs away.

When is an 'untsman like a wessel in a storm?—When he's tossed on the mane.

When is an 'oss at a riding school like a young lawyer?—When he's brought up to the bar.

When is an 'oss fit to be on a dining table?—When he's a tumbler.

What answer would a Frenchman give to the last one?—When he's in de-canter.—*Jorrock*s.

## HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CRIER.

## CHAPTER VII.

WILLIAM NOSWORTHY. (THE BAKER.)



**S** the historic renown of "Richmond" rests principally on his defeat of "Richard," so (to compare great things with small) does the fame of NOSWORTHY in the history of gladiators rest mainly on his triumph over the previously invincible hero of Israel. Hence the next place to that extraordinary boxer seemed a fit portion for a sketch of his career.

In his boyish days, Nosworthy, it appears, was not altogether unknown in Devonshire, both as a wrestler and pugilist. He was born at a place called Kenn, a parish within the hundred of Exminster, of respectable parents, on the 1st of May, 1786. He was of an athletic yet prepossessing appearance, in height five feet six inches, and weighing about eleven stone. In disposition, cheerful, good natured, and inoffensive; but in the ring, he displayed courage of the first water; in sporting circles he bore the soubriquet of "The Young Chicken," from some resemblance he bore to Hen. Pearce, of milling memory.

The milling qualities of Nosworthy first developed themselves in a contest with the mate of a vessel, at Exeter, when he had scarcely attained his sixteenth year. Some difference of opinion occurring between them, a regular set-to was the consequence. The mate flattered himself that he would soon be able to chastise the lad for his presumption in thus daring to contend with a man, and immediately poured in a broadside, to induce the enemy to cry for quarter. The action was kept up with great spirit on both sides for a considerable time, and notwithstanding the brisk and heavy firing of the man-of-war, the superior skill and tactics of the frigate prevailed, and ultimately compelled the mate to strike.

After several provincial battles, the particulars of which are very doubtful, he removed from Exeter to Wellington in Somersetshire, and thence to London, where from his Devonshire pretension as a wrestler he was matched with Pentikin, a Scotch baker; but the latter having been defeated in this trial of gymnastic skill, challenged his conqueror to a bout at fisticuffs for a guinea aside. The contest took place on the 3rd of May, 1808, in Pancras Fields. Nosworthy was waited on by Tom Jones and Bill Ryan. The superiority was evidently on the part of Nosworthy for the first twenty minutes. Pentikin being milled in all directions. It was presumed, that, had the fight continued without any interruption, victory was by no means doubtful on the side of Nosworthy, who had, at this period of the battle, considerably reduced the strength of his opponent. But Nosworthy, was a stranger to his fraternity, the bakers, and the odds had been laid rather too thick upon Pentikin. The ring was in consequence broken; general confusion ensued, and some delay occurred before the combatants could appear in a new ring. The contest was then renewed, Pentikin appearing more fresh from the delay he had experienced. Reciprocal fighting continued for one hour and twenty-five minutes, when Nosworthy was hit out of time, and carried off the ground by his brother. The game he displayed was highly praised. Pentikin, although the conqueror could not be induced again to face his fallen adversary, and forfeited three times to Nosworthy. This battle is erroneously given to Nosworthy by FISTIANA.

A navigator, belonging to the canal at Paddington, well known for possessing great strength, and other requisites for boxing, challenged Nosworthy to fight for a guinea a-side, in the fields of the above neighbourhood. It proved a good battle, and plenty of work was done on both sides; but, at the end of an hour the *man of clay* was convinced that the *man of dough* was the best man.

The dead men of this metropolis now viewing Nosworthy as a leader in their sporting circles, a match for ten guineas a-side was made between him and Barnard Levy, a Jew, which took place at Golder's Green, near Hendon. Levy was known to be a good man, and proved himself deserving of that character throughout the fight. Nosworthy was not in condition, and the Jew maintained an evident superiority for the long space of two hours. The game displayed by the baker astonished every one present; he fought undiminished up to his ankles in mud and slush, and showed himself a taker of no common mould. Notwithstanding the unceasing punishment the Jew administered to his opponent, he could not take the fight out of him, and at length became quite exhausted. Nosworthy, contrary to all expectation, got second wind, and finished the Jew in high style in the last twenty-five minutes. From this conquest, the Baker gained ground in the milling circles. The fight lasted two hours and twenty-five minutes.

Martin, an active lively bower, and much fancied by his own people, the Jews, was now pitted against Nosworthy, for a purse of twenty-five guineas, at Moulsey-Hurst, on the 29th of March, 1814. High expectations were formed of the pugilistic talents of Martin, but the baker soon put his skill and manoeuvres at defiance. Martin was one of the easiest

customers Nosworthy ever had to deal with. Joe Ward and Paddington Jones seconded the latter, and Little Puss and Jacobs attended upon Martin. It was two to one in favour of the Jew, previous to the battle, and betting brisk.

1.—On setting to considerable reliance was placed upon the talents of the Jew, who commenced with much gaiety; but Nosworthy, on the alert, planted a tremendous hit on Martin's mouth, which not only tapped his claret, but sent him down. [Loud shouting from the dead men!]

2.—The Jew, more cautious than heretofore, sparred for advantage, but ultimately was again flogged. [The two to one had now all vanished, and even betting was the truth of the matter.]

3.—Nosworthy began to serve the Jew in style; his hits told tremendously. Martin made a good round of it, but fell rather distressed. [The dead men now opened their mouths wide, and loudly offered six to four on the Master of the Rolls.]

4.—Martin, with much activity, planted a good fencer, but Nosworthy again finished the round in high style.

5.—The Israelite's nob was peppered, and his body much punished; Nosworthy, with great severity, hit him right through the ropes. [Seven to four on Nosworthy.]

6.—It would be superfluous to detail the remaining rounds. Nosworthy had it all his own way; notwithstanding Martin resorted to his old method of falling, to tire out his opponent. In thirty-six minutes the Jew was completely milled, and Nosworthy's fame as a boxer, considerably extended.

One Bill Reynard, a good bit of stuff, and not altogether destitute of pugilistic acquirements, flattered himself he could beat Nosworthy, but could not muster enough bluntness to make the stakes of any importance to the baker. Nosworthy, above taking advantage of this circumstance, agreed to accommodate Reynard, and a gallon of ale was to be spent by the losing man. The battle took place in Hare-street-fields, Whitechapel. Reynard fought heroically, put in many severe blows, and felt as much interested to win the battle as if he had been contending for thousands. He was altogether a good man, and not to be disposed of as a matter of course. Nosworthy, at length, proved the conqueror. It is necessary to observe, that neither of the combatants was in a state to enjoy the gallon of ale at the end of the battle.

But we hasten from the minor feats to come to the important contest which has given to Bill Nosworthy a niche in the temple of pancrastic fame. This was his great contest with the celebrated Dutch Sam, at Moulsey-Hurst, on Tuesday, December 8, 1814.

The pugilistic world experienced an almost electric sensation at the defeat of the hitherto invincible hero, Dutch Sam. So confident were the knowing ones—so satisfied were the swells—and so positive were the whole of the fancy, upon this mill, that "Sam must win and nothing else!" that four to one was to be had from Duke's Place to Hyde-park-corner. Nor was this confidence in the least diminished upon Sam's entering the ring, but rather increased, with loud and repeated offers to any amount upon this once distinguished phenomenon of the fighting world. And Sam, says the "historian," *felt himself so much at ease respecting this conquest, that he had deemed it unnecessary to adhere to the rigid rules of training.* The following admirable account, which there is every reason to attribute to the pen of the once celebrated George Kent, is a masterpiece of milling reporting.

Five years had nearly elapsed since Sam had exhibited in the prize-ring. The curiosity to see him once more display his great pugilistic acquirements drew together an unusual number of spectators. Neither bad roads nor torrents of rain could check the interest excited by this battle. Vehicles of all descriptions for weeks before were put in requisition to reach the destined spot; and pedestrians out of number were not dismayed in tramping through thick and thin, for sixteen miles, to get a peep at these boxing heroes. The vast collection of carriages on the Hares excited the astonishment of every one present, and some hundreds were on the spot who did not even see the battle. Several marquees were erected for accommodation. The sum to be contended for, in a twenty-foot ring, was 50*l.* a-side, and a purse given by the Pugilistic Club of 25 guineas. At a few minutes before one, Nosworthy, entered the ring, attended by his seconds, Bill Cropley and Silverthorne, and was loudly cheered for his confidence, in daring to face so acknowledged a boxer as the Jew. Sam soon followed, and received every mark of gratifying attention from the surrounding multitude. Medley and Puss were his attendants. A heavy shower of rain could not delay their thirst for fame, and the signal for milling commenced.

## THE FIGHT.

1.—On the combatants approaching each other, and shaking hands in the usual way, the difference of condition and form was so manifest, that an unbiased spectator must have given the preference to the Baker, from the roundness of his frame, the firmness of his step, and the cheerfulness of his countenance. He must have been a novice indeed, not to have discovered the wretched condition of Sam upon his throwing off his clothes. His ribs were bare in the extreme; his face, which hitherto had assumed such a formidable aspect, and his fierce eyes, that seemed upon similar occasions to have

penetrated into the very souls of his opponents, darting looks of terror and confusion, now appeared clouded with doubt and anxiety. As for his legs, (the general criterion of strength,) as if Sam had anticipated that they might be viewed against him, he, for the first time in his life, preferred fighting in gaiters and breeches. But all these objections were as a feather in the scale against the Jew. Weather could not affect him. No one could punish him. He hit as hard as Cribb. He was no mannerist. He set to a hundred different ways. He altered his mode of fighting as circumstances required. Many seemed really to think, and plenty were forward enough to urge, that Sam was as well, if not better, without training than undergoing that systematic precaution of invigorating the stamina. In short, he was the phenomenon of the fighting world; every thing but a losing man. The numerous and brave conquests which he had achieved flashed strong across their memory. The recollection that he had beaten all the best men for a series of years that had been pitted against him, gave a double confidence to their sanguine opinions. And what was Sam now called upon to perform at the top of his glory? Why, merely to enter the lists with a boxer, who, to speak the best of him, was but of considerable obscurity. Who, for a moment, would listen to a comparison made between Nosworthy and the hardy and brave Champion of Westminster, that had fallen beneath the conquering arm of Sam? Or with that truly elegant scientific pugilist, Tom Beitcher, who had twice surrendered up his laurels to this distinguished Jew. Cropley, too, who ought never to be mentioned without praise, ranking as a superior scientific boxer, was tremendously beaten by him. And his last antagonist, Ben Madley, possessing those sound fighting pretensions of true game and science, was reluctantly compelled to acknowledge the vast superiority of the hero in question. The renowned Dutch Sam was once more before his friends. His mighty prowess was again to be exerted, in quickly removing any obstacle from his presence. And his fanciers were so confident of his adding another laurel to his brow, that bets to a most extravagant amount were loudly offered. To have named the Baker as having anything like a chance, was out of the question; but, at this period, to have proposed an even bet, that Nosworthy won, would have operated like a touch of the ridiculous, and been laughed at, as betraying a total ignorance in matters of sport. Such was the true state of things, upon the combatants facing each other, and the great superiority of the Jew was now most anxiously expected to have been witnessed every instant. The decision was near at hand, and the Baker, eager to commence the attack, displayed more of a valorous spirit, than scientific precision. In making play, his distances proved incorrect, and two blows fell short. Sam gained nothing by this opening. Nosworthy, full of resolution followed up the Jew, appearing rather too rapid in his manner to take any particular aim, and seemed to prefer milling away, than trusting to those advantages that are sometimes obtained in sparring to put in a favourite blow. Sam made a slight hit upon the Baker's nob—but, ultimately, he went down.

2.—The eagerness of the Baker to go in, appeared to supersede every other consideration. He again hit short. But Sam did not miss this opportunity, and returned right and left, drawing the cock of the Master of the Rolls. Nosworthy, it seemed, had made up his mind to smash the Jew, and in his haste to get at Sam, slipped and fell.

3.—The Baker, determined in his mode of warfare, resolutely made up to Sam, but the Jew warded off the force of the blows with much adroitness. Nosworthy received a hit from Sam, and went down, but his fall was attributed more to the slippery state of the turf than to the severity of the blow.

4.—This round commenced with severe fighting, and much activity was displayed on both sides. Some good hits were exchanged. The Baker, *sans cérémonie*, milled the Jew before him to the ropes, and here it was that Nosworthy showed his superiority by putting in three three tremendous blows. Sam fell, evidently distressed, and his breath was nearly hit out of his body, by a terrible blow he received upon his breast. But his friends thought his conduct was a mere *ruse de guerre*. In fact, nothing could shake their opinion that the Jew was playing a sure game, by letting the Baker make the most of his strength, in order that, at a more advanced stage of the battle, he would become exhausted, when he might easily be kneaded in any direction to answer the purpose of the Israelite.

5.—It was in this round that Sam found out what sort of a customer he had to deal with. He saw also on that day what had never appeared to him before in the prize-ring, namely, his master! He was also convinced, too late, that the chance was against him. He could not resist the hardy blows of the Baker. Nor had he room enough to get away from him. Sam's hits produced no effect upon the courage of Nosworthy, who went in to mill in such an unusual manner to whatever the Jew had before experienced with any of his other competitors, that he was confounded. All his science had no avail. His wonted fortitude seemed to have deserted his once towering spirit, and dismay had taken possession of his mind, that he went down quite exhausted, from the severe punishment he had received. But however Sam might feel that he was sent down against his will, it did not appear in that light to his backers, who generally looked upon this disengagement as nothing more than mere trick and artifice of the Jew to weaken and tire out his adversary. A few persons, who were not quite so infatuated with the appearance of things, hedged off a little of their 4 to 1. Some others ventured upon even betting; but this latter circumstance was by no means general.

6.—Sam was scarcely upon his legs and set-to, when Nosworthy put in a blow that sent him down.

7.—The Baker, always ready, proved himself a first-rate article. He did not wish to lose time by any useless display of scientific attitudes. The proud fame of Sam proved no terror or drawback to his exertions. He went in with as much gaiety and sang frolic to mill, as if he had been only contending with a novice, instead of fighting with a boxer who had performed such wonders in the pugilistic arena. Nosworthy planted some good blows, and the Jew was again down on the turf.

8.—The science of Sam was conspicuous in this round, but the strength of his opponent was not to be reduced. The Jew put in some good hits in a smart rally, but he could not divert the Baker from his purpose, and Sam went down again much exhausted.

9.—Nosworthy commenced this round with his usual spirit, by milling the Jew again to the ropes, where he punished him severely. Sam, notwithstanding, planted some hard blows, but the impetuosity of the Baker carried all before him. The best efforts of the Jew, however well directed, seemed as useless if he had been trying to stem a torrent!

[At this period, it is presumed, the deeply-interested ones perceived something in the Baker they had not expected. He was not to be disposed of *sans cérémonie*. In fact, that he was about to accomplish the great task he had undertaken to perform—that a chance must not be thrown away, when four to one had been betted. A bustle now commenced, and the outer ring was instantly broken. The populace pressed heavily against the roped ring, bearing down all opposition to keep them off, and many persons crossed the ropes, to the confusion of the combatants exhibiting. However we might be disposed to attribute this disorder of the ring as the effect of accident, owing to the great concourse of spectators anxious to witness this mill; to what account can we place the conduct of a strong man, endeavouring to force out of the ground one of the stakes which supported the ring, and which attempt was only prevented by the manly interference of the Champion of England (Tom Cribb)? Nosworthy appeared at the mark, and called out to Sam to observe he "was ready," but the Jew declined setting-to till the ring was cleared out. It may not be improper here to remark, that, if Sam had decidedly felt in his own person he was, or must be eventually beaten if he continued the contest, it is natural to infer, that he would have saved the money of his friends by taking the advantage of this interruption in making, at least, a drawn battle. But the Jew wished to fight it out. In clearing out the ring, the confusion beggared all description. The whips and sticks were laid on heavily, in all directions; and many a rude and uncultivated commoner, smarting under the unmerited lash, gave a hasty return, regardless of the fame and science of his opponent. In the course of about twelve minutes, the desired object was attained, when the combatants once more commenced offensive operations.]

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE GAMECOCK.

SECTION II.—(Continued from page 325.)

TRIALS.



TRIALS are absolutely necessary:—Cocks vary so much in constitution, from one period to another, that how far a fair trial can be had from such as are imperfect is too well known for me to comment upon. I shall therefore only here observe that a trial of stage is very indeterminate; for they may be excellent in stage and very indifferent in cocks.

The variety of cocks bred in this kingdom, and the opinions of men being as various, it is difficult to say what sort to recommend in preference to another; for in one part of the kingdom they are partial to Piles, in others to Black Reds, Silver black-breasted Ducks, Birchin Ducks, Dark Greys, Mossy Greys, Blacks, Spangles, Furnaces, Pole Cats, Cuckoos, Gingers, Red Duns, Duns, Smoky Duns, in all of which good birds may be found.

It has always been a matter of surprise to me, to see the wonderfully avidity, even in experienced breeders, in expressing a wish of obtaining a single cock from a day's fight, that has exhibited something out of the common routine of play, in order to breed from, when I have been sensible of the impropriety of the cross he was destined to make, in fact, with hens that were as dissimilar in feather and other necessary similarities, as possible. If uniformity in their general appearance is absolutely necessary in forming a regular breed, I cannot help expressing my wonder at well-informed men running into an error so fatal to the welfare of judicious breeding; and which must convince a reflecting mind, that from such unnatural or at least incompatible crosses we are indebted to the public for such a strange medley of colours as we see in every main, when a few years attention would exhibit cocks of a very different stamp. From such incongruous mixtures, we see

1. The Pheasant-breasted Red;—2. The large spot-breasted Red;—3. The blotched-breasted Red;—which are all produced by some inaccuracy of breeding.

4. The Turkey-breasted Grey;—5. The large marble-breasted Grey;—6. The large spot-breasted Grey;—have a cross that does not belong to the true Grey.

7. The shady-breasted Birchin Duck;—8. The streaky-breasted Birchin Duck;—9. The marbled-breasted Birchin Duck;—have also a cross different from the true feather of the Birchin Ducks.

When I assert that No. 1 is from some inaccuracy of breeding, it must be understood that they deviate from the character of

The true black-breasted Red,

by the introduction of a cross of the Pheasant-feathered Cock, or a variety of the Spangle, either of which must deteriorate the original; and that No. 2, under

The large spot-breasted Red,

has been introduced either from the cock or hen in some distant cross of



a black, and of course attaches some remains of that colour either in spots, streaks, shades, or blotches, which strain operates as an injury to

*The true black-breasted Red.*

The remarks upon No. 2 hold good for No. 3.

The Turkey-breasted Greys under No. 4, 5, and 6, are under the same injudicious distant cross of No. 2, and wherever the distribution takes its seat (except a regular tip of the wing) they are inconsistent with that of

*The true Mealy Grey.*

The shades, streaks, spots, blotches, and marbled, whenever they differ in colour, their varieties arise from a cross possessing those colours at some distant period.

A regular and well chosen system to breed uniformly not only in feather but in each character respectively, is the best mark or criterion of an experienced breeder. When a main exhibits a regular set of brothers that require minute discrimination to distinguish one from the other, it meets with the general plaudit of the surrounding pit.

The feather of the True Black-Breasted Reds should be a clear vivid dark red, without any shade of the black whatever, extending from the hack to the extremities—the red upon the hack above, and black beneath, the upper convex side of the wing equally red and black, even those surrounding the posterior—the whole of the tall feathers black, the tip of the wing also—with black beak and black legs.

The brood-hen for such a cock should be the Dark Partridge-coloured Hen, bright red heckled above, black beneath, clean brick breasted, and such to the posterior; black beak and legs.

*The Mealy Grey,*

which may be ranked next in value to

*The true Dark Grey,*

is originated from the Black and Mealy White, has been the selected from those whose feathers were nearest to the Mealy White, slightly tinged and shaded with black; they have been kept in and in, and established the Mealy Grey, and from those of darker varieties have nearly all our Greys originated: the hen's colour will wonderfully prevail, in general more so than the cock's.

Number 7, 8, and 9, as remarked, differing from

*The true Birchlin black-breasted Duck-Wing,*

are from an introduction of some broken feathers either in the cock or hen, and will gradually infuse those different traits.

*The true Birchlin black-breasted Duck*

has been originally bred from the Black-breasted Red, the Yellow Birchlin, and the Grey Duck-Wing Hens.

The feather of No. 3. (Birchlin Duck) is a grey heckle tinged with black above, and black beneath, yellow ground with a general shade of dark Birchlin, thorough and clean black breasted, yellow legs and beak.

No cocks exhibit a longer period of unfaded health than the True black-breasted Birchlin Ducks; and their reputation stands as high in the opinion of sporting men as any general established feather going. When we come to appreciate the cross, you have in them as many excellencies in regard to feather, heel, courage, constitution, and shape, as will warrant an eulogium from the most experienced amateur.

The Piles have originated from a variety of crosses, and which have constituted the many shades you find in this numerous class. There is a strain in these cocks that eminently distinguishes them in that most wished-for gift and excellence—the deadly heel—that generally stamps their prowess in fighting; and it may be here remarked that the lighter colours wield their well-tempered weapons in a more dangerous direction than any other class of cocks.

Their admired excellence is that of close hitters. The true Pile was probably from the Ginger and light Custard Hen, and then crossed with Reds and Red Duns.

We have justly to regret that we cannot enjoy all the requisites in the Piles, Gingers, —Meals, —Yellow Greys,—Blacks,—Pole cats,—Cuckoos,—Furnaces,—Spangles,—Custards and Cuckoos.

They are so liable to intermediate changes of the constitution, become degenerated, soft, and long feathered, delicate in habit, and you find it an arduous undertaking to keep them for any length of time, to any fixed or established excellence.

Breeders of the present day are avoiding those injudicious crosses, and by adopting more uniformity are doing away the many party-coloured birds, which marked a certain want of refinement in breeding, so every way necessary to establish a choice few, which might be restricted to the undermentioned, and would in the course of a little time totally obliterate all others:—say

- No. 1. Dark Reds,
2. Dark black-breasted Red,
3. Dark black-breasted Birchlin Ducks,
4. Dark black-breasted Berry Birchlin,
5. Silver black-breasted Duckwing Grey,
6. Clean Mealy Grey,
7. Dark black-breasted Grey, and
8. Red Duns.

The whole of these if bred with care may be produced to a standard of uniform regularity, taken in their progressive numbers:—thus

- No. 1. Crosses well with the Partridge Hen, with No: 2 and 3 Hens.
2. Crosses well with No. 2 and 3 Hens.
3. } Cross { As a Cross already they are best kept to their respective
4. } feathers, always in youth.
5. }
6. } Will cross with each other with his own feather, invariably.
7. }
8. Will cross with No. 1 and 2.

Many of my readers no doubt will say, that a good cock of any colour is acceptable, and individually may be esteemed so; but a regular pen of cocks uniform in feather, blood, and constitution, must have the advantage of an opposite adversary who claims his support from the many.

"Piles" says Mr Sketchley, "are not in the number of my selects, although many that I have seen fight have had a share of my admiration, from a peculiar mode of fighting, singularly their own, their appearance being attractive and prepossessing. But all my endeavours to breed them have ever been unsuccessful; and as what I have to offer as a guide to others is from the sober light of experience, rather than from the delusive glare of plausible theories, I have omitted them in my favourite select."

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE TRANSFORMATIONS OF THE  
genus HOMO—species COUNTERJUMPER.

BY PHINEAS HAWKSEYE, MEMBER OF THE ENTOMOLOGICAL  
SOCIETY, &c., &c.

[This paper was intended to be read by MILES'S BOY, at the last gathering of the British Association for the advancement of Science; but some of the learned humbugs of that important body fancying that there was a lurking satire in the essay, it was maliciously suppressed.—ED.]

It is admitted on all hands that entomology is one of the most delightful of the practical sciences. Its inquiries are so varied, and the subjects for investigation so numerous, that students may pursue their inquiries to an almost unlimited extent, without being able to combat the opinions of each other on individual members of the genus. Each day new species of insect are discovered—new characteristics of others are developed, and an earnest inquiry respecting the insect tribe, every now and then disturbs the equanimity of our philosophical circles. Such being the interest excited by this remarkable science, we join the crowd of minute investigators, and proceed to describe a remarkable species of grub-worm which we have frequently encountered in our urban experiences.

In its caterpillar state it may be recognised by wearing a jacket of diminutive dimensions, upon rather a slender carcass, the sleeves exceedingly dubious at the elbows, and shrinking with dismay from the wrist. Beneath the waistcoat may be seen the suspenders from which hang trousers of venerably brown corduroy, and through which the knees peep in delicate transparency, while its ancles rebel against their covering, and show a soiled stocking equi-distant between them and the kneejoint. Its shoes are cleaned regularly every Sunday; its neck, arms, and feet at indefinite periods, and its hands when occasion may imperatively require. The remains of a cotton handkerchief, in imitation of a rope, encircle its neck, on one side of which a huge extent of cotton, vulgarly called linen, dangles to the shoulder, while on the other may be seen the co-partner of the collar negligently lying beneath the cravat. Its hair is short and hard, and a cap, somewhat too evidently bearing witness of having been in the mud, surmounts the cranium of this interesting specimen of life and activity. Its habits may be briefly stated—a great propensity to eat all that comes within its reach, to sing, whistle, or roar in the street, to keep its hand rubbing on walls as it passes along, and to trip up little girls who stand gaping as it pursues the noisy tenor of its way.

This is the real grub-worm of masculine humanity. Its probation in this state being completed, the *chrysalis* may be seen sweeping out a draper's door in the morning, carrying a parcel during the day, and assisting the porter with the shutters in the evening. Its face is emblazoned and incrustated with soap; the cravat is stiffened, and a small collar peeps modestly beneath its jaws. The sleeves of the jacket are not only entire at the elbows, but measured to a nicety to reach the second joint on its fingers. Its ancles have consented to hide themselves from the public gaze, and its shoes bear evident tokens of having been brushed at least yesterday. Sometimes, but certainly not always, a nasal handkerchief may be seen in its breast pocket. Its hair is still short, but not quite so hard; by looking closely into the jacket it will be seen that it has been polishing its head with the clothes' brush. Instances have been known where the creature has stolen its sister's hair-oil, and feloniously applied it to its own selfish purposes; but these cases are exceedingly rare in the *chrysalis* state. Its habits are now greatly modified. It sometimes may be heard gossiping to itself, and seen looking at the theatre bills, or admiring a well-dressed footman. It is at all times anxious to get possession of the hand-bills that are distributed about the street, no matter on what subject, and when it is refused this gratification, it scowls as fiercely as a kitten at a piece of hot-toasted cheese. It seldom continues long at one employment, and is generally lost to public view for a whole season at this time. Its *chrysalis* state continues from three to five years,

when it merges from its obscurity, and dazzles all the milliner apprentices and servant girls in the neighbourhood. It is now a full-grown butterfly.

Few but those well versed in natural history would be able to recognise this joyous specimen of pride and beauty as the grub worm of former days. Sometimes, however, it encounters an unwelcome acquaintance of its youth, and displays a power and genius on these occasions truly wonderful. The eye, which a moment before was wandering in greedy search of admiration, now becomes suddenly fixed—the lounging walk is converted into a hurried pace, and the fourpenny cane which it carries strikes ominously on the pavement at every step. Numerous instances are on record where it has been observed that the phenomenon has lifted a glass to its eye, and fixed it with a wonderful mechanism between its eyebrow and cheekbone; and all naturalists agree in declaring that this is the most complete invention yet discovered, by which one person may pass another without recognition.

Its habits are now so varied that it is not possible to follow it regularly through all its sportive enjoyments, nor are we capable of describing its appearance as a species. Individual members of the genera present many differences from each other, but a few prevailing characteristics in dress and conduct will sufficiently enable all the admirers of this splendid natural wonder to discover and appreciate it when this concentration of elegance and wit honours their vision with its presence.

In its expanding state it is busily employed in imitating all the elegancies of the older members of its species. The penny given it in the morning to purchase a biscuit for lunch is carefully hoarded till evening, when it may be seen gliding like a guilty thief into a tobacconist's, and buying a cigar. The small wretch then puffs a little in the shop-girl's face, and struts out in full blouse, blowing like a porpoise, its arms swinging at a rate only less furious than its legs: its neck is in continual motion, looking to the right hand and to the left, and saying with its eyes to all admiring beholders, "Aint I clever?" As the creature gets older, it walks more sedately; its hand is generally in the left pocket of its coat, the tail beautifully draped down the side instead of its back, exposing that its chair or stool is not always dusted when it seeks a sitting posture. Its hair is delightfully long; and every now and then its fingers are delicately passed through it, and a rebellious curl on the left cheek bent and twisted into the desired position. It rarely carries a watch, that being expensively ungenteel, but a silk cord or ribbon may be seen passing across its shirt, but for what purpose the closest inquirers have been unable to ascertain.

It is very rarely seen in the company of educated young ladies, although by its inquisitive glances, a superficial observer might suppose that its acquaintances were legion. Its conversation, however, is generally respecting the fair sex, that is to say, when not talking about itself. Were it to be believed, it has more admirers in the female world than all others put together;—it can boast of private assignations, secret interviews, and invitations to tea innumerable, but it doesn't care for any of them—indeed, it wishes that the girls would not take such a fancy to it;—that it is absolutely employed in continually casting them off, but all will not do, it is surrounded, flattered, and caressed, until it is sickened with excess of sweet attentions. It is greatly given to boastful lying, and entertain its wondering hearers with the secret amours of all the favourite actresses:

"It speaks of beauties whom it never saw,  
And fancies raptures which it never knew."

Indeed, its female acquaintances are principally lighthearted old maids, who, rather than be without a male companion, condescend to patronise this sorry specimen of manhood. They invite it to tea on Tuesdays and Fridays, and to dinner on Sundays. They pay its expenses to the "Eagle" or to "Vauxhall," and it promises to obtain an order to the theatre for them from its "friend Macready." It is very sorry that "Vandenhoff" and "Fanny Ellsler" are not in town, as they were very intimate together, and would do anything to render it a service.

As the summer of its life wears away, it begins to look about for winter quarters. It has always been "too proud to marry," but now considers it quite as well to make itself comfortable. It therefore pays assiduous court to a widow with a well-furnished house, who keeps lodgers, or has a settled income—or to an aged milliner, whose business is respectable, and who requires some one versed in book-keeping to note her accounts. To marry a young woman, and to support her, would be an act of madness;—any one that will support it, that is the object, as young, beautiful, and accomplished as possible; if not these, then one well to do in the world; but old or young, she must support it, or some other will. Should this concentration of selfishness not succeed in such a matrimonial speculation, it makes an attempt upon a butcher's or publican's widow, and strange to state, sometimes succeeds. In cases where total failure ensues; it drops down into a lounge at the stage door of the theatre, and contrives now and then to get admittance per favour of his friend, the scene shifter, or it loiters to the last at free-and-easies, in the hope of picking up a green but profitable friend. In a few years it is altogether lost sight of; or, if recognised in any future state of existence, it is as light porter in a draper's shop, or overseer of a stay-maker's establishment. It amuses the young men or women, as the case may be, with reminiscences of its former glorious life, knows the

world is sadly changed for the worse, and regrets that it did not marry one of the many rich young ladies who languished for it in vain. Like postboys, donkeys, and unmarried ladies, the ultimate destiny of this very uncommon specimen is exceedingly obscure.

"I am in an emaciated state," as the apple said to the cider press.

Why is a hackney coachman like a religious man?—Because he has an inward check upon his outward actions.

NOT A MINOR.—At the Totness Guildhall, a young man named Morgan was brought before the magistrates; his legal adviser, in extenuation, was pleading his youth, and said he hoped they would consider that he was a *minor*, when the youth, touching him by the elbow, said, "No, sir, I beg your pardon, I am a *woolcomber*."

A CABBAGED CON.—Why are Vauxhall and Cremorne House like kitchen gardens?—Because they are continually raising GREENS from them.

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### THE GOTHA HUNTSMAN'S CHORUS.

AIR.—"Der Freischütz."

What sportsman can vie with the sportsman of Gotha?

For whom foams more brightly life's glass of champagne?

Who butcher can boast him a handsomer quota

Of meat in the course of his life to have slain?

With rifle his hand in

He takes his proud stand in

His shooting-box raised on a hillock's ascent;

And from that pavilion,

Deals "Death to the Million"

Of deer down below him in fold snugly pent.

CHORUS.

Bang, pop-a-pop, pop-a-pop, pop-a-pop, pop pop

Bang, bang, bang;

Go it, go it, go it, go it,—pop;

Go it—bang,

Go it—pop,

Go it, bang away, pop!

The arbour around him with flow'rets is trick'd out,

And foliage and heather so pretty and fine;

Beneath run the bucks and the does to be pick'd out,

Before him are tables with cake and with wine,

The deer whilst he's slaying,

Musicians are playing,

And Polkas and Waltzes resound through the grove;

And mellow his popping,

The animal's "dropping"

As he lounges at ease in his shady alcove.

CHORUS.

Bang, pop-a-pop, &c.

Gay hunters—their master's protection their duty—

Attend him in liveries of green and of gold,

Whilst a little way off sit the Daughters of Beauty,

Surveying the feats of the sportsman so bold;

With ogling and smiling,

His labours beguiling,

As whizz! from its barrel his rifle-ball flies.

Oh! scarcely less killing,

I'll wager a shilling,

Are the glances as often that flash from their eyes.

CHORUS.

Bang, pop-a-pop, &c.

Declare, now; ye yägers of Epping, who follow

The hounds at the risk of your limbs and your lives,

If this kind of sport doesn't beat your own hollow,

And wouldn't suit better your sweethearts and wives?

Take, then, to deer shooting,

Both Epping and Tooting,

And you, all ye suburbs of famed London Town;

Let sportsmanship fire you,

And courage inspire you,

With Coburg and Gotha to strive for renown.

CHORUS.

Bang, pop-a-pop, &c.

—Punch.

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Like a Dwarf when ushered into the presence of Giants, we for the moment shrink back appalled at the fearful array of rivalry before us and wonder at our temerity; but it is respect and esteem for our fellow Labourers that infuses awe into our hearts, not without a lurking feeling that the right hand of fellowship will be extended to us with bounty, good-will and fervour, seeking not the jostling of any fellow labourer out of the broad path he has chosen for himself, we incline to work shoulder to shoulder, and heart to heart, in securing the happiness of all mankind.

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(Signed) ALDBOROUGH.

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I am, Sir, yours, &c., &c.

(Signed) THOMAS TAYLOR.

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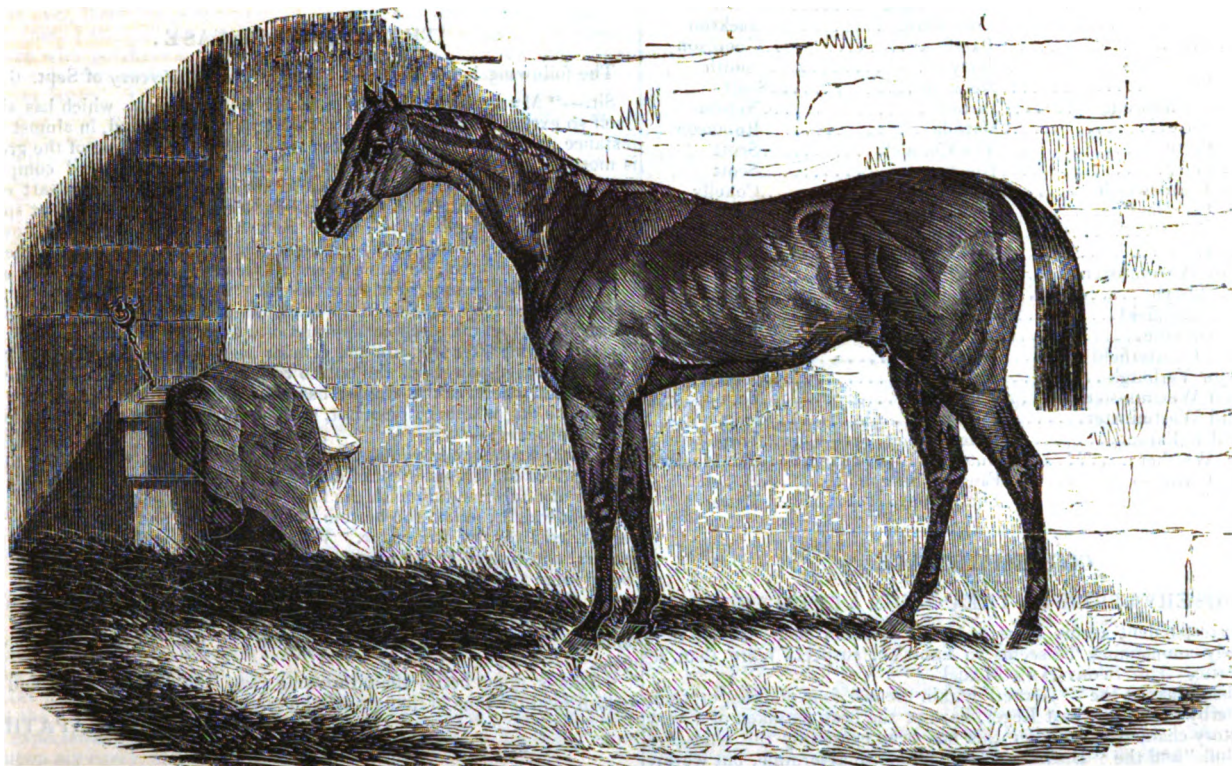
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# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 20. FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCT. 4, 1845. **THREE HALF-PENCE**

[Stamped to send free by Post, Twopence-half-penny.]



**THE BARON, WINNER OF THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER, 1845. VALUE OF THE STAKES, 2,150 SOVS.**



HE Baron is a very dark chesnut horse, with black legs, 1778 tail and mane, 15 hands 3 inches high. He has a strong 1779 bony head, with strongly marked projecting forehead. His 1780 neck rather short and straight, his shoulders oblique and 1781 beautiful. He is a tough, full gaskined, lasting-looking 1782 animal, and is engaged in the Cesarewitch Stakes. The 1783

Baron was bred by his present owner, Mr. Watt, and is by Birdcatcher, 1784 out of Echidna, by Economist, out of Miss Pratt. At the Curragh April 1785 Meeting, the Baron, carrying 8st, ran for the Madrid Stakes, and was 1786 beaten by Highwayman, the Hermit, and brother to Kerdiffatown, 7st; 1787 11lb each; he and Singaway were tailed off a long way (even betting 1788 on the Baron).—At the Curragh June Meeting, carrying 7st 10lb, he 1789 won the Kirwan Stakes in a canter, beating Wheel, 8st 2lb; and The 1790 Cook, 8st. Same meeting, carrying 8st 4lb, he won the Second Class 1791 Waterford Stakes easily by three lengths, beating Ould I. eland 9st; Will- 1792 o'-the Wisp, 7st 11lb; and Violet, 7st 13lb (even betting).—At Liverpool 1793 July Meeting, carrying 8st 3lb, he ran fifth for the Liverpool St. Leger, 1794 Mentor (the winner), Pantassa, Vaudeville. and Cinizelli being the first four. 1795

## WINNERS OF THE ST. LEGER, SINCE ITS ESTABLISHMENT IN 1776.

1776 Lord Rockingham.....Allabaculia.....J. Singleton  
1777 Mr. Brotherton.....Bourbon.....Cade

Sir T. Gascoigne .....	Hollondaise .....	Hearon
Mr. Stapleton .....	Tommy .....	G. Lowry,
Mr. Bethell .....	Ruler .....	Mangle
Col. Radcliffe .....	Serina .....	Foster
Mr. Goodricke .....	Imperatrix .....	Searle
Sir J. L. Kaye .....	Phenomenon .....	Hall
Mr. Coate .....	Omphale .....	Kirton
Mr. Hill .....	Cowslip .....	Searle
Lord A. Hamilton .....	Paragon .....	Mangle
Lord A. Hamilton .....	Spadille .....	Mangle
Lord A. Hamilton .....	Young Flora .....	Mangle
Lord Fitzwilliam .....	Power .....	Mangle
Ms. Goodricke .....	Ambidexter .....	Shepherd
Mr. Hutchinson .....	Y. Traveller .....	Jackson
Lord A. Hamilton .....	Tartar .....	Mangle
Mr. Clifton .....	Ninety-three .....	Peirse
Mr. Hutchinson .....	Beningbrough .....	Jackson
Sir C. Turner .....	Hambletonian .....	Boyes
Mr. Cookson .....	Ambresto .....	Jackson
Mr. Goodricke .....	Lounger .....	Shepherd
Sir T. Gascoigne .....	Symmetry .....	Jackson
Sir H. T. Vane .....	Cockfighter .....	Field
Mr. Wilson .....	Champion .....	Buckle
1801 Mr. Goodricke .....	Quiz .....	Shepherd

1802	Lord Fitzwilliam	Orville	J. Singleton
1803	Lord Strathmore	Benebance	Smith
1804	Mr. Mellish	Sancho	Buckle
1805	Mr. Mellish	Staveley	Jackson
1806	Mr. Clifton	Fydeney	Carr
1807	Lord Fitzwilliam	Paulini	Clift
1808	Duke of Hamilton	Petronias	Smith
1809	Duke of Hamilton	Ashton	Smith
1810	Duke of Leeds	Octavian	Clift
1811	Mr. Gascoigne	Sothasager	Smith
1812	Mr. Rob	Otterington	Johnson
1813	Mr. Watt	Alcisidors	Jackson
1814	Duke of Hamilton	William	Shepherd
1815	Sir W. Maxwell	Filho da Puta	Jackson
1816	Sir E. R. Graham	The Duchess	Smith
1817	Mr. Pierce	Eber	Johnson
1818	Mr. Pierce	Reveller	Johnson
1819	Mr. Ferguson	Antonia	Nicholson
1820	Sir E. Smith	St. Patrick	Johnson
1821	Mr. T. O. Powlett	Jack Spigot	Scott
1822	Mr. Petre	Theodore	Jackson
1823	Mr. Watt	Barefoot	Goodison
1824	Mr. Gascoigne	Jerry	Smith
1825	Mr. Watt	Memnon	Scott
1826	Lord Scarborough	Tarrare	Nelson
1827	Mr. Petre	Matilda	Robinson
1828	Mr. Petre	The Colonel	Scott
1829	Mr. Petre	Rosam	Scott
1830	Mr. Beardsworth	Birmingham	Conolly
1831	Mr. Cleveland	Chamier	J. Day
1832	Mr. Gully	Margate	Robinson
1833	Mr. Watt	Birmingham	Darling
1834	Lord Westminster	Touchstone	Calloway
1835	Mr. Mostyn	Queen of Tramps	T. Lye
1836	Lord Lichfield	Ellis	J. Day
1837	Mr. Greville	Mango	S. Day, jun.
1838	Lord Chesterfield	Don John	Scott
1839	Major Yarbrough	Charles XII.	Scott
1840	Lord Westminster	Lawson	Scott
1841	Lord Westminster	Satirist	Scott
1842	Lord Eglington	Blue Bonnet	Lye
1843	Mr. Wrather	Nutwith	Job Marson
1844	Mr. Irwin	Faugh-a-ballagh	H. Bell
1845	Mr. Watt	The Baron	Butler

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON THE DOINGS AT THE "CORNER."

[Our correspondent seems to us to be a "stricken" one; his letter is mysteriously complaining, he seems to know (or suspect) more than he cares to write.—ED. SPORTSMAN'S MAG.]

Sir—The doings at the "Corner" within the last four months, or from the last Derby to the just past Leger, have at the best partaken of a very unsatisfactory character; whether this has been caused by the chicanery of the "Bulls" and the "Bears" we leave others to determine, but we are inclined to think so. Let that be as it may we certainly have our doubts, if things go on as they have lately done, that the palmy days of horse-racing are at an end. We have little hopes of anything after it has been polluted with dishonest fingers, and when things go to their present length, we unhesitatingly declare that we have none at all. There is a very old proverb and one that our grandmothers and great grandmothers were very fond of, that "things often have a fair outside while the core is rotten." That proverb we think very applicable to our present subject, inasmuch as a few horses running over a course on a fine day, may be a very exciting amusement and a pleasurable sight, yet how few know the real facts of the case. The secret of that race how few are they that consider the hopes and fears, that are agitating the minds of thousands who anxiously await the termination of that race; how many thousands of pounds are at that moment made "safe," although the race is not yet run. Yet there is a secret in this, but it is a secret that men wear about them, and unblushingly expose to the sight in open day. In the opinion of every honest man, a debt of honour is a debt that ought to be paid without evasion or shuffling; and if such an opinion prevails as to the loser, we ask what ought our opinion to be of that man, who would employ dishonourable and dastardly means to obtain the amount of that bet from the really honest man? There is a practice existent in the army, to send the wrong-doers or any that commit faults which the law cannot reach, to Coventry: could this not be acted upon in sporting matters, and a "Court of Honour" be instituted, and by a verdict of *Guilty*, to sentence the offender to a total incapacity to make another bet; and if he is a subscriber at Tattersall's to expel him there, and from every Stand and betting Ring; perhaps, however, this would speedily thin and reduce the present crowd, even of race horse proprietors, and hit men in high places too hard? I say nought personal, but the

fluctuations in the late Leger, the sort of things that were made favourites in the public betting, and the scratchings at the eleventh hour, are exceedingly suspicious, to say the least of them.—L. J. S.

## FIELD SPORTS IN IRELAND.

Sir,—It is a strange anomaly and one very difficult to explain, why Ireland so abounding in game, is so little "shot over." Possessing the most useful hilly tracts in the world, and infinitely superior to the Highlands of Scotland. For it is obvious to every one possessing any idea of its geography, that the "warm" birds in their migrations from abroad, must touch in Ireland before they reach Scotland. From Skeabreen to the point of Tory Island, it is completely stocked with every description of migratory game; and from the want of proper sporting, will soon (as it is reported as Uncle Ben's goose did), roast and serve themselves up at table.

Yours, &c.,  
VIRIDUS.

## THE POTATO DISEASE.

The following letter is copied from the *British Mercury* of Sept. 6:—

Sir.—"My attention has been given to the disease which has shown itself so extensively amongst the growing potatoes. I find, in almost every instance, that the epidemics of the stalk below the surface of the ground, is more or less in a state of decay, often disintegrated, and completely rotten: the leaves and branches accord with the state of that part of the stalk below the ground. The tuber, beneath the outer skin, is first spotted brown (like a bruised apple): these spots extend and penetrate toward the centre, quite changing the nature of the potato. Those near the surface are most injured; in some cases the lowest on the root are not at all affected, while the upper ones are useless. I should therefore expect that the longer the crop remains in the land, the greater the injury will be. I judge, from the microscopic appearances, that the starch escapes injury for a long time after the skin and cellular parts are gone; and as the whole of the nutritive powers of the potato reside in the starch, I should recommend that wherever the disease has shown itself to any extent the crop should be dug whether ripe or not, and the starch extracted by the following simple process:—

"After washing the roots, let them be rasped fine and thrown into a large tub or other vessel; pour a considerable quantity of water, and well agitate and rub the pulp with the hands; all the starch or fecula will, from its great weight, fall to the bottom, while the skin and fibrous matter will be carried away by the water. Wash the starch with one or two more waters, allowing it to fall after each washing; spread it upon cloths in a warm room to dry—in this way about 20lb. or 21lbs. will be obtained from every 100lbs. of potatoes, and it contains as much nourishment as the original roots; it will keep any length of time, and might be used with flour to make bread, pies, puddings, &c., as well as farinaceous spoon-meat.

"This is much better than throwing away the diseased roots, and will furnish food for tens of thousands who might otherwise want it.  
"WILLIAM HERAPATH."

Sir—The free use of potatoes being inadvisable, disease having destroyed so much of the crop, I have adopted rice as a substitute, and I find it most palatable and nutritious. It should be simply dressed by throwing it into boiling water, boiled for half an hour, and then strained; serve it up instead of potatoes, and add gravy, pepper, and salt, according to taste.

These few remarks may draw attention to an article which, though generally used only for puddings in England, is the most important article of daily food to a great portion of the world:

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,  
September 19, 1845. R. H. S.

## FIRST OF SEPTEMBER OPERATIONS; WITH A FEW WORDS ON POACHING.

To the Editor of the Sportsman's Magazine.

Sir.—I take the liberty of handing you a brief sketch of my operations on the first of September. Shooting has, of late years, sunk considerably in my estimation. Three years ago, I made a journey to the Highlands of Scotland, where fowling may be enjoyed in the greatest possible perfection; and, since that period, I have been more indifferent than I formerly was, respecting this diversion, at least, as far as regards shooting in this country.

Poaching in England, has increased to such a degree, that in all parts of the country, where the game is not strictly guarded by numerous keepers, is taken on the near approach of the season, and the nocturnal depredators find a ready sale, and good prices, for their nefarious commodity. Nor do these plunderers confine their operations to the gloomy shade of night, but, as far as relates, at all events, to partridges, busily employ themselves



in the broad glare of the noon-day sun. Poachers (those, at least, which reside in my neighbourhood, where, by the by, they literally swarm) effect their object in the day-time by the following method:—they discover the basking places of the birds, and contrive to cover them with a net; or they will place their large net at the bottom of a narrow field of potatoes or turnips; that is, they spread the snare over the tops of the potatoes or turnips, leaving one end of it upon the ground, and, with the assistance of a dog, drive the birds under it: thus they are enabled to capture them with little or no noise; and at a time, too, when those appointed to guard them are the least suspicious of an attack. As I am writing for the perusal of sportsmen, such will perceive, from what I have stated, how easily the object may be accomplished. Poaching, like all other arts, has experienced the improvement of modern times; and, in all its ramifications, may justly be said to have arrived at a degree of perfection unknown to former periods. Where the all-destructive net cannot be conveniently used, many of these birds are taken (particularly in the north of England) by small snares made of horse-hair: so that, on the whole, the poacher comes in for his full share of the game, in defiance of all the legal enactments for its preservation.

Moreover, there are poachers of two grades, and which, for the sake of distinction, I will call the semi-licensed and the non-licensed. The former are men who purchase a certificate, and under the colour, or rather, perhaps, under the cover, of this document, carry on an extensive business with the latter. The licensed poacher, prior to the month of September, ascertains from his own observation, and through the instrumentality of his agents, the situation of every covey in the district; and all that are within the reach of the net are captured a night or two before the first of September, and are thus prepared for the earliest market. The licensed poacher then prepares to kill as many of the remainder as possible; for this purpose, he turns out at the earliest dawn of the first of September, attended by one of his myrmidons, who conducts him to those coveys, which they had not been able to capture by the net: and, as the spot is known where these birds are to be found, as well as the direction of their flight and their general haunts, so he usually succeeds in the destruction of a more than ordinary quantity; in fact, he labours hard all day, and returns at dusk heavily laden with the plunder of the surrounding neighbourhood. In three days, the district is pretty well thinned from partridges; since, as long as they are to be found, it is pursued incessantly, and as fiercely as a wolf would pursue an antelope.

Hence it may easily be perceived, that a fair sportsman, who happens to reside in the same neighbourhood, has scarcely a chance. Still, with a perfect knowledge of what I have stated, I yet turned out on Monday, the first of September, conscious that, unless I succeeded in killing a brace at the first onset, the chances would be very much against me for the remainder of the day. Further, I had contrived to preserve one single covey in my ground, by running it up with my dogs every evening for several previous weeks; and though I had repeatedly observed "Anubis," and his tribe of greedy assistants, manœuvring for the capture of this my "horse in stable," as it were, yet, on the evening of Sunday, the 31st of August, I had the pleasure of counting all the members of it, excepting two:—eighteen was the original family; sixteen still remained.

The fine purple-red hue of the glowing setting sun left no fears of foul weather for the following morning. A goodly day did, indeed, burst upon us on the first of September. I took the field rejoicing in hope, and active with expectation; I knew I could trust to my dogs, and I felt that I could rely upon my covey, and I deemed

"——— he must be a dotard such pleasures to shun,  
At the point of his dog, and the flash of his gun."

The covey, however, owing to its having been much disturbed, had become wild; and, therefore, though I found it immediately, the birds sprung much out of distance, mad as March hares, indeed, nor was it till some time had elapsed that I could come anything like near them. I was too old a campaigner to waste powder, and throw away shot, upon a wild discharge, merely because it was possible to kill. At length, I succeeded in killing a brace; when "Anubis" made his appearance, with his train of followers. The report of my fowling piece had attracted their attention, and induced them to make towards a spot where they had reason to believe game was to be found; I therefore, moved off in a contrary direction, not wishing to mingle in such suspicious company. And that "Anubis" and his companions are viewed in this light, may be gathered from the following circumstances:—six different landholders, prior to the month of September, caused legal notices to be served upon the fraternity,—it is like "legion," many,—in consequence of the depredations which, for several previous years, had been committed upon their geese and domestic poultry, and, which, though it had caused the usual bruit, had never been laid to the charge of the leading unfair sportsman and his gang, as the circumstances of the former (he has some £150 per annum), raised him above this kind of suspicion.

But to proceed with my day's excursion. As my walks with my young pointers, both in the spring, and in the months of July and August, had been frequent, I, of course, possessed a tolerable knowledge of the haunts of the coveys in the neighbourhood, of which there were many, and these for the most part, large and well grown; I, consequently, directed my course towards those points where I had been in the habit of observing the

birds. However, out of fifteen coveys, I have strong reason to believe, five only remained; and, of course, my doubt is as little that several of them had been captured only on the previous evening. Yet I was glad, out of the extensive wreck, to pick up a few brace; this I did, and returned home at an early period; not, indeed, with a determination to abandon the sport generally, but disgusted with the odious system of depredation which has been carried on for years with comparative impunity.

All persons are agreed as to the evil tendency of the game laws; the letter and spirit of these statutes are arbitrary in the highest degree, and their operation productive of the most disastrous results, though incontrovertibly proving, at the same time, that these very enactments increase the evil which they are intended to check. In fact, nothing can be more absurd than portions of these laws, particularly the enactments which regard what is termed *qualification*. As this matter stands at present, it is completely ridiculous; and I am most decidedly of opinion that if what is called qualification were expunged from the statute book, and the price of the certificate raised to ten or twenty pounds, little more (if any thing) would be wanting to remedy the defects so palpable, disgusting, and cruel, and which have been productive of incalculable, and, alas! irremediable, mischief, though framed, I have not the least doubt, with the best possible intentions.

Generally speaking, there is no lack of partridges; but scarcely to be found in such numbers, I think, as they appeared to be in last year. It generally happens that hares present themselves to the shooter on the first of September; I, however, met with only one, and that not more than half-grown, though I have reason to believe that these animals have bred abundantly, and will be found very numerous, when an advanced period of the season, by causing vegetation to fade, exposes them more to human observation, and to the operations of the "mean, murdering, cursing" crew, as Somerville has it. In the course of my day's ramble, I found (what I certainly did not expect to meet with) a brood of unfledged partridges. Nay, these very pretty little birds did not appear to have been hatched many days. I picked up two of them before the nose of my favourite dog, "Bob," and, of course, turned them down again: of how many individuals the covey consisted I know not, nor is it of much consequence, as I have little doubt that, before the evening of the third of September, they would all be destroyed. From true sportsmen they would be safe; but, unfortunately, on the first of September many illegitimates make their appearance in my neighbourhood, who could scarcely hit an elephant, yet I suspect that the produce of their prowess, dangle in bunches from the shop fronts of the neighbouring poulterers.

Yours,

PERCUSSION.

### THE PRIVILEGE OF POVERTY.

[The following letter evinces considerable talent and observation; we should be glad to hear again from Peter.—ED. SPORT. MAG.]

Mr. Editor.—I have just been thinking what a privilege it is to be poor and unknown, and what a blessing it is to be without a character and a dignity to support. Nine-tenths of my enjoyments are such as are not attained by the wealthy or great. They are such as are not permitted to those who have character and reputation and station to sustain. The great pass through life on a high horse. They sit erect. Their heads are elevated, and they move proudly on to their graves, without knowing or feeling a thousandth-part of the beauties of the world in which they have lived. I, on the other hand, with my characterless, poverty-stricken brethren, make the journey of life on foot. We hasten not on our way; we take it easy; we cull the flowers which grow along our paths; we avoid the briars and thorns which obstruct it; and when we come to a sunny or a pleasant spot, we sit down and enjoy its beauties, and take the refreshment and rest that our necessities may require.

Oftentimes when I have taken my station in front of one of our first-rate print-sellers' windows, with my elbows resting on the bar that projects before it, for the purpose of examining at my leisure the various specimens of the arts which he daily displays for the gratification of the public—oftentimes, I say, when I have been so stationed, I have seen the man of consequence, as he wended his way slowly along the street, turn his eyes wistfully towards the splendid display with which I was gratifying my senses, look cautiously around to see if any of his acquaintances were near, stop for a moment, and before he had half gratified his curiosity, start suddenly and guiltily aver, and pass on. "Pass on," I have said to myself, "slave of custom—victim of pride—pass on, and leave the pearls that are scattered in thy path to those who have the good sense to appreciate them." And then, after such a mental address, I have crowded into my place among the motley and ragged group of amateurs, and with them I have admired the taper form of the sylph-like Tagioni, and the graceful ringlets of Mrs.

\* Our esteemed correspondent has said well in adding "as Somerville has it;" he, we are quite sure, would not have to be charged against him an expression half so contemptibly ungenerous. *Quando dormit bonus Hemerus*. Blackwood would say the author of the Chase was half seas over, when he penned this hiccupping libel.—EDRR.



Wood, have expressed my astonishment at the sublime conceptions of Martin, pointed out to my less informed neighbours the faults in his "Belshazzar's Feast," and have laughed, without fear of giving offence, at the comic power of Cruikshanks.

I am always at hand when a man is run over, or when a sweep falls from a building, help to carry him to the nearest apothecary's shop, and am always one of those who are inside when the door is closed. By these means, I have an opportunity of seeing where the man is hurt, and what are his prospects of recovery, what remedies are applied, how he bears his misfortunes, and thus gain a great deal of useful information.

I attend the parade of the "Life Guards," and see them go through their manoeuvres and drills, and thus pick up a little knowledge of the art of war, to place at the service of my country in time of need.

When the "Band" comes out with either of the above-mentioned, I am not too proud to walk along with the boys on the side-walk, and keep step with the music. It does me good. It excites my martial spirit, and calls to mind "the times that tried men's souls;" in short, it makes me a more patriotic man and a greater lover of my country.

I attend all the fires—am a great admirer of engine No. 14, and Mr. Braidwood. I am an honorary member of the company No. 14, when short handed, however. I only work at the engine where there is a lack of hands my general occupation at fires being of a superintending or looking on character. I help females and small children to escape from the flames: take care of valuable packages that are thrown into the street, pick up pieces of china and looking glasses that are cast down for preservation from the upper stories, and see how a stop is finally put to the flames.

I take great interest in the improvement and increase of the city. No citizen, public or private, has been more solicitous than I about the paths, posts, and railings in the parks, the dumb lighters and floating piers, at the various bridges and landings, or more anxious concerning the introduction of "pure and wholesome water." For the last two years I have been a superintending superintendent of the erection of Hungerford Bridge, the Nelson Pillar, and the Conservative Club-house. Every morning I would go and contemplate the work of the preceding day. I made the acquaintance of the master builder, and obtained a great deal of information from him relative to the details of the latter edifice. These, also, have now failed me, and I have now only the new houses of parliament to fall back upon; when these are finished I must betake me to some new line of street, say that from Blackfriars-bridge to Islington, which may come off about that time.

These are a few of my occupations and amusements, and they are such as the man of wealth, of worldly pride of business character, knows not. They are engrossed with themselves, and see not and care not what the world is doing, further than it affects their immediate interests. Their natural tastes are curbed, their impulses are restrained, and their real feelings are concealed. Their whole life is a mask. They are "star" actors on the world's stage, while we poor, unwashed, unvaccinated gentlemen are the "supernumeraries." They have an arduous and difficult character to sustain, while we have only to hear their ranting, and sing choros to their songs. They are obliged continually to look and act their parts, while we can crack a joke with the pit, ogle the side-boxes, and have the fun among ourselves.

Yours, everlastingly,

PETER POROCURANTE.

## THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SPORTING.

THE HARE.

(Concluded from page 337).



Resume the subject of our last paper by a few observations on the peculiarities of "Pass," when seeking to evade the pursuit of her natural enemy, the dog. The first thing a hare takes is generally the foundation of the ensuing pastime, all the doubts she afterwards makes are in a great measure like the first; a hare will go over a great part of trailed land, and visit her works of the preceding night and morning; sometimes a buck will take endways over fresh ground, without offering to return; the doe usually runs in a circle, unless with young, or having recently kindled; at such times she often runs forward, and ceaselessly ever escapes with life, being naturally unfit for fatigue; however, both sexes greatly regulate their conduct according to the season and weather. After a rainy night, in a weedy country, neither buck nor doe will keep the cover, owing to the drops of wet hanging on the spray; they therefore run the highways or strong lanes, for as the scent naturally lies strong, they hold the roads which take the least; not that a hare judges upon what soil the scent lies weakest; it is her ears that chiefly direct her, for the hounds being oftener at fault on the hard paths than the turf she finds herself not so closely pressed, and is not so much alarmed with the continual cry of the dogs at her heels. The louder the cry, the more she is terrified, and flies swifter; the certain effect of which is, a heart broken sooner than with a pack equal in number and goodness, but who spend their tongues less free. The same principle directs the hare to run to the covers in autumn; when the ground is dry, and the wind cold at north or east; she then keeps the

paths that are covered with leaves, which are so continually falling and blowing about, that the best hounds can carry no scent; her alarms are consequently short, and she rests contented where she is least disturbed.

When a hare rises out of form, if she erects her ears, and at first runs slowly, with her scat cast over her back, it is surely old and crafty. When a hare is hunted to her form, along the hard highways, and feeds far away from cover, and that her doublings and crossings are wide and large, it is a buck; for the doe generally keeps close to the side of some cover, and, when going to feed in the corn fields, seldom cross over the furrows, but follow the track of them: when hunted they turn frequently, use many stratagems, and rarely leave the country round their seat, whilst the buck, after two or three turns about his form, runs straight forward four or five miles, and then probably squats in some place where he has before preserved himself. A buck or jack hare may also be known by his head being shorter, his ears more grey, his shoulders redder, and his body being smaller than the doe, and, at his first starting, by the whiteness of his hinder parts.

They who make a business of hare-finding (and a very advantageous one it is, in some counties), are enabled to find them in any weather, by observing the direction of the wind. People frequently do not find hares, from not knowing them in their forms. A gentleman courting with his friends, was shown a hare that was found sitting. "Is that a hare?" he cried, "then, by Jove, I found two this morning as I rode along."

According to the season of the year, the hare is to be looked for: if it be spring, upon fallows or green corn: during the autumn, in stubbles or turnips; in winter they will seat themselves near houses, in brambles and tufts of thorn.

Hares will certainly, when hard pressed, go to vault; that is, take the ground like a rabbit.

*Fecundity of Hares.*—A male and female hare put together by Lord Ribblesdale, for a year, when the offspring amounted to sixty-eight. A couple of rabbits, enclosed for the same period, produced about three hundred.

*Feet of Hares.*—Tender feet in dogs are owing to the softness of that fleshy substance called the ball of the foot: but nature has to the hare been singularly liberal in this part by supplying her with such feet as are not subject to, and indeed scarcely susceptible of hurt, so as to incommode her in running. The balls of her feet, instead of hard flesh, are covered with strong coarse fur, suited so well for the purpose, that she never treads easier or to more advantage than on the hardest beaten track, or rugged, stony road; the very surface which cripples a dog she glides over with pleasure. In a frost she has an evident superiority to most creatures; the horse does not at that season take his gallops for fear of foundering; the greyhound or bound would in running start all their claws, and tear their souls to pieces, whilst the hare treads as soft as if she went on wool.

*Hare Warren.*—The warren should be paled, and the meuses made of brick; but to any person making a warren, Mr. Beckford recommends examining the traps, boxes, and stoppers, all of which have peculiarities not easy to be described. His town warren is in a wood of near thirty acres, and is cut into many walks: a smaller warren, which would perhaps answer as well, should have only one walk, and that round the outside of it. No dog must ever be allowed to enter it, and traps for stoats and polecats should be constantly set. Parsley sown in it will induce the hares to keep at home. When hares at the end of a season become shy of the traps from having been often caught, it will be necessary to drive them in with spaniels. The warren hare will be found very thick round the warren, for they will be unwilling to leave it, and when disturbed by dogs will immediately go in. The number of hares which a warren will supply is hardly to be conceived; but Mr. B. prefers a warren in the midst of an open country (which might be stopped close on hunting days), to the catching hares in traps, and then turning them down. A warren so situated would supply the whole country with hares, which, after one turn round it, would most probably run straight on end.

Hounds for hunting box hares should not be too fleet, and they are to be hunted like a pack of fox hounds, as a trap hare runs very much in the same manner, and will even top the edges; Mr. B. concludes his remarks upon the running of trap hares, with the method recommended by a gentleman to insure them to run straight, which was tying a piece of riband to their ears.

The hounds mostly used for hare hunting are the deep tongued, thick-lipped, broad and long hung southern hounds.

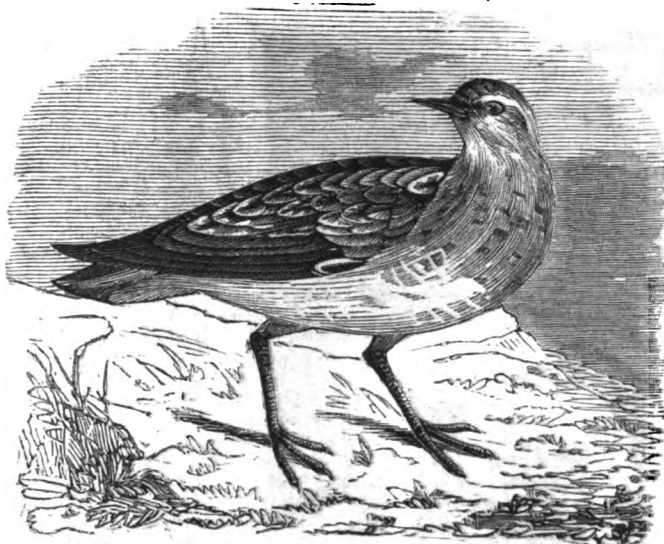
The fleet, sharp-nosed dog, ears narrow, deep-chested, with thin shoulders, showing a quarter cross of the fox hound.

The rough wire-hair hound, thick quartered, well hung, and not too much flesh on his shoulder.

The rough or smooth beagle.

*HUMBLED.*—It means hitting the public in reality. Anybody who can do so is sure to be called a humbug by somebody who can't.

## BRITISH BIRDS. NO. XHI.



THE GOLDEN PLOVER.

**LAST** number we gave, along with a few general remarks on the delicate bird, a figure of the Grey Plover, which we this week companion with a faithful representation of its golden namesake. The season for the visit of this beautiful bird is fast approaching, its coming generally taking place about the beginning of November and its departure early in February. The Golden Plover frequents salt-marshes in flocks. It breeds in Ireland, and is very common in some parts of the Highlands of Scotland, especially Caithness and Sutherlandshire.

There is also a small and elegant variety termed the Green Plover, which is often found on moors and heaths, during the winter, in small flocks. The legs are black and the feet coloured.

## TEACHING YOUNG SONG BIRDS.

It is impossible to give better instruction for teaching young birds to sing various tunes, than those of the celebrated Lawis de Berg, which he gives in the following remarks:—

"There is neither lark, linnet, bullfinch, nor goldfinch, but that may be brought to as great perfection as the canaryfinch; but the English do not take the pains a German does, they love to sleep while the German is tuning his pipe, and instructing his feathered songster. There is more to be done with the lark from two to three o'clock in the morning than can be done in many months in the day time, or when the least noise or sound is to be heard but from the instructor; and this rule holds good with all finches. Every thing should be quiet but the master; as it is with the human kind so it is with the feathered; a good tutor seldom fails of making a good bird. I say begin with your birds when all is quiet, they will then take much more notice of what you endeavour to teach them. The age for beginning to instruct should not exceed three months; I sometimes begin sooner, and seldom stay less than an hour with each bird; I sometimes use my pipe, sometimes sing, but whichever method I adopt, I seldom fail of bringing up birds to please, inasmuch that I have often sold a lark for two guineas, a linnet for one guinea, a bullfinch, when it could pipe finely, from five to ten guineas, and a goldfinch from one to two guineas; in short, the whole art of bringing up a bird to sing well, depends entirely on visiting him early, and furnishing him, the best thing before you leave him, with what he is to eat during the day. He should be supplied daily with fresh water in his fountain, and small gravel at the bottom of his cage; but short allowance in eating is absolutely necessary to make him a good songster."

## THE OFFER.

(For the Sportsman's Magazine.)

Oh! do you think that I'd deceive  
A lovely maid like thee;  
Oh! no, by all my promise'd vows,  
Decent ne'er dwells in me.  
Accept them, Jane, my passion'd love,  
She answered "Ax my eye."  
I'll cherish, love thee, as I ought,  
No one shall kinder be;  
Happy, loving, we will live,  
If you will marry me.  
And is it true, the maiden said,  
To do all these you'll try;  
If that you'll promise, quick I'll wed:  
I answered, "Ax my eye."

J. KIMBROUGH.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

**WORMS IN HORSES.**—Since we replied to a Correspondent a week or two back upon this subject, the following passage in the Veterinary Record met our eye. It is from the pen of Mr. Haggren, who states that no other remedy than the betel nut is used in India for horses affected with worms. From one to two drachms of the powdered nut are added to half the usual dose of aloes, with a little more ginger, and to use his words, "it turns out the worms like a broom in a gutter." He thinks it has only to be known in England to come into general use. The betel is a climbing plant, the leaf in shape and appearance resembling ivy, but more tender and full of juice. It belongs to the same class of plants as the pepper. This remedy is certainly well worth a trial. Will any Correspondent who may make the experiment, forward us the result of his experience?

**"ERNEST."**—Without a pun, are you in FUN? A word in your ear, and that of all our Subscribers; patronise us by increasing our circulation, which you can easily do, and we will spend more money, but we must get it first. We feel proud of your opinion of our report of the fight for the Championship, as you were an eye witness. The "Sun," "Globe" and "Advertiser" severally quoted our "Remarks" and spoke laudatorily of our labours. The last named paper did us the honour to transfer our "leading" article of last week to its columns on Friday last, and it was doubly gratifying to us when we saw how completely every statement we had made was borne out by "THE OLD SQUIRE'S" letter published three days after by "Bell's Life" and "The Era."

'Tis not in mortals to command success,  
But we'll do more, good public, we'll deserve it.

**SIMON SLOW.**—You're FAST enough, a little too fast to our thinking. It is a bubble bet, and Simon is "simple Simon," cute as he thinks himself. His case stands thus for the warning of others: Simon bets a "friend" that "he cannot jump over a stick placed at a certain height STANDING THERE," i.e., in the place where the challenger indicates. His friend jumps over it without a run, and Simon evidently waits our decision in his own favour, because his friend did not keep standing there when he made the jump that won him the wager; 'tis a poor quibble, and Simon must pay according to his own shewing. The spirit of the bet was for a STANDING jump, in contradistinction from a RUNNING one; which is equally impossible, if Simon be right, for the man is no longer running when he takes to his jump.

**REMEMBRANCE, LEEDS.**—It is said that Bendigo can jump his own height—we speak only from hearsay. Ireland could do it, without a spring board. He leaped over a horse 15 hands high with only a step to aid his spring.

**SESSABLE.**—HACKNEY.—Cribb fought ten times, and was beaten once. Spring twelve times, and was also beaten once. Cribb was defeated by George Nicholls.—Spring by Ned Painter. Cribb, Spring, and Painter are all living. Broome has never been defeated.

**S. BURTON, CHICHESTER.**—To buy off a private, serving in India, if in the Queen's service,—infantry, £40, cavalry, £50; if in the Company's, from £50 to £60.

**J. BOWLAND, MANCHESTER.**—Caunt's second fight with Bendigo took place April 3rd, 1893. His fight with Bendigo was on the 12th Feb. 1893; if the Printer has made it 13th, it is a mistake. It would take us too much time to refer to a file of papers more than a twelve-month back.

**A. COCKNEY SPECULATOR.**—We have answered your question before:—Doncaster is a round Course of about 1 mile, 7 furlongs, and 70 yards. The other Courses are portions of this circle, viz.—Red House in, 3 furlongs 152 yards; T. Y. C., 7 furlongs 214 yards; Fitzwilliam Course, 1 mile, 4 furlongs, 10 yards; St. Leger Course, 1 mile 6 furlongs, 132 yards; Two-mile Course, 2 miles, 15 yards; Four-mile Course (twice round) 3 miles, 7 furlongs, 219 yards; Cup Course, from the Red House and once round, 2 miles, 5 furlongs, 14 yards.

**J. CULL.**—You are right. The position of the mid wicket in the frontispiece to the Cricketer's Handbook is wrong, through a mistake of the artist. You cannot get these people to draw a thing correctly which they do not understand. It is the TEXT we praised, not the picture. The fiddlers' positions are much varied according to circumstances.

**G. M., Coventry.**—The "Gamecock" series of articles begun in No. 17; which has for its frontispiece a lifelike figure of that "valorous bird."

**"ENDLESS TROUBLE."**—We wish no one gave us more than you do. Tom Oliver was born in 1789, he is a Buckinghamshire man, and his fighting weight was 12st. or thereabouts. His first fight was in 1811, so you can guess he was more than at "years of discretion" when he entered the ring. His best mill (after a long rest) was in 1834, with "Uncle Ben," whom he licked in 24 minutes, "two could uns," but a right good and a merry mill.

**SNOR.**—We will just "skim over" your facetious MS., and give it a place with pleasure. CRICKET. PETO.—It is not sufficient that the bat touches the crease; it must go over it, or a short run may be called.

**ALPHA.**—When the catch is made the ball is dead, and you could not put down the other wicket.

**J. W. B.**—We must say that the conduct of the H—h—te Club was anything but liberal or fair; but certainly the conduct of Mr. A—, in using his influence with them to the injury of an individual who exercised an arduous and onerous duty, was not that which might be expected from a gentleman or a player.

**CYCLOPS.**—Not out. Make better use of thy solitary optic in future.

**T. G., Hampstead.**—A batsman may, after playing a ball, defend his wicket with any part of his person, but must handle the ball in so doing; therefore it was quite fair in B. to kick it away from his stumps after playing it with his bat.

**P. Q.—**Yes, Bill Hillier, for a hundred.

**J. H.—**A day with the South London" by NED RIV., in an early number.

**HARRY.**—The rumour with regard to the Corner Pin is an absurd one. Bendigo was met at Tom Oliver's house on Thursday last, and there he could not be presented with the belt. Jam Ward presented Bendigo with a belt in 1834, after his fight with the Doctor. "Life in London" is thrust "out of town" by pressure of sporting matter at present.

**HARRY BLAIR, Paddington.**—Send us the newspaper vendor's name, we will point it—he is a shammer, and the truth is not in him. We make a LARGE proportionate allowance than the 3d. or 6d. newspapers to the retail trade, as ANY honest vendor will tell you.

**"COCOA."**—The book is exceedingly scarce: and if we wanted to procure one, we do not know where to look. We once gave an order, and could not get it for several months.

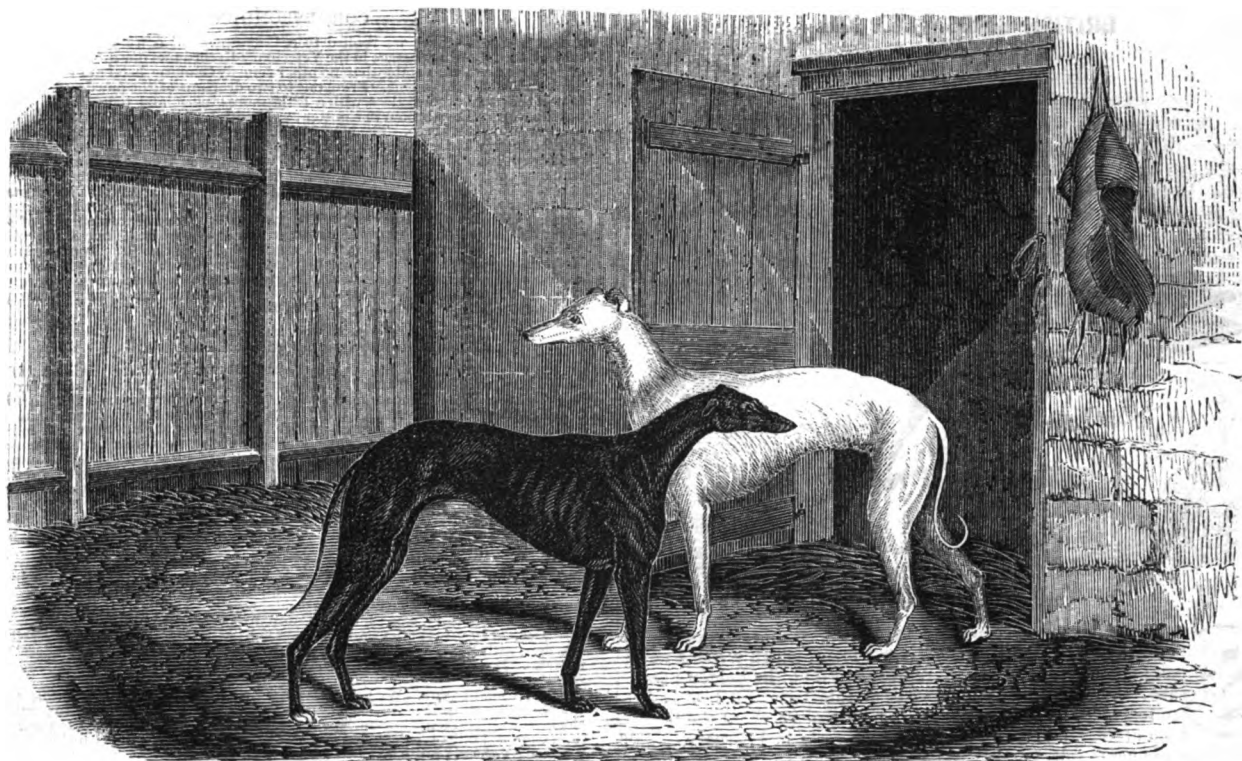
## BYRON CORRECTED.

"I stood in Venice, on the bridge of Sighs,  
A palace and a prison on each hand."  
Thus read a loving husband, "law, such lies,  
Tho' written by a lord, I'll not bow stand."  
Exclaimed his wife—masterfulite of spouses,  
"Or else, indeed, his hands were once of size,  
And dreadful small, the palaces and houses."

**FOUR CHOICE THINGS.**—Alphonso, King of Aragon, once said that there were only four things worth living for,—old wine to drink; old wood to burn; old books to read; and old friends to converse with.

**A CON.**—What finite map Noah he supposed to have chiefly laid up, in the ark? Pain (pears).

**A EULOGY ON A PIPE.**—The fact is, the moment a man takes to his pipe he becomes a philosopher. It is the poor man's friend, it calms the mind, soothes the temper, and makes a man patient under trouble; it has made more good husbands, kind masters, indulgent fathers, and honest fellows, than any other thing in this world.



FLIRT AND WEST WIND.

### THE GREYHOUND.

**F**ULLY intending to give the readers of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, a series of articles on Coursing and the Greyhound, which shall contain all that experience has gathered, on the mode of choosing puppies, breeding, rearing, and training them; we shall here confine ourselves to a few paragraphs of generalities.

A well bred greyhound is characterised by a symmetry of form superior to any other known dog. His general appearance bespeaks great swiftness in running, which is rendered more evident by a minute examination of those different points by which sportsmen form a judgment previously to trial. If we take the hare for a model, a greyhound will be found to assimilate with her in some peculiarities of shape, as, in the nearness of the shoulder-blades upwards; the depth of the chest; the length, muscle, and sweep of the thighs, and the formation of the hind legs and feet: and these are allowed to be the points of speed. The greyhound, also, has a long neck and fine sharpened head and nose, with small ears; is rather low and thin at the shoulder, and short between the knee and the fore foot, the latter being round and close like a cat's. The lowness in front affords a facility in picking up or killing at speed, while the short joints and round feet give strength, which enables the animal to stop and turn with the hare in a small compass. The best winded dogs are observed to be well hooped in the ribs; by which they are more capable of sustaining a long or severe course, as the action of the lungs is less confined or restricted than in animals which are flat-sided. Broad and muscular loins are, also, essential to support and give effect to the strong impelling power of the hinder legs and thighs. The thigh bones, upwards, are wide apart and prominent; and the tail is fine and long, and shows itself low from its insertion, so as to allow a greater degree of freedom in the action of the haunches in running. These points in a greyhound should be always preferred, because they are not only proofs of good breeding, but it is notorious that dogs so formed have obtained the highest celebrity from their performances in the field. With respect to colour, it is quite a matter of fancy, and, consequently, not worth attention.—Good dogs have been produced of all complexions, and every gentleman may indulge his taste in this particular without prejudice to his kennel.

**BREEDING.**—To breed greyhounds with success requires considerable judgment. A kennel may be easily filled, but it is extremely difficult

to procure a convenient number of good dogs. A considerable knowledge of the subject of breeding, and great attention, aided by peculiar facilities, are scarcely sufficient to insure the possession of a superior dog; as, notwithstanding the numbers that are bred from the best blood, few prove beyond mediocrity in qualifications. To reduce this risk as much as possible, a dog and bitch should be selected with a good pedigree, both of which can or have run well, of a fine and perfect symmetry, with good constitutions, and free from disease; if the bitch be aged, take a dog of three years old; but if the dog be aged, select a bitch of two or three years old.

In the choice of puppies, when very young, there is not any criterion by which we can judge, as the points cannot be discovered at so early a period; a bitch should not be allowed to bring up more than four, or she will be inclined to wean them too soon. Puppies whelped between the middle of February and the middle of April, thrive better than at any other time of the year; as they obtain strength before the heat of summer can affect them; and, from being bred early, they are more capable of bearing, and, consequently, less liable to be injured by the cold in winter.

A greyhound dog may be considered equal to his most powerful performances at three years old: some published opinions state "the best age to be four years;" but, at three, he is unquestionably in the greatest perfection as to speed, strength, courage, and activity; and therefore, can never be able to support a course with more effect than at that age, provided his owner has previously done him full justice in training, &c. Bitches are generally more forward, and may be considered as reaching their meridian at two years and a half old: some examples may be selected not exactly favourable to these opinions; but they are confined to particular cases, and relate to extraordinary dogs who ran their most celebrated courses after that age. These instances, however, may have been entirely accidental, and are by no means to be regarded as proofs of superiority in the animal at a more advanced period. A practical observation of general or frequent results will produce the most advantageous conclusions for the formation of a correct judgment.

**PROPER AGE TO ENTER GREYHOUNDS.**—Puppies should not be entered before they are fifteen months old, either dog or bitch; and special care should be taken (if they prove worth preserving) to treat them with great lenity during the first season; otherwise, they are liable to contract injuries, from which legimentary enlargements may arise that destroy all future expectation of excellence.



**CUNNING FALSE, OR CUNNING.**—It is well known that all greyhounds, after having been much used, acquire a habit of *waiting to kill*, without using their best exertions in speed; this lurching is termed "running cunning," and, according to the regulations of coursing is always discountenanced. Cunning rarely occurs in young dogs, but is usually the result of experience, and is often brought on earlier by injudicious working: a greyhound may, occasionally, run two courses in one day; but such practices should not be frequent when the courses are severe. Great attention must be paid to valuable dogs, as they may be often preserved for an additional season with proper caution in this particular: frequent change of field is also desirable; by constantly running over the same ground, dogs obtain a knowledge of the direction in which hares will go, and frequently make for the covert instead of pursuing the animal in a direct line, which is another trick of "cunning" practised by them. Whenever such propensities are observed in a greyhound (let his former excellence have been ever so great), he is never to be depended upon afterwards in running matches.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN FERT AND FARMEST.

**SUNDAY, September 26th.**—NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.—Your grapes will now be ripe. If you do not bag them yourself, and your vine happens to be in an exposed situation, you may expect that some one will come and bag them for you.  
**MONDAY, 29th.**—MICHAELMAS DAY.—Nottingham Races.—Lord Nelson born.—The Sheriff's sworn in.—STRANGE IF TRUE.—A lady had a goose which hearing it was to be killed for dinner, walked into the garden, and considerably stuffed itself with sage and onions.—Country Paper.—WONDERFUL PERCOCITY.—A celebrated dramatic translator has in his possession a magpie of this season, who, whenever he sits down to write an original piece, calls out "O you thief!"—Country Paper.  
**TUESDAY, 30th.**—Newmarket 1st October Meeting.—Mr. Bunin issues an order that all visitors to Drury Lane are required to come in "full dress."—"S'help ma cot," says Lippy Isaac of Duke's Place, "that's 'ot I calls a prime move to clobber up the clothe (clothes) of the season."—Destruction of the plaster figure of George the Fourth at King's Cross, 1848. Tippy Cooke said he was not surprised as the "Statty" had been in a state of mortification ever since he knew it.  
**WEDNESDAY, October 1st.**—PHEASANT SHOOTING BEGINS.—Royal Caledonian Hunt and Kelso Races.  
**THURSDAY, 2nd.**—NOTTINGHAM GOSSE FAIR.—London University opened, 1838.  
**FRIDAY, 3rd.**—King's College opened, 1831.  
**SATURDAY, 4th.**—Lord Brougham sends a letter to the papers, stating that he will instruct any poor debtor gratis how to fill his petition under the "Small Debts Act." I.e. "the Schoolmaster" undertakes to teach poor devils to decline quod, gratis. The attorneys declare he is "all abroad," though he gives his address in Grafton Street.

## THE MOON IN OCTOBER.

New Moon, 1st	10	50	morn.
First Quarter, 8th	11	31	morn.
Full Moon, 15th	9	56	morn.
Last Quarter, 22nd	2	16	morn.
New Moon, 30th	11	43	morn.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High water at London Bridge.

Sunday, Oct. 26th	...	...	0 11	Wednesday, Oct. 1st	...	1 46	2 38	
Monday, 29th	...	...	0 32	0 58	Thursday, 2nd	...	2 19	3 38
Tuesday, 30th	...	...	1 10	1 30	Friday, 3rd	...	3 53	3 13
				Saturday, 4th	...	3 0	3 44	

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

## OURSELVES AND THE STAMPED PRESS.



**WHEN** "the Thunderer" of Printing House Square, "the Stranded Grunticle" our venerable "grandmother" of Shoe Lane, (the original 'old woman who lived in a Shoe') the "swift coursers of the fiery Sun," or the exquisite Jenkinsonian "Morning Po," do or say anything out of the common! Straightway do they delectate their readers, and astonish the public with a leaded leader, anent and concerning their superhuman exertions as caterers of public intelligence: the *Times* doth then condescend to explain how, through the energy of "their own reporter," or "correspondent," seconded by certain Deal or Folkstone boatmen, or some "superintendent of locomotives," on the "Smash-and-crash Line of Railway," they received, printed, and dispersed, innumerable copies of a certain result of an Election at Sunderland, a Revolution at Madrid, a present of bottled stout and Cheshire cheese from Louis Philippe to Queen Victoria, or whether it rained in the forenoon of a certain day during a musical fete and deer battue, held at Schlipschloppkrankerslaughterhausen, whereat seventeen Princes of Mecklenburg, Leiningen, and Coburg, "assisted," together with our gracious Queen. "My Grandmother" points with pride to her "eleventeen column report of the speech of his grace the Duke of Broadacre," at the grand *Reventicultural* dinner, held in his own borough town, to which "300 substantial freemen sat down," including in that number, half-a-dozen M.P's, four noble lords, six "honourable misters, whose honor is more before their names than after," a like number of colonels, twelve half-pay captains, two-score of country squires, twenty

five persons, a like number of country attorneys, land-bailiffs, stewards, &c.; fifty of his grace's dependents, and a hundred of their hangers on, relatives and tradesmen. Then does "my Grandmother," echoed by the *Standard*, cock her cap and look big at the thought of this "great demonstration of the sound spirit of the agricultural districts, and say all sorts of ill-natured things about demagogues and leaguers, incendiaries, and the like.

So doth the *Post* plume itself in a *Record* of illuminations, ladies' dresses, cracked pannels, or a criticism in *lingua franca* on the last *soprano* who has strained his emasculated windpipe at the Opera House; the *Sun* "boasts the deeds it has done" in reporting and printing the speech of a minister, "ere its echo has died in the house." Shall we not then, seeing all this, say that we

"Have done the ring some service"

in the matter of Caunt and Bendigo?—By this time the public will have the whole case before them. Our report, the first, the fullest, and the fairest, has been confirmed in every particular. The remarks we appended to it were transferred into the *Sun*, the *Globe*, and the *Advertiser*; while in the ensuing week, the last named paper, as well as the *Sun* (on Friday, Sep. 19th) quoted the *whole* of our last week's leader with a commendatory notice. Let the reader peruse that leader, in conjunction with our reports, published on the morning of Thursday, Sep. 13th, ere a single Sunday paper had issued from the press, and then read the following letter from the referee, which contains his decision, and the confirmation, we are proud to say, of every syllable we have written.

TO THE EDITOR OF BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON, STAKEHOLDER, &c. &c.

SIR: An appeal having been made to me as referee, through the medium of your paper, by Mr. Spring, to reverse my decision in the late fight between Bendigo and Caunt, on grounds unworthy of my consideration, I request you will confirm that decision by paying over the stakes to Bendigo, who, in my opinion, is justly entitled to them. It was with the greatest reluctance, and at the particular request of my friends and the unanimous solicitation of the backers of the men, that I accepted the office; but I shall always consider it one of the greatest acts of folly I ever was guilty of in my life. In discharging my duty, I endeavoured to do justice to the contending parties, to the best of my abilities and judgment; and, arriving at the conclusion I did, and now confirm, I was actuated only by a complete conviction of the justness of my decision, and not from the intimidation of the "roughs," as Mr. Spring states in his letter. It would redound more to the credit of the ex-Champion, if he termed my decision an error in judgment, rather than a direct robbery. Such insinuations against a gentleman who undertakes the office of referee merely to oblige both parties, and unanimously chosen by them, are not calculated to induce any gentleman, in future, to accept it; and, in taking leave of the ring, I should advise all my young friends to avoid so thankless and unsatisfactory an office. Had I been under the intimidation of the "roughs," I had several opportunities of putting an end to the fight before the conclusion, by acts on the part of Caunt.

A noble lord and several gentlemen who stood close to me during the whole fight can corroborate this statement. I most positively deny that I stated to any one that a man going down without a blow, after he himself had treacherously delivered blows, was fair. In no one instance, in my judgment, did Bendigo break the laws of fair fighting. I must also contradict, in the most positive manner, that I ever stated to any person that I did not see the last round, which Mr. Saunders, of St. Martin's Lane, has advanced. I saw every round distinctly and clearly, and when Caunt came up the last round he had evidently not recovered the 92nd. After the men were in position Bendigo very soon commenced operations, and Caunt turned round directly and skulked away with his back to Bendigo, and sat down on his nether end. He never knocked Bendigo down once in the fight, nor ever got him against the ropes in the last round. In my opinion Caunt got away as soon as he could from Bendigo, fell without a blow to avoid being hit out of time, and fairly lost the fight.

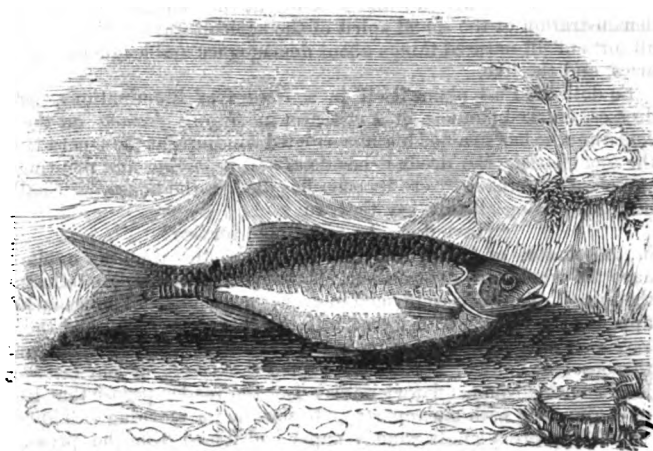
I am your obedient servant,

Doncaster, 18th, Sep. 1845.

THE OLD SQUIRE.

Without a purpose to serve, except that of enlightening and amusing the public, we here pledge ourselves that our future reports of sporting events, shall be written (exclusively for ourselves) on the same principles of uprightness, honesty, and impartiality; all we ask our subscribers in return is, to recommend our little venture. In taking leave of the subject of the championship we may observe, that it is our intention, on the occasion of every regular pugilistic contest, to give a detailed and special report in our stamped edition, which will also contain the latest betting on every forthcoming race.—The Number containing the report of the contest will be kept for some time in print.

## THE FISHER'S CREEL.



THE PAR, OR "SKEGGER TROUT" OF ISAAC WALTON.

**T**he much-vexed question of the par and samlet or skegger, and whether it or they be different fish, is not our intention here to treat. Of late years the researches of Mr. Shaw and others have tended to affirm the opinion that the par samlet, or skegger, is not a diminutive trout, but neither more nor less than the fry of the salmon, under peculiar circumstances. To the subject of this remarkable and much disputed fish we will return in an early number, and present the reader with a carefully compiled paper on the par, wherein the various conflicting authorities and experiments on the obscure point of Natural History shall be assiduously weighed and compared, and their various experiments on salmon fry duly noticed.

## THE GAMECOCK.

SECTION III.—(Continued from page 344.)

ON THE NECESSITY OF MAKING TRIALS.

**T**HE mode of trial varies as much as any circumstance in the routine of cocking. Those who breed but few, implicitly rely upon them from one period to another: others content themselves with a trial of stage, or from some imperfect brother, taken from his walk and immediately devoted to proof—perhaps pitted against a cock considerably heavier than himself, contesting a struggle under disadvantage, and this only to know if he is good game. These trials are too incompetent, and too trivial for any number, much more so for a set of cocks, where a main of any consequence is depending. It is now found highly expedient with those who have various sorts, not to hazard a match without a regular private trial, under the management of those who feed it—and from such fair cocks from whose actions they may form a proper judgment of the whole. In this trial they ought to be fed with the same caution as those for a main, abating no one circumstance whatever; and where a great many are bred, they may be so selected, as to match them sufficiently accurate, which will put them in the same situation as those who are meant to be depended upon; and if any suspicion arises from such trial, if those are brothers, let the survivors be out up, giving them every equalizing chance through the whole contest. If this is not complied with, it cannot be esteemed a fair trial.

It may be necessary to explain, to some of my readers, what is to be expected from a fair trial. Cocks proving good game denote only a part of their excellence, for they may be deep game, and yet be deficient in what constitutes the best and first quality of a cock—that of being a good healer; and if these wanting they must be deemed imperfect. They should be

Close hitters,  
Bloody healers.  
Steady fighters,

Good mouths, and come to every point.

A hasty fighter indicates a desire to get shut of his cock—and if his antagonist gives him too much trouble, he will frequently give him ground for agreement. It is also a bad sign to see him crouch, and give his head away: nor is a shifty cock to be admired, notwithstanding he sometimes wins—There are cocks, even in the extremity of death, that will show you the goodness of their intentions, as much as to render themselves dangerous.

To judge with nice discrimination the various effects the piercing head has upon the frame, more immediately to catch the momentary gash upon the vital parts, to watch with cautious eye how he bears the ebb and flow of departing existence—as in this gasping stage (if I may refine upon the sentence) their heroic fortitude is frequently conspicuous, and their last moments are a train

of the greatest magnanimity. On the other hand some cocks would display an early propensity to shrink from the sod of danger; for as these are degrees of cowardice, so are those degrees variously exhibited—and many a coward, if they had the power, in their fleeting passage would quit the field of battle. He, whose interest it is to mark and to commit to paper this scene of combat, gives due merit and applause to such meritorious warriors, who have stood foremost in all their various exploits, that the surviving brothers and sisters may hereafter do justice to these departed heroes, and hold up their fame and glory to their allotted extent. When I am speaking of various degrees of cowardice, so are they variously urged by pride and jealousy, the least alarm of either hurries them on into that impetuosity (more remarkable in some than in others), which with them is not to be appeased but by death.

A trial holds to view, probably all that is valuable as well as defective; for they exhibit as many modes of defence and attack, as the pugilistic tribe—and their blows have more or less of the destructive, according to their better art:—a wide striking cock seldom carries death with his heels; if his legs are out of the direction of his body, so of course they are further extended, and they are generally esteemed dry spurred cocks—and it generally happens that they are a low flying fluttering cock,—but on the contrary, if his legs are in a due direction to his body, he is more erect, rises higher, and is a close hitter,—his battles are generally short.

Brothers will not always prove equally good; yet if close bred, from a regular set of sisters, any little apparent want of constitution should not suffer them to run away.

"A few years ago, says Mr. Sketohley, some friends thought it necessary to make a cross with a set of favourite hens, then well known by the appellation of the Old cross-marked sort. They were given to understand that cocks, similar in feather, &c. and long in favourite reputa, would fight at Nottingham. These consisted of six full brothers, fine, lofty, boney cocks; four out of the six fought, and in such a style of excellence, that, exclusive of their previous recommendation, it was thought prudent to purchase the two unmatched.

"Merely saying that they fought in a style of excellence is not doing that justice to my worthy friend, who pointed out their superiority, and whose judgment and recommendation gave a decided preference in their favour: I need only to say that they followed closely to the heels of our favourites. Shropshires, and to them we refer our readers; and like them they never produced their equals. Every thing which could contribute to the welfare of breeding, was bestowed upon the brood, and their progeny gave us such flattering hopes, that we were undetermined if we should give them a trial when stage, but the produce being very numerous, and in the midst of our annual great main, it would have been placing that confidence, experience urges me to say we ought not to have—therefore on mature deliberation a selected number were committed to the management of our old feeder Roastal—fed at the house of one of the gentlemen concerned, and enjoyed all the advantages of cocks devoted for a regular main, and from this cautious selection were matched with great equality—every thing was conducted with that degree of regularity which would have done credit to the first mains;—the setters had equal merit—due attention was paid to them in their intervals of fighting—and all the laws of cocking were rigidly adhered to. I have seen many mains, and a great many trials of stage, but I never yet saw any that exhibited such proofs of every excellence, as these stage manifested throughout every stage of trial. If a trial of stage, could be a certain criterion of their goodness in a future stage, as cocks, how pre-eminently high we should have ranked, in our endeavours to meet our numerous antagonists, with such rare ones,—the consummate superiority must have carried every thing before them. Highly gratified as we were in their juvenile state, we were also intent upon another proof ere the main came on: the same attention was paid to them in cocks, as to the stage, but what a falling off was there; such as would induce a man to decline any attempt at future breeding—their constitutions were so gloriously changed, that all our hopes were baffled—our arrangements disconnected—and we were thrown upon the public for a supply which in the end was the loss of the only main out of six fought. Such a carnage ensued as seldom takes place, for the whole were made away with—and the surviving old cocks, in their trial, but, too plainly pointed out to us the failure we experienced in their sons. My own died rotten on his walk, the others, though struggling under a bad constitution, evinced evident proofs of their innate excellence. A brother to the brood cocks, after being struck blind in the first fly, and won his battle, was bought at a high price by the late Mr. Brooke, in London, whose knowledge in these birds ranked high with the gentlemen of the sed;—he put him to some of his Spitzers hens, that enjoyed all the flow of health, still the progress was equally unfortunate. These cocks had been known and fed many years by Roastal—and his annual remarks upon the superiority of these were not lost upon his employers. Such failures as these are unpleasant drawbacks, in pursuit of cocking, and have their serious attendants. Our references relative to this unfortunate change was easy and satisfactory—that the breeder of these cocks had kept them in and in for as many years, without that requisite caution of putting youth to youth, was the rock he split upon—and hurled destruction on his favourite brood."

These details have for their object—To point out the liability of change in the constitution, from removal of cocks from a country they were bred in; to a distant one. The uncertainty of coming to advantage. To show that a trial of stage is not to be depended upon, and the necessity of trial when cocks that cocks may hold their constitution until they are two years old. A failure in the constitution at three. The impropriety of keeping in and in without putting youth to youth.

## HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME. PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CRIBB.

### CHAPTER VII.—continued.

WILLIAM NOSWORTHY. (THE BAKER).

It would be superfluous to detail the remainder of the rounds in number 38. A complete sameness pervaded the whole of them; and Sam, who had hitherto portrayed the hero, now scarcely exhibited the traits of a second-rate pugilist. The ferocity which had so terrified his opponents was now visible; and he exhibited great weakness and distress early in the fight. It is curious to remark, that he never once knocked down Nosworthy, but, on the contrary, was either flogged or went down every round, with the exception of about three. Yet still the friends of Sam, and particularly those denominated the Flash Side, relying on his experience and judgment, flattered themselves "it was all right," that he was aiming to bring down Nosworthy to his own pitch, in order to obtain any conquest, and give a good opportunity of betting. But, alas! they woefully deceived themselves! the wished-for change never arrived, and they ultimately found out their error in calculation.

Nosworthy proved himself a confident boxer. If his movements were not equal to the scientific precision of Tom Belcher, his undaunted resolution and courage, from the commencement to the termination of the fight, reminded many of the spectators of that peculiar forte of Bill Hooper. The Baker was a two-handed hitter, and seemed perfectly awake to the business before him. From this mode of attack the debilitated Jew stood no chance whatever. The strength of Sam, once so much the theme of his backers, was missing, and he appeared a mere shadow of his former self, of his former tremendous character. He could not knock down Nosworthy, or even hit him away. This defeat of a great favourite may operate as a useful lesson in future to the Knowing Ones, if properly applied by teaching them discretion. It would seem, that an opinion had been entertained that Sam never could be conquered. Youth and strength must be served; and never was the position more clearly and decisively shown, than in this instance. Sam was turned of 41 years of age, and his irregularities of life must have dilapidated as fine a constitution as was ever possessed by man. His opponent, a young man of 28, was in good health, of great strength, and weighed a stone and a half more than the Jew; besides, we are to take into the scale, that Nosworthy was not destitute of skill, and possessed unimpeachable bottom which had shown itself in all the battles he had fought. But calculation was out of the question. The game of chance, even, was completely lost sight of. "To a certainty—to a certainty," was the cry of nearly the whole of the fancy; and any opinion expressed in favour of the Baker was instantly silenced by 4 to 1, treated as a want of judgment, and laughed at with derision and contempt.

Upon Sam's resigning the contest, a general consternation took place among the backers of the hero. If the Jews were weighed down with grief—the Christians were equally miserable and disappointed at this unexpected defeat! So complete a cleaning out, it is supposed, had not taken place in the boxing world, since the conquest obtained by Slack. It is computed that, in different parts of the kingdom, one hundred thousand pounds, at least, were lost upon this battle. In the dismay of the moment, the exclamations of the losers were loud and vehement. "Tis impossible!" said many. "It must be a cross!"

The combatants did not appear to be so much punished as might have been expected, when that mode of painting is recollected, in which Sam had hitherto so peculiarly excelled, ornamenting the mugs of his adversaries. But the case was altered; instead of giving, as heretofore, he now received severe punishment. Sam must have suffered terribly from the repeated knock-down blows he experienced. But his fame was of so close a texture, that he did not exhibit marks of punishment like most other men. This was an important point towards victory on his side, by disheartening his antagonist, who however they might mill him, could not see the result of their efforts, from Sam's appearing fresh and unharmed.

Had Sam properly attended to his training; had he viewed the consequences of the battle in the light of an experienced veteran, bearing in mind, that he had every thing to lose, and but little to gain; the sequel might have proved different. His experience and judgment should also have pointed to him, that youth, strength, science, and determined resolution, were not to be disposed of as matters of course; that it was not a mere sporting article he had to

pink for his amusement: one who had presumptuously dared to enter the lists against so mighty and renowned a chief. Some caution, it might be presumed, was necessary, when it was also known to him his antagonist was above a novice; that Nosworthy was an energetic boxer, aspiring to reach the top of the tree, and, if possible, to wrest those hard-earned laurels from Sam, which had so often and deservedly decked his victorious brow. But the conquests of the latter had made him forget himself. Fame and flattery had cheated him. His name was a terror. His ferocity was not to be resisted. The pugilistic world thought, if not pronounced, him invulnerable. The whole race of pugilists viewed him as a phenomenon amongst them. Impressed with this character, it should seem, latterly, that poor Sam, in the enthusiasm of the moment, "had crept so much into favour with himself," from what he had hitherto done, that he vainly imagined, he had now only to appear in the ring, and his towering fame alone was sufficient to vanquish any pugilist who might have the temerity to oppose him. Four to one was laid thick upon him in all directions. This elevated him beyond his equilibrium. He staggered under his weight; and he at length fell a victim to "self-conceit" and ill-timed flattery.

The fame which Nosworthy earned on this occasion, led to several challenges, among others to one from the renowned and hardy Scroggins, which he accepted, and they met on June 16, 1815, at Moulsey Hurst. The details of this battle will be found in *the Life of Scroggins*, who was on this as on many other hard fought fields, the conqueror. His friends attributed this defect to bad condition; but the truth seems to be in Scroggins, Nosworthy met a miller of his own stamp.

Bill was afterwards matched to fight Geo. Curtis, but the latter paid forfeit from ill-health.

Nosworthy felt his defeat by the hardy little tar, and never recovered his usual spirits. Dissipation and excessive drinking hurried him into a consumption, and in the last stage of this frightful disease, he, with the assistance of a few friends left London for Lymington, in Devonshire; but in Oct. 26, 1816, while resting at Exeter, he received his final knockdown, scarcely surviving the Jew three months. His connections in Devon were very respectable, his manners, until depraved by excessive drink, pleasing, and his appearance prepossessing.

Our next chapter will contain the pugilistic career of Mr. JOHN GULLEY, with a portrait.

(To be continued in our next.)

**FIRING AN ARROW.**—A certain learned Theban who, in writing figures in the *Asiatic Journal*, on the subjects of the sports of India, writes as follows:—"After awhile he fired his arrow in the jungle, &c." We never before heard of an arrow being fired. As iron mile-stones and zinc-coppers are now in vogue, perhaps we must not grumble.

**TO MAKE BLACK JAPAN FOR LEATHER.**—Take four pints of boiled linseed oil, four ounces of burnt umber in powder, three ounces of asphaltum, and oil of turpentine enough to give the whole a proper consistence. The asphaltum must be melted, and the hot linseed oil gradually added to it; then the burnt umber, and lastly the oil of turpentine.—*Pharmaceutical Journal*.

**HIGHLAND MODE OF PAYING DEBTS.**—In former times, when the Highland chieftains were not prompt in their payments, a tradesman from the low country, impatient for his money, found, with some difficulty the way to one of their castles. Arriving at night, he had his supper and was put to bed. On looking out in the morning, he observed opposite to his window, a man hanging on a tree. Asking a servant the reason of it, he was told, "It was about a pair Glen-co' body, tat cam to insult ta laird." The tradesman, immediately calling for his boots, went off without unfolding his errand. The laird had caused the effigy of a man to be hung up during the night, and instructed his servants what to say, which had the desired effect.

**AN AMAZING LIGHT DRAUGHT OF WATER.**—An American paper says they have a trick of constructing steam-boats of such an amazing light draught of water, in the enterprising State of Arkansas, that the Lucy Long, a boat recently built at that place, will run anywhere that the ground is a little damp. We believe she generally comes to anchor if there is anything like a heavy dew.

**THEY WANT A RAILWAY.**—The ordinary rate of a camels' walk, when in full progress, says a recent traveller is, on an average, two and a half English miles an hour.



## BEAR HUNTING IN SWEDEN.

(From Lloyd's Field Sports of the North of Europe.)

On the succeeding morning, after breakfast, our party, which was pretty large, set off in our sledges to the place of rendezvous, which was at six or seven miles distance. Here we found between six and seven hundred men assembled, whom Mr. Falk, with his under-keepers and other assistants, arranged in the usual manner. On this occasion there was a considerable number of soldiers present, many of whom had been expressly ordered from a distance, subsequent to the last skall, for the purpose of assisting in the one which was about to take place. These ensured the better organization of the people; for the military, as I have already remarked, from their habits of discipline, commonly make the most efficient Skall-fogdar, or under officers.

As we had so considerable a number of people, and the ring was not of any great size, Mr. Falk was enabled, at the first setting out of the skall, to place them at only a few paces apart from each other. This was very desirable, as from the bear having succeeded in breaking through the cordon when the previous battue took place, we could not but anticipate he would make a similar attempt on the present occasion. We were well prepared, however, to receive him, as in this instance unusual attention had been paid in the examination of the fire-arms with which the people were provided; and these, besides, were only placed in the hands of persons who were supposed to be capable of using them with effect. The guns were also equally distributed throughout the line, so that let the bear make his appearance at what point he might, he was pretty certain to meet with a warm reception.

On this, as on similar occasions, Mr. Falk led the driving division, whilst his right hand man, Jan Finne, took the command of the stationary wing of the skall: I attached myself to the latter, and placed myself in a favourable position a little in advance of the people. In this instance I was only armed with my rifle, having had no time before leaving home to send for my double gun, which, with dogs, &c. I had left at a distant point in the forest. This, as I shall presently show, was a rather unfortunate circumstance.

All being now in readiness, the driving division, as we knew by hearing their cries, moved forward; but they had not continued their march for very many minutes, before a volley of shots in the distance announced that the bear was on foot. For a long while subsequent to this, however, all remained perfectly quiet, and not another discharge was audible, nor did we, at the point I was stationed, see or obtain intelligence of the beast. Tired therefore of waiting, and being joined by Jan Finne, who, like myself, was without information, we proceeded together to the spot whence the firing had taken place, to ascertain how matters stood. Here we found that the animal had met with so hot a reception on his approaching the line, very many shots being fired at him almost at the same moment of time, that being intimidated from breaking through the people, he had headed about and retreated back into the ring; but he had not escaped with impunity, as was evinced from his track being very deeply marked with blood.

Jan Finne and myself now lost no time in hastening to Mr. Falk, who was in the centre of the driving division, to inform him of the wounded state of the bear. On hearing which, that gentleman shortly afterwards ordered a general halt, when he permitted me to take Jan Finne, and to advance into the ring, for the purpose of giving the beast the *coup de grace*.

Jan Finne and myself now hastened back to the point where the bear had received his wounds, and from thence we pursued his tracks within the ring. For a while we were followed by three or four individuals, but on our pointing out to them that we were much more likely to attain our object if left to ourselves, as in that case our movements would be conducted with the greater silence, they all rejoined the ranks, and we were left entirely alone.

Though it was evident from the manner in which the beast had dragged himself along, and from the quantity of blood he had lost, that he was desperately wounded, it was ten minutes or a quarter of an hour before we saw any thing of him. At last, however, we got a glimpse of him as he was making his way among the trees at some little distance in advance of us. I now lost no time in firing, but owing either to the trees intercepting my ball, or to an incorrect aim, he went off unhurt: Jan Finne did not discharge his piece, which was probably attributable to his not getting a sufficiently distinct view of the animal to have enabled him to have done so with any prospect of success.

When I had reloaded we again continued the pursuit, and shortly afterwards we once more viewed the bear, who kept halting occasionally as he was retreating from us, at about thirty-five paces distance. On seeing him we both fired, and the beast as instantly fell; but it was only for a few seconds he lay prostrate; for rearing himself and uttering a terrible groan, he dashed at no contemptible pace towards us. Jan Finne now made the best use of his legs, and ran for it; and I should perhaps have acted wisely had I followed his example; but thinking that with a little management I might avoid the onset, I simply stepped a pace or two on one side, and sheltered myself behind the stump of a pine which had been felled, (probably when the snow was deep) at about four feet from the ground. In this while, however, I kept my eye steadily fixed upon the enraged brute, and I was thus enabled to direct my movements in unison with his, that he was incapable of seeing me. By adopting this manoeuvre, I anticipated that he would have passed my place of concealment, and I should have thus readily escaped. But the beast was not to be so foiled; for when he had advanced to within

about three paces of the stump, he halted, and growling desperately, he cast his eyes about him in every direction, as if at a loss to understand in what manner I had eluded his clutches. Jan Finne, who by this time had sheltered himself behind a tree at some thirty or forty paces distance, now cried loudly for me to run; but thinking their was as much danger in adopting that course, the snow being knee-deep, as in standing still, I determined on remaining in my position. I kept my eye, nevertheless, constantly fixed upon that of the bear, so that I was in readiness to bolt the instant I should observe him making serious demonstrations of attacking me.

Had the stump which befriended me been more elevated than it was, I might possibly, with good management, have been able to reload my piece without attracting the attention of the beast; but it was so low, that it was only by holding my body in a stooping position that I could keep myself concealed from his sight. Had I at this time been possessed of a pocket-pistol, I could with every facility have shot the brute through the head, but unfortunately I was not provided with any other weapon except the rifle which I had just discharged.

If I had been alone on this occasion, I might have been in some little jeopardy; but, as I could fully depend upon my companion, and as I was morally certain that the instant he had reloaded his gun, I should quickly be relieved from the rather awkward situation in which I had perhaps foolishly placed myself, I cannot say that I felt much apprehension for my personal safety. But Jan Finne was rather slow in his movements, so that I think near three minutes must have elapsed before his piece was again charged. In all this while the bear still remained in much the same spot where he had first stationed himself; and, instigated by fury, or the pain of his wounds, or probably by both causes combined, he with distended jaws kept growling or rather roaring, in the most furious manner.

Though, in consequence of directing my movements by those of the bear, the animal did not at first discover my place of concealment, yet he at last either viewed me as I was peeping from behind my friendly covert, or he got so strong a scent of me as to be assured that I was there; for fixing his eyes directly upon the stump, which he had not previously done, he, with a terrific growl, was in the very act of coming at me. But in this he was baffled, for at the moment he was making his spring, and as I drew backwards to avoid the coming storm, Jan Finne fired with so deadly an aim, that his ball entered the head of the beast, he instantly sunk lifeless upon the snow.

## THE DESERTED CITY.

(An Ossianic Fragment.)

How empty is Westminster; empty as thy purse, oh Bard! The Hall no longer echoes to the bounce of the barrister; silenced in its courts is the hum of law. Hushed in St. Stephen's is the voice of braying; whither are ye gone? oh, M.P.'s! Whereunto have ye betaken yourselves, ye wise men? From the moors afar, resounds a noise of popping, as of multitudes of corks of the water of soda; by honourable members many grouse are slain. Thither have they departed; the sons of St. Stephen roam on the distant heath. When wilt thou return, oh Brougham; and thou, Campbell, of the North? When will ye renew your battles, oh ye heroes? when will ye shake our sides again? And thou, Field Marshal Duke of Wellington, unto whom art thou presenting thy compliments? and where art thou specifying, Peel of the sliding scale?

Closed is the theatre of Her Majesty in the Haymarket. Around it are the shops of various tradespeople; within it is—solitude. Perfumeless is thy pit, oh Opera House! white-kid-gloveless are thy stalls! Cooked are thy capers, mute is the voice of song. They have flitted like swallows, the artists of a foreign land. How have they flown, laden with the golden spoil? They have flown upon the wings of steam: with the spring they shall return: and the coxcomb shall be joyful in the Alley of Fops.

At Almack's all is over. Nought is there but room in the Rooms of Willis. Beneath the bright chandelier, to the band of Jullien, the Nobility and Gentry polk no more. Where is the leader, of the white waistcoat, and when shall he revisit town? Tenantless are the mansions of the Square of Grosvenor; nobody dwells in the abodes of Belgrave. Drearily from second stories frown the closed shutters of the aristocracy; dark is the eclipse of drawing-rooms. The life of fashion, also, hath departed from the houses of Bloomsbury, and Fiddlefaddle hath shut the windows thereof. Where are they of the family? They have retreated to the two-pair back.

Weep, Gunter, ice king of celebrity; mourn Verrey, glory of Regent Street. With the season have ceased the parties of evening, and the demand of beauty for lemonade and cream: in the morning the calls for mock-turtle are few; so of an afternoon are the orders of coffee. Pipe your eyes, drapers of Regent Street; lament, tailors of the Street of Bond. Cry amain, ye foremen; raise the wail, walkers of shops. Vanished are your customers, flat is business. The thoroughfares no longer are lined with carriages; empty is Rotten Row. The *élite* of Ton have gone to Tom-bridge; the superior classes to the sea-side; the circles of exclusiveness to the Continent. The nobility and gentry have made themselves scarce. Noiseless are the pavements; save with the tramp of the policeman, and the tread of the occasional and peripatetic passenger. Desertion hath darkened the Clubs of Pall Mall: desolation is paramount in the Places of Pimlico.

## POWER OF MEMORY IN THE HORSE.

Horses have exceedingly good memories. In the darkest nights they will find their way homeward, if they have but once passed over the road; they will recognise their old masters after a lapse of many years; and those who have been in the army, though now degraded to carters' drudges, will wondrously become inspired at the sight of military array, and rush to join the ranks, remembering not only their old uniform, but their own places in the troop, and the order of the various manoeuvres. Many interesting anecdotes might be related under this head, which place the retentive powers of the horse in a highly pleasing and accessible light.

A gentleman rode a young horse, which he had bred, thirty miles from home, and ten part of the country where he had never been before. The road was a cross one, and extremely difficult to find; however, by dint of perseverance and inquiry, he at length reached his destination. Two years afterwards, he had occasion to go the same way, and was bewildered four or five miles from the end of his journey. The night was so dark that he could scarcely see the horse's head. He had a literary man and companion to pass, and had lost all traces of the proper direction he had to take. The rain began to fall heavily. He now contemplated the uncertainty of his situation. "Here am I," said he to himself, "far from any house, and in the midst of a dreary waste, where I know not which way to direct the course of my steed. I have lost all trace of the memory of the horse, and in that now is my only hope." He threw the reins on the horse's neck, and encouraging him to proceed, found himself safe at the gate of his friend in less than an hour. It must be remarked, that the animal could not possibly have been that road but on the occasion two years before, as no person ever rode him but his master.

Sometimes the recollection of the horse serves him so well, that he will perform actions with as much precision when left to himself, as though he had been under the guidance of his master. A Wiltshire gentleman, in 1831, lent a well-bred and fiery mare to a friend from town, who had come down to try the Essex dogs against the Wilts breed of greyhounds. At the close of a very fine day's sport, the huntsman had to beat a small furze-brake, and for the purpose of better threading it, the London gentlemen dismounted, and gave the bridle of his mare to the next horseman. Puss was soon started; the "halloo" was given. The person who held the mare, in the eagerness of the sport, forgot his charge, loosed his hold, and, regardless of any other than his own steed, left the mare to run, like Mazeppa's, "wild and untutored." But, to the astonishment of all, instead of so doing, or even attempting to bend her course homewards, (and she was in the immediate neighbourhood of her stable,) she ran the whole course at the tail of the dogs, turned as well as she could when they brought the prey about; and afterwards, by outstripping all competitors, (for the run was long and sharp,) she stopped only at the death of the hare, and then suffered herself to be quietly regained and remounted. What renders it still more remarkable is, that the animal had only twice followed the hounds previous to this event. It is true that her conduct may have been influenced by the circumstance, that the brace of dogs which were slipped were the property of her owner, and the groom had been in the habit of exercising them with her.

To prove that the notes of hounds have an overpowering influence upon horses which have once joined the chase, another incident, which occurred in 1807, has often been related:—As the Liverpool mail-coach was changing horses at the Inn at Monk's Heath, between Congleton in Cheshire and Newcastle-under-Lyne, the horses that had performed the stage from Congleton having just been taken off and separated, hearing Sir Peter Warburton's fox-hounds in full cry, immediately started after them with their harness on, and followed the chase till the last. One of them, a blood mare, kept the track with the whipper-in, and gallantly followed him for about two hours over every leap he took, till Reynard ran to earth in Mr. Hibbert's plantation. These spirited horses were led back to the inn at Monk's Heath, and performed the stage back again to Congleton the same evening.

Horses, being highly susceptible in their dispositions, are also peculiarly mindful of kind treatment. "This," says Colonel Smith, "was very manifest in a charger that had been two years our own, and which was left with the army, but had subsequently been brought back and sold in London. About three years afterwards, we chanced to travel up to town, and at a relay, getting out of the mail, the off-wheel horse attracted our attention, and upon going near to examine it, we found the animal recognising its former master, and testifying satisfaction by rubbing its head against our clothes, and making every moment a little stamp with the forefeet, till the coachman asked if the horse was not an old acquaintance. "We remember," continues the colonel, "a beautiful and most powerful charger belonging to a friend, then a captain in the 11th dragoons, bought by him in Ireland at a low price, on account of the impetuous viciousness, which had cost the life of one or two grooms. The captain was a kind of centaur rider, not to be flung by the most violent efforts, and of a temper for gentleness that would effect a cure, if vice were curable. After some very dangerous combats with his horse, the animal was subdued, and became so attached, that his master could walk anywhere with him following like a dog, and even ladies could mount in perfect safety. He rode him during several campaigns in Spain; and on one occasion, when in action, horse and rider came headlong to the ground, the animal, making an effort to spring up, placed his forefoot on the captain's breast, but immediately withdrawing it, rose without hurting him, or moving till he was remounted."

The most remarkable instances of minute recollection, however, occur in horses that have been accustomed to the army. It is told, that in one of their insurrections in the early part of the present century, the Tyrolese captured fifteen horses belonging to the Bavarian troops sent against them, and mounted them with fifteen of their own men, in order to go out to a fresh rencontre with the same troops; but no sooner did these horses hear the well-known sound of their own trumpet, and recognise the uniform of their own squadron, than they dashed forward at full speed; and, in spite of all the efforts of their riders, bore them into the ranks, and delivered them up as prisoners to the Bavarians. "If an old military horse," we quote the *Cyclopædia of Natural History*, "even when almost reduced to skin and bone, hears the roll of a drum or the clangor of a trumpet, the freshness of his youth appears to come upon him, and if he at the same time gets a sight of men clad in uniform, and down upon him in a line, it is no easy matter to prevent him from joining them. Nor does it signify what sort of military they are, as is shown by the following case.—Towards the close of last century, about the time when volunteers were first embodied in the different towns, an extensive line of turnpike road was in progress of construction in a part of the north. The clerk to the trustees upon this line used to send one of his assistants to ride along occasionally, to see that the contractors, who were at work in a great many places, were doing their work properly. Their assistant, on these journeys, rode a horse which had for a long time carried a field-officer, and though aged, still possessed a great deal of spirit. One day, as he was passing a town of considerable size, which lay on the line of the road, the volunteers were at drill on the common; and the instant that Bolus (for that was the name of the horse) heard the drum, he leaped the fence, and was speedily at that post in front of the volunteers which would have been occupied by the commanding officer of a regiment on parade or at drill; nor could the rider by any means get him off the ground until the volunteers retired to the town. As long as they kept the field, the horse took the proper place of a commanding officer in all their manoeuvres; and he marched at the head of the corps into the town, prancing in military style as cleverly as his stiffened legs would allow him, to the great amusement of the spectators, and to the no small annoyance of the clerk, who did not feel very highly honoured by Solus making a colonel of him against his will."

**OLIVER CROMWELL'S STUD OF RACE-HORSES.**—Oliver Cromwell, with his accustomed sagacity, perceiving the vast benefit derived to this nation by the improvement of its breed of horses, the natural consequence of racing, patronized this already peculiarly national amusement; and we find accordingly, that he kept a racing stud. Mr. Place, whose name, coupled with that of his horse, the famous white Turk, will live for ever in the memory of all British sportsmen, was Cromwell's master of the stud.—*History of the Turf.*

## SONNETS FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

*Written on Margaret Jetty.*

'Tis sweet at eve to see the red sun sinking,  
Behind the margin of the western wave,  
And view the thirsty billows slowly drinking  
The crimson rays that mark his gory grave;  
Whilst the low plash of some melodious scull  
Creeps o'er the drowsy stillness of the pier,  
Mingling a mournful cadence with the gull,  
Whose harsh discordant scream steals on the ear,  
And startles vagrant craw-fish as they wind  
Amidst the groves of tangled sea-wood near;  
Leaving their oozy bed—the sand—behind  
To sport on land amidst the moonlight clear—  
How sweet—"the tide is coming in. Good luck!  
Mama! Papa! I never shall get back!"

**THE POWER OF FUDGE.**—Fudge is to a man what the lever is in mechanics; it enables him to do that for which his own powers would be insufficient. Archimedes said—or is reported to have said, which will answer our purpose just as well—that, had he a place whereon to rest his lever, he could move the world. Fudge does this effectually. "Soft sawdust, and a knowledge of human nature," ay, that is it, Jonathan Slick: here are lever and fulcrum combined, by which the world is daily, hourly moved.—*Illuminated Magazine.*

**WISE MEN LIKE GOOD THINGS.**—A very ignorant nobleman, observing one day at dinner a person eminent for his talents intent on choosing the delicacies of the table, said to him, "What? do philosophers choose delicacies?" "Why not," returned the other. "Do you think, my lord, that the good things of this world were made only for blockheads?"

**CAUSELESS CENSURE.**—An American paper argues that a brief less barrister ought never to be blamed, because it is most decidedly wrong to abuse a man without a cause!

**VERY IMPROPER.**—A witness having sworn that a prosecutor was staggering drunk, the counsel, anxious to ascertain exactly what he meant, desired the witness just to put himself in the same position!

**ADVANTAGE OF TIME.**—A poor man being laughed at for wearing a short cloak, said, "It will be long enough before I have done with it."

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Your most obliged and obedient servant,  
(Signed) ALDBOROUGH.

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(Signed) THOMAS TAYLOR.

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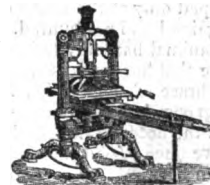
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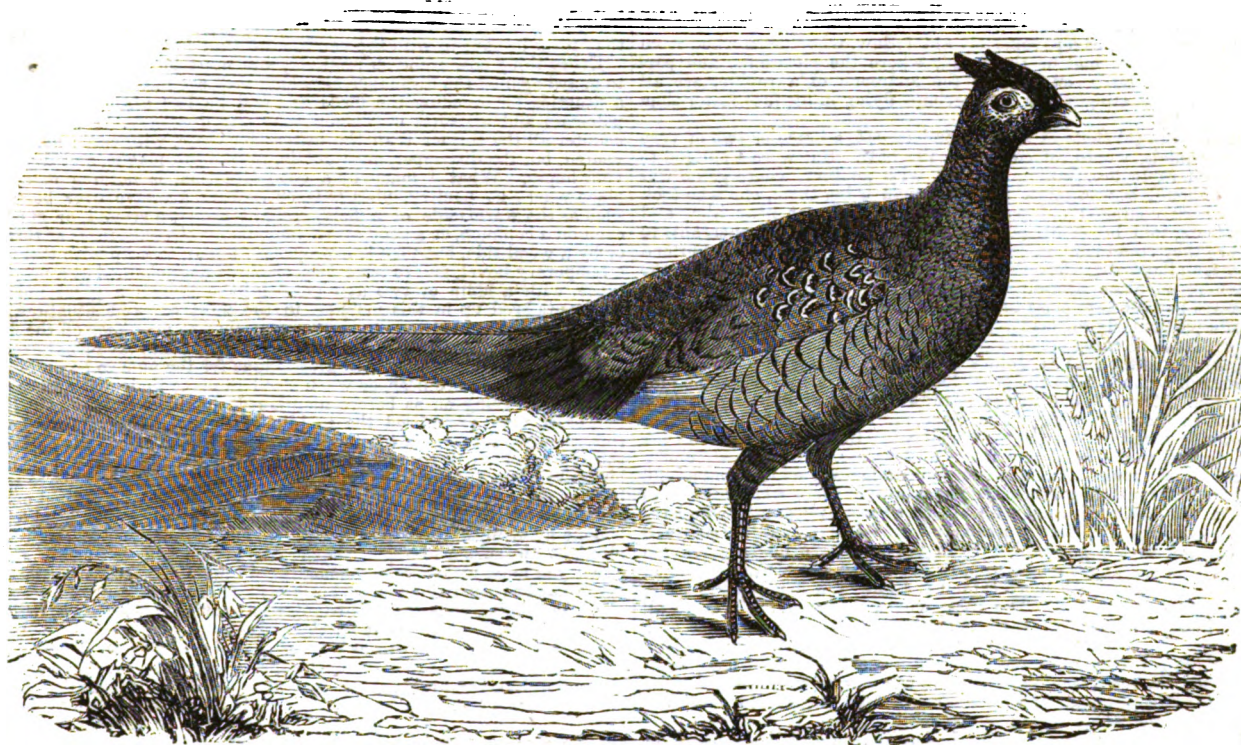
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# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 21. FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCT. 11, 1845. **THREE HALF-PENCE**

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THE FIRST OF OCTOBER.--THE PHEASANT.

**R**IGHT and glorious in plumage, the most gorgeous of the birds of game here stands pictured. Next to the peacock it is the most splendid of birds.

The pheasant is rather less than the common cock. The bill is of a pale horn colour; the nostrils are hid under an arched covering; the eyes are yellow, and surrounded by a space, in appearance like beautiful scarlet cloth, finely spotted with black; immediately under each eye there is a small patch of short feathers of a dark glossy purple; the upper part of the head and neck are of a deep purple, varying to glossy green and blue; the lower parts of the neck and breast are of a reddish chestnut, with black indented edges; the sides and lower parts of the breast are of the same colour, with pretty large tips of black to each feather, which in different lights vary to a glossy purple; the belly and vent are dusky; the back and scapulars are beautifully variegated with black, and white, or cream colour speckled with black, and mixed with deep orange, all the feathers edged with black; on the lower part of the back there is a mixture of green; the quills are dusky, freckled with white, wing coverts brown, glossed with green and edged with white; rump plain reddish brown; the two middle feathers of the tail are about twenty inches long, the shortest on each side less than five, of a reddish brown colour, marked with transverse bars of black; the legs are dusky, with a short blunt spur on each, but in some old birds the spurs are as sharp as needles; between the toes there is a strong membrane.

The female is less, and does not exhibit that variety and brilliancy of colours which distinguish the male; the general colours are light and dark

brown, mixed with black, the breast and belly finely freckled with small black spots on a light ground; the tail is short, and barred somewhat like that of the male; the space round the eye is covered with feathers.

The ring pheasant is a fine variety of this species: its principal difference consists in a white ring, which encircles the lower part of the neck; the colours of the plumage in general are likewise more distinct and vivid. A fine specimen of this bird, was sent us by the Rev. William Turner, of Newcastle, from which the figure was engraven. They are sometimes met with in the neighbourhood of Alnwick, whither they were brought by his grace the Duke of Northumberland. That they intermix with the common breed is very obvious, as in some we have seen, the ring was hardly visible, and in others a few feathers only, marked with white, appeared on each side of the neck, forming a white spot. It is much to be regretted that this beautiful breed is likely soon to be destroyed, by those who pursue every species of game with an avaricious and indiscriminating rapacity.

There are many varieties of pheasants of extraordinary beauty and brilliancy of colours; in many gentlemen's woods there is a kind as white as snow, which will intermix with the common ones. Many of the gold and silver kinds, brought from China, are also kept in aviaries in this kingdom; the common pheasant is likewise a native of the East, and is the only one of the kind that has multiplied in our island. Pheasants are generally found in low woody places, on the borders of plains, where they delight to sport; during the night they perch on the branches of trees. They are very shy birds, and do not associate together, except during the months of March and April, when the male seeks the female; they are then easily discoverable by the noise which they make in crowing and clapping their



wings, which may be heard at some distance. The hen breeds on the ground like the partridge, and lays from twelve to fifteen eggs, which are smaller than those of the common hen; the young follow the mother as soon as they are freed from the shell. During the breeding season the cocks will sometimes intermix with the common hen, and produce a hybrid breed, of which we have known several instances.

For shooting pheasants it often becomes necessary to start very early in the morning, as they are apt to lie during the day in high covert, where it is almost impossible to shoot them till the leaf has fallen from the trees. We can never be at a loss in knowing where to go for pheasants, as we have only to send some one the previous evening, for the last hour before sun-set, to watch the different barley or oat stubbles of a woodland country, and on these will be regularly displayed the whole contents of the neighbouring coverts. It then remains to be chosen, which woods are the best calculated to shoot in; and, when we begin beating them, it must be remembered to draw the springs, so as to intercept the birds from the old wood. If the coverts are wet, the hedge-rows will be an excellent beginning, provided we here also attend well to getting between the birds and their places of security. If pheasants, when feeding, are approached by a man, they generally run into covert; but if they see a dog, they are apt to fly up.

There are very few old sportsmen but what are aware that this is by far the most sure method of killing pheasants, or any other game, where they are tolerably plentiful in covert; and although to explore and beat several hundred acres of coppice, it becomes necessary to have a party with spaniels, yet, on such expeditions, we rarely hear of any one getting much game to his own share, except some sly old fellow, who has shirked from his companions to the end of the wood, where the pheasants, and particularly the cock birds, on hearing the approach of a rabble, are all running like a retreating army, and perhaps flying in his face faster than he can load and fire.

For one alone to get shots in a thick underwood, a brace or two of very well broke spaniels, would, of course, be the best. But were I obliged to stake a considerable bet, (taking one bet with another, where game was plentiful), I should back against the sportsman using them, one who took out a very high couraged old pointer, that would keep near him, and would, on being told, break his point to dash in, and put the pheasants to flight before they could run out of shot. This office may also be performed by a Newfoundland dog; but, as first getting a point would direct the shooter where to place himself for a fair shot, the Newfoundland dog would always be best kept close to his heels, and only made use of to assist in this; and particularly for bringing the game; as we rarely see a pointer, however expert in fetching his birds, that can follow and find the wounded ones half so well as the real St. John's Newfoundland dog.

Lord Stawell sent me from the great lodge in the Holt a curious bird for my inspection. It was found by the spaniels of one of his keepers in a coppice, and shot on the wing. The shape, air, and habit of the bird, and the scarlet ring round his eyes, agreed well with the appearance of a cock pheasant, but then the head and neck, and breast and belly, were of a glossy black; and though it weighed three pounds three ounces and a half, the weight of a large full grown cock pheasant, yet there were no signs of any spurs on the legs, as is usual with all grown cock pheasants, who have long ones. The legs and feet were naked of feathers, and therefore it could be nothing of the grouse kind. In the tail were no long bending feathers, such as cock pheasants usually have, and are characteristic of the sex. The tail was much shorter than the tail of a hen pheasant, and blunt and square at the end. The back, wing-feathers and tail, were all of a pale russet, curiously streaked, somewhat like the upper parts of a hen partridge. I returned it with my verdict, that it was probably a spurious or hybrid hen bird, bred between a cock pheasant and some domestic fowl. When I came to talk with the keeper who brought it, he told me that some pea-hens had been known last summer to haunt the coppices and coverts where this mule was found.

The pheasant is not a long-lived bird; but, it is probable the period of existence assigned to it by some writers, namely, six or seven years, is too short. The wholesomeness of its flesh was proverbial among the old physicians; it is of a high flavour and alkaline quality, and in perfection during autumn. A young pheasant very fat is reckoned an exquisite dainty. In a wild state, the hen lays from eighteen to twenty eggs in a season, but seldom more than ten in a state of confinement. Pheasants are not to be tamed by domestication, like other fowls; nor is the flesh of those brought up in the house, in any degree comparable to that of the wild pheasant: thence they are bred at home, either merely for show, or for the purpose of replenishing the proprietor's grounds, both with regard to number or particular varieties. However good nursing mothers in a wild state, pheasant hens are far otherwise in the house, whence their eggs are always hatched at home by the common hen,—generally, at present, by the smooth legged bantam.

The natural nest of the pheasant is composed of dry grass and leaves, which being provided for her in confinement she will sometimes properly dispose. The cock is bold, voracious, and cruel: and one which I had many years ago, caught a canary bird which had accidentally escaped, and was observed with it beneath his talons, in the proper attitude of the hawk, tearing it to pieces and devouring it. Pheasants have been seen preying upon a dead carcass, in company with carrion crows; and it has been said that they will fall upon a diseased and weak companion of their own species and devour it. They feed upon all kinds of insects and vermin, like the peacock, and are said to be particularly greedy of toads, provided they be not too large to swallow; whereas, according to report, they will not touch the frog, of which ducks are so fond. A pheasant was shot by T. Day, Esq., of Herts, the crop of which contained more than half a pint of that destructive insect the wire-worm. And the number of 1606 grains of barley were taken from the crop of a pheasant, at Bury, in Suffolk, in 1727.

The best known varieties of the pheasant, are the golden, the silver, the peacock or spotted, and the common European or English, generally brown, with a less brilliancy of colour. Mr. Castang, however, enumerates six distinct varieties, exclusive of the common, as follow: the gold and silver, natives of China, and very hardy in this country, and good breeders. The ring-necks, natives of Tartary, bred in China, very scarce: their plumage very beautiful. The white and pied; both sorts will intermix readily with our common breed, as will the Bohemian, one of the most beautiful of its kind, and equally scarce. The golden variety is generally of the highest price, the common most hardy and of the largest size.

**Breeding Pheasants.**—Eggs being provided, put them under a hen that has kept the nest three or four days; and if you set two or three nests on the same day, you will have the advantage of shifting the good eggs. At the end of ten or twelve days throw away them that are bad, and set the same hen or hens again if sitting hens should not be plenty.

The hens having sat their full time, such of the young pheasants as are already hatched, put into a basket with a piece of flannel, till the hen has done hatching.

The brood, now come, put under a frame with a net over it, and a place for the hen, that she cannot get to the young pheasants, but that they may go to her: and feed them with boiled egg cut small, boiled milk and bread, alum curd, ants' eggs, a little of each sort, and often.

After two or three days, they will be acquainted with the call of the hen that hatched them, and may have the liberty of running on the grass-plot, or elsewhere, observing to shift them with the sun, and out of cold winds. They should not have their liberty in the morning till the sun is up; and they must be shut in with the hen in good time in the evening.

Every thing now going on properly, you must be very careful (in order to guard against the distemper to which they are liable) in your choice of a situation for breeding the birds up; and be less afraid of foxes, dogs, pole-cats, and all sorts of vermin, than the distemper. I had rather encounter all the former than the latter; for those, with care, may be prevented, but the distemper, once got in, is like the plague, and destroys all your hopes. What I mean by a good situation, is nothing more than a place where no poultry, pheasants, or turkeys, &c. have ever been kept; such as the warm side of a field, orchard, pleasure ground, or garden, or even on a common, or a good green lane, under circumstances of this kind; or by a wood-side, but then it is proper for a man to keep with them under a temporary hovel, and to have two or three dogs chained at a proper distance, with a lamp or two at night. I have known a great number of pheasants bred up in this manner, in the most exposed situations. It is proper for the man always to have a gun, that he may keep off the hawks, owls, jays, magpies, &c. The dogs and lamps intimidate the foxes beyond any other means; and the dogs will give tongue for the man to be on his guard if smaller vermin are near, or when strollers make their appearance.

The birds going on as before mentioned, should so continue till December, or, if very early bred the middle of August. Before they begin to shift the long feathers in the tail, they are to be shut up in the basket with the hen regularly every night; and when they begin to shift their tail the birds are large, and begin to lie out, that is, they are not willing to come to be shut up in the basket. Those that are intended to be turned out wild should be taught to perch (a situation they have never been used to); this is done by tying a string to the hen's leg, and obliging her to sit in a tree all night: be sure you put her in the tree before sun-set; and if she falls down, you must persevere in putting her up again, till she is contented with her situation; then the young birds will follow the hen, and perch with her. This being done, and the country now covered with corn, fruits, and shrubs, &c. &c. they will shift for themselves.

For such young pheasants as you make choice of for your breeding stock at home, and likewise to turn out the spring following, provide a new piece of ground, large and roomy, for two pens, where no pheasants, &c. have been kept, and there put your young birds in as they begin to shift their tails. Such of them as you intend to turn out at a future time, or in another place, put into one pen netted over; and leave their wings as they are; and those you wish to keep for breeding put into the other pen, cutting one wing of each bird. The gold and silver pheasants you must pen earlier, or they will be off. Cut the wing often; and, when first penned, feed all your young birds with barley-meal, dough, corn, and plenty of green turnips.

**A Receipt to make Alum Curd.**—Take new milk, as much as your young birds will require, and boil it with a lump of alum, so as not to make the curd hard and tough, but custard like.

**N.B.**—A little of this curd twice a day, and ants' eggs after every time they have had a sufficient quantity of the other food. If they do not eat heartily, give them some ants' eggs to create an appetite, but by no means in such abundance as to be considered their food.

The distemper alluded to above, is not improbably of the same nature as the roup in chickens; contagious, and dependent on the state of the weather; and, for prevention, requiring similar precaution.

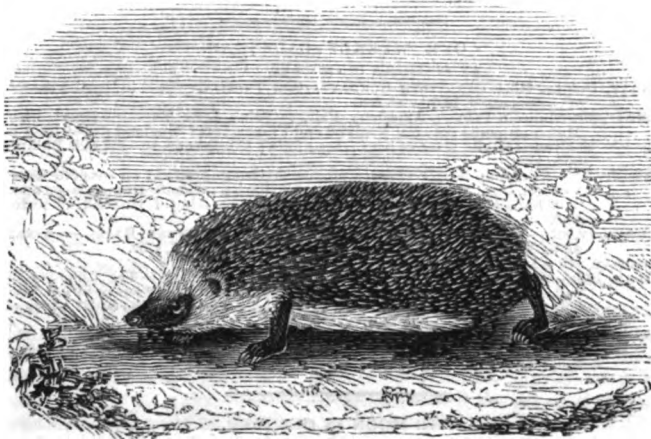
**General Directions.**—Not more than four hens to be allowed in the pen, to one cock; and in the out coverts, three hens to one cock may be sufficient, with the view of allowing for accidents, such as the loss of a cock or hen. Never put more eggs under a hen than she can well and closely cover, the eggs fresh and carefully preserved. Short broods to be joined and shifted to one hen. Common hen pheasants in close pens, and with plenty of cover, will sometimes make their nests and hatch their own eggs, but they seldom succeed in rearing their brood, being naturally so shy; whence, should this method be desired, they must be left entirely to themselves, as they feel alarmed even in being looked at. Eggs for setting are generally ready for April. Period of incubation the same in the pheasants as in the common hen. Pheasants, like the pea-owl, will clear grounds of insects and reptiles, but will spoil all wall-trees within their reach, by picking off every bud and leaf.

**Feeding.**—Strict cleanliness to be observed, the meat not to be tainted with dung, and the water to be pure and often renewed.—Ants' eggs being scarce, hog-lice, earwigs, or any insects may be given; or artificial ants' eggs substituted, composed of flour beaten up with an egg and shell together, the pellets rubbed between the fingers to the proper size. After the first three weeks, in a scarcity of ants' eggs. Castang gives a few gentles, procured from a good liver tied up, the gentles, when ready, dropping into a pan or box of bran; to be given sparingly, and not considered as common food.

Food for grown pheasants, barley or wheat; generally the same as for other poultry. In a cold spring, hemp seed, or other warming seeds, are comfortable, and will forward the breeding stock.

**A New Species of Pheasant.**—Amongst the numerous interesting natural productions recently brought from China by Mr. Reeves, it was with delight we observed a magnificent new species of pheasant, which will be a most interesting addition to the aviaries of Europe; and as it comes from the same part of the world as the gold and silver kind, there is scarcely a doubt but that, with a little care, it may be induced to breed in this country. It is about three times the size of the common pheasant, and has a tail from five to six feet long; it is of a pale bay colour, ornamented with black moons, and the head, wing, and under part of the body, black varied with white; the tail feathers are black and brown banded. Mr. Reeves brought with him from Canton two living specimens; but one of them unfortunately died in the Channel; the other is now in the gardens of the Zoological Society, where it will probably recover its fine tail. A beautiful specimen, in nearly perfect plumage, brought by Mr. Reeves for General Hardwick, has been presented by that gentleman to the collection of the British Museum. The tail feathers of this bird have been long known, two having been exhibited in the Museum for many years; but the bird which bore them was first described in General Harwick's Illustration of Indian Zoology, from a drawing sent by Mr. Reeves, where it is called Reeve's pheasant.

## RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.



THE HEDGEHOG.

THE Hedgehog, or Urchin, is too well-known to need an elaborate description. It is a hibernating animal; and many marvellous anecdotes of its egg-destroying propensities have been told which we, for our own parts consider more than apocryphal. We, however, give a sample of one of those below, merely premising that the Hedgehog indicated, must have had a propensity, perhaps a morbid taste, which we who have kept them and observed, never yet discovered. White in his admirable "History of Selbourne," he says, "Hedgehogs abound in my gardens and fields. The manner in which they eat the roots of the plantain in my grass walk is very curious: with their upper mandible, which is much longer than their lower, they bore under the plant, and so eat the root off upwards, leaving the tuft of leaves untouched. In this respect they are serviceable, as they destroy a very troublesome weed, but they deface the walks in some measure by digging little round holes. It appears, by the dung that they drop upon the turf, that beetles are no inconsiderable part of their food. In June last I procured a litter of four or five young hedgehogs, which appeared to be about five or six days old; they, I find, like puppies, are born blind, and could not see when they came to my hands. No doubt their spines are soft and flexible at the time of their birth, or else the poor dam would have but a bad time of it in the critical moment of parturition; but it is plain that they soon harden; for these little pigs had such stiff prickles on their backs and sides as would easily have fetched blood, had they not been handled with caution. Their spines are quite white at this age; and they have little hanging ears, which I do not remember to be discernible in the old ones. They can, in part, at this age draw their skin down over their faces; but are not able to contract themselves into a ball, as they do, for the sake of defence, when full grown. The reason, I suppose, is, because the curious muscle that enables the creature to roll itself up into a ball has not then arrived at its full tone and firmness. Hedge-

hogs make a deep and warm hybernaculum with leaves and moss, in which they conceal themselves for the winter; but I never could find that they stored in any winter provision, as some quadrupeds certainly do.

Jesse says, "I also had a tame hedgehog, which nestled before the fire, on the stomach of an old lazy terrier dog, who was much attached to it, and the best understanding existed between them."

**Sagacity of the Hedgehog.**—During the summer of 1818, as Mr. Lane, gamekeeper to the Earl of Galloway, was passing by the wood of Glascaiden, near Garlieston, in Scotland, he fell in with a hedgehog, crossing the road at a small distance before him, carrying on its back six pheasant's eggs, which upon examination he found it had pilfered from a pheasant's nest hard by. The ingenuity of the creature was very conspicuous, as several of the remaining eggs were holed, which must have been done by it, when in the act of rolling itself over the nest, in order to make as many adhere to its prickles as possible. After watching the motions of the urchin for a short time longer, Mr. Lane saw it deliberately crawl into a furze bush, where its nest was, and where the shells of several eggs were strewed around which had at some former period been conveyed thither in the same manner.

## THE FISHER'S CREEL.

### HIGHLAND LAKES.—SALMO FEROX.

MR. EDITOR,—A few weeks since you asked for some further information respecting a fish of which you then gave an excellent engraving; namely, the SALMO FEROX, or Scottish Lake Trout. This fish, as you rightly observed, differs entirely from the salmon in many respects, and is entirely of the trout genus. It does not descend to the sea as the salmon does, but is a distinct description of trout, and grows to an immense size—having been killed of the enormous weight of 22lbs., and even more.

Being very fond of angling, I resolved to make a trip to Loch-Awe last summer in hopes of getting hold of one of these celebrated trout. I accordingly started from Edinburgh, one fine morning early in the month of August, and proceeded to Glasgow, from which I took a steamer to Dunoon, about twenty miles down the Clyde. From thence I walked to Loch-Ech, a very pretty little lake affording excellent trout fishing, and from thence pushed on to Dalmally, a romantic village at the west end of Loch Awe, near the mouth of the river Orchy, which runs into the lake. Another route to Loch-Awe, is by going from Glasgow to Inverary by the Steamer, and from thence to Dalmally, or whatever other fishing station may be selected (to which I shall immediately advert) and in this way, Loch-Awe may be reached from Edinburgh in one day. The distance from Glasgow to Loch-Awe, by either of the routes I have mentioned, is about the same.

I may here mention, for the information of such of your readers as have not visited that beautiful sheet of water, that Loch-Awe is about thirty-five miles in circumference, and of immense depth—in many places upwards of 150 fathoms. The scenery is of the most beautiful description, the hills, particularly Ben Cruachan, are magnificent, and the lake is studded with islands beautifully wooded, and adorned with the finest ruins. The lake runs nearly east and west. The Orchy, as I have already mentioned, runs into it at the west end, and about the centre, and to the north, the river Arne flows through a short and rapid channel, from Loch-Awe into another Loch, which last is an arm of the sea.

The best fishing stations are Dalmally, about sixteen miles from Inverary; Innistimich (an island) six miles from Dalmally, and Portscuanach, about four miles further east, on the road from Inverary to Oban. On the whole I prefer Dalmally, which is a most comfortable inn, kept by an Englishman, whose civility and attention are undeniable.

Having mentioned these particulars for the guidance of travellers, I shall now proceed to give a short description of the *Salmo-Ferox* and the mode of fishing for them.

The sportsman can be furnished by the landlord of the inn with a good boat, free of any charge, and one or two boatmen, at the very moderate charge of half-a-crown a day each. The mode of fishing for the large trout is entirely by trolling from a boat, rowed at the rate of three or four miles an hour, as the fish very seldom rise to the fly. A short powerful rod, with a strong line, of which you must have at least 100 yards, and very large hooks tied on gimp, back to back, are generally used, and the bait is a pretty large par. Not having any tackle of this description, I made use of what gives much better sport, viz. a small salmon rod eighteen feet long with a winnow top, the usual salmon line, and pike tackle, consisting of six hooks dressed on gimp, which I baited with a par about five inches long, and to which a pretty heavy sinker was attached. A friend accompanied me in the boat, who was similarly provided, and we had each a small trout rod with which we occasionally took a cast for the common trout of the Loch, which are of very fine quality, and commonly about a pound weight, but they are not often found in the deep water where the large trout lie, but in shallow water amongst the islands.

We saw nothing of the far-famed *Salmo-Ferox* till about two o'clock, when the reel of my large rod, which was lying at the stern of the boat with about eighty yards of line out, suddenly whirled round with great velocity. I immediately seized it, and handed my small rod to the boatman; my companion at the same time took in his trolling line to prevent it getting foul of mine. We at once perceived that I had hooked a very large fish, although he did not show himself for some time. Indeed he kept about twenty feet



under water for a considerable time, but at last he rose to the surface, and seemed so clear in the colour that the boatman and my friend all exclaimed at once it was a beautiful salmon. I endeavoured to get him into the boat by gaffing or clipping him, but he refused to approach it, and being fearful of losing him, I resolved, after working him for about a quarter of an hour from the boat, to land and finish the job from the shore. I succeeded in getting him on the bank in twenty-five minutes from the time I hooked him, but with the ordinary tackle used in the country, I should have done so in half the time. His extreme length was thirty inches, and his weight considerably over ten pounds, and he was admitted to be the finest specimen caught this season.

It must be admitted, however, that in beauty the salmo-ferox is greatly inferior either to the salmon, or the yellow trout. The head is in general, large in proportion to the body. The colours are deep purplish brown on the upper parts, changing into reddish grey, and thence into fine orange yellow on the breast and belly. The colours, however, although at first beautiful, change rapidly as the fish dies, and after death it becomes extremely dark in the colour. The fins and tail are very muscular, broad and powerful, and the fish is proportionally much stronger, though not so lively as the salmon. The mouth is armed with an immense number of teeth. The fish is of a very ravenous nature, as a proof of which I may mention that the one I killed had broken a hook in its mouth, which had evidently been there a very short time; and a gentleman whom I met at Innistimich mentioned having hooked a very large fish the day before near the place where I killed mine, which broke his tackle, and there can be no doubt it was the identical fish, as the broken hook in its mouth corresponded with the remainder of his tackle.

The landlord at Dalmally rents the salmon fishing in the river Orchy, and persons living at his house have permission to fish there. I had a very good day's sport and killed a fine salmon.

The river Awe is a very fine salmon river, but difficult to fish on account of the precipitous nature of its banks, and as two guineas were demanded for liberty to angle, I confined myself to the lake and the river Orchy.

The best season for the salmo-ferox is from March to the beginning of August. After the middle of that month they retire into the deep banks of the lake, for the purpose of spawning, in which they are engaged for about two months, and during that period little sport is to be expected.

Your sporting friends would be well repaid for their trouble by making a trip to Loch-Awe, and as it is within a day's journey of Edinburgh there is no difficulty in accomplishing it.

Should you think this letter worthy of a place in your magazine, it may perhaps be the means of leading some brother of the angle to the mode of obtaining a few days' sport, and if so I shall be amply repaid.

I am, your obedient servant,

Edinburgh, Sept. 28, 1845.

B.

P.S. I omitted to mention that in two days our party killed either five or six of the large trout, weighing 3, 4, 5, 6, and 10lbs. each.

#### NOTICE!

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE have determined on presenting their readers with a SPORTING ALMANACK, equal in quality, contents, and arrangement, to either of those published at TWO SHILLINGS or HALF-A-CROWN, on the following conditions. With an early number (hereafter to be announced) will be presented to every subscriber a COPY of the ALMANACK, for one week, at the charge of three half-pence for the Almanack, and three half-pence for the current Number, should the subscriber wish them both. The price of the Almanack to non-purchasers of the Number, will be raised to SIXPENCE after the lapse of that period; the three half-pence being merely charged as the cost price of paper and print.

Part V., for October, of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE is now ready, in an embellished wrapper, price Sevenpence. All the back numbers are in print; the Stamped Edition of No. 18, containing the fullest, fairest, and best report of the GREAT FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP, will be kept for some time longer on sale. Office, 42, Holywell-street. Strand; where all communications for the Editor should be addressed.

#### CORRESPONDENTS.

**WHIST.**—J. N. W., Nottingham.—It depends upon the deal. If one party at eight has two tricks, and it is their deal, the other being six and holding four honours, the latter have the game; though it is not very probable that the holders of four honours should be unable to make a better show in counting.

**B.** Worcester.—If a player reminds his partner of the importance of calling after the trump is turned up, he forfeits a point. If you name the suit on claiming a revoke, you are entitled to examine all the tricks.

**CHESS.**—SCACIA.—You have a right to move your pawn. We have tried the position; there is certainly no "check by discovery," and cannot therefore understand why any objection should be taken.

**LIVERPOOLIAN.**—The larger ship, certainly. The Great Britain is 322 feet in length from figure-head to aft, and 50 feet 6 inches in breadth. She is registered 3,500 tons, builders' measurement; so that her bulk nearly equals that of any two steamers in the world. She has four decks; and the upper one, with the exception of a small fore-castle, is completely flush from stem to stern, and measures 308 feet. She has four engines of 250 horse power each, and she is fitted with the Archimedeal screw propeller, which has six arms, and is 15 feet 6 inches in diameter, with a 25 feet pitch.

**ENDERSBY.**—Both the paragraphs would be charged with advertisement duty at Somerset House; they must, therefore, be paid for as such.

**O.**—Thirty-three and thirty-six feet. It is asserted that Vanguard cleared thirty-four at Rugby steeple-chase (ridden by Mr. A. McDonough). We have seen a marked leap of thirty-three cleared by a cocktail hunter in Northamptonshire.

**HALE, Birmingham.**—You will find the Leger winners in the last number, printed while your letter was in transitu. We will put in the winners of the "Coop." Every number of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE is in print, and procurable of Mr. Guest, or of Mr. Watts, in your own town. Big Ben was contained in No. 7, of the SPORTING WORLD, of which only a few remain in print; it may yet be had by order.

**TYRO, Windsor.**—Brentford (not Blandford or Bradford) is the spot which tradition has pointed out, and "equestrian troops" have popularised, as the terminus of the ride of "Billy Button," the Cockney tailor. The distance points it as the place, and not Bradford, which would be an absurdity, being upwards of 200 miles. The error may have arisen from the popular pronunciation of the name of Brentford, which is called by the lower order of the "natives" *Branford*. There is a book above a century old, called the "Comical Diversions of Billy Button, the tailor, and his horse, showing forth the mishaps and adventures of his journey to Brentford." Widdicombe could be a great authority on this subject; for about the earliest of our theatrical reminiscences is coupled with a visit to London, and seeing the performance of himself, a trained pony, and an equestrian buffoon, in this legendary interlude.

**H. CLELAND, Liverpool.**—We have to apologise for apparent neglect; but a friend, an M.R.V.C., who undertook to procure us the circular, has remembered to forget to perform his promise. If he does not call on us in a day or two, we will see to it ourselves.

**J. A. Stepney.**—In cleansing barrels, cold water, with a little very fine sand may be used, and then hot, after thoroughly washing with cold. Gun-makers generally apply hot water to clean the barrels, if much leaded, and finish with cold; but cold water is, in our opinion, best; the tow being strewed over with steel filings, will better remove the lead, and that without doing injury to the inside polish of the barrel. If dry tow gets wedged in your gun with the cleaning rod, contradictory as it may seem, you will find if you pour boiling water on it, the rod will turn easily and draw it out.

**PELWIG.**—A horse is said in stable language to be well "planted" when he stands firm and equally on all his legs, and not with one advanced before the other. A Ptarmigan is a species of grouse (*Tetrao lagopus*), as you might have seen in our article on the Grouse a few numbers since, where it was engraved.

**A. GROOM, Hendon.**—Sulphate of copper has been found an excellent tonic for horses. When the urine has become stinking or high coloured, the diabetes may be considered as confirmed. Try the following, with rest or voluntary exercise only, and a light diet:—

Opium	Half a drachm.
Gentian root in powder	Three drachms.
Ginger	Two drachms.
Oil of catnawva	Twenty drops.

Mix, with syrup enough to make a ball.

Give this for two or three days morning and evening, and should the symptoms not abate, try this:—

Sulphate of copper	One drachm.
Ginger	One drachm.

Linseed powder and syrup to form a ball; and give every morning and evening till a cure is effected.

**W. Y. Islington.**—Five pence will purchase two copies of our stamped edition from any news-vender; but as you are within the limit of the "old twopenny post district," the law does not permit a newspaper published in London to be sent to you post free, therefore, we cannot send it you from the office without losing the postage. You must obtain it in the same regular way as you would another newspaper. Again, we repeat, that to ensure answers, Correspondents must address "THE EDITOR." If superscribed "Mr. E. Dipple," they are opened by the publisher, as being upon business, and very probably miss their way. We hope we shall not have fifty "CONSTANT READERS," and ditto "SUBSCRIBERS," ignorant of this in each future week. COGG, and others, next week.

#### OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

**SUNDAY, October 5th.**—TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.—Act to legalize the sale of Game passed, 1831.

**MONDAY, 6th.**—Lincoln Fair.—Amebury Fair.—Pain's Lane Races.—Great Chess Match proposed between England and France, 1844; England would have no objection to give some of her Bishops for a (K)night or so.—Louis Philippe born 1778.

**TUESDAY, 7th.**—STAFFORD RACES.—Louis Philippe arrived in England on a visit to Queen Victoria, 1844; the Mayor of Portsmouth, having no shore-grounds to go upon, finds himself at sea in delivering his address.—King of Holland abdicated, 1840.

**WEDNESDAY, 8th.**—YORKSHIRE UNION HUNT RACES.—KNOTSFORD RACES.—ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH RACES.—Edystone Lighthouse finished, 1769.

**THURSDAY, 9th.**—SOUTHERN RACE MEETING.

**FRIDAY, 10th.**—Oxford and Cambridge Universities term begins.—The Chamberlain will not allow the managers of the Adelphi to perform "Satan in London" how should he? Is it proper for a Celestial body to play the devil? This we take to be a devilish bad pun.

**SATURDAY, 11th.**—Old Michaelmas day.—Queen Victoria and Louis Philippe visit Hampton Court. His Majesty, albeit, accustomed to intricacy and dodging, says "he wonders how such a maze can be exhibited."

#### THE MOON IN OCTOBER.

New Moon, 1st	...	...	...	10 50 morn.
First Quarter, 8th	...	...	...	11 31 morn.
Full Moon, 15th	...	...	...	9 56 morn.
Last Quarter, 22nd	...	...	...	9 14 morn.
New Moon, 30th	...	...	...	11 42 morn.

#### TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High water at London Bridge.

Sunday, Oct. 5th	...	4 6	4 25	Wednesday, Oct. 8th	...	6 21	6 58
Monday, 6th	...	4 45	5 6	Thursday, 9th	...	7 23	7 58
Tuesday, 7th	...	5 27	5 53	Friday, 10th	...	8 45	9 29
				Saturday, 11th	...	10 13	10 52

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 11, 1845.

#### FIELD SPORTS FOR THE PEOPLE.



ITHIN the last few years much has been said and written upon the subject of amusements for the people, and "Young England" is supposed to be particularly favourable to the revival of what are usually denominated the old English sports; but the best sports are those which arise spontaneously from the feelings of the people and the circumstances of their condition.

Old sports, and we are prepared to uphold the assertion against all comers, are always the best. The nearer we approach the genuine sports of nature, the greater animation we experience in the pursuit of amusement. Hence the difficulty of devising new games, or even new nursery rhymes for our children. The affections naturally cling to the old for some apparently mysterious reasons, and neither better sense, nor better versification, nor more classical language, will recommend a new rhyme in preference to an old one. Does this arise from a Conservative spirit in our nature, or are these old rhymes really superior to anything that modern genius can devise? We remember hearing a very talented and popular writer assert—half in fun, no doubt, but in earnest also—that *The House that Jack Built*, was the most successful poem in the English language, and that the author, whosoever he was, deserved to have his life written by Johnson himself.

There are no amusements so delightful to the young and the vigorous as what are called field sports. The passion for such is universal. Even the ladies themselves, when education and circumstances permit, become enthusiastically fond of hunting, hawking, and angling. But with young men and boys the passion for such amusements is one of the strongest and most irresistible in our nature—a passion which defies hunger, and cold, and weariness of limb; and, by the vigour of its action, imparts an almost miraculous strength and patience to the body and the mind. It is the pursuit of these that gives tone to the nerve, quickness to the eye, hardihood to the frame, and we devoutly believe generosity to the heart, and candour to the soul. The cruelty of field sports has frequently been urged against them by the poet and the sentimentalist. But poets are creatures of feeling, and often neglect to take their reason along with them in their critical reflections on life and manners. Cowper goes so far as to say:—

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
An inadvertent step may crush the snail  
That glows at evening in the summer path;  
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,  
Will turn aside, and let the reptile live."

And so far we agree with Cowper, that a social walk with a friend ought not to be profaned by any such unnecessary exhibition of the destructive faculties. There is a time for killing snails, and a time for not killing them. A young man of fine feelings, walking arm and arm with his sweetheart on a summer eve, and whispering into her ear the sweetest words that his fancy can divine and his lips pronounce, would never interrupt such a current of innocent and affectionate thought, even by the simple act of treading upon a worm, if by means of a longer or a shorter step he could possibly avoid it; and if inadvertently he did destroy it, he would even express regret for the deed, and pronounce a sympathetic oration on his victim. In so doing he would merely preserve the tone of feeling which the act of courtship requires; nor would he be likely to commend himself to his lady-love by the exhibition of such destructive propensities as he might even wantonly exercise, without reproach, in a formal crusade against the vermin of creation. Cowper, as a poet, walking with a friend on the summer path, is right, as poets always are when they speak from their feelings. But Cowper, as a farmer or a sportsman, is wrong, and nature has given man many varieties of character, in the representing of which he acts many apparently inconsistent parts.

Izaak Walton, who ranks anglers with honest men, and says that a pike well basted with claret, anchovies, and butter, is too good a dish for any but these two classes of humans, in giving directions for catching a pike, says you may catch him with a frog in this manner:—"I say, put your hook—I mean the arming wire—through the frog's mouth, and out at his gills; and then, with a fine needle and silk, sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire, and, in so doing, use him as though you loved him—that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, that he may live the longer." Here is cruelty—what can be greater? Most deliberate cruelty we admit; and only to be matched by those inflicted by priests, Dominicans, inquisitors and Calvinists, on those who differed from them in belief. Yet few better men have ever lived than Izaak Walton; his *Complete Angler* is a universal favourite amongst learned and unlearned, and is chiefly remarkable for the purity, the innocence, and generous simplicity of its sentiments. But in fishing for the pike, Izaak pursued a natural and legitimate amusement; and nature, in making the frog the unfortunate victim of the pike-fisher's hook, has not forgotten to make compensation, as Izaak himself inform us, for the frog is known

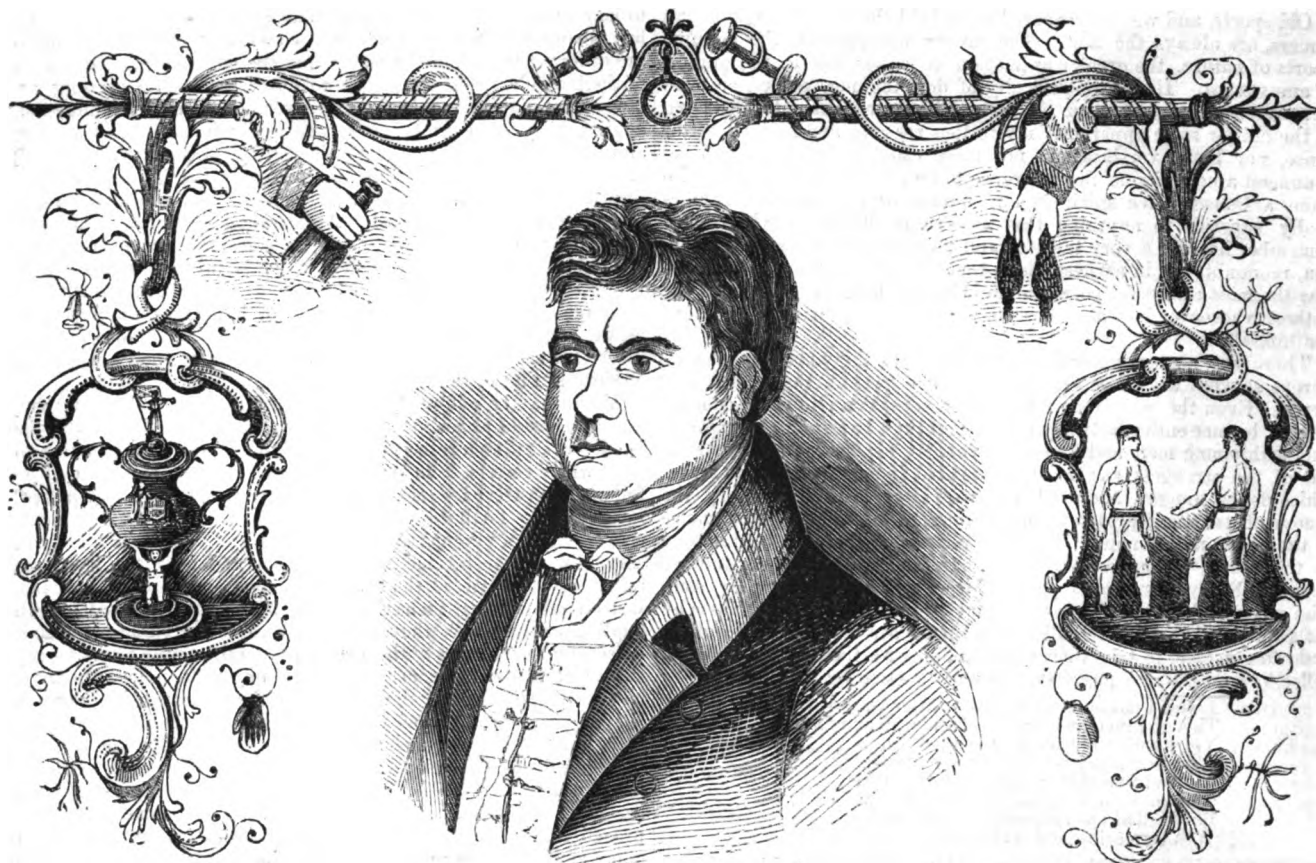
to leap upon the head of the pike, and even to dig out his eyes, and at last devour it. Nature is just in her own way, but her laws of justice are different from those of man's, and she not unfrequently makes use of the irregular passions of men to effect such compensations as her law of retaliation requires. Moreover, cruel as this amusement of angling may seem to the inexperienced mind, we know no natural amusement which has a more chastening, sobering, and purifying effect, and our own angling reminiscences are by far the most delightful of any that now flicker in the mind, as we look with regret on the pleasures that are past. Appearances here are as deceitful as elsewhere; and the delicate, harmless, soft, and luxurious enjoyments of the ball-room—where not even a fly is injured in the wing, and where the death of a moth in the candle would be bewailed with pathos—conceal under their delusive show of happiness, the wrastlings of all the worst and the most dangerous passions which disorder society. There is peace and repose in the angler's mind, and a whirlwind of anxiety in that of the reveller.

What may be said of the tranquilising influence of angling may be also affirmed of almost all the other sports of the field. But then it is only when they are legitimately followed; and in proportion to the good which results from a legal pursuit of them, is the evil which follows from trespass and poaching. An act of the legislature, the interdict of a landlord, at once converts an innocent amusement to a crime. And we do not say that this act or this interdict is unnecessary; for as men become more numerous, and more intelligent, as they call it, they become, at the same time, more reckless and selfish, and instead of solacing themselves with such moderate enjoyments as angling with the rod, they resort at once to the voracious practice of poisoning the streams with lime, or raking them with the net—a practice which is so outrageously selfish and unjust, as to deserve any severity of discipline which the law has hitherto inflicted. Nor can the people with reason expect the law to give them countenance in such ways, inasmuch as by means of a few bushels of lime and a net, a few unjust and selfish persons might destroy the sport of a whole parish in the course of a few hours. All passions are useful, but all excesses are evil; and perhaps the protection laws for game have hitherto proved less unjust to the population as a whole, than would the irregular and licentious pursuit of wild animals by the most idle and lawless portion of the community. When men have a law of honour to guide them, a statute law may be dispensed with. But the statute laws are evidently indispensable in that preliminary and preparatory state of society in which man is learning justice, and gathering resolution to practise it.

The old English games are thrust out of large towns and cities, chiefly for want of room, and they are by no means suitable for a dense population. The substitutes for these are the young ladies's favourite amusements of dancing, music, and card-playing. The gentlemen find that of billiards for themselves. We have less to say in favour of the morale of such amusements than of those of the chase. They are the decoy ducks to snare the young and the inexperienced. Amid the respectable and reputable there are numerous disreputable houses, where dancing and music are nightly and riotously practised by the artful and the abandoned, and hand-bills are distributed even in the streets, amongst the youth of the metropolis, which inform them where they may enjoy a dance, and a song, and a bed for the night, and a breakfast in the morning, for two shillings and sixpence! Dancing, music, and games of chance, when immoderately indulged in, are most destructive to morals, inasmuch as they weaken the contemplative faculties, the modest and the prudential feelings.

Yet, it may be asked, what can young men do? where can they go for an evening's amusement? Are they to blame, or is not the legislature, is not the public in part to blame, which makes no provision in towns for innocent enjoyments, and thus leaves the young mind to the snare of the fowler, with scarcely even a hint of the danger it conceals? Old men and young must have amusement—the young bodily, the old mentally. It is amusement that makes life pleasant. It is therefore an important subject of consideration, whether it is not the duty of rulers, a duty they are only just beginning to understand, to encourage gymnastic and other athletic sports, merry-meetings, and open air gatherings. Foot, hurdle-races, and for speed, cricket, football, leaping, wrestling, and, under certain restrictions, boxing; to say nothing of feats of endurance and strength, horse-racing, single-stick, and the like, are recreations to which the right of the people will, we hope, shortly be acknowledged by the legislature.

INCENSE.—"Burnt offerings and sacrifices," as the auctioneer said, when he sold the goods damaged in the recent conflagration!



MR. JOHN GULLY.

From a portrait taken in 1806.

## HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME. PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CRIBB.

## CHAPTER.—VIII.

MR. JOHN GULLY.

**W**HEN Hen. Pearce, the Game Chicken, seceded from the Ring, Gully, who, unlike most other pugilists, had positively achieved a high fame by his defeat at the hands of that fistic phenomenon, was hailed by common consent **CHAMPION OF ENGLAND**. Gully's ambition was of the highest order; second-rate pugilists, it should seem, were beneath his aim; and spurning the general mode of acquiring greatness step by step his daring spirit prompted him to the temerity of raising himself to the dignity of a hero at one stride, by attacking the justly renowned and mighty Chief of England. It is true that he fell; but it is equally true, that he rose a greater man by the attempt than ever. Gully convinced the amateurs that he was able to contend with honour, and even with a considerable chance of success, with the supposed invincibility of that eminent pugilist, whose generosity of disposition would not permit him to quit his vanquished adversary, without complimenting him upon his uncommon bravery and fortitude.

Gully, by the science and game he displayed in that celebrated contest, became a distinguished favourite with the Fancy in general. His knowledge of the art of boxing was considered complete, and his courage an able second to his judgment. His supporters were numerous, and his fame stood so high, that upwards of two years elapsed, from the time of his battle with the Chicken, before any one had the temerity to call on him to defend his title to the Championship. At length, he entered the lists with the formidable and burley **BOB GREGSON**, a boxer, who had been picked out by some of his friends in Lancashire, as likely to lower the crest of the champion. Gregson's size was considerably in his favour, he being nearly six feet two inches high, of prodigious strength, and having signalled himself in several pugilistic contests in that part of the country; but, notwithstanding such striking advantages, his pretensions were considered on the score of strength rather than of science. Gregson's game was unquestionable, and the amateurs wishing to see him enter the lists with so distinguished a boxer as Gully, a subscription-purse was immediately entered into for that purpose.

On the 14th of October, 1807, the contest took place in a valley, called Six-mile-bottom, on the Newmarket-road, on the spot where, in later days, Johnny Broome defeated the Australian; for miles round this part of the country the bustle commenced at an early hour, groups of people thronging from every directions, to witness the battle. Between nine and ten, Gully and Gregson entered the ring, both in excellent spirits and good condition. The former was seconded by Cribb, Cropley acting as bottle-holder. Richmond was Gregson's mentor, and Harry Lee was his bottle-holder. On setting-to the odds were in favour of Gully.

## THE FIGHT.

**ROUND 1.** The spectators were struck by the Herculean appearance of Gregson, who looked formidable in the extreme, and considerable anxiety was excited as to his probable mode of availing himself of his prodigious strength. A good deal of sparring took place, when, a favourable opportunity offering, Gully put in a desperate facer, which Gregson immediately returned, giving his adversary a teaser on the side of the head, that made it sound again—the men closed and fell.

2. Gregson's superiority was felt by his opponent, who endeavoured to adjust the balance by scientific caution. Gully, after much manoeuvring to draw his man, stepped in and delivered a dreadful facer, which made the claret fly—Gregson fell. [The odds rose rapidly.]

3, 4, 5, 6. In all these rounds a number of good blows were exchanged; but the advantage, at times, from Gregson's gigantic strength, appeared doubtful.

7. Gregson, with some dexterity, beat down his opponent's guard, and put in such a desperate blow on Gully's right eye, that he fell from its powerful effects, and lay stunned for four seconds. His eye swelled up so instantaneously, that he could scarcely see out of it. The friends of Gully were considerably alarmed at witnessing this sample of dexterity and strength. [The odds fell as rapidly as they had risen.]

8. Gregson came up with confidence from the success of the last round tried on all he knew, and went boldly into his man; Gully rallied, and put in several good blows, and both combatants stopped with great adroitness. Gregson, by sheer physical power, suddenly caught Gully up in his arms, and dashed him violently upon the ground; with the greatest forbearance, however, he declined falling upon him, as he might have done; for which noble conduct he was unanimously applauded from all parts of



the ring. [It was the opinion of the fancy in general that a better round had never been contested; and Gully's friends now rested their hopes upon his superior science, reducing Gregson by protracting the fight. The odds now changed upon Gregson.]

9. Gully stood up manfully, and gave his antagonist a severe facer, who slipped upon his hands and knees. This, for the instant, produced rather an unfavourable impression, being considered more by design than accident; but his manly conduct throughout every subsequent round soon chased away any suspicions that might have been entertained.

10 and 11. Gully put in some good hits; but Gregson closed, and Gully went down.

12. Gregson in the best condition; Gully manifesting weakness. Gully put in some blows, but they were too feeble to do execution: Gregson gave his adversary a dreadful blow upon the forehead that knocked him down. [Three to two upon Gregson.]

13. Gully, notwithstanding his weak state, was enabled, by his knowledge of the science, to gain the superiority in this round; but his blows lacked power.

14. Gregson punished the face of his opponent right and left; a severe rally ensued, and Gregson, apparently through weakness, fell on his knees.

15. A few blows were exchanged, when Gregson gave Gully a knock-down blow.

16. Gully's face exhibited desperate marks of his opponent's strength, and his right eye was completely closed; a rally took place, in which Gregson was knocked off his legs.

18. A good set-to; the advantage, so far as hitting went, completely on the side of Gully, who, notwithstanding, received a desperate fall.

20. Gregson, in endeavouring to plant his favourite straightforward blow, lost his distance, and, while in the act of falling, Gully caught him with the right; a small altercation took place, as to the fairness of the blow, but, as Gregson was not down, it was considered correct, according to the rules of the ring. [This was a strangely superfluous appeal, inasmuch as it is not pretended that Gregson was down.]

23. A desperate rally; Gully full of spirit, but his weakness was evident: the strength of Gregson was leaving him very fast. Gully's game was known to be of the first quality, and the odds changed considerably in his favour.

25. The spectators were full of anxiety respecting the decision of the combat; the best judges were puzzled to know which of the combatants was the most beaten and exhausted; both severely felt the want of time to recruit their wind and strength, and were scarcely able to quit their second knees.

36. For the last ten rounds it could scarcely be called fighting. Nature was completely exhausted in both, and it was the desperate efforts of the mind struggling for victory; their brave hearts endeavouring to protract the scene, reluctant to pronounce the word enough. It might now fairly be observed, that Victory hung in the scales of Chance: from the helpless state of the combatants, the betting became even. Knocking down seemed out of the question for the last seven or eight rounds, and they fell continually together, from feebleness. It has been remarked, that it is impossible to witness any battle, however perfect strangers the combatants may be, without feeling a sort of preference for one of the pugilists; and here, in this state of the contest, putting interest out of the question, it would have been impossible to have made choice from anything like superiority; but, if there was a favourite, Gully, perhaps, had the balance. At meeting, in this last round, both the combatants seemed incapable of steadying themselves so as to hit with anything like precision; at length, Gully rallied all his strength and spirits, and let go with both hands. Though the plunging blow was by no means powerful, it had of sufficient impetus to knock down Gregson, and prevent him rising to time. It was a proud moment for Gully; like a tired horse worn out from a long journey, who finding that he is near home, starts into vigorous action, so did Gully endeavour to make a jump over the ropes, to show how much he valued the victory. Gregson suffered terribly: he lay on the ground for some minutes, incapable of motion.

It has been the expressed opinion of all who witnessed this combat, to have been the most bravely contended and hardly won of any recorded battle. It was scarcely possible to decide which of the combatants was the most beaten. The game displayed on both sides excited universal astonishment. Johnson had been terrific in his time, Big Ben tremendous; George the Brewer had shown a hardihood and firmness almost superhuman; and Jackson had sported game of the richest quality; but this was such a complete demonstration of milling, that it was voted by the knowing ones as a *ne plus ultra*.

Gully exhibited considerable improvement in science since his fight with Pearce; nevertheless the strength of his opponent several times appeared impossible to be contended against, and he laboured under considerable disadvantage in being compelled to wait for Gregson's making a hit. Gregson's left arm was considerably stronger and longer than Gully's; and, in sparring, he always kept it completely extended. Gregson hits tremendously with his right hand, and so ponderous were its effects, that it seemed impossible to resist its powerful progress. It was owing to this circumstance that Gully displayed such heavy punishment, and got his left arm so materially injured at the commencement of the battle, that it was long ere he perfectly recovered.

Gregson, although so severely beaten in the above contest; flattered himself, that, in the event of another trial with Gully, he should prove victorious; and his friends coinciding with that opinion, he challenged Gully for 200l. a-side, which was immediately accepted by the latter.

Arrangements were made by Major Morgan and Mr. Shelton, who supported Gregson; and by Mr. Jackson on the part of Gully. The principal article of which arrangement was, "neither man was to fall without a knock-down blow—subject to the decision of the umpires." The important day being appointed, it was soon blazoned abroad that the scene of action would be contiguous to Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire. But the Marquis of Buckingham, hearing of the circumstance, and having no great predilection for pugilism, issued the following formal notice, in the County Chronicle:

"Buckingham House, London, May 8, 1808.

"Information having been transmitted to me, his Majesty's Custos Rotulorum in and for the County of Bucks, of an intended riotous assembly, aiding and assisting in a breach of the peace, by a boxing-match within that part of the county of Bucks, which touches or joins on the counties of Bedford and Herts, near the town of Dunstable; and that the said illegal and riotous assembly will take place on Tuesday, the 10th instant, notice is hereby given, that proper steps have been taken for the detection and punishment of all persons acting as aforesaid, in breach of the peace, by the attendance of the magistrates, high-constables, petty-constables, and other peace-officers, entrusted with the execution of the law within the said county.

"NUGENT BUCKINGHAM,  
"Custos Rotulorum of Bucks."

Perhaps this document may serve to allay the apprehensions of some, who in the innocence of their hearts may suppose the notice just issued by the magistrates of Buck and Oxon, since the recent affair of Bendigo and Caunt, to be unusual or without precedent.

The anxiety manifested by the sporting men in general, was so great to witness this second combat, that numbers left London on the Monday, to prevent meeting with any disappointment, and to be in readiness to follow the cavalcade, should any interruption take place. The magistracy, from the above formal notice, were upon the alert, and the Dunstable volunteers being called out to secure the peace, were under arms by seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, May 10, 1808.

The impositions practised upon this occasion by the landlords of the various inns in the country towns near the scene of action, were of the most gross nature. Two guineas was the price demanded for a bed, not only the night previous to the fight, but the same sum extorted in the evening when the battle was over.

(To be continued.)

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### BLINDNESS IN TROUT.

SIR,—Your correspondent, George Austin, Junr., in a letter on the Blindness of Trout, which appeared in your valuable Magazine, of the 26th July, has queried the cause of the same. He says:—"The pool into which the trout were returned in the month of August, contained a great quantity of roach, some carp, tench, bleak and perch, all healthy and thriving fish; but the trout when taken out during the summer and the following season, seemed to have increased very little in weight, with the exception of one healthy fish of three pounds; nearly all the others were found to be entirely blind, or partially so." Now the question on this point is decided by a reference to the eye of a trout, and a careful anatomization of the same, and it appears as follows. The eye is of a moderate size, the pupil encircled with red, and the Iris (reflector) of a silvery colour. These colours overcome the difficulty of elucidation. The most important portion of the eye the Iris, or reflector is of a silvery hue, and it is well known that the most trivial accidents act upon that colour. We see that the photogenic, electric, and galvanic experiments, are for the most part tried upon bright silver plates, and therefore it becomes evident that the eye of the trout being silver coloured in an unusual degree, and he, to aggravate the weakness being in water, upon which electricity acts very forcibly, his eyes become very quickly damaged.

Now to the second part of the query—the trout changing colours; which is not so very wonderful occurrence as many persons might be led to imagine. Its ordinary colour is yellowish grey, which is darker or of a brown hue on the back, and marked on the side by several rather distant round bright red spots, each surrounded by a tinge of pale blue colour, and the belly of a silvery cast: and last, though not least, the scales are very small.

Now it is obvious to every person at all versed in the effects of the approximation of various colours, that the ones here specified are more liable to produce collectively a black hue than any others, and this may be accelerated by various causes, electricity among the number; for there are many things under the waters that "are not dream't of in our philosophy."


We will leave that cause to the guesser; as I have done my part in the matter, in suggesting the probable agent; the recent discoveries in light and colours, daily progressing, may soon furnish further guides upon the matter.

F. B. THOMSON.

Why is an exaggerated fact like the portrait of a young lady?—Because it is *miss* represented.

## WRINKLES FOR THE GROOMS—NO. IV.

## HUNTING STABLES.

 HE condition of the horse is an object of so much importance to every sportsman, that however well regulated his own stables may be, a peep into the management of his neighbour's will frequently afford a wrinkle, even if the general arrangements are not conducted upon the most approved principles; those customs which are observed to be objectionable may be rejected, and those which are good adopted. There is, however, so much mystery blended in the composition of grooms, and frequently sanctioned by their employers, that it is frequently somewhat difficult to discover many little circumstances which do not appear immediately to the eye.

## VENTILATION AND TIME OF FEEDING.

One of the most important foundations for the establishment and maintenance of condition is a perfect digestion; it is a function which is acted upon by a variety of circumstances. Ventilation, or the admission of fresh air, may be enumerated as one of the auxiliaries. It may possibly be exclaimed, "What has that to do with the power of digestion? the air does not enter the stomach for the purpose of assisting in the process." Most decidedly not, but it enters the lungs, and by its quality has a great influence over the vital powers and vigour of the animal: the more robust his constitution is, the more perfectly will his digestive faculties perform their offices. Water is also a most powerful agent to the process of digestion—but the time of giving it very materially conduces to its efficacy—an observation which is too frequently disregarded. Many horses are found to pass a great portion of their corn in an undigested state; and upon inquiry it will be discovered, that they are generally fed immediately after they have had their water. It is said by anatomists that water does not remain in the stomach, but that it passed through that member into the bowels. This I do not pretend to deny; at the same time there is no doubt that a portion of the fluid commingles with the food which it finds in the stomach, and renders it for a time more soft and pulpy; consequently, if those grains of corn which escape mastication, are received among the food already in the stomach in that state of fluidity, it is reasonable to conclude that they will be carried onwards to the intestines, without affording that degree of nourishment which they are capable of producing. Many grooms are in the habit of watering their horses after they have dressed them, and immediately placing the corn in the manger; where such is the practice a great portion of corn will be found in the evacuations. Let the cause proceed from what source it may, experience proves the fact, that horses which are watered three quarters of an hour or an hour before their corn is given to them, will not throw off their oats in the same ratio of undigested crudity as those which are differently treated. Grooms who know their business invariably give the water during the time they are dressing their horses; that is, having dressed their heads and necks, washed their legs and feet, and disengaged the rough dirt which adheres to their bodies, they present the water previously to using the brush and damp wisp. A trifling quantity of hay should always be given between watering and feeding, and if the animal has undergone considerable exertion, either in the field or on the road, gruel should be substituted for water.

The custom with outlets at inns of giving water to the horses immediately before they feed them is very commonly encouraged by the proprietors, for the purpose of being assured they are supplied with it; nevertheless that does not render the system less baneful, and as the horses of travellers are notoriously apt to pass their corn whole, that circumstance will go far to prove the veracity of my argument.

Returning to the subject of ventilation, it may be truly pronounced as one of the most important in stable management: if imperfectly ventilated it is always damp, especially in the winter season, and its inmates are constantly found in a cold sweat whenever the doors have been closed a few hours, from which they recover when the passing through the doors admits of a renewal of the vital principles of the atmosphere. If proof are wanting of the cause of those debilitating effusions, it is here adduced at once.

Let the inmates be warmly clothed, but let them enjoy a free circulation of air to the utmost extent, so that no actual draft is permitted to come in contact with their bodies.

## THE HARD MEAT SYSTEM.

The hard meat system during the summer months is so generally acknowledged as superior to that of turning horses out, that there can be but few who have not become converts to it; nevertheless, there are some, and the sooner they try the experiment, if experiment it can be denominated, the better. I am astonished that any men of observation should be found to pursue a course so totally at variance with theory, practice, and reason. I can quote some instances to show the absurdity, but as personal remarks would be offensive, it is unnecessary to introduce names. I shall merely observe that a neighbour of mine last spring turned out his horses which he had ridden hunting the preceding winter—a gelding and two mares. I had daily opportunities of seeing them, and invariably found them sheltering themselves from the rays of the sun beneath a tree, where they were constantly teased by the flies, stamping their feet, and appearing as unhappy as possible; their eyes were in a state bordering on inflammation; their legs, which had been blistered, stale and disfigured by windgalls; their feet had become soft and spongy; in fact, their natural shape was considerably altered. When taken into the stable in August, and put to stand on dry litter, the transition was so great as to establish diseased laminae with one of the mares, by which she is rendered nearly useless, and at this moment there is not one of them in condition fit to go to bounds. To sportsmen, and indeed to all others who are fond of horses, it is a great pleasure to enter a stable where the operations are properly performed; and an

equal degree of disgust arises where everything is found in confusion, and unskillfully managed. To see a horse tied up in his box or stall before his head and neck have been cleaned; to see a stableman picking the dirt out of the feet on the litter, or into the water in which he is about to wash them instead of into the rubber spread for the purpose; and then to see him on the off-side washing the legs and feet, proclaim at once a great want of attention to stable minutiae. The healthy condition of horses, as well as their appearance, is so greatly enhanced by a judicious method of dressing them, that it appears like neglect to pass the subject without some observations. A certain degree of friction is essential in order to increase the circulation and determine the blood to the skin, but it should be distinguished from irritation, which is decidedly injurious. On this account the use of harsh brushes should be avoided; one made of horse-hair in the form of a glove has lately been introduced, and is used by all first-rate grooms, which supercedes every other; and as it can be obtained at most saddlers at a moderate price, no stable ought to be without one; it thoroughly eradicates the dust—a most essential attribute—as the pores of the skin cannot perform their office unless they are free from obstruction. In using a brush, a foolish practice is frequently adopted of working it backwards and forwards—that is, with and against the horse's coat; by so doing it is rendered open, without any possible advantage to explain the motive for which it is done. The proper method is to work the brush transversely across the coat, and finish the way it lies, when it is in a proper state for the damp wisp—an auxiliary to good grooming which is generally too sparingly made use of.

(To be continued in our next.)

## FLYING CHILDERS.

[The following particulars of this celebrated stallion, are inserted at the request of a Cheltenham correspondent. Pressure of matter, and some mechanical hindrances, to which we have alluded under the head of "Correspondents," were the cause of its omission.—Ed. Sp. Mag.]

—FLYING CHILDERS, or Devonshire Childers. Generally allowed to be the swiftest horse ever produced in this kingdom, bred by Mr. Childers in 1715, who sold him, when young, to the Duke of Devonshire, was got by the Darley Arabian out of Betty Leedes (the daughter of a sister to Leedes), by Old Careless, a son of Spanker; grandam by the Leedes Arabian, great grandam by Spanker, great great grandam the Old Morocco mare, dam of Spanker. Flying Childers never started but at Newmarket, and there ran only two matches in public; he received, however, three forfeits, viz. from Speedwell, Stripling, Bobsey, and the Lonsdale mare. 1721, April 26, the Duke of Devonshire's b. h. Childers by Darley's Arabian out of Betty Leedes's by Careless, rising six years old, beat the Duke of Bolton's Speedwell, 8st. 5lb. each, four miles, 500 gs. h. ft. Oct. 3, received forfeit from Speedwell, 8st. 5lb. each, four miles, 1000 gs. h. ft. 1722, Oct. 22, beat Lord Drogheda's Chantier by the Akaster Turk, twelve years old, 10st. each, six miles, 1000 gs. 1723, April 3, received forfeit from the Duke of Bridgewater's Lonsdale mare and Stripling, 9st. each, four miles, 300 gs. h. ft. Nov. 1st., at 10st., received from Lord Godolphin's Bobsey (winner of two king's plates), 8st. four miles, 200 gs. h. ft. At six years old, he ran a trial at 8st. 2lbs. against Almanzor and Brown Betty, over the round course at Newmarket, in six minutes forty seconds, to perform which, he must have moved eighty-two feet and a half in one second, nearly at the rate of a mile in a minute. He likewise ran over the B. C. 4 m. 1 ft. 138 yds. in seven minutes thirty seconds, covering at each bound a space of twenty-five feet. He also leaped, it is said, ten yards on level ground with his rider. Tradition says, that the wonderful speed and lastingness of Flying Childers were first discovered at a fox-chase, in which all the horses but himself were knocked up.—We cannot decide, but such is the story. A Welsh gentleman offered the noble duke, for Childers, his weight (i. e. the weight of the horse) in crowns and half-crowns, which his grace refused.

Childers was sire of Badeworth, Hampton Court Childers, Black Legs, Fleecem, Plaistow, Second, Snip, Puff, Chuff; Hop-Step-and-Jump, Hip, Odsey, Spot, Steady, Polly, Young Duchess, Commoner, Spanking Roger, Firetail, Mouse, Poppet, Blaze, Roundhead, Comical, Leadon Heels, Lustre, Crazy, Philistine, Long-looked-for, Ebony, Chicken, Lady Caroline, &c. &c. Nestgull, first called Dwarf, foaled 1740, is said to be the last of his get that was trained. Nestgull was bred by Mr. Erratt of Newmarket, who sold him to Velters Cornwell, Esq.

Flying Childers died in 1741, aged twenty-six: he was a bay horse with black mane tail, and legs, with the exception of the fetlock joints, which were all white. The near fore-leg had more white than the others. He had a small star in his forehead, and a white nose.

CHILDERS (Bartlett's). Bred by Mr. Childers, was for many years distinguished as "Young Childers," it being generally understood that he was own brother to the Flying or Devonshire Childers, though some insisted that Betty Leedes never produced any other foal than Flying Childers, except one that was choked by eating chaff when young. Mr. Cherry, the original editor of the Racing Calendar, however, tells us, but we prefer transcribing his words: "I have heard the contrary from so many gentlemen of worth and honour, that I cannot but am of opinion that this stallion 'was full brother' to the aforesaid Devonshire Childers."—Be that as it may; and who can decide?

Bartlett's Childers got so many good horses, that he now justly ranks with the first-rate stallions: he was never trained; he was sire of Squirt, Epibus, and the Little Hartley mare; of the dam of Sir W. Middleton's Camilla, and the grandam of Snappdragon, Honeysuckle, Sourface, Red Rose, Aquila, Figg, Forfeit, Surly, Mousmus, Toy, Cripple, Polly, Country Wench, Smallhopes, Milkmaid, &c. &c.

## THE GAMECOCK.

SECTION IV.—(Continued from page 354.)

## INVESTIGATION OF CIRCUMSTANCES MOST LIKELY TO PRODUCE A BAD CONSTITUTION IN COCKS.

THE well-known axiom, "that prevention of disease is better than cure," cannot be more properly enforced, than after the following recital of the various transitions in the cock from health to disease.

I do not feel myself liable to contradiction when I assert that nothing is more common than to breed from a cock, after having fought not only one battle but several; the more battles he has been engaged in, the greater recommendation to make use of him as a brood cock. It would seem, upon reflection, unnecessary to dwell upon the impropriety of such a choice—but the mischief is of such magnitude, that it would have been unpardonable to be silent upon the subject. When we come to consider the position for combat, is it supposed possible that they should avoid giving and receiving a stab, more or less injurious; for they have no shield to ward off the deadly weapon from the vital parts; the interstices are numerous; bone, muscle, tendon, are all liable; vessels may be divided, or perforated: parts may be wounded, lacerated, or contused—and probably seldom restored to healthy actions:—the quantity of blood lost or effused, may of itself ruin his constitution. Under all these liabilities, who would build his hopes upon such a crazy fabric; admitting without a doubt that such cocks are made use of, are we to wonder at meeting with so many that have delicate constitutions.

The next, and not least of the causes, is that originating from the effects of molting. We know from experience that cocks, as well as hens, in particular years suffer such difficulties in that wonderful act of nature, inasmuch as to render their lives precarious for a length of time. It is well known that a fever, more or less, is ever attendant on this act of nature, and I have frequently observed that this operation is sometimes arrested, and remains for a shorter or longer period in a dormant state, without exciting any perceptible commotion in the economy—and when in this state death generally ensues—or it leaves them in a debilitated and faded state. At other times we see it rapid in its progress, and the ordinary course of nature enjoyed and perfected.

If hens and cocks have not completed this renovation, and fully arrived to their health and bloom, both the one and the other are unfit for the purposes of breeding.

I have remarked for several years, that if either my hens or pullets should be deprived of sitting when nature prompts, they do not molt kindly in the approaching season; how far and in what manner this resistance to nature operates on the constitution, I am unable to divine.

Cocks fed in the month of March, cut out of feather, and not matched, tendered by the mode of feeding and close covering, turned out in the middle or latter end of the same month, and perhaps the season as inclement as any part of the year,—what must the sufferings be of cocks so exposed?—it so far operates upon them, that instead of being lively and blooming, they are dull, heavy, and listless,—for as yet, notwithstanding they have been up and fed, nature had not then completed her work, for not one cock in ten is fine at that juncture—and the instance of turning out, would, with out a doubt, procrastinate the act of progressive nature, and leave him unfit for the purposes of breeding, or in fact for any other where much was depending. The practice of fighting males in March, as they have presented themselves for many years, seems to me to be unnatural, and premature; but this must be submitted to others, to judge for themselves—for in this chapter I am only intending to mark out the causes which have retarded, or accelerated the progressive work of breeding.

They say "of evils, we are to choose the least;" and I think it is a much smaller evil to feed and to fight, when cocks are in full feather, and in high health, than to take them in the state described. It is not only unnatural, but you are not giving this noble bird an equal chance with the other animals we select for our sport.

To the catalogue I have already commenced, I must not omit the following addition:—That of the severe injury stags meet with (particularly the forward ones) in the months of November and December—so much so as to arrest their growth, and frequently to leave a taint upon the constitution, that renders them unfit for breeding or fighting:—when stags of this description go out, it would be right to make a memorandum of the injury they sustained. A variety of circumstances are here adduced, in order to point out to my readers the necessity of being very guarded and circumspect in every department appertaining to cocking, and particularly those whose engagements are numerous, and who fight for large sums. We know that notwithstanding all our exertions and endeavours, they are not to be always crowned with success—but the discerning sportsman will not be at a loss how to account for the failure, and will give due credit to meritorious cocks.

## SECTION V.

## REMARKS ON SOME FAVORITE BREED OF COCKS.

THE following remarks of Mr. Sketchley, on some celebrated birds of the last century, may still possess interest to the cocker, from the practical hints they contain:—

"When Sir Charles Sedley and Hugo Meynell, Esq. fought their flog mains, I believe no contests in the annals of cocking were marked with such general eclat. Their characters as judicious sportsmen stood conspicuously and deservedly high. They fought for large sums, and backed their cocks with such unrivalled spirit, that before or since, no betting has been in equal competition. Great confidence was placed in their cocks, and their feeders were upon a par,—under such circumstances, [high betting is ever

the consequence. The mains were upon the decline previous to my becoming a breeder, but a considerable number of cocks and hens were left in the neighbourhood around my residence. As they were relinquished, and became the property of the possessors, I was in the habit of purchasing a number of both—particularly from one of the breeders of these fowls—those that were fought were equal to any that had gone before them, and as a young breeder, I thought myself singularly fortunate in having to commence my pursuit in cocking with such well-known valuable fowls. My selected few, as brood fowls, were put down to one of the sweetest retired spots my neighbourhood could boast of, and comprised every accommodation that could render them secure, quiet, and healthful—and no close breeding could be superior. Under these local advantages, early in the spring (and the springs then were congenial and delightful) I had three hatches produced so regular, and altogether so promising, that I could not help anticipating a future pleasure in the progressive growth of what I considered valuable birds—and no young cocker was so highly gratified in having at hand seventeen stags and twelve pullets, not a feather in the whole that did not challenge their originals. So pleasing was the recollection of these birds even at the distance of fifty years or more, that I omitted prefacing this recital with a description. They were a clear Mealy Grey, nearly white breasted, without spot or streak, about four pounds six, to about four pounds eight ounces—high standing, boney, and black legs—close feathered, short necked—small snake head, and full dark eye—their walk easy, firm, and majestic, and their breast gracefully prominent, their shoulders broad and up, and their body gradually tapering to the tail; their actions were in unison with their shapes. To enumerate the superior quality of these cocks would be reciting again those of the Shropshire, and like them when crossed, they lost their original goodness; they became soft feathered, and partook of all the variety of the greys. Had these birds enjoyed a judicious cross selected from those that were left—I have not a doubt but they would have been excellent for many years. The only cocks that bore any similarity to those, were bred by Mr. Hopkinson, and what few I saw of them fought at Nottingham. I, at that juncture, entertained an idea that they were a part of the same family.

Unfortunately, three months previous to my cocks being two-year-old, I was abroad, and was nearly two years and a half absent; of course they were entirely lost to me, for on my return they were differently disposed of."

PERILS OF SEA-FOWLING.—A father and two sons were out together, and, having firmly attached their rope at the summit of a precipice, descended on their usual occupation. Having collected as many birds and eggs as they could carry, they were all three ascending by the rope—the eldest of the sons first, his brother a fathom or two below him, and the father following last. They had made considerable progress, when the elder son, looking upwards, perceived the strands of the rope grinding against a sharp edge of rock, and gradually giving way. He immediately reported the alarming fact. "Will it hold together till we gain the summit?" asked the father. "It will not hold another minute," was the reply; "our triple weight is loosening it rapidly!" "Will it hold one?" said the father. "It is as much as it can do," replied the son; "even that is but doubtful." "There is then a chance at least of one of us being saved; draw your knife and cut away below;" was the cool and intrepid order of the parent: "Exert yourself, you may yet escape, and live to comfort your mother!" There was no time for discussion or further hesitation. The son looked up once more, but the edge of the rock was cutting its way, and the rope had nearly severed. The knife was drawn, the rope was divided, and his father and brother were launched into eternity!—*Stanley's History of Birds.*

LEAGUES AMONG ANIMALS.—Leagues offensive and defensive between animals of different species, are by no means uncommon. The following instance of this kind of alliance occurred in Segovia about twenty years since; it was related to me by a Spanish friend, who was acquainted with both the bipeds and quadrupeds who figure in the story.—The two eldest daughters of a family in Segovia were particularly fond of pets of all kinds and of which they had a large number. Amongst these were a dog, a ram, and a guinea-pig. These animals appeared to be gifted with no small portion of sense. Every day at school time they were found waiting for their young mistresses at the garden door, and as soon as they came, one of the girls would get on the back of the ram, the dog would carry their books, and the guinea-pig walked behind like a footman. After leaving their young mistresses at school, the animals went home, but they never failed to return to school precisely at twelve o'clock, when the other sister would then ride and they would all go home in the greatest order and regularity. If a dog, modelled with the guinea-pig, the dog would carefully put down the books, and hasten to the defence of his friend; and if any one attempted to hurt the dog, the ram was already to protect him. The singular attachment of these animals to each other, their obedience, and their affection for their young mistresses, excited the admiration of every one who saw them.

ATTACHMENT BETWEEN ANIMALS.—The following incident of attachment between animals of a different species is related by the clever author of "Tutti Frutti":—"I have a poodle whom I would make tutor to my son, if I had one. I sometimes use him towards my own education. Will not the following trait of his character amuse you? He conceived a strange fondness, an absolute passion, for a young kitten, which he carried about in his mouth for hours when he went out to walk; and whenever he came to a resting-place, he set her down with the greatest care and tenderness, and began to play with her. When he was fed, she always took the nicest pieces away from him, without his ever making the slightest opposition. The kitten died, and was buried in the garden. My poor poodle shewed the deepest grief, would not touch food, and howled mournfully the whole night long. What was my astonishment, when the next morning he appeared carrying the kitten in his mouth! He had scratched her out of the ground, and it was only by force that we could take her from him."



## ON BEATING FOR GAME IN THE OPEN FIELDS.

BY A VOYAGER.



It is as certain as that I am now writing with one of Perry's three-pointed pens, that not one sportsman in every hundred, trying the English stubbles, beats them properly. Yet on this depends the amount of game he kills; or rather, for it is not *exactly* synonymous, the number of shots he gets.

Impatience is the besetting sin of almost every man of the pointer and gun; and it is a prime cause of this slovenly imperfect searching for game. He jumps over a gate, or rushes through a gap, and stalks towards that part of the inclosure where he judges the game to be crouched. This is certainly the way to get over the ground fast; but it is also the way to miss finding the game: and it is a most admired way of spoiling your dogs. But of this, more anon.

Another cause of this slovenly mode of beating, is having a large extent of country to beat over. "Is your's a good shooting district?" "Pretty well: I have right to sport over three thousand acres." When this is the response, he tolerably certain that he who thus answers does not beat his ground well. He is one of the if-I-don't-find-them-there's-some-in-the-next-field fellows.

Virgil has very justly observed—

"Laudato ingentia rura;  
Exiguum collit,"

which in plain English means that a wide extent of country is all very well, but that a small breadth is made the most of. Columella tells a story in point: "A man had two daughters, and a large vineyard, of which he gave a third part with his eldest daughter in marriage; and yet he gathered as much fruit as he did before. Afterwards, he married his younger daughter, giving with her another third of his vineyard as a portion; and still he found that the remaining third part produced as much as the whole had done." Now, why was this—but that because the third part remaining was by far better cultivated? That is a moral tale for the farmer; but I have one quite as *piquant* for the sportsman. A gentleman in one of our eastern counties had the right of shooting over one thousand acres of land, in the midst of a country well stocked with game. His game-book showed that he bagged on the average about one hundred and fifty brace of all kinds during each season. He shot with a single barrel. Circumstances arose which deprived him of the right of shooting over about half those thousand acres. Yet his game-book showed at the end of each shooting year that he still bagged his one hundred and fifty brace. Now why was this? His own answer is in four words: "I was more careful."

Having thus explained why a sportsman usually beats slovenly, let me advise my young friends of the shot-belt how to get over their ground more workmanly; and I will give the lecture in the words of one speaking from the actual experience of some years:—

"I never get over a gate or through a hedge into a field I intend to beat, without putting my dogs upon their guard. 'Take heed' are never misunderstood words of warning; and it is almost needless to observe, that I never allow my pointers to precede me in going into a field. When within the inclosure, if the wind be upon our noses, I at once cast them off, and make them quarter the ground closely until they reach the windward hedge. I then bring them round the entire of the hedgerows of the inclosure before I leave it. In these final circuits, in the course of the season, I get as many shots as I do in the open; for when birds have been well shot at, they most frequently alight close to a hedge, and run into any long grass or other high cover in its vicinity.

"If I enter a field on its windward side (that is, with the wind at my back), I walk quietly down one side, with my dogs well 'to heel,' until I get to the opposite side of the inclosure, and can begin beating with the wind upon our noses. If this be not done, the dogs must be liable to run over their game. It is not fair to them making them hunt down the wind; and if they are thus unfairly hunted, they will either quarter timidly, and point or check over every lark's trail, or they will refuse to hunt at all.

"I once shot to an old setter, who by no management could be made to beat down wind. If I entered a field on the windward side, whatever might be the size of the field, he would set off at full speed along one side until he reached the furthest hedgerow, and would then quarter the field regularly throughout. He found more game than any dog that went with him into the field. This dog I found belonged to one of the most-haste-and-least-speed sportsmen, who blundering on right a-head without pausing to look whether the wind was astern or athwart; yet he punished the dog unmercifully if he flushed the game. This was a hard school, and old 'Nelson' was soon taught the remedy; he sped away of his own accord to the leeward side, totally unmindful of his master's voice or whistle.

"This puts me in mind that in a former communication I observed, that I prefer a dog's name ending in O, because it can be most easily pronounced emphatically; but when beating for game, the whistle ought to be almost the only medium of obtaining a dog's attention. Game is not alarmed by that so much as by the human voice. 'Take heed' when the field is entered, and 'To-ho' when a dog is drawing to a point, are the only words necessary for the sportsman's vocabulary. The whistle, and a wave of the hand, are alone requisite to recall a dog to heel, or to guide him in the direction he is desired to beat."

In a future communication I will give some advice from the same source as to beating in cover.—*Sporting Review for September.*

"My dear Magnay," said Sir Peter Laurie, "I never shall put down suicide until we can punish it with death."

## GENERATION OF MOSSES.

Mosses, small as they are, and insignificant as they seem, abound everywhere, even in cultivated fields and gardens; the rare little moss, the *gymnostomum concinnum*, is found in gardens, with many of the *phases* and *tortulae*. They flourish chiefly in winter, and seem destined to keep fresh the verdure of the earth when other plants are withered and dead, and to protect the roots of those withered plants from the vicissitudes of the season; a provision which gardeners find it useful to imitate. In woods that are densely shaded, also, there is a great profusion of mosses, chiefly of the sort called *hypna*, which cover the soil when none of the larger plants could grow for want of air and light. When mosses grow in the water, as do all the *sphagna*, and many others, they not only purify it from corrupted vegetable matter, but they have a strong tendency to convert it into firm land, by forming an accumulating soil. We may often observe the top of a brick, or of a stone wall, green with moss, and sometimes tufts of grass and other plants growing there. Now, we ask, whence was the soil formed that supports the moss and grass? It was not there when the wall was built, and appears to have been carried thither; whence then has it come? We cannot, we confess, go to the very first beginning of the foundation of the manufacture of this soil, but we can go very near it. The first indication of vegetable life on the wall is that of a green silky looking substance, having somewhat the appearance of a coat of green paint. When this is examined by a microscope, it is found to consist of minute buds of moss. At this stage there is almost no support for these tiny moss buds, minute though they be, they never advance further than the bud, and die with the first dry weather which occurs, leaving their remains to rot, and form the first particles of true vegetable soil. As soon as a thin layer of soil is thus formed, a crop of lichens make their appearance, and go through the same process of growth and decay; and, if other circumstances are favourable, the soil soon accumulates to a sufficient depth for grass and other plants which can grow in little earth. If the wall in question be very old, other large plants, such as a wallflower and houseleek, will make their appearance. On old ruins you may even see trees, particularly those which bear winged seeds, as the ash and sycamore. Whence, however, the seeds are a tiny moss which first appears on wall, we cannot say, and in this consists the mystery. We have seen a house built of freestone, raised from a quarry more than a hundred feet below the surface of the soil, and in the course of one month the whole wall was as green with moss as if it had been painted. Now if we were to take the doctrine for granted, that every plant arises from seed, the many millions of seeds of these innumerable mosses must have come from the air, or must have existed for centuries in the stone underneath the earth. One or other of these must be the case. That it is not impossible they may have existed in the rock, several curious facts would lead us to believe. We know, for example, that seeds have the power of germinating and growing for several thousand years; for some wheat which was found wrapped up with an Egyptian mummy was quite fresh, and when sown, grew as well as if it had been gathered the preceding harvest. A more striking fact still is, that when a piece of land, which has never been tilled, is turned up by the spade or plough, it becomes immediately covered with a crop of annuals,—charlock, chickweed, shepherd's purse, and many others, not one of which may grow within a hundred miles of the spot. What is no less wonderful is, that all these annuals will again disappear as soon as the grass is again suffered to spread over the spot which has been dug up. We may likewise mention, what is well-known to farmers, that by scattering quick lime over a field which only produces coarse grass, this is destroyed, and other grasses of a better quality and previously unknown to the soil, spring up.

**FOX-HUNTING ON A RAILWAY.**—A few days ago, as the special train was returning from Sheffield, another race of an extraordinary character came off in the vicinity of Wharfedale-wood, on passing which, the engine-driver perceived an animal moving swiftly along the line. He was, however, speedily lost sight of, and the following morning, when the policeman commenced his customary inspection of the line, he discovered, writhing in the agonies of death, a fine fox! His nose had been completely taken off by the train, but he was un mutilated and apparently unhurt in any other part. This trophy of the superiority of steam over horseflesh and dogflesh was presented to the Directors, and when Reynard shall be preserved and hung in the office of the locomotive department, he will certainly prove an object of some curiosity, from the singular circumstances attending his death.

**ANIMAL ELECTRICITY.**—Mr. Glover has published the following method of receiving the electrical shock from a cat. Place the left hand under the throat, with the middle finger and the thumb slightly pressing the bones of the animal's shoulder, then gently passing the right hand along the back, sensible electrical shocks will be felt in the left hand. Very distinct discharges may be obtained, too, by touching the tips of the ears after applying friction to the back of the cat. It would be hardly necessary, we suppose, to hint how requisite that a good understanding should exist between the experimenter and the apparatus, lest shocks might be elicited more, electric than were to be wished.

**A STRANGE EXECUTION.**—In the year 1386, a sow ate part of the child of a day-labourer of Falaise, named Janet. This accident reached the ears of the judge, who condemned the animal to suffer publicly the penalty of retaliation, as prescribed by law. The face and one arm of the child had been devoured; the sow was mutilated in the same manner, and then hanged by the executioner in the public place, amidst a concourse of people. The judge presided at the execution on horseback, with a feather in his hat. The father was forced to attend by way of punishment, for not taking proper care of his child. The culprit, when brought to the gallows, was dressed like a man, wore a waistcoat, breeches, and gloves, and a human mask before her snout.—*Excursions in Normandy.*

## HYDROPHOBIA.

An idea has some time since been started and supported with considerable plausibility of argument, that hydrophobia is merely a nervous affection, very much, if not almost altogether, arising from the influence of the imagination; and that it is therefore as susceptible of cure as any other complaint connected with the nerves. Whether there be any truth in this statement, we cannot take upon ourselves to say. Our medical men ought to be the judges in this case, and should lose no time in ascertaining how far this most dreadful of all maladies can be cured by the course of practice suggested. The following is the account given by M. Buisson, a physician at Paris, of his experience of hydrophobia, and his mode of cure. It is extracted from a treatise addressed to the French Academy of Science in 1838, and appeared lately in a London newspaper.

M. Buisson had been called to visit a woman, who for three days was said to be suffering under this disease. She had the usual symptoms—contraction of the throat, inability to swallow, abundant secretion of saliva, and foaming at the mouth. Her neighbours said she had been bitten by a mad dog about forty days before. At her own urgent entreaties, she was bled, and died a few hours after, as was expected.

M. Buisson, who had his hands covered with blood, incautiously cleaned them with a towel which had been used to wipe the mouth of the patient. He then had an ulceration upon one of his fingers, yet thought it sufficient to wash off the saliva that adhered with a little water.

The ninth day after, being in his cabriolet, he was suddenly seized with a pain in his throat, and one, still greater, in his eyes.

The saliva was continually pouring into his mouth; the compression of a current of air, the sight of brilliant bodies, gave him a painful sensation. His body appeared to him so light, that he felt as though he could leap to a prodigious height. He experienced, he said, a wish to run and bite—not men but animals and inanimate bodies. Finally, he drank with difficulty; and the sight of water was still more distressing to him than the pain in his throat.

These symptoms recurred every five minutes, and it appeared to him as though the pain commenced in the affected finger, and extended thence up to the shoulder.

From the whole of the symptoms, he judged himself affected with hydrophobia, and resolved to terminate his life by stifling himself in a vapour bath. Having entered one for this purpose, he caused the heat to be raised to 107 deg. 36 min. Fahrenheit, when he was equally surprised and delighted to find himself free of all complaint. He left the bathing-room well, dined heartily, and drank more than usual. Since that time, he says, he has treated in the same manner more than eighty persons bitten, in four of whom the symptoms had declared themselves, and in no case has he failed, except in that of one child, seven years of age, who died in the bath.

The mode of treatment he recommends is, that the person bit should take a certain number of vapour baths, (commonly called Russian,) and should induce, every night, a violent perspiration by wrapping himself in flannel, and covering himself with a feather bed; the perspiration is favored by drinking freely of a warm decoction of sarsaparilla.

He declares he is so convinced of the efficacy of this mode of treatment, that he will suffer himself to be inoculated with the disease. As a proof of the utility of copious and continued perspiration, he relates the following anecdote:—A relative of the musician Gretry was bitten by a mad dog, at the same time with many other persons, who all died of hydrophobia. For his part, feeling the first symptoms of the disease, he took to dancing, night and day, saying 'that he wished to die gaily.' He recovered.

M. Buisson also cites the old stories of dancing being a remedy for the bite of a tarantula, and draws attention to the fact, that the animals in whom this madness is most frequently found to develop itself spontaneously, are dogs, wolves, and foxes, which never perspire.

## A GOOD DAY'S SPORT.

We understand several of the Civic Companies have invited Prince Albert to a day's sport in the City. They have offered to collect in the area of the Stock Exchange all the bulls and bears that are in the habit of prowling about the neighbourhood. As soon as these are dispatched, a number of desperate *Stags*, that have been brought up expressly by the railways, will be driven from Capel Court into the interior, and His Royal Highness will be armed with unlimited power to hunt down as many as he pleases. The lame ducks of the City will be reserved for the last, as an especial treat.

The large room at LLOYD'S has been fitted up handsomely for the occasion, so that His Royal Highness will be put to no inconvenience or fatigue, in firing at his leisure from a magnificent throne erected at the largest window. Weippert's Band will be in attendance. In fact, nothing has been neglected to make this "Civic Battue" worthy of the noble guest for whom it has been provided.—*Punch*.

## EPIGRAM WRITTEN AFTER GOING TO LAW.

This law, they say, great Nature's chain connects—  
That causes ever must produce effects.  
In me behold *revers'd* great Nature's laws,  
All my effects lost by a single cause.

## PROSPECTUS.

[We copy the following well-timed advertisement from "THE GAMP PAPERS, chiefly relating to things in general," by Mr. Albert Smith.—Ed. S. MAG.]

GREAT ANTIPODEAN EMIGRATION RAILWAY, for going right through the earth from London to New Zealand direct, without touching anywhere, but at the centre for fresh fire.

Capital, £100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.

In as many Shares as can be disposed of; one-half to be raised in Australia, and the other in England.

Deposit £1 per share, which, in the event of the bill not passing, will be returned, the directors intending to go to New South Wales on purpose, for the greater benefit of the New Zealand shareholders. Should it pass, there will, no doubt, be a handsome dividend immediately for the subscribers, and the committee wish they may get it.

## PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE.

Chairman, The Hon. Robert Macaire.  
Deputy chairman, The Chevalier d'Industrie.

Sir Roderick Doo, London.

The Hon. West Middlesex, Chairman of the Golden-square and Marylebone-lane Extension Railway.

Maida Vale, Esq., Pine Apple-gate.

Muswell Hill, M.P., House of Commons.

Sir Sadler Wells, Bart., Clerkenwell.

Mark Lane, Esq., Fenchurch-street.

Brook Green, Esq., Hammersmith.

The Hon. Percy Street, Bedford-square.

Black Heath, Esq., Greenwich.

Engineer, The Baron Munchausen.

Acting Engineer, Samuel Gulliver, Esq.

Solicitors, Messrs. Bam, Boozle, and Nogo.

Bankers, The Union Bank of Botany Bay.

Secretary, Jeremiah Diddler, Esq.

\* The most careful estimation drawn from official statistics proves that traffic is at present immense between New Zealand and England. The returns of this traffic are very great; the returns of the travellers are less so, as they are eaten occasionally, on solemn feast days, by the natives, but it is hoped the humanising influence of the railways will abolish this cannibalism. The directors volunteer to be eaten first.

As New Zealand is our antipodes, people going into the railway the right side up, here may be expected to come out topsy-turvy at the terminus. To obviate any inconvenience, arising from this method of travel, the speed will be so great, that the passengers will be totally unable to tell whether they are on their heads or their heels.

The fire will be procured from the centre of the earth, at next to nothing, it being affirmed by clever geologists that it is always burning there. The directors beg to caution the public against "Anti-megatherium," who has been engaged to write in *The Times*, and disprove this.

The directors calculate that the establishing of this railway will get everybody on the most direct line for Botany Bay.

## FORM OF APPLICATION.

To the Provisional Committee of the Antipodean line.

Gentlemen,—Please to allot me ever-so-many shares in the above company. And I hereby undertake to accept such shares, or any smaller amount that may be allotted to me, and to pay for them when I can.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

Name	Harris.
Profession	Benevolent Buffer.
Residence	14, London.
Reference	Mrs. Sairey Gamp, Kingsgate-st.
Date	Aug. 14, 1845.

THE WRONG CONVEYANCE.—"May it please your lordship," said a counsel, the other day, addressing one of the judges, "I brought the prisoner from the gaol on an *habeas corpus*." "There's a crammer!" said a fellow in an under tone, who stood in court, "I'm blowed if I didn't see him brought here in a cab."

SALT MINES.—The salt-springs of Cheshire and Droitwich contain twenty-two per cent. of salt. At Northwich there is a bed of solid salt. In most countries salt-rock is below the surface, but in Spain, &c., it is above. The salt-mountain at Cordova is three hundred feet high; and there are others still higher, and several of them. In Tyrol the salt-galleries are horizontal in a mountain. In Peru salt-mines exist ten thousand feet above the sea. The Cheshire bed of red-salt are twenty to thirty yards thick, between thick beds of sandstone, limestone, and clay. At Cracow the mines extend in vast caverns, sustained by pillars of salt, and have been wrought for twelve or thirteen centuries. Salt is either a result of the desiccation of salt-lakes, or an accumulation of horizontal strata, carried into masses by tides.

SPEED OF THE EAGLE.—An eagle can fly in a minute 6013 English feet. A hawk belonging to Henry II. king of France, flew away from Fontainebleau, and was caught in twenty-four hours after at the Island of Malta. In that time, therefore, this bird had travelled a thousand English miles, which make about forty-two miles per hour or 3600 feet per minute.

A little boy who had been at church, came home like to break his heart with crying. "What's the matter with you?" inquired his mother. "Parson says I'm to be born again; and I'm afraid I'll be a girl next time!"

# ADVERTISEMENTS.

## THE PRINCE AND PEOPLE'S CRAVAT.

**THE ALBERT PATENT ELASTIC SPRING CRAVAT**, is the best, most durable, and elegant wear.  
Extract of a Letter from G. E. Anson, Esq., Treasurer to His Royal Highness:—  
"The Prince thinks the Cravat most comfortable to wear—the contrivance very ingenious, and will give his permission for them to come under His Royal Highness's patronage."  
Agencies granted in Provincial Cities on most favourable terms by the Patentees, F. Hughes and Co., anatomical mechanics, Manufactory, 247 High Holborn, 432, Strand, and 26, Lombard-street, London.

**BATHES' CESAREWITCH STAKES**  
SWEEPS; Green Dragon, Fleet Street.  
Subs. 1st 2nd 3rd Starters  
50 at 10s. £14 0 0 £5 0 0 £2 0 0 £4 0 0  
50 5s. 8 0 0 3 10 0 1 0 0  
**CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES.**  
Subs. 1st 2nd 3rd Starters  
78 at 10s. £20 0 0 £9 0 0 £5 0 0 £5 0 0  
78 5s. 12 0 0 5 0 0 2 10 0  
All money divided less 5 per cent. Post office orders punctually attended to. Drawing nights Monday and Thursday, 5s., 10s., and 20s. Sweeps for the Derby 1846, are fast filling: two horses each.

**T. PARISH, SWEEP NOW OPEN.**  
White Horse, Fann-street, Aldersgate-street.  
**CESAREWITCH STAKES.**  
Subs. First Horse. Second. Third.  
50 at 5s. 0d. £9 0s. £2 10s. £1 0s.  
50 at 2s. 6d. 4 10s. 1 5s. 10s.  
**CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES.**  
78 at 5s. 0d. £13 0s. £4 0s. £2 0s.  
78 at 2s. 6d. 6 10s. 2 0s. 1 0s.  
To be drawn next Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. A 2s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. Derby Sweep for 1846 open, to be drawn as soon as full, of which due notice will be given. The above prizes will be paid, 5 per cent. less, the day after the races. Post-office Orders attended to. Tickets sent to any part of the country.

## TO SPORTSMEN.

**SHOOTING, HUNTING, FISHING, and DEER STALKING KNIVES.** J. B. DURHAM, Manufacturing Cutler, respectfully invites the attention of Sportsmen to his Immense Stock, which includes all the Newest Patterns and latest improvements, and all warranted of the best quality. Knives of every description made to Order on the shortest notice. Old knives, &c. polished and repaired. 261, Regent-street, near the Polytechnic Institution.

**THE SECRET COMPANION. A MEDICAL WORK ON NERVOUS DEBILITY and the concealed cause of the decline of PHYSICAL STRENGTH and the loss of MENTAL CAPACITY,** with remarks on the effects of SOLITARY INDULGENCE, neglected GONORRHOEA, SYPHILIS, SECONDARY SYMPTOMS, &c. and Mode of Treatment; followed by observations on MARRIAGE, with proper Directions for the removal of all Disqualifications. Illustrated with Engravings, shewing the evils arising from the use of Mercury, and its influence on the body. By R. J. BRODIE and Co., Consulting Surgeons, 27, Montague-street, Russell-square, near the British Museum London.

Published by the authors, and sold by Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, Paternoster-row; Noble, 114, Chancery-lane; Purkiss, Compton-street, Soho; Hannay, 63, Oxford-street; Barth, 4, Brydges-street, Covent-garden; Gordon, 146, Leadenhall-street, London; and by all Booksellers in town and country.

**THE CORDIAL BALM OF ZEYLANICA: OR NATURE'S GRAND RESTORATIVE.** is exclusively directed to the Cure of Nervous and Sexual Debility, Syphilis, obstinate Gleet, Irregularity, Weakness, Impotency, Barrenness, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Consumptive habits, and Debilities arising from Venereal excesses, &c.

This Medicine should be taken previous to persons entering into the Matrimonial State.  
Sold in Bottles, price 4s. 6d., and 11s. each, or the quantity of 4 in one Family Bottle for 38s., by which one 11s. Bottle is saved.

The 25 Cases may be had as usual.

**BRODIE'S PURIFYING VEGETABLE PILLS.** are universally acknowledged to be the best and surest remedy for the cure of the Venereal Disease in both sexes, including Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Secondary Symptoms, Strictures, Seminal Weakness, Deficiency, and all Diseases of the Urinary Passages, without loss of time, confinement, or hindrance from business.

Price 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. per Box. Observe the Signature of R. J. BRODIE and Co., Consulting Surgeons, 27, Montague-street, Russell-square, near the British Museum, London, impressed on a Seal in Red Wax, affixed to each Bottle and Box, as none else are Genuine.

Messrs. BRODIE and Co., Surgeons, may be consulted daily from Eleven o'clock in the Morning, till Eight in the Evening, and on Sundays from Eleven o'clock till Two.

Country Patients are requested to be as minute as possible in the detail of Cases. The communication must be accompanied with the usual consultation fee of £1, and for all cases the most inviolable Secrecy may be relied on. Only one Personal Visit required to effect a Permanent Cure. Country Vendors can be supplied by all the wholesale houses in London.

Observe—27, Montague-street, Russell-square, near the British Museum.



**STOVES.**  
**THOMAS WALKER'S PATENT SELF-FEEDING PHOENIX STOVES**  
**THESE** admirable Stoves require fuel but once a day, show a bright fire, are free from dust and unpleasant effluvia, have a great radiating surface, equally heated, produce uniform and perfect combustion, and have therefore no explosive gases; are durable, economical, ornamental, and take up little room; and are adapted for ascending or descending flues, free from danger or fire, and may be used as an open Stove, still requiring fuel but once a day.

302 Oxford Street, London, or at 58, Oxford Street, Birmingham,  
where the Stove may be seen constantly in use, and where Prospectuses and respectable Testimonials may be had.  
Prices—3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 14 and 16 guineas; the two last are for churches and other large buildings.

On Saturday, October 11th, will be Published, a New Weekly Publication, entitled

**THE PARLOUR ORACLE, and TRAVELLERS' COMFORT**, 16 pages Demy Quarto 48 Columns.

In the great Age of Literature, Art and Steam, it may be fairly asked why another Candidate for Fame seeks the already crowded field:—the answer is, that there are at all times thousands of Trades and Professions thirsting after information combined with cheerful amusement, and that even the gigantic power that is daily and hourly wielded, fail to satisfy the craving appetite of the million.

Like a Dwarf when ushered into the presence of Giants, we for the moment shrink back appalled at the fearful array of rivalry before us and wonder at our temerity; but it is respect and esteem for our fellow Labourers that infuses awe into our hearts, not without a lurking feeling that the right hand of fellowship will be extended to us with bounty, good-will and fervour, seeking not the jostling of any fellow labourer out of the broad path he has chosen for himself, we incline to work shoulder to shoulder, and heart to heart, in securing the happiness of all mankind.

To one great and important body we would address ourselves, conscious that an appeal to their judgment and support will not be made in vain; we mean "The Licensed Victuallers of the United Kingdom." It is the intention of the Proprietors of the Work, to devote a portion of its columns to their interest; and while strenuously advocating the many and well-founded claims they have upon the public body at large, it will be found that generally its pages will be a never-failing source of Amusement, not only to the Worthy Host, but likewise, the Welcoming Guest. Politics will be entirely excluded, and Party Spirit in its pages have no existence; but the Spirit of Good Humour, Good Fellowship, and Good Feeling, sparkle in its pages, eye, with as ready a glow and joyous a chirrup as any Bottle in "Mine Host's" Cellar.

All Orders for the Work to be addressed to the Publisher. Published by E. DIPPLE, 43, Holwell Street, Strand, London.

\* \* \* All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, 42, Holwell Street, Strand.  
Price:—Weekly Nos. 1d.—Monthly Parts, in an Elegant Wrapper, 6d.

Just Published, price 2s. 6d. Free by Post (in a sealed envelope), 3s. 6d., a new and improved edition of

**THE SILENT FRIEND; a Medical**

Work on the infirmities of the Generative System in both sexes; and on the loss of the reproductive powers, with means of restoration. The baneful effects of solitary indulgence, neglected Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Strictures, Secondary Symptoms, &c., are fully pointed out. Illustrated by engravings; followed by observations on Marriage, with plain directions for the removal of certain disqualifications. By R. and L. PERRY and Co., Consulting Surgeons, London. Published by the Authors, and may be had at their residence, 19, BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET.

Sold by Strange, Paternoster-row; Hannay and Co., 63 Oxford-street; Gordon, 146, Leadenhall-street; Purkiss, Compton-street, Soho, and all Booksellers.

**THE CORDIAL BALM OF SYRIACUM** is exclusively directed to the cure of nervous and sexual debility; obstinate gleet, irregularity, weakness, impotency, barrenness, loss of appetite, indigestion, consumptive habits, and debilities arising from venereal excesses, &c. In bottles, price 11s., or the quantity of four in one bottle for 38s., by which 11s. are saved. The Five-pound cases may be had as usual.

**THE CONCENTRATED DETERGENT ESSENCE.** An anti-syphilitic remedy for searching out and purifying the blood from venereal contamination, scurvy, blotches on the head, face, and body, ulcerations, and those painful affections arising from improper treatment or the effects of mercury, removing eruptions of the skin. Secondary Symptoms.

**PERRY'S PURIFYING SPECIFIC PILLS**, price 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. per box, are the most effectual remedy for Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Inflammations, Irritation of the Bladder, &c., without hindrance to business.

Consultation fee, (if by letter,) £1. A minute detail of cases is necessary.

Messrs. Perry are in daily attendance, for Consultation, at their residence, 19, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, from 9 to 11, and 5 till 8. On Sundays, from 10 till 12. One personal visit only is necessary to effect a permanent cure.

Fourteenth Edition of the "SILENT FRIEND" on Human Frailty, with coloured engravings.

## TO THE TRADE AND PUBLIC.

Home! Home! Sweet Home!

Those who are desirous of making Home happy, and the Evening pass joyfully, should buy No. 1. of

**THE TOM THUMB SONGSTER.**

There they will find amusement for weeks. No. 1. contains 64 pages, beautifully printed, and upwards of 80 of the best Songs extant, in a neat Pocket size, with an illuminated Wrapper and a splendid Portrait of the justly celebrated Sweeney, the Banjo Player. Amongst the Songs will be found many sung by that much lamented gentleman. London Office, No. 1, Shoe-lane; and all Booksellers.

## THE MOST POPULAR WORK OF THE DAY.

Yesterday was published, Price One Penny, Beautifully Illustrated, No. 54, of

**THE MYSTERIES OF LONDON; By GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, Author of "Pickwick abroad," "Robert Macaire," "The Modern Literature of France," &c.**

The present Number introduces the reader to the house of the Public Executioner, and gives an account of various strange adventures which occurred in the Gipsies' Palace in Saint Giles's.

Part XII. Price Five Pence, is now on sale. LONDON: G. VICKERS, and all Booksellers & Newsmen. All the back numbers are now in print.

## TO AUTHORS, PUBLISHERS,

MERCHANTS, AND TRADESMEN.

**SMITH & CO., GENERAL AND COMMERCIAL PRINTERS, WHITE HART YARD.**

DRURY LANE, STRAND.

## THE EARL OF ALDBOROUGH

CURED BY

## HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

The Earl of Aldborough cured of a Liver and Stomach Complaint.

Extract of a Letter from the Earl of Aldborough, dated Villa Messina, Leghorn, 21st. Feb., 1845.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.—

SIR,—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thanking you before this time for your politeness in sending me your Pills as you did. I now take this opportunity of sending you an order for the amount, and, at the same time, to add that your Pills have effected a cure of a disorder in my liver and stomach, which all the most eminent of the Faculty at home, and all over the Continent, had not been able to effect; nay, not even the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad. I wish to have another Box and a Pot of Ointment, in case any of my family should ever require either.

Your most obliged and obedient servant, (Signed) ALDBOROUGH.

A Wonderful Cure of Dropsy of Five Years' standing. Copy of a Letter from Mr. Thomas Taylor, Chemist, Stockton, Durham, 17th April, 1845.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—I think it my duty to inform you that Mrs. Clough, wife of Mr. John Clough, a respectable farmer of Acklam, within four miles of this place, had been suffering from Dropsy for five years, and had had the best medical advice without receiving any relief. Hearing of your Pills and Ointment, she used them with such surprising benefit, that, in fact, she has now given them up, being so well and quite able to attend to her household duties as formerly, which she never expected to do again. I had almost forgotten to state that she was given up by the Faculty as incurable. When she used to get up in the morning, it was impossible to discover a feature in her face, being in such a fearful state. This cure is entirely by the use of your medicines.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., &c., (Signed) THOMAS TAYLOR.

These truly invaluable Pills can be obtained at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, near Temple Bar, London, and at most respectable Venders of Medicines throughout the CIVILISED WORLD, at the following prices:—1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 38s. each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N.B.—Directions for the Guidance of Patients in every Disorder are affixed to each Box.

Just Published, the SIXTEENTH EDITION, illustrated with cases and Full-length Engravings, price 2s. 6d., in a Sealed Envelope, and sent Free to any part of the Kingdom, on the receipt of a Post Office order for 3s. 6d.

LONDON:—Printed by WILLIAM SMITH, of White Hart Street, in the Parish of St. Mary-le-Strand; and Published at the OFFICE, 43, Holwell Street, Strand, by E. DIPPLE.—Thursday, September 25th, 1845.



# THE Sportsman's Magazine

LIFE IN LONDON

No. 22. FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCT. 18, 1845. THREE  
HALF-PENCE

[Stamped to send free by Post, Twopence-half-penny]



## SPORTING DOGS NO. III.--THE HARRIER.



HE third of our series, the POINTER, and GREYHOUND forming the first and second, is the Harrier.

This dog is now almost universally used in Great Britain for hare hunting. He was originally generated in a double cross, between the small beagle, the southern hound, and the dwarf fox.

There are, however, various harriers produced by crosses introduced in breeding, dictated by knowledge and experience, and depending on the kind of country they hunt in, and the wish or fancy of the owner of the pack: all of which are a great alteration in the blood.

The harrier pursues the hare with great eagerness and speed, allowing her but little time to breathe or double. The keenest sportsmen often find it difficult to keep up with this dog, and with a strong hare it is rather fatiguing work. There is a great deal of

melody and cheerful harmony in the voices of harriers during the chase.

Mr. Beckford, who was justly esteemed one of the best judges of dogs in Britain, endeavoured, as far as possible, to breed his harriers with much bone and strength within a small compass, and, at the same time, of a handsome make. These respective qualities he obtained; and his hounds ran remarkably well together, went fast, had all the alacrity that could be desired, and would hunt the coldest scent.

Although the harrier is the best adapted for hare hunting, yet there are situations where he is too weak, being ill-suited for swampy and marshy lands, such as those of Lancashire and Lincolnshire, and many other places. The large low southern hound seems best calculated for such localities. Harriers which are of a larger description, and

crossed for the purpose of speed, are only superior in open countries, where, for want of covert, the hare will run five or six miles right out without a single turn. In such cases the pleasure of the chase may be compared to those of fox-hunting.

Harriers, in Mr. Beckford's judgment, to be good, must be kept to their proper game. Hounds cannot be perfect unless used to one scent, and one style of hunting; to run fox with them teaches them to skirt, and is of great disservice to them. The high scent which a fox leaves, the straightness of his course, the eagerness of the pursuit, and the hallooing that usually accompanies it, all contribute to spoil a harrier. The BEAGLE will next claim our attention:—

Two of one stock, but separate seed,  
And differing but in cross of breed;  
The HARRIER, slim, light-limbed, and tall,  
The BEAGLE, thickest, short, and small;  
Sturdy and strong—will leap and bound  
O'er mountains or by marshy ground—  
Nor soon will he fatigue betray  
In laggard limb, or fainting bay;  
True to the Huntsman's whip and horn,  
As sunbeams to a summer morn;  
And oft as fresh, at hunting's close,  
As dew-drops on a summer rose.  
'Twas erst his task, on scented air,  
Full to her form to trail the Hare.

But he who keeps the Harrier Pack  
Must speed them o'er a lighter track,  
Where their blythe cry an echo thrills,  
Unbroken by tall rising hills:  
Where—save their fleetness mock his flight—  
The Huntman keeps them still in sight,  
Unless, perchance, the leafy screen  
Of copse, or cover, intervene!  
That springs up to divide the chase,  
And from the riders hides the race!

#### A "BAD FIX" IN A BEAR FIGHT.

We have a friend, residing in the state of Louisiana, who is famously fond of bear hunting. This penchant has led him into many imminent perils, in some of which, had it not been for his brave heart, strong arm, and eagle eye, he must long since have fallen a victim.

One of his adventures, in an extensive cane-brake, it is our purpose here to relate; not so much because it was one of danger and hardihood, as because it exhibited the spirit, coolness, and prompt action, so essential to the hunter of these "varmints." These cane-brakes are matted together by an undergrowth of vine and briar, and are intersected by running swamp streams, so as to render them almost impenetrable.

Our friend G—, on a hunt once, near the close of a day, had penetrated some distance into a cane brake, bordering on the Washita, when his dogs—two very valuable ones—"bayed" a magnificent bear! Magnificent, we presume, because he was monstrously strong and full of fight.

G—, guided by the baying of the dogs, hastened towards the scene of conflict, as fast as it was practicable to *hasten*, where you are obliged frequently to crawl on hands and knees, and sometimes to cut your way with your hunting knife. After considerable difficulty, however, he obtained a sight of the ferocious animal; the two noble dogs, true to their training, were keeping him in check, though they had been handled very roughly. G—fired as soon as he had obtained his distance and aim, and although the ball took effect, it was not in a vital place. The enraged animal now sprang upon one of the dogs, and gave the brave creature a mortal wound. G—, exasperated at the sight, for he prized his faithful followers almost as dearly as himself, threw down his gun, drew his knife, and crept into the terrible fight, for, reader, you can't *rush* into a fight in a cane brake! Cautiously he approached the foe until he was near enough, when, upon his knees, and with his arm stretched across the animal, he suddenly gave him three deep wounds upon the off or further side. He knew well that this was his only chance, for the instinct of the animal prompts it always to turn and snap at the quarter from which it is hurt.

"The critter's got more lives than nat'rally belongs to a bar, any how," ejaculated G—, as he saw the monster still strong and vigorous, and rending with his tusks, again and again, the body of the dog, which he held firmly in his embrace. G—gave his unyielding enemy another fearful wound upon the farther side, as before, when his knife by a sudden movement of the bear, slipped from his grasp, and the brute was upon him! G—extended his left arm for the clutch, but in a moment the bear's tusks were crunching his hand, and, at the same instant, he felt himself in a close hug! This was rather a "bad fix." G—turned and looked upon his remaining dog, which

had previously been of great assistance in attracting the bear's attention; he said but a word to him—the affectionate creature gave one bound, and had the bear again fast by the throat. This new attack gave G—his freedom; and in an instant he had recovered his weapon, and in another its keen point was buried deep in the brute's heart.

"Perhaps," says G—, "you never did see a bar roll-over like that one!" Our sporting friend has never recovered the free use of his left hand, but he is still right hand man in a hunt. As he modestly expresses himself, "I aint what I used to was in a bar fight; but when I'm pushed, I'm some yet, I reckon."

IGNORANCE AND INNOCENCE.—A simple ostler being one day, in confession to his priest, was asked by the father, if he had never greased the teeth of the guests' horses, to prevent their eating their allowance of hay and oats? "Never," replied the ostler. In a subsequent confession, the ostler acknowledged his frequent commission of that fraud. "How," said the priest, "I remember at your last confession, you said you had never done so." "No more I had then," answered the ostler; "for, tiff you told me. I never knew that greasing a horse's teeth would prevent his eating; but since you first put it into my head I have been tempted to try it."

HARVEST BELL.—It has been the custom, from time immemorial, for the parish-clerk of Driffield to ring what is called the "Harvest Bell." This custom is observed by giving the principal bell of the church a merry swing for several minutes, at five o'clock each morning, and at seven each evening, to warn the labourers in the harvest fields when to commence and quit their toils. Before the use of clocks and watches this custom would, doubtless, be of much service. The clerk is rewarded for his trouble with a small portion of corn from each crop, which, like tithes, was formerly paid in kind, but is now received by an equivalent in money.

HOW TO GET A COMFORTABLE WARM DURING THE COLD WEATHER.—Enter a coffee-room, inquire for a gentleman you are sure is not there, stand before the fire, read all the newspapers, and then leave word, if any one should inquire for you, that you will call again.

SPORTING IN THE NEW FOREST.—Independently of fox-hunting, the New Forest presents to the man fond of sporting in general a rich fund of amusement, provided he can obtain permission to follow his favourite pursuits unmolested. Great numbers of wild fowl of every description, ducks, teal, widgeon, geese, &c. &c., not only frequent it in immense flocks during the winter, but are likewise bred there: the snipe-shooting is in many parts superlative; and hares, rabbits, partridges, and black game are also abundant, to say nothing of pheasants, which are in many parts preserved by the landed proprietors bordering on, or in the centre of the forest, although we believe they are not fed on the royal preserves. We have likewise heard it asserted, or read in some periodical, that some few packs of grouse are occasionally met with by the shooter. The royal chase is looked after by thirteen keepers, who have each his separate walk; but in spite of their numbers and vigilance, poaching, especially deer-stealing, is carried on, as we are informed, to a pretty considerable extent. One or two of the gun-makers in Southampton are the best men to apply to for the purpose of being put in the right way to obtain permission to shoot in the forest, and we presume that the key that will open the head-keeper's heart is not made of iron.

SPORTING NEAR BEACONSFIELD.—During the week, two would-be sports men have been amusing themselves in the endeavour to kill game on a very large manor in the neighbourhood of Beaconsfield. After sundry efforts they managed to kill a very valuable pointer, instead of a hare, at which they both aimed. It appears they did not "Count" upon this piece of luck.

A Tipperary Rockite sends a letter of advice to a neighbour, about taking a certain piece of land or letting it alone; and ends with this pithy question, "What's the whole world to a man if his wife be a widow."

VERY DISCOURAGING.—We saw a fellow run plump against the steps of Dr. Tucker's church yesterday, three times in succession. The first time he tripped a foot, and after staggering a moment, reached a pace or two, and tried again. The second time he "went further and fared worse;" the third time he sprawled his whole length on the top step or platform. "Are you blind or drunk?" asked a gentleman who was passing. "Neither, exactly," said the man of reverses, "but I'm getting *almighty discouraged!*"—*American Paper.*

TO MERCHANTS.—Where would you consign a cargo of tortoise shell cats? To Cape Horn.

Where would they be found, if overboard in a storm? On the comb of a wave.

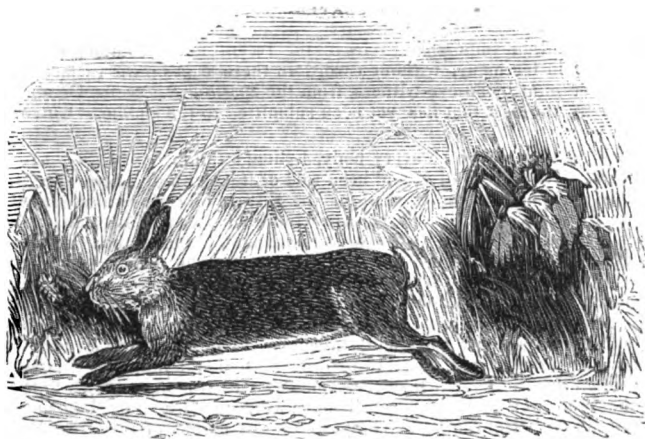
"We met—'twas in a crowd—and I thought he would shun me"—as the policeman said to the pickpocket.

"I don't believe in the *re-appearance of spirits*"—as the tippler said when the landlord locked up the bar.

Why is an industrious tailor never at home? Because he is always cutting out.

The Irish lodger at Mrs. Tomkin's says, that the baby down stairs is "a crying nuisance, and which requires a-bating."

## NATURAL HISTORY OF SPORTING.



THE RABBIT.

**I**N future numbers, as has been already said on several isolated animals, we intend to quit the brief generalizations of these sketches; thus the PIGEON, the RABBIT, and the DOG, &c., will receive at our hands a due consideration of their several varieties, in full and continuous treatises after the fashion of that of the GAME COCK at present in progress in these columns.

"Rabbit-keeping is practised by a few individuals in almost every town, and by a few in almost every part of the country; but thirty or forty years ago, there were one or two very considerable feeders near the metropolis, keeping each, according to report, from fifteen hundred to two thousand breeding does. These large concerns have ceased, it seems, long since, and London receives the supply of tame, as well as wild rabbits, chiefly from the country.

The only considerable rabbit-feeders of whom I heard, some years since, were two gentlemen, the one resident in Oxfordshire, the other in Berks. The former fed some hundreds, and it was said, intended to double his stock. The huts were placed in a small building, set apart for that purpose. The then stock produced one load of dung per week, two loads of which were sufficient to manure an acre of land. Three dozen of rabbits per week were sent to the London market, but keep and attendance reckoned, no other profit accrued, excepting the dung, the price of which used to be eight-pence per bushel, and I believe thirty-six bushels are reckoned a load. The Berks gentleman, according to the survey of that county, fed white rabbits, on account of the superior value of their skins, for their application of late years to the purpose of trimming. Twenty does and two bucks were my largest stock. The rabbit-house should stand upon a dry foundation, and be well ventilated. Exposure to too much humidity, whether externally or internally, is fatal to rabbits, which are liable to the rot like sheep, and from the same causes. The rains of 1799, which continued nearly four months, destroyed my stock of rabbits, which were huddled in a boarded shed, not well defended from the cold and moist air. Ventilation and fresh air are also necessary, where considerable numbers of these animals are kept, which will not else remain healthy, or prosper for any length of time; and even sudden mortality may ensue from impure and stagnant air. A thorough draught or passage for the air is thence indispensable, and should be contrived in the building, with the convenience of shutting such opposite windows or doors in cold and wet weather.

The hutch or hutches are generally placed one above another, to the height required by the number of rabbits, and the extent of the room. Where a large stock is kept, to make the most of room, the hutches may be placed in rows, with a sufficient interval between, for feeding and cleaning, instead of being joined to the wall, in the usual way. It is preferable to rest the hutches upon stands, about a foot above the ground, for the convenience of cleaning under them. Each of the hutches intended for breeding, should have two rooms, a feeding and a bed-room. Those are single for the use of the weaned rabbits, or for the bucks, which are always kept separate.

When much green meat is given, rabbits make a considerable quantity of urine, and I have sometimes seen occasion to set the hutches sloping backwards a few degrees, a very small aperture being made the whole length of the floor, to carry off the urine. A sliding door in the partition between the two rooms, is convenient for confining the rabbits during the operation of cleaning; which, indeed, is a good argument for having all the hutches double, it being more troublesome to clean out a room with a number of rabbits in it, than with only one. It must not be forgotten, that the teeth of rabbits are very effectual implements of destruction to anything not hard enough to resist them, and their troughs should be bound with some-

thing less penetrable than wood. As they are apt to scratch out their food, and dung in it, I have often thought it might be useful to adopt the feeding troughs with moveable boards, as well for rabbits as hogs.

The floor of the hutches should be planed smooth, that wet may run off, and a common hoe with a short handle, and a short broom, are most convenient implements for cleaning these houses. The object being to obtain the dung pure, for sale, no litter should be allowed; but on a farm where the dung is expended at home, the hutches should be littered with refuse hay or straw, perfectly dry. The rabbit-house to contain a tub for the dung, and a bin for a day's supply of hay, corn, roots, or other food, which should be given in as fresh a state as possible.

As to the varieties of form and colour, in the rabbit, the short-legged, with width and substance of loin, generally few in number, and to be obtained only by selection, are the most hardy, and fatten most expeditiously, taking on fat both internally and in the muscular flesh. They have, besides, the soundest livers—the rabbits being generally subject to defects of the liver; they are the smallest variety. There is a very large variety of the hare colour, having much bone, length and depth of carcase, large and long ears, with large eyes, resembling those of the hare. They might be well taken for hybrid or mules, but from the objection of their breeding. Their flesh is high coloured, substantial, and savoury than that of the common rabbit; and they make a good dish, cooked like the hare, which, at six or eight months old, they nearly equal in size. The large white, and yellow and white species, have whiter and more delicate flesh, and, cooked in the same way, will rival the turkey.

With respect to colour, I have always preferred the wild colour, and black, finding the skins of full as much worth as the white. The Turkish or French rabbit, with long white fur, differs little from the common varieties; nor did I find their skins of more value, either for sale or home use. I have been in the habit of drying the skins, for linings of night gowns, and other domestic purposes; but have always found reason to prefer the short, close fur. The large above-mentioned—indeed any peculiar varieties—must be sought among the London dealers.

Of late years, in London, the term *smut*, has been applied as a mark of distinction in the rabbit. Thus there are single and double smuts. The smut consists of a black spot on the side of the rabbit's nose; when there are two black spots, one on each side of the nose, it constitutes a double smut. Generally, the rabbits are prized for the number of these black spots upon the head and body, and for the fineness, length, and size of the ears, which occasions their falling about the head, in a manner different from the common rabbit. Black and tortoise-shell are the favourite colours.

Rabbits are divided in four kinds—warreners, parkers, hedgehogs, and sweethearts. Burrowing under ground is favourable, it appears, to the growth of fur; and the warrener, though a member of a subterraneuscity, is less effeminate than his kindred who roam more at large. His fur is most esteemed, and after him comes the parker, whose favorite seat is a gentleman's pleasure-ground, where he usually breeds in great numbers, and not unfrequently drives the hares away. The hedgehog is a sort of vagabond rabbit, that travels, tinker-like, throughout the country, and would be better clad if he remained more at home. Sweethearts are tame rabbits, and their fur, though sleek, is too silky and soft to be of much use in the important branch of hat-making.

**Breeding.**—The doe will breed at the age of six months, and her period of gestation is thirty or thirty-one days. It should be premised, that the buck and doe are by no means to be left together; but their union having been successful, the buck must be immediately withdrawn, and the doe tried again in three days; in fact, with rabbits, this business is conducted on the same principle as in the stud. Like chickens, the best breeding rabbits are those kindled in March. Some days before parturition, or kindling, hay is to be given to the doe, to assist in making her bed, with the flue, which nature has instructed her to tear from her body for that purpose. She will be seen at this period sitting upon her haunches, and tearing off the flue, and the hay being presented to her, she will, with her teeth, reduce and shorten it to her purpose.—Biting down of the litter or bed, is the first sign of approaching pregnancy. The number produced, generally between five and ten; and it is most advantageous always to destroy the weak and sickly ones, as soon as their defects can be perceived, because five healthy and well-grown rabbits are worth more than double the number of an opposite description, and the doe will be far less exhausted. She will admit the buck again with profit at the end of six weeks, when the young may be separated from her and weaned. Or the young may be suckled two months, the doe taking the buck at the end of five weeks, so that the former litter will leave her about a week before her next parturition.

A notion was formerly prevalent, of the necessity for giving the buck immediately after the doe had brought forth, lest she should pine, and that no time might be lost; and if it were intended that no time might be lost in destroying the doe, such, indeed, would be the most successful method. Great care should be taken that the doe, during her gestation, be not approached by the buck, or indeed by any other rabbit; as from being harassed about, she will almost certainly cast her young. One doe in a thousand may devour her young; a sign that she ought to be otherwise disposed of. Some does admit the buck with difficulty, although often apparently in season; such should be immediately fattened off, since it can never be worth while to keep an objectionable individual for breeding, of a stock to be produced in such multitudes. Should the doe be weak on her bringing forth,



from cold caught or other cause, she will drink bear-caudle, as well as any other ldy; or warm fresh grains will comfort her; a malt mash; scalded fine pollard, or barley-meal, in which may be mixed a small quantity of cordial horse-ball.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### JOE MILLER'S NOTES ABOUT DONCASTER.

The Doncaster St. Leger has at length been run, and some of the disappointed bettors have "run" after it. Had they listened probably to their "betters," such a movement would have been avoided. We believe that many a thief in a "pea" jacket practised the thimble rig. The bell tolled at the commencement of each race, but it told anything but which horse would win. People were running about the Joekey Club Stand, but in the Stand itself there was not even *standing room*, and many were so fatigued, they said they could "stand it no longer."

During the races there were several "walks over," and the result of those matches which were contested, caused many to "walk off." Some of the speculators "bolted," as well as the race-homes; the former jockeying their dupes more cleverly than the silk-jackets jockeyed their animals. Altogether the Doncaster week was a rare one for doing business. Cattle were run off their legs, and "legs" were run off the course—this was a "matter of course." Let us proceed to the sport; before which, however, it may be as well to mention that there were numerous *false* starts for the races, but more *real* ones with the money.

Her Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas—a better collection than could have been made in a church—was won by Mr. Cook's Shadow, followed by Colonel Cradock's Jinglepot. Animals, we believe, are apt to run pretty fast with a tin canister at their tails; hence, probably, the reason Shadow tried to disengage himself of a Jinglepot. At all events, he realised the saying—"coming events cast their shadows before." The account further states, that "Cook Robin made the running to the Red House." This is nothing new, as cock robins are always attracted to all sorts of houses.

A Plate of 50 sovereigns, was won by Mr. Dawson's Sheet Anchor, beating the second horse by 300 yards. This was characteristic, as a sheet anchor ought always to be allowed "a cable's length." The result proved his jockey had his eye well to "windward" in the race, which probably caused some of the competitors to "blow hard."

The "Great St. Leger Stakes," were ungallantly snatched away from a young lady belonging to Major Yarbrough, named Miss Sarah, but Miss Sarah *who*—is not mentioned. The gentleman who won the prize was the Baron, but of what house is not stated; it couldn't have been "The Last of the Barons" of Sir Lytton Bulwer, because it was *first*. They sprang away beautifully, and one would almost imagine it was an elephant between the Baron and the said Miss Sarah—Girls will run after a title occasionally. Moreover, the Baron was bred in the sister isle, and Hibernians are particularly fascinating to the fair sex.

The Scarborough Stakes, were carried off by Mr. Hawley's Comrade, but we cannot discover much *camaraderie* in running away from one's companions. Had Comrade been an Irish horse, the affair might be accountable.

Captain Payton's Extremepore was *last* for the Great Yorkshire Handicap, out of a field of about a dozen horses. This is easily explained, however, as the strict translation of *Ex-tempore* means "out of time."

A considerable "stir" was made in the 300 guinea Cup race, and Mr. Hill's Sweetmeat gained the prize after a melting run. Here, it must be admitted, the *bonbon* (*Anglice* Sweetmeat) proved quite a *bonne bouche* to the lovers of sporting.

The last race was a match between Mr. O'Brien's the Traverser (not O'Connell), and Mr. H. Johnstone's Lord Harry, which was won by the former. Had it been a race with the Irish State Traverser of Derrynane Abbey, he would have come in second best, and been not only followed, but overtaken, by a certain *Old Harry*, instead of, as in the present instance, a Lord Harry.

With this we must terminate our account of the Doncaster Races, trusting the accounts of those more interested will be wound up in an equally satisfactory manner. We should add, that, in consequence of the slow pace which characterised most of the running, the races were regarded as a mere *Donkey-sir* affair throughout. The name of the locality is unfortunate.

**VERY TRUE.**—"This is a dead take in," as the minnow said when swallowed by a pike.

**MACKEREL.**—It may be considered singular, but it is a fact, that mackerel are to be found on none of the tropical coasts but one, and that is the south coast in the island of St. Helena, and here they are captured all the year round. Indeed the above island may be considered remarkable for three distinct productions, viz.:—Rabbits, rats, and mackerel. The former are distributed all over the rocks, whilst the second class of animals over-spread the insular colony, and operates as a destroying plague, and the fish above named is the only one that stands by the island throughout the year.

What can be the meaning of playing up "mag's diversion?" asked some one of somebody else. Somebody else answered, and correctly, we think, "Getting as much fun as you can out of a brown."

"From our private correspondent," as the father said when he received a letter from his son who had enlisted as a common soldier.

#### DEER-SLAYING IN GERMANY.

BY CRAVEN.

[As it would be impossible to leave the recent much commented, or *Royal Sport* in Germany, without a word in these pages; we extract the following account by an eye-witness, from the *Sporting Review* for October, as decidedly the best that has yet been submitted to the public.—EDITOR SP. MAG.]

This is an affair of which every body, I should think, has heard. I too had heard of it and read of it, and been told of it; and now I have seen it, and the upshot is—I am content for the rest of my life to abandon all visions of the Black Forest and Demon Hunters for a meet at Oadby toll-bar, or in the vale of Belvoir. See what raw-head-and-bloody-bones stories "Griffins" send home from John Company's hand about tigers, enough to turn the best patent wig into a *cheveux-de-frise*; and yarns about chasing the grizzly bear—or "pig-sticking," as they facetiously call it—done up with horrors about lacerated femoral arteries, and horses turned inside out, enough to sicken a college of surgeons. I eschew them—disbelieve them—utterly repudiate them. If men must pursue the reproof of Israel, let them go into Berkshire, take their poodles with them, sit down in the neighbourhood of a good sty, and be happy: as for tiger-shooting, I am quite persuaded that better cannot be compassed in the empire of the Great Mogul than may be had in Regent-street any fine evening when grimalkin goes freely abroad. On the eve of starting for Doncaster Races, I put my paper before me, on which I had traced the memories and impressions of two episodes in German sporting which recently fell under my observations. I had already gathered into words my feelings on those exhibitions, wherein, I did "nothing extenuate," most certainly I did not "set down aught in malice." They were written while yet the scenes were fresh to my recollection and imagination, and I cannot lay them more vividly before the reader than by means of the pictures sketched while yet the subject had a local habitation in my mind's eye. The first relates to a chase of the wild deer got up among the pine forests of Thuringia, for the especial honour and amusement of Queen Victoria, her consort Prince Albert, and the English Court, by the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. It was, of course, on the grandest and most approved scale of such stern passages of woodcraft known to the country; it was, obviously, the national fashion of such princely field-sports; for the actors did their ensanguined essay like men whose hearts long custom of cruelty had turned to stone.

It was on Saturday, the 30th of August last, that, in contemplation of a grand forest *chasse* announced for the forenoon, I drove over, at the best pace of German posting, from the pleasant little city of Gotha to Reinhardtshunn, a chateau of the reigning Duke, some nine English miles distant. The day was fearfully hot; and, as I went on my way sweltering, it was no wonder doubts would arise as to the sport which should come of the hunting. A right royal company was assembled, consisting of the august persons already alluded to, the King and Queen of the Belgians, and dukes, princes, and potentates enough to furnish a new volume of the Red Book. I am aware that all the journals of the day spoke of this dire issue, which shall descend to posterity in company with the gory records of Chevy Chase. But, without offence, I may take credit for noting it with more of a sportsman's unction than many of those who have given their impressions of it; therefore, to our tale.

The cortege being formed, defiled through the grounds of the chateau, and passing the village of Verstadt, got up like a scene in a maledrame for the occasion, began to ascend the mountain range which forms the noble belt to the southward of Reinhardtshunn, by a road worthy of the Simpson. After following this fine highway a liberal German mile, the hunters at once plunged into the pine forest by a rude cattle-pass, then made smooth for the gentle train—newly laid with fine gravel and fresh greensward...for

"There are few who frequent that moss-covered road,  
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode,  
To his hills—"

Where the hill-side jutted into a sort of ledge, they royal troop drew up, and there, in the midst of that vast amphitheatre, you saw a green hill, placed as it were by the cunning of man's hand, for the purpose to which it was applied. From the valleys to the north and south arose gently swelling causeways, heath-covered, leading to it by paths that seemed to solicit the foot. The summit was crowned by a small pavilion, built of the sweet new sod, and festooned with purple heath and the blue dell flower. Never was there bower more suited to the spot. It stood, as I have said, on the highest point of the small green hill. On those sides to which no causeway led were stretched down to the valley strong nets of rope, some ten or fifteen feet in height, and covered with snow-white canvas, that, from those on a level with it, all sight within should be shut off. These barriers at intervals had small flag-staffs attached, from which scarlet and blue and green and white steamers were waving; for, thanks to Zephyr, a breeze would ever and anon steal over us from the mountain tops, or we had perished in the stark sun glow. Within this enclosure were men in gay uniforms of Lincoln green, bedight with much gold and streaming with plumes; these were the chassurs of his Highness the reigning Duke; and beside them were numerous foresters, and a miscellaneous crowd of peasants in sky-blue *Mouses*, whose business and attire in that presence puzzled me for the nonce, but who were a most characteristic body, as will presently be shown.

During the space occupied in this brief sketch of the scene, the reader will suppose the royal party have passed from their equipages on the ledge of jutting rock to the green hill in the centre of the mountain amphitheatre—to the air of “God save the Queen.” The serious business of the day was now at once put in motion, to the intense anxiety of the multitude that thronged the mountain-side from whence sight of it might be had. In the pavilion were assembled her Majesty of England, the Queen of the Belgians, the Duchess of Alexandrina of Cobourg, and one of the English Ladies in waiting, as Spectators; the King of the Belgians, Prince Albert, Duke Ferdinand of Coburg, and the Prince of Leiningen, as actors; the whole giving you the idea of a shooting-party about to commence operations in an opera-box. Apart from the pavilion some fifty or a hundred yards, such of the guests of the Duke as were entitled to slay deer in the sovereign presence—for here privilege is paramount—were placed, a small table being provided for their accommodation, for some reason or other. Store of fire-arms, ammunition, and the like, were of course in readiness, and here and there a noble hound straining on the leash. The beaters scour the forest dells north and south—the bugle sounds. Hah! There they come, by St. Hubert! a gallant herd, all stags of ten. How the rifles fly to the shoulder! how the welkin rings with shot and shout! See that antlered chieftain pauses, tosses his front on high, bounds into the air, and falls—stark and stiff; the rifle has rung his dirge!

Let me here, on the threshold of a tale I would fain not tell with discourtesy, but which I am bound to tell in its truth, and its whole truth, disclaim all design of dealing with it in an unbecoming spirit. It was parcel of the customs of a country with whose usages I was familiar; peradventure for that cause it struck me with a feeling more unkindly than it deserved. But apart from the natural distaste it was likely to excite upon the common principle of humanity, I was born and bred a sportsman, and the *battue* of the wild free birds of the air at home was a thing I could never reconcile to my prejudice—if you will. Is it, then, a matter of surprise that my heart should recoil from seeing a hecatomb of vension sacrificed without as much excitement as would go to the execution of a minut, or as much skill as would be required for bagging a sparrow on the house top? I am not going to rush upon the philosophy of field-sports: we will appoint to every man his taste—this shall affect a hare for the sake of the chase, that for sake of the currant jelly. But I am going to narrate a passage of woodcraft, got up for the recreation of an English monarch in the wild forests of Thuringia; and, if I am perforce to convey a just idea of it in such wise as one might sing an Easter-Monday on Epping Forest, it may be allowed me to crave allowance for the delicate situation in which I am placed.

The area of the sport was one over which might appropriately have been written the motto of Dante's *Inferno*. All who entered it might, indeed abandon hope. It was surrounded on three sides by barriers not to be scaled by anything without wings; on the fourth, it was guarded by an army of chasseurs. You will suppose a herd of bucks and does driven into it, like sheep into the pens at Smithfield. At first a royal shot assails them point blank, or at what *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* calls “a gentlemanly distance.” This misses, happily, and then another succeeds and another, each in due order of precedence. Should none of them carry their billet, then the chasseurs fire a volley, not at this or that particular individual of the sylvan company, but “into the brown of them,” as the poacher says of a covey. Down they come, like leaves of autumn; but the worst remains behind. Here is one, the blood pumped out of his mouth by his sighs of agony; there, another, dragging his shattered limbs, or striving to crawl, snake-like, into some covert to die. See how they have riddled that shivering wretch that is raining gore from flank to shoulder, and not one merciful bullet has hit a vital spot! Fie, my Lord! never shoot with charges that but graze the quarry. Look, ye have only broken that fawn's leg—poor devil; how she limps along, the tears coursing down her pitiful cheeks. Well done, good Samaritan in blue blouse! There, draw thy humane knife across her throat!

It was past noon when the wild hunt of Thuringia began, and already by one of the clock, p.m., many of the harts of grease had fallen. The royal box—that is to say, pavilion—was a battery, from which much execution was done. It was strange—passing strange—to see the Queen, now half hidden, now half revealed, as the smoke curled, and the fire flashed from the chamber within which they stood, as indifferent as if it had been her boudoir. Four royal ladies with parasols, and four royal gentlemen with fusées on active duty, in a room twelve feet square, is a sight, I believe that never was seen in Christendom, nor on the face of the earth, before the 29th of August, 1845. Then did the shooting go ahead in the house and out of doors, till the clock told half-past two of the afternoon, and the bugle sounded a parley. Pass we the episodes of such cavaliers' prowess; it behooves not to tell who brought his venison down at a long shot, or who did it to death within pistol-range. Had a sporting coroner sat upon the deer that lay weltering in their gore, peradventure there would have been as many verdicts of “Accidental Death” as of “*Willful Murder*.”

Of the latter some of the most dreadful cases, indeed, occurred ever paralleled in the Newgate Calendar. The reader will remember the body of men I spoke of as wearing blue frocks. These were in the service as butchers belonging to the retinue. These persons' duty it was to scrutinize the objects at which the august marksmen fired, and finding they had more or less life left in them, to cut their throats without remorse. Lead! to

see how the gentle does and graceful fawns would writhe and struggle, in the gripe of those last officers of forest law, might have turned the heart of a carcase-butcher in Leadenhall market. . . . At the close of the sport the dead and dying were collected, and placed in a line along the side of the path by which her Majesty was to reach her carriage. But, though the business of the day was done, the *gardes de chasse* were peddling a little on their own account.

While they strew'd the victims around the spot  
Where the Court was about retiring,  
We heard the random and farewell shot  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

The number of deer slain in this couple of hours was forty-eight, of which twenty-five were stags. To these may be added at least a dozen that the hounds, laid on the trail, would find in their last agonies on the verges of the forest. Thus sixty are accounted for—or a stag to every two minutes. Was not this an unheard-of massacre?

Once again I protest that no inward spirit has moved me thus to speak of the woodland pageant laid before the Queen during her German tour. No doubt German gentlemen from their youth up, are trained to such exhibitions, and we know that habit is second nature. Let it be so in the forests of Thuringia; I am no Quixote of woodcraft; but oh, let it find no favour or countenance in our own land! Away with the secret, solitary vice—the *battue*—from merry England. I would not seem to give an importance to sporting which it does not merit; it has a popular influence, also here unknown. Englishmen think, and I know rightly, that the principle of our national sports has a healthy effect on the national character. Whatever our vices, we are not a cruel or an untrustworthy people. Fair play is the system of our sporting: fair play is the adversary of cruelty and deceit. So long, then, as they trespass neither on harmony nor kindness, let our national sports be had in good account. It was therefore that I saw with little favour the scenes thus enacted before the sovereign of our land.

#### NOTICE:

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE have determined on presenting their readers with a SPORTING ALMANACK, equal in quality, contents, and arrangement, to either of those published at TWO SHILLINGS or HALF-A-CROWN, on the following conditions. With an early number (hereafter to be announced) will be presented to every subscriber a COPY of the ALMANACK, for one week, at the charge of three half-pence for the ALMANACK, and three half-pence for the current Number, should the subscriber wish them both. The price of the ALMANACK to non-purchasers of the Number, will be raised to SIXPENCE after the lapse of that period; the three half-pence being merely charged as the cost price of paper and print.

Part V., for October, of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE is now ready, in an embellished wrapper, price Sevenpence. All the back numbers are in print; the Stamped Edition of No. 18, containing the fullest, fairest, and best report of the GREAT FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP, will be kept for some time longer on sale. Office, 42, HOLLYWELL-STREET, Strand; where all communications for the Editor should be addressed.

#### CORRESPONDENTS.

L. J.—Johnny Hannan was born in London. We are sure that *Bell's Life* has answered your question a dozen times. The late Deafun did not fight without his truss. Brassey is dead. Bendigo beat young Langan, Jan. 24th, 1837, and received a champion's belt from Jam Ward, after his fight with the Deafun in February, 1839.

WHIST. L. B. submits the following question:—A, B, C, and D eat for partners at whist; A turns up the king of clubs, and the other three each turn up a queen; the three queens of course cut again, when B turns up the four of spades, C the king of hearts, and D the ace of spades. Who is A's partner?—C.

PAUL PRY.—Can you not find a more profitable exercise for your ingenuity than framing questions to give us trouble.

J. TENNYSON.—Read our account of the fight; you will there find your question answered. Pay your bets; the position which Spring has taken up in his letter is illogical and indefensible. There is no point of similarity between the case of a fight, decided upon the ground, by the referee, upon appeal from the umpires, and a *legalised horse-race*. The court will not try whether Caunt or Bendigo won the fight (they did try, however, which horse was first for the Derby and gave it to Orlando for good and sufficient reasons); all that the result of Caunt's action against the stakeholder (should it prove successful), will establish will be the fact, that the gentleman holding stakes for the battle, did hold 200*l.* on the part of Caunt (which he of course will not deny), for an *illegal purpose*, and therefore, *must give it back again*. Bendigo could have had his 200*l.* out of the same gentleman's hands, if he had ever so fairly lost the fight. The *actual battle-money* is given up in accordance with the referee's decision, and bets go with the battle-money.

EAST-ENDER.—Bill Jones, the present landlord of the Grape, Alhambra Street, did beat Tom the Greek, in 1842. Jem Burn never beat Ned Neale, on the contrary, “the boot was on the other leg,” on two occasions—he beat one O'Neale at Chertsey, in 1834, but that was not “the Streatham Youth.”

DRAUGHTS, Emmerson.—Can I huff my friend for inadvertently only taking one man when he can take two, and without injuring his position on the board?—Yea.

J. ROBINSON.—Yea; look at the lists we have already given; in 1801 Eleanor won both Derby and Oaks.

CRIBBAGE, “A Young'un.”—Four fives and a ten count twenty-eight. Four threes and a nine twenty-four.

**W. ENDERBY.**—It was a mere typographical error. The statement in "*Bell's Life*," was an oversight owing to haste. Miss Elis received forfeit, not Lord Glasgow's Whip Colt.

**SARAH, Leeds.**—It appears that your pony has contracted a cough, which has become chronic. The disorder is as often caused by unrestricted quantities of hay, especially bad hay, as any atmospheric influence. This fact is no less remarkable than true; though the way in which food taken into the stomach affects the lungs, or rather the larynx (for that is the seat of chronic cough, would take us too long to explain here.) It is generally observed, that horses with chronic cough have immoderate appetites, especially for hay; is this the case with yours? If so, try green food, bran-mashes, and succulent substitutes, and two to one but the disorder (called cough) will disappear. At the same time try half an ounce of nitre in a little corn twice a day. Opium often stops it, but is a mere temporary remedy. The disorder invariably returns; of course, when you give him moist food, you must restrict him a little in water, of which (from the inflammation of the larynx) he drinks more than does him good. Or instead of the nitre give the following: of nitre, levigated antimony, and powdered resin, each two drachms, mix for one dose, and give every morning in a mash, until it acts as a diuretic. The following is the best diuretic cough ball we know of:—

Strained turpentine, 8oz.

Yellow resin, 8oz.

Olive oil, 2oz.

Hard soap, 8oz.—Put in a pan and melt, then stir in:—

Ginger, 6oz.

Allspice powdered, 6oz. Linseed powder enough to make it into balls.

About an ounce, or an ounce and a half, to be given two or three successive mornings, till it act as a diuretic. This composition will keep a very long time if put in a jar and tied over with bladder. The skin diseases of dogs are often remarkably obstinate; that of yours we take to depend on disordered secretion, and perhaps diseased liver. The dog not perspiring through the follicles of the skin, causes the mercurial class of remedies to be slow in their apparent effects: try a mild mercurial purge (in mild doses), which we recommended in a kindred case in No. 17. Next week we will give you, if you wish it, an approved formula for mixing and administering one, if you will in the mean time, send us a rough guess of the size (or weight) of your animal.

"**SENSIBLE!**" apply to Jemmy Shaw (you will find him at Caunts), to Homer Howden at Peter Crawley's, or to Alic Reed at Owen Swift's. They will tell you the terms, which will be doubtless accommodated to suit the state of your exchequer. The same to "A Subscriber."

**BILLY BANG, Dorking.**—Are rabbits game, and can they be shot without a license? A person requires a game certificate for shooting rabbits. No certificate is necessary for carrying a gun merely for the purpose of shooting sparrows or larks.

**S. TURNER.**—We do not believe there was anything the matter with him. His subsequent race proved him a mere impostor. Connaught Ranger, Ould Ireland, Merry Monarch, and Old England were the tools by which the public pocket was picked.

**CRICKET.** T. A. L.—Most certainly not out; the hand is part of the bat, while holding it. To the second query, no.

**SENEX.**—Pilch, although a Kent player, is a native of Norfolk, and has played with that county.

**MARCUS.**—If you were to mark us and our remarks on the subject, you would not have occasion to put so many very trivial questions. We do not think you ought to apply to us, when a copy of the Rules of the game, and many useful hints thereon, would solve them, at the cost of a brace of Joey's. Obtain "Clark's Cricketer's Handbook," and save your postage pence.

**P. O. P.**—It is our purpose during the winter months to continue a series of sketches, to be called "CROTCHETS ON CRICKET," in which Ned Rub's intention is, that the heroes of the past season shall fight their battles o'er again. NED RUB.

**COOBY.**—Your letter is so good in temper and spirit, that we owe you a word or two of apology. A handwriting, and we see a pretty variety of scribbles, resembling yours in neatness, but, to our optics, a disguised one, bore a strong family resemblance to yours, and contained phrases of very similar construction. We destroy some dozens of letters per diem, which are "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*," yet some people are so unconscionable as to ask us a week or perhaps a month after to recollect, (and affect surprise if we do not) that "on the—th I addressed you" &c. &c.—The gent whose signature we took to be an alias of yours was one of these: if wrong we are sorry for it. He asked, modestly, an answer by post, and was "very much surprised at not receiving one" and so forth. Two secretaries at £100 a year each, and a stationer's bill of half that amount, the occupation of our own time, and a payment of some three or four shillings a day in postage stamps, would be the result of an offer to give separate answers to correspondents, yet some purchasers of a paper out of which the vendor gets a halfpenny and ourselves the fraction of one, (for investment of labour and capital) professes "surprise" that we do not answer him as "politely requested." Some people have droll notions of their own importance, and we are glad to oblige "Coby" from being one of them. You can get the paper by ordering it of any newspaper publication vendor in your neighbourhood. It would cost us 4d. per copy to send it by post within the boundaries presented by the list for the circulation of stamped papers by the general post, or you one penny each copy if sent without any stamps but the one on the sheet itself, which seems a singular anomaly, but there is a reason for it.

\*\*\* Pressure of matter has occasioned the postponement of the continuation of the papers on the "GAMECOCK."

#### THE MOON IN OCTOBER.

New Moon, 1st	...	10 50 morn.
First Quarter, 8th	...	11 31 morn.
Full Moon, 15th	...	9 56 morn.
Last Quarter, 22nd	...	9 14 morn.
New Moon, 30th	...	11 42 morn.

#### OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

**SUNDAY, 12th.—31st SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.**—Lord Ellenborough arrives in a high state of ferment from his work in the East, 1844.

**MONDAY, 13th.—NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.**—Most seeds and fruits are now perfectly ripened, and furnish their share of subsistence to man, bird, and beast. This is a time of abundance, a season of plenty, and that portion which cannot be consumed at the period of its maturity is stored up in various ways, and by different means, as provision against a time of need. Though we boast not the vine and its clustering grapes, or tread its juice into our vats, the animation of the wine countries is nearly equalled by the hop-gathering and cider-pressing of our midland, western, and southern counties.—Game in season.—Grouse, partridges, pheasants, hares, snipes, wild fowl.

**TUESDAY, 14th.—THE CHAMBERLAIN STAKES DAY.**—The public for shorter hours, having themselves always endeavoured to "serve" persons in distress.—Government advices for tenders for the Fleet Prison. N. B. Lord Brougham has removed the *Statutes* under £20.

**WEDNESDAY, 15th.—THE CHAMBERLAIN STAKES DAY.**—The public for shorter hours, having themselves always endeavoured to "serve" persons in distress.—Government advices for tenders for the Fleet Prison. N. B. Lord Brougham has removed the *Statutes* under £20.

**THURSDAY, 16th.—Northallerton Races.**—Welshpool Races.

**FRIDAY, 17th.—The Prendergast Stakes run for.**—Blessings of the Penny Postage. Creditors now write three times for the settlement "of that small account."

**SATURDAY, 18th.—Cheadle Horse Fair.**—HINTS FOR EVENING PARTIES. Now convert old gossamer into opera hat, by doubling it up, and lay in small talk for evening parties. Now practise the Polka with arm-chair, and rub up old imitations a la Joel of neighboring horses, and sawing wood. Now read up familiar jokes, and learn new jokes for quadrilles. Now study in the looking-glass for comic song, and four Postillon's wig for masked ball. Now compose speech to toast "the Ladies," and commit to memory a "Return thanks" when your "health" is proposed at supper.

#### TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High water at London Bridge.

		morn.	aft.		morn.	aft.
Sunday, Oct. 12th	...	11 28	11 58	Wednesday, Oct. 15th	...	1 33   1 53
Monday, 13th	...	0 24	1 12	Thursday, 16th	...	2 13   2 32
Tuesday, 14th	...	0 47	1 12	Friday, 17th	...	2 52   3 12
				Saturday, 18th	...	3 30   3 48

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 18, 1845.

#### FIELD-SPORTS FOR OCTOBER

**HEASANT-SHOOTING** commenced with the first of October, probably, too, by this time, a few woodcocks will in some parts of the country have presented themselves to the sportsman.

Pheasants have by no means yet attained their growth, though this is the period appointed by law to commence their destruction; but they will be found somewhat more backward this season than they were for many preceding years, and this arises from the fine spring weather setting in much later than usual, and thus retarding the breeding of those elegant birds. There are many varieties of the pheasant, several of which are found in this country. It has been said that they may vie with the peacock in beauty, and if the comparison were meant with the golden pheasant, certainly, we never saw a bird which equalled that portion of the species in beauty; these birds which historians inform us came originally from the East, are equally as hardy as the common pheasant, so prolific in this country, and so thickly scattered over it. In some parts of the kingdom, the golden pheasant is to be seen at large, and may, probably, in the course of years, become as general and as numerous as the commoner sort. The ring-necked is also occasionally met with, as are the white and pied kinds, but the Bohemian, the largest, the boldest, and, no doubt, the most hardy of the tribe, never, except in the aviary, where like others of the species, it will propagate. The male of the Bohemian pheasant will, we have every reason to believe, couple with the domestic hen; though we are sceptical as to the conjunction of the latter with the common pheasant.

The rearing of pheasants in mews or aviaries has, generally speaking, been unsuccessful; and at the present time is only partially understood. A cunning keeper, or at least one who stood well with himself, (servant to the late Duke of Northumberland, if we mistake not), stumbled upon a method which proved very successful in promoting the health and vigour of these birds. He observed them busily pecking at some carrion, and immediately concluded that they were carnivorous, and, consequently, ought to be supplied with the sort of food which, he conceived, he had observed them so greedily devour. He accordingly gave it them; the birds thrived, and, of course, he persevered in a plan entirely new, and which was attended with uncommon success. The man, imagining he had made a wonderful discovery, assumed a great degree of reserve, and wished every one to suppose that he was really possessed of "secrets worth knowing," and which would require something



more than common intellect even to comprehend. However, either through the influence of his master, or some other means, several persons became acquainted with the mystery; and the pheasant was set down as positively and absolutely a carnivorous bird. This idea was inconsiderately propagated by men of education, and received a degree of thoughtless confirmation, perhaps, upon the authority of Buffon, who, when speaking of the pheasant, observes, "that one of the king's sportsmen, shooting at a parcel of crows that were gathered round a dead carcass, to his great surprise, upon coming up, found that he had killed as many pheasants as crows. It is even asserted by some (he continues), that such is the carnivorous disposition of this bird, that, when several of them are put together in the same yard, if one of them happens to fall sick or seems to be pining, that all the rest will fall upon, kill, and devour it!" The fact is, that whenever the pheasant has been observed busily pecking at carrion or dead carcasses, it has not been devouring the flesh, but picking off the maggots, or animalculæ which have been produced by the striking of flies, and of which, as well as of insects in general, it is remarkably fond. Hence, those who are anxious to breed and rear pheasants in a domestic state, will easily perceive the meaning of the foregoing observations, and will not fail to profit by them also.

Pheasants will take to roosting in the trees earlier than usual this year, as the land will be cleared sooner; but we are of opinion, that when there remains plenty of ground cover, such as corn or potatoes, these birds sleep under its protection. As soon as they mount to roost, nocturnal depredation commences, and for this species of plunder, the air-gun has become a favourite instrument with poachers.

Throughout the month of September, and something earlier, parties of fellows are frequently to be seen pursuing what they call *flappers*, with water-spaniels. These flappers are young wild ducks, before they are able to fly, which, when pursued in the water, continue by diving to elude their enemies for some time; but becoming so far exhausted as to be no longer able to make their way under water, they flap their wearied wings on the surface, in order to accelerate their progressive motion, and hence are, no doubt, called *flappers*. It is not legal to kill wild ducks, or what are called wild fowl, between the first of June and the first of October—perhaps this is not generally known. "If any person whatsoever shall, between June 1, and October 1, take or kill any wild duck, teal, widgeon, or any other water-fowl, and shall be convicted thereof, he shall, for every such fowl, forfeit five shillings, or be committed to the House of Correction for a period not exceeding one month, nor less than fourteen days, to be whipped and kept to hard labour."

In regard to Grouse-shooting, we refer our readers to our preceding numbers.

Towards the latter end of the month of September, a solitary woodcock will sometimes be found; though these wanderers are generally more plentiful about the middle of November than at any other period. Concerning this bird, more will be found under its picture in another column.

We never recollect a season when so few swallows were to be seen; those, however, which visited us, seemed to be affected by the intense heat that prevailed for a considerable part of the latter summer. This we noticed in the latter end of July, and particularly, in the first weeks of August, when, from ten o'clock till nearly five, not one of these birds was to be observed on the wing—they had retired, we apprehend, during that period, from the excessive warmth which prevailed.

This may be regarded as the season of preparation, as fox-hunting seldom commences till towards November. The Cheshire fox-hounds begin to hunt for the season the first Monday in November.

Coursing commences in September, but will not become general before this month. Those who are attached to this diversion, and are indifferent to the fowling-piece, will, owing to the favourable harvest weather, be enabled to enjoy their favourite amusement sooner than usual. The same remark will apply to hare-hunting.

ANGLING—This is a propitious month for bottom, or float-fishing, either in rivers, ponds, lakes or meers. The lovers of salt-water angling may now catch *whiting*, *plaice*, *crabs*, and *codlings*, with the lug or sand-worm. *Perch* will take a live bait with the greatest avidity, and it is in the month of October, indeed, that this fish—and we know of few things superior to one of two or three pounds weight—is in the highest perfection. *Carp* are also in condition, and will be on the feed early and late; this the angler should turn to instant advantage, especially as about this time they begin to retire into deep water, and grow indifferent to the baits and lures of the fishermen,

be they ever so skilful or choice. Not so with *roach* and *chub*, now also good and healthy; they will bite freely, and continue to do so till the May-flowers come again. Even *dace* are become a firm, well-flavoured, and nutritious food, and no extraordinary portion of skill will be requisite to capture them.

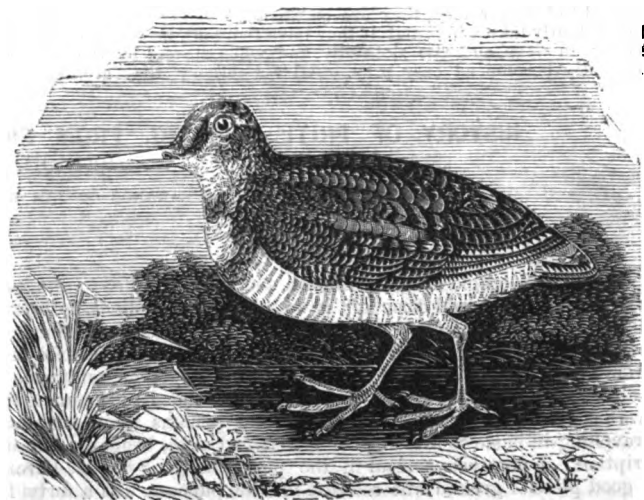
Those sedentary fishermen—children of patience, surely—who delight in trying for *barbel* in the "bosom of old Father Thames," should be on the alert, and have their punts pitched ere it be well light, and be themselves prepared, like provident adventurers, with requisite tackle and proper baits. *Gudgeons* will still follow the rake, in the Lea, Thames, and other streams which afford them haunts.

*Trout* are big bellied, and will soon cease to be fair game; the fly-fisherman may still, however, find sport in whipping, or clapping, for *grayling*, *chub*, *dace*, and *bleak*, either with a natural or artificial bait.

*Jack* and *pike* are getting strong, and show themselves by rolling about in the deeps. Some sizeable ones may be now killed. In our next we shall speak more fully on the subject of trolling.

That scarce, but truly delicious fish, the *smelt*, will eagerly take a bait. They are to be found in salt-water harbours, bays, and docks, and also in the city canal crossing the Isle of Dogs, during this and the following month. They should be angled for very early in the morning, and the fisherman should bait with the belly-part of an eel, and try in deep water, and about the heads and bows of shipping. *Flounders* and the small eel called a *grig* will take a worm-bait all day, and the larger ones, which run only from sun-set to sun-rise, called the *glut eel*, will swallow a fish-bait (minnow, &c.) very freely during the dark nights, in all rivers, pools, and ponds, in which these "snakes of the waters," as we have heard them called, are most usually found.

## BRITISH BIRDS,--NO. XV.



THE WOODCOCK.

**W** LEAK winter's harbinger the shy Woodcock here stands pictured. Although this year we have seen the usual sprinkling of paragraphs, as to the flushing of solitary specimens of this delicious bird, we doubt, except in unusually severe and early seasons its general migration to the British shores; it seems possible that the individuals met with one of the few who remain behind from various causes, and summer in the island in retired and unfrequented spots.

The woodcock seldom takes wing unless disturbed; but at the close of day, leaves its favourite haunt under thick covers in rotten ditches, woods, &c. and wanders in search of food, directed by an exquisite sense of smelling, to those places most likely to produce its natural sustenance; and by still more exquisite sense of feeling in its long bill, which it thrusts into the soft earth, not a worm can escape. The eyes of the woodcock are large, and well calculated for collecting the faint rays of light in sequestered woodlands, enabling them to avoid obstacles in their nocturnal excursions. The nerves in the bill, as in that of the duck tribe, are numerous, and highly sensible of discrimination by the touch. An erroneous idea prevails that the woodcock lives by suction.

Easterly or north-easterly winds are supposed to be most favourable to the migration of the woodcock. On their first arrival they are poor, as if wasted by want of food and a long journey; and so sluggish, that after being flushed and shot at they will drop again at the distance of a

hundred yards. Mr. White, in his History of Selborne, observes, that he is not able to determine whether this laziness be the effect of a recent fatiguing journey; but that from a variety of observations he has made, they seem singularly listless upon the approach of snowy or foul weather, which Mr. W. conceives to arise from an eagerness after food: the taste of the flesh is also different from that which it acquires by a residence in this climate. If killed just before his departure, he bleeds more freely than at the beginning of winter. The woodcock, when undisturbed, will continue for weeks together in the same cover. This bird first appears on the eastern coast of Scotland, but is seldom seen in the central parts of the kingdom until the middle of October, and forsakes us in the spring. It sometimes happens that a few woodcocks will remain in England during the summer, and breed; but this is of rare occurrence; the probability is, that they have been wounded, and therefore unequal to a flight across the trackless ocean.

In November and December, 1823, upwards of two thousand woodcocks, in their migration to this and other genial climes, were caught alive on the island of Heligoland, in the German ocean, towards which they had been driven, exhausted, by a gale of wind. A great number were sent to the continent, and sold at from sixpence to ninepence each. Several were caught alive also at Harwich.

The woodcock, though generally slow and sluggish, is, nevertheless, capable of winging its way with more than ordinary speed. In the olden time woodcock-hawking was a favourite amusement. When this diversion was followed on the coast, it was no uncommon occurrence for the woodcock to take to the sea, when the pursuer and the pursued were frequently swallowed up in the waves; or, at least, the hawk was seldom recovered.

Woodcocks have, for some centuries, been in high estimation; consequently, before the art of shooting flying had made much progress, they were sought for on the ground by the fowler; but by far the greater quantity were taken in nets and springs, both of which are still in partial use, but the former are more destructive.

#### WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

NOVEMBER, December, and January are the best months for bagging this much-coveted bird. Their food consisting of worms and small insects, which they find in swampy rills and bogs, they may be said almost to live upon suction for which their long bills are peculiarly adapted. They seldom feed in the day-time, unless the previous night has been too light to enable them to seek their food, for the conformation of the iris of the woodcock is such as to prevent him seeing so well in the light as the dark. When the moon is at the full, they are more shy and wild, because, being obliged to look for food, they are on the alert to hear the slightest noise, and instantly take wing; but if they have fed well, they become inactive, indulge in sleep, and rise slothfully, and when sprung by the dogs consequently become an easy prey. After February, they are found but

scantily, and in March make a final exit. When about to leave the country they go towards the sea-shore, and wait for favourable winds, resting in the small stunted furze with which the cliffs and hills abound; where, for a few days, the sportsman may have excellent sport. In cold, dry, windy weather, the woodcock is found in woods which have not much underwood, and very frequently under holly bushes. In frosty weather, they resort to alder covers at the foot of woods, or in dells, where there is soft and muddy ground for their boring for food; and often when they have fed well during the night, to some sunny hedge-rows, or woods, whose open spaces admit the rays of the sun; and generally fly swifter during frost than at any other time. It is said the woodcock is an easy bird to kill, from his slow flight. This may be the case on his first arrival; but after being disturbed, or shot at, his flight becomes exceedingly rapid and irregular; especially if sprung in timber wood, where he has to mount high to get above the trees. Spaniels are esteemed the best dogs for hunting the woodcock; and, taking all things into account, no other dog can be so useful to get through brakes, woods, &c.; besides, in deep covert, his quest on its springing gives you notice the game is on the wing. In marshy fells, where he is generally hunted in frosty weather, the setter is likely to give you sport, inasmuch, as seeing him draw on the bird gives ample warning; besides which, he will range more covert, and is quicker in his hunting. A marker as well as a retriever are two indispensable.

In order to mark woodcocks successfully, the nature of the country must be taken into consideration, and one or two persons should be stationed on the outside of the covert on an elevated spot; at all events one where the most extensive view can be commanded. When those who are beating the covert spring one of these birds, they should instantly proclaim, "Mark, cock!" with an intimation where, such as right, left, up, down; which expressions should be clearly explained to the markers and all in company, before commencing operations: this is necessary, because the smallness of these birds, their very quiet manner of flying, and their colour may not be sufficiently conspicuous to attract the eyes of the markers; and as soon as they have gained the height of the trees, they skim along close to the tops until they have reached the outside, when they usually descend nearly to the ground, or, if the wood be large, fall into it again at some spot to which they have previously resorted. Their usual places of resort when not in covert are ditches, hedge-rows in moist situations, often in old unfrequented lanes, and in the sides of pits or ponds; but they will sometimes, when flushed, drop in the middle of fields, especially fallows, where they will lie as closely as possible. These circumstances are worthy of attention, inasmuch as in cases when the bird cannot be exactly marked, the most likely places should be beat for the purpose of re-finding him; but when that has been done without success, other parts must be tried, for it is very unsatisfactory to go away and leave a woodcock in the open.

### HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME. PERIOD IV. 1798—1880.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF OCKLEY.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—continued.

MR. JOHN GULLY.

After considerable bustle, confusion and altercation as to the place where the fight should come off, it was judged expedient, to prevent disappointment, that the contest should be decided in Sir John Sebright's Park, Hertfordshire. Notwithstanding it was several miles from the spot first intended for the set-to, neither the multitude repaired, without murmuring, in the quickest and best manner they were able. The string of messengers, and persons upon horseback, travelling in haste to arrive at the destined spot, taggared all description. Upon their arrival in the park belonging to that Baronet, a good piece of ground was selected for the purpose, and a forty feet ring soon formed, which was well secured by pedestrians and horsemen.

The weather was unpropitious; yet although the rain had poured down in torrents, the numerous spectators placed the annoyance of a soaking completely out of the question. Every thing being ready for the contest, the combatants made their appearance in the ring, attended by a numerous assemblage of pugilistic heroes, and were greeted with reiterated plaudits from the anxious spectators.

Gregson was seconded by Harry Lee; Joe Ward acted as second to Gully, and Bill Gibbons was his bottle-holder. Captain Barclay undertook the important situation of umpire. Both the combatants fought in white breeches and silk stockings; and owing, it is said, to Gregson having spikes in his shoes, which were objected to, they contested the battle without them.

#### THE FIGHT.

1.—After the accustomed salutation, the combatants placed themselves in erect postures, and minutely observing each other's intent, continued sparring for five minutes, during which time Gully retreated round to the exact part of the ring where he first entered; the greatest anxiety now prevailed for his safety, and so alarmed were his attendants, that Bill Gibbons and Joe Ward put their hands over the stakes of the ring, apprehensive, from the strength and

weight of Gregson, that Gully might be driven upon one of them, which might have broken his ribs. Gregson having made a feint with his left hand, Gully lashed out most tremendously with his right, catching his antagonist on the left temple with such severity, that the big'un fell like an ox. [An uncommon silence prevailed throughout this round; the odds instantly rose upon Gully.]

2.—Gregson's powerful arm broke through Gully's guard; and he got in a most tremendous blow upon his breast, which sounded like a stroke upon a drum; Gully rallied, hit up at Gregson, caught him on the balance and sent him down, [A few absurd cries of "fool, fool!"]

3.—Both combatants cautious, resorted to sparring for nearly five minutes, without any blow being exchanged; at length Gregson endeavoured to put in a most tremendous smash, which Gully stopped with his left arm, and fell. [It was from this blow, it is supposed, that Gully's arm has never been well since.]

4.—A severe rally; dreadful blows given and taken; Gully in stopping, fell.

5.—In this round the combatants were miffing away against the ropes, when Gully, on going in, was knocked down neatly.

6.—Some severe blows exchanged; Gregson rushed in and caught Gully by his thighs, lifted him from the ground, threw him down, and fell upon him, nearly knocking the breath out of his body. [At the present day this would have lost the Lancashire man the battle.]

7.—Both upon their mettle, and every exertion made upon both sides for the advantage, when Gully, by several severe blows, rapidly following his man right and left, beat Gregson out of the ring, and both fell.

8.—Gully's superiority began now to appear, not only as to science, but as tending to terminate the fight; his antagonist's head displayed considerable punishment, and the round ended by Gregson being felled.

9.—Some blows were exchanged, the men closed and fell.

10.—This was a terrific round—the hits were tremendous in the extreme—Gregson's head was frightful, literally covered with blood, and his left eye nearly closed, he was quite confounded, fighting rather after the Lancashire method, without any pretensions to stopping or avoiding—and, notwithstanding Gully went down, it was evidently in his favour.

11.—Gregson rallied with determined game, but without doing much execution; he was ultimately knocked down. Gregson appeared on the decline.

12.—Gregson stood up, and put in a good blow on Gully's chest, who imme-

diately returned it by a tremendous hit that knocked him down, and planted another while he was falling—[another cry of "foul!"]

14.—Gregson nearly blind, appeared much confused, and seemed more an object of punishment, than capable either of defence or offence. Gully put in three terrible hits without a return, and Gregson as before was levelled.

15.—Gregson attempted to rally; but Gully, aware of his intention, hit up, and down went the Lancashire hero.

16.—Gregson, endeavouring to make use of what little strength remained, ran in; but it proved of no advantage to him. In closing both fell.

17.—Gregson, in this round, let his temper get the better of his judgment, and he was most terribly punished for his rashness. He ran in almost headlong upon Gully, who, cool and collected, viewing the advantage which presented itself, upper cut him, then hit him where he pleased, and stopped his opponent's blows with ease. Gregson almost insensible, from this repeated punishment, turned his back upon his adversary, and, as if panic-struck, made for the ropes. Gully following him, and changing his position caught him, fished him, till he was nearly exhausted, and then let him fall.

18.—Gully completely master of the field; Gregson groggy and punished in all directions. Ultimately Gully knocked him down.

19.—A few blows were exchanged, when Gully fell.

20 to 22.—It was all up with Gregson—Gully was every thing in all these rounds, and beat his opponent terribly; still Gregson closed and hugged him *a-la-brain*, in all of them, and they both fell. [Twenty to one against Gregson.]

23 and 24.—Gregson's game would not suffer him to say No; he stood up uselessly, as his incapability was manifest to all the spectators.—Gully put in a tremendous hit under his opponent's ear, which put an end to the contest. Gregson being so completely finished, as to be deaf to time.

The superiority of Gully in this battle was evident, and, throughout the fight, which lasted for fifty-eight minutes, there was no comparison between the quickness, hitting, and confidence, of the combatants. Several of the fighting men, and many good judges of pugilism, had great doubts as to the event of the battle, from the determined manner in which the former battle had been contested, and several entertained a strong opinion that Gregson, by being able to add science to his great strength, from the improvement he had evinced in sparring, had much increased in his favour. Gully possessed so much confidence in his own abilities, that, a few minutes before he entered the ring, he offered to back himself for fifty pounds (in addition to what he had already betted) that he was the winner.

Gully had signified his intention of quitting the profession of the pugilistic art, some time previous to his last contest with Gregson, but conceiving himself bound in honour to accept the challenge of the latter, he had now given him the opportunity of a second trial, he therefore informed the sporting world it was his decided intention never to fight any more; and that, in the above battle, he had fought under considerable disadvantages, owing to his left arm having been previously injured. He now took his leave of them, to follow his profession as an innkeeper, at the sign of the Plough, in Carey-street, Lincoln's-in-Fields; to which place he was conveyed, with all the honours accompanying victory, in the barouche of a nobleman of sporting celebrity.

Mr. Gully, as a pugilistic, has well earned a niche in the temple of pantheistic fame; and if his battles were not so numerous as many other professors have been, they were contested with a decision of science and game, rarely equalled, perhaps never excelled, and justly entitle him to honourable mention in the records of boxing. His practice, it was well known, had been very confined, and his theoretical knowledge of the science could not have been very extensive, yet his natural courage and quickness surmounted these difficulties, and, with a fortitude equal to any man, he entered the ring a most consummate pugilist. Though his frame was never a model of symmetry, he had many points of the athletic build. His height is about six feet.

In consequence of Mr. Gully declining to hold the championship, it descended with all the honours, to the trusty keeping of honest Tom Cane.

We cannot conclude this sketch of Mr. Gully without remarking that, with the knowledge of the world, he unites the manners of a well-bred man; intelligent and quick of observation, he united with those qualifications, when moving in a less elevated sphere, that proper sense of his own capabilities, which generally attends intelligence and merit. After a few years passed in the occupation of a tavern-keeper, in which he earned general respect, he was so fortunate in turf speculations, and so well served by a sound judgment in racing matters, that he retired and became the purchaser of Ware Park, Hertfordshire. Here he associated with the first circles of the county; fortune still smiling on him, he became a spirited breeder and race-horse proprietor, an owner of collieries, and lastly, in 1832, attained the proud position of one of England's senators; being returned to parliament as representative for Pontefract, in the first reformed parliament. We recently heard a

blockhead object that Mr. Gully was originally a butcher, (true he was a master butcher of respectability,) so was the father of Cardinal Wolsey. Mr. Gully adds another proof to the fact, that all pugilists are not unfit members for polished society, and that

Honour and worth from no condition rise,  
Act well your part—there all the honour lies.

(To be continued in our next.)

## LONDON INTERVIEW.

(For the Sportsman's Magazine.)

### THE CASTLE TAVERN, FOLBORN.

Breathes there a cove with soul so dead,  
Vot never to himself hath said  
"I'll go this night to Spring's?"  
If such there breathe go mark him well,  
No British sports his beam swell—  
A dung-hill without wings.

(GHOST OF OLD JACK.)

JACK SCROGGINS! Alas, poor Jack! thy spirit still lingers. What visions of wittels rises in the mind's eye, in retrospectively glancing at the everlasting cravings of thy once voracious wittals, when as a "retainer at the old Castle," thou didst flourish in years gone by.

Yet kindly we'll think of the spirit that's gone,  
Now of grubb or of bubb, we'll upbraid him;

But little he'll reck if you let him sleep on,  
'Neath the turf where his brother pugs laid him.

But we must "hack back," and bring ourselves to anchor in the long hall of this stronghold of Pugilism. But the past will dance Jim Crow with our brains, recalling the days when Gregson was the bold and bardie chieftain of these antique halls, wherein his muse has oft tuned his "merry minstrel lay," charming his brother knights of the knuckle to the courageous tourney. And where is Beleher? Another chieftain whose word was law in this stronghold, echo answers. (An Irish echo). "A stout old man, a living at Finchley," and same answers everywhere in the pages of the Sportsman's Magazine. Next comes the present chivalric baron of this feudal pile, the ex-champion of England. Thomas Winter Spring, in worth a man, aye, and an "Englishman," sirs, from top to toe, my lords, from head to foot. Only on that score do not make any mistake about his height; inasmuch as he has a telescopic throttle, wherewith he can give and take two or three inches. This respected prop of the P. R., is invariably surrounded by some of the right sort of regulars. Venerables with barnacles on nose, and corporations with good escon lined, full of wise saws and ancient milling: they are great in connecting bets, suppers, and racing lotteries. Their gastronomical nous is faultless, and most of them members of a nose club of that ilk, held in the Banquet-hall, where their rosy mugs are made if possible mellowed. Several of these veterans were members of the celebrated "Daffy Club," whose orgies once made the Castle ring again.

The remarkable who honour the Castle with an occasional stay, are Legion: not a night passes but some one eminent in his line comes the amiable, and floors the toga of his greatness. The veritable Vincent, as Sir Morgan O'Dogherty terms the worthy Editor of "Bell's Life," is a frequent guest; and when his humour is pricked, sets the jaws of his hearers going faster than any atmospheric engine on record. His cotemporary of the "Era," although slower with his wit, lays down the law here with marvellous acuteness on sporting matters. The Bishop of Bond-street is a trump-card at the Castle, his patriotic perseverance in demolishing the pedestrian dog stealers, bangs Hampden's demolition of the haughty cavaliers all to fits; the deserves the unqualified admiration of every sportsman. He can afford to laugh to scorn the sneers of the cat-loving quaker Bright. The revered Bishop was 700l. out of pocket ere his pet bill was consummated by our sovereign lady: does that not deserve a testimonial. By the way, our noble hosts testimonial goes but slowly on—the railway mania is sapping all the finer feelings of our nature. Burke of trotting notoriety, frequently whines out some deed of glory past; the amateur mill between this gallant gent. and Mr. R. Chilcott would shame our present dubious champions, if they have any shame in their corporalities. There is not a hostel in Jem Grant's own Great Metropolis, that has such a stream of strangers visit it as the Castle. It is not very long odds but, go what night you will, there is present a native from every county in England, aye, and from the sister kingdoms, and America, and the colonies to boot: therefore it needs no recommendation to those who admire Pope's axiom:—



The proper study of mankind is man.

To give one of the best of Britain's champions a call.

Independently however of the human animal, there are others that will well repay the Connoisseur for a peep; I refer to a matchless collection of stuffed birds and sporting animals of all kinds, that garnish the walls. No wonder Jack Scroggins had a perpetual appetite, if we fancy his hungry eye surveying the tantalizing fat un's; how nicely that hare would jug; how richly those plump rabbits would go down with "injon sarce!" and those dainty tit-bits beneath that beautiful plumage, what a dish for poor Jack's imagination! Then the assortment of sporting prints is first rate; including that now rare chief-d'œuvre of Cruickshanks. A Panoramic View of a Fight from the tops for choice at this same Castle, to the 24 foot roped arena on the green sward of Moulsey. Among other curiosities are two capital paintings of our host; the card of admission, &c., of the Pugilists, at George IV. Coronation; and a Poker, a cross between a gas-man's and a cook's, just such an one as a frantic repaler would like to make a saxon "listen to rayson with." There is another curiosity—and that's the waiter; he is a *real one*, and that's a devilish difficult animal to find now-a-days his sub. By the time this is in print he will have fought Burmash, and perhaps in this same number Mr. Editor, will appear *your* report of the mill. He is own brother to the late Brighton Bill, for whose sake I wish he may win. And now courteous Lector, I will take the liberty of pulling up, with the observation, that if you have not yet visited the Castle, you have left "a scene of life" unvisited, which is an oversight you cannot too soon repair.

SNOB.

#### A SPORTING ANECDOTE OF WOLF HUNTING.

[THE following hasty anecdote is from a translation of a French work, called *Le Chasseur au Chien d'arrêt*, now appearing in portions in the pages of the "Sporting Magazine," it is a delightful and instructive work, and appears spiritedly and admirably translated.—ED. SP. MAG.]

When shooting one day near Chenévères-sur-Marne, I killed four red-legged partridges, which I presented to Madame P. at Nogent. Some days after, many jokes were passed on the subject, pretending I had purchased them in the market. These conjectures were grounded on the fact that they had all a green ribbon on the right leg, an ornament which partridges are not in the habit of attaching to the legs of their young. I know not what to answer, as I had not seen the ribbons in question. The following day I returned to the wood; a red-legged partridge got up, and was killed. I examined it, and I found a green ribbon. I followed my sport: a double shot; a brace killed; two green ribbons. I soon ascertained that the daughter of an illustrious Field Marshal had nursed these interesting birds, and that she had thus marked them with the hope of finding them again; nevertheless we ate them: *sic vos non vobis*.

This recalls to my memory another anecdote: We were in Poland, encamped near the little town Sochacew, about sixteen leagues from Varsovie. We were told that in a neighbouring forest there was an abundance of wolves, and all the Sportsmen of the regiment started one fine morning for a wolf-chase. The dogs were thrown in: I placed myself; a wolf appeared within twenty paces; I killed her. Helas! all the Sportsmen ran to see: the wolf was a superb one, but she had only three paws; one of her front ones was wanting.—"She lost the other at the battle of Eylau," said an old trooper. Another wolf was killed; we looked; she was similar to the first: her leg was cut off; the skin had grown over the wound; one might have believed her to have been so born. A third, a fourth fell to our shots, and our astonishment doubled on each occasion; they had only three legs, and that wanting was invariably a fore leg. A wit of the regiment desired to prove to us that in Poland wolves were so born. Some began to wonder and believe, inasmuch as they could scarcely credit that four wolves should be all wounded in exactly the same manner. I wished to have my heart at ease on this point, and also to know the reason of so curious a fact. I therefore directed my steps towards the habitation of the Forester, about two leagues from the place where we were shooting, and this was his answer: "The skin of our wolves are very valuable as a merehandise. In the spring we endeavour to discover the place where the female has deposited her whelps, and we cut off the fore-leg of all the young females: the mother licks the wound, which soon heals; when the time of rutting commences, they draw from the neighbouring forests all the male wolves, as with three legs they wander less and remain at home, and thus we are plentifully supplied." This explanation appeared to me to be very satisfactory, and I astonished our naturalist when I proved to him that in Poland wolves, wishing to remain in the class of quadruped, had the excellent habit of being born with four legs as elsewhere.

A CON.—Why are ladies' dresses about the waist like a general meeting? Because there is a great gathering there, and oft, a great bustle too. H

#### A DAINTY DISH TO SET BEFORE A QUEEN.

Sing a song of Gotha—a pocket full of rye,  
Eight-and-forty timid deer driven in to die;  
When the sport was open'd, all bleeding they were seen—  
Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before a Queen?

RABBITS.—When I lived at Seaton Sluice, my companions and I used to go at nights with a dark lantern on Harty Links, and catch rabbits with sea ferrets, as we called them. We got large crabs (commonly called dog crabs) from off the rocks; we stuck a lighted candle about one inch long on the crab's back, and sent them into the holes, before which we placed a net. Before the crab got far into the hole, the rabbits came tappy lappy into the nets. In this way we caught numbers of them in a short time.—J. P., in *Gardeners' Chronicle*.

DEATH FROM GLANDERS.—This frightful disease, which continues to baffle human skill, and the healing art, lately attacked a fine young man, aged 20, residing at Rathferland, Newry. The deceased, who was a servant, caught the disease from a distempered horse. He was some time ill before he sought medical advice. When the physician saw him, his chest was oppressed nearly to suffocation. He had great pains in his head, back, left shoulder, and arm, with stiffness and pains in all his joints. His left knee was swollen and tense. His skin was hot, and the pulse was 118. Thirst and loss of appetite ensued. In two days after the physician saw him, his body was thickly studded over with tumours, and his face and eyelids were seized with ædematous. The skin continued hot, and the pulse was 110. His urine was the colour of double X porter. The day preceding his death, the symptoms rapidly increased; the nose, eyes, and tumours, discharged foetid matter, his breathing became low and hurried. His pulse was 80, and he died in dreadful agony at midnight. The physician who attended him, said that he prescribed medical treatment with no hopes of recovery, but merely to lessen, if possible deceased's sufferings.

SHOWER OF SNAILS.—During the storm which passed over Cheltenham on Sunday afternoon, a large quantity of snails fell on the grounds of Captain St. Clair, at Staverton. The gallant captain has kindly furnished us with a number of the insects, which may be seen at our office. He states that some of his grounds were literally covered with these curious visitors from the upper regions.—*Cheltenham Chronicle*.

HOW TO PREDICT THE WEATHER.—Many rules for predicting the characteristics of forthcoming seasons have from time to time been put forth. The following we have from an intelligent farmer, who has made the weather his study for twenty years past:—"Observe the wind," says he, "when the sun crosses the equinoctial line, about the 30th of March and the 12th of September. If the prevailing wind be in an easterly direction, a dry season will follow; if in the west or south-west, the succeeding season will be distinguished by rain. I have remarked this for years, and by noting it have been enabled to predict the weather with an accuracy that has surprised many."—*Brighton Herald*.

SIGNS OF WINTER.—A woodcock, in most excellent condition, weighing twelve ounces and a half, was shot in the neighbourhood of Tiverton last week. This is an unusual occurrence at this season of the year; and, if the predictions of the knowing countrymen be verified, an unusually severe winter will follow.

THE ASS.—We all talk of the ass as the stupidest of the browsers of the field; yet if any one shuts up a donkey in the same inclosure with half a dozen horses of the finest blood, and the party escapes, it is infallibly the poor donkey that has led the way. It is he alone that penetrates the secret for the bolt and latch. Often have we stood at the other side of a hedge, contemplating a whole troop of blood mares and their offspring, patiently waiting while the donkey was snuffing over a piece of work, to do which all but he felt themselves incompetent.—*Quarterly Review*.

THE FISHERIES.—The fence time in the Severn, during which it will be unlawful to fish there, commences on the 14th instant. The fence months for the Wye, in the counties of Radnor, Brecon, and Hereford, commence on the 15th of September, and end on the 11th of February, both days inclusive; and for the Wye, in the counties of Gloucester and Monmouth, they commence on the 16th of September, and end on the 10th of February, both days inclusive; and we are glad to hear that the associations are determined to enforce a rigid observance of the law in this respect.

SALMON FISHING.—Angling was first-rate in the Ness the last fortnight. On the 26th ult., Alistair Fraser, son of Affleck Fraser, Esq., and another young man, landed no less than ten salmon and grises, weighing from seven to eleven pounds each; and on Monday, Capt. Cator took nine very fine fish. Some days ago, there was caught in the Spey, near Orton, a salmon, which weighed upwards of forty pounds.—*Inverness Courier*.

TRUE GREATNESS.—Near to this (Salisbury) is some of the property of the Fox family, now Lady Holland's. An old man told me that his father had been huntsman to Lord Holland. I asked him if he remembered Charles James Fox. He thought he had heard of him. But the great man of the family was Henry Fox; he was the one to go in at the hounds!

HOW TO GET A TIGHT RING OFF A FINGER.—Thread a needle flat in the eye with a strong thread; pass the end of the needle with care under the ring, and pull through a few inches towards the hand; wrap the long end of the thread tightly round the finger, regularly, all down to the nail, to reduce its size. Then lay hold of the short end of the thread and unwind it. The thread pressing against the ring will gradually remove it from the finger. This never-failing method will remove the tightest ring without difficulty, however much swollen the finger may be.

One day, at dinner, Curran said to Father O'Leary, "Reverend father, I wish you were St. Peter." "And why, counsellor, would you wish that I were St. Peter?" asked O'Leary. "Because, reverend father, in that case (replied Curran) you would have the keys of heaven, and you would let me in." "By my honour and conscience (replied the divine) it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

\* **ELASTIC WOOD.**—Fishing-rods, unless made of bamboo, have generally ash for the lower joint, hickory for the two middle pieces, and a strip cut of a bamboo of three or four inches diameter at the top joint. Archery bows are another example of elastic woods; the "single-piece bow" is made of one rod of hickory, lancewood, or yew-tree, which last, if perfectly free from knots, is considered the most suitable wood; the "back or union bow" is made of two or sometimes three pieces glued together. The back piece, or that farthest from the string, is of rectangular section, and always of lancewood or hickory; the belly, which is nearly of semicircular section, is made of any hard wood that can be obtained straight and clean, as ruby-wood, rose-wood, green heart, kingwood, snakewood, and several others; it is in a great measure a matter of taste, as the electriciv is principally due to the back piece; palmyra is also used for bows.—*Holtzapfel*.

**THE SILKWORM.**—The eggs of the silkworm should be kept during winter and spring in a dry place, but not warm, or they may possibly be hatched too soon. When hatched, the young worms must be fed at first upon young lettuce leaves, and lifted on them one at a time with a pin. Lettuce leaves are the best substitute for those of the mulberry; but the latter should soon be given to them, for if they are kept wholly on lettuce leaves they will never produce much or good silk. They should have fresh leaves three or four times every day; the leaves of the mulberry may be kept fresh by being laid flat in an earthen jar, and pressed down by some weight; the jar should be kept in a cool cellar or buried in the ground. When silkworms begin to put forth threads of silk from their mouths, put them in a paper cone, about the size of a wine glass, and pin this up to the wall or wainscot, or to a line. About eight days after the worm has spun its ball of silk, when you can hear the chrysalis rattle in the inside by shaking the cone, begin to wind off the silk on a reel having four or more rollers or spokes, and made to turn with a handle. It takes about ten cocoons to make a thread sufficiently thick for winding; put these all into warm water, ten at a time, and stir them about until you get hold of an end from each, and so wind the thread from all together, keeping up the same number, ten, always. When you come to the chrysalis, take it out and lay it on paper to dry. In about a month it will transform itself into a moth, lay eggs, and die. It takes 2,800 worms to produce a pound of silk.

Mathews, the clown, declines ascending again with Green, the aeronaut—he says, though G. and he are both good-tempered men, the balloon no sooner rises than they have *Aïa* words.

An old Irish earl, who in the disturbed times burnt down the magnificent cathedral of Kildare, being some years afterwards rated for the act, excused himself by saying, "I would never have done it, but that I thought the archbishop was inside!"

**COURTESY BY STEAM.**—Passengers who neglect to pay their passage on board the steamer Vermilion, on Lake Erie, are genteelly flogged by the officer of the said boat.—*New York Herald*.

**TWO MORE OF 'EM.**—Why is a woman who sells curds and whey the most independent person in the world? Because she never gives way (whey) to any one.

Why were the days of Queen Elizabeth like the present? Because *long trains* were in vogue.

**THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SPELLING-BOOK.**—We understand that a Spelling-Book is in preparation for the use of the heir to the throne, in which the examples of his Parents will be put forth in a Series of Easy Lessons, in one Syllable. We have been favoured with a sight of a specimen, which proves how the tastes and habits of papa and mama may be pleasantly put forward for the imitation and admiration of the infant.

#### LESSON I.

The Deer is a poor weak Brute, which it is good to Kill. It was once the Plan to Hunt the Deer; but it Runs so fast, that it puts one quite in a Heat to try to Catch it. A PRINCE should not get Hot, or be at much pains to Hunt the Deer, but should have the Deer all Caught, and put in a small Space, which they can in no way get Out of. Then the PRINCE should come with his Gun, and Shoot at the Deer, when he must Kill some. It is fine Sport to see the Deer fall Dead in the Place, where they are all put so Close that a PRINCE, Shoot how he will, must Hit some of them. If you are a good Boy, you shall have a Gun, and some Deer to Shoot at with the Gun; and then they shall be all put Dead in a Row, for you to look at them. Oh! what nice Sport for a PRINCE of the Blood! —*Punch*.

**PROLIFIC WHEAT.**—In the harvest of 1840, Mr. C. Spring, of Soham, Cambridgeshire, gathered from one of his fields 18 very fine ears of wheat (which were five, six, and seven set,) the proceeds of which filled a common wine glass. The above was planted the following autumn, and produced one peck, which was again planted, November 3, 1841, and produced seven bushels and one peck; planted the same, November 2, 1842, the produce, 106 bushels and two pecks; which was again planted in the autumn of 1843, and produced 1,868 bushels. Thus the increase from the 18 ears, in the short space of four years, was the enormous quantity of 467 combs.

**CAUTION TO SPORTSMEN.**—As the shooting season has commenced, it may not be amiss to mention, by way of caution against accidents, that "any person shooting with a gun or pistol, within 50 feet of the centre of a carriage way," is liable to a penalty not exceeding 40s., and costs of proceedings, over and above any damage which may be done. Any person may prefer information, and produce a witness who saw the gun or pistol fired off.

**CHANGES IN THE ANIMAL SYSTEM.**—The bodies of animals are continually undergoing a series of insensible changes of substance, of which they are entirely unconscious. We look at our hand to-day as we write, and we fancy it is the same in substance as it was yesterday, or last year—as it was ten years ago. The form of each finger, of each nail, is the same. Scars made in our infancy are still there. Nothing is altered or obliterated; and yet it is not the same hand. It has been renewed over and over again since the days of our youth. The skin, the flesh, and bone, have been frequently removed and replaced. And so it is more or less, with our whole body. The arms and limbs that sustained us in our schoolboy struggles, and are long since consigned to the dust, have, perhaps, lived over again more than once in plant, or flower, or animal. In from three to five years, the entire body is taken out and built in again with new materials. A continual activity prevails among the living agencies to which this hidden work is committed. Every day a small part is carried away, just as if a single brick were every day taken out of an old wall, or a single wheel out of a watch, and its place supplied by another.

**PATRIDGE SHOOTING.**—Colonel Hawker observes, "Most young sportsmen, and many old ones, fancy that nothing great can be done on the first day, without they go out as soon as they can see to distinguish a bird from a dog." This, for several reasons, the Colonel considers to be the very worst method that can be adopted; and much game as the Colonel has seen killed in a September day, he does not recollect one solitary instance of anything extraordinary being done very early in the morning, though many persons may talk of killing ten and even twenty brace before breakfast. Colonel Hawker briefly states the great object in partridge shooting is, first to have markers judiciously placed, and then to disperse the birds; the best way to do which, is to head your dogs, by taking an extensive circle. The second is, to make no more noise than what cannot absolutely be avoided, by doing as much by signal and whistling, and as little by hallooing, as possible. Thirdly, go first on hills to find, and drive down from them the birds, and then in vales to kill them. Fourthly, when distressed for partridges in a scarce country; at the end of the season, take a horse, and gallop from one turnip-field to another, instead of regularly slaving after inaccessible coverts. After a storm, as soon as the ground is dry, or the next day, birds will lie in a calm; and, after a calm, they will lie in windy weather. Birds are frequently as much on the listen as on the watch; and this is why, towards the end of the season, we sometimes do best in boisterous weather.—*Instructions to Young Sportsmen, 9th Edit. 1844*.

#### READINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

The Stag is a railway ruminant, and belongs to a common herd that may be seen loitering about the neighbourhood of the Stock Exchange. The Railway Stag has his head full of branches, but he sheds a new branch directly there is any premium. He is exceedingly fleet of foot, and when he is once off there is no catching him. Some Railway Stags are, however, distinguished by a sort of waddle, like that of a lame duck of the Stock Exchange. There are strange stories told of the various forms assumed by the Railway Stag; for the animal is exceedingly cunning, and will resort to any artifice to keep out of danger. The Railway Stag often causes great annoyance to the bulls and bears in the neighbourhood of the Stock.—*Punch*.

"No noise is good news," as the culprit said to the hangman.  
"I'm a victim to an artificial state of society," as the monkey said when they put trowers on him.

What is a *Green Grocer*? One who gives good weight, and doesn't fee great people's servants.

#### DR. WATTS MODERNIZED.

Had I the strength this world to crash;

Or eyes the universe to scan;

I would be measured by my cash—

The *TIN*'s the standard of the man!

#### A GRAVE QUESTION LIGHTLY ANSWERED.

"Old man, old man, why digg'st thou that grave?"

I ask'd as I pass'd along;

For in the midst of London streets, I met

A dense and a dingy throng.

'Twas a strange wild deed, and a stranger wish,

That his body thus should lie,

'Midst the troubled mass of busy men,

All passing him idly by!

So I said, "Old man, why digg'st thou that grave,

In the heart of London Town?"

And the deep-toned voice of the digger replied,

"We're layin' a gas-pipe down!"

**THEY'RE GETTING HONEST.**—During the past six months no less than one hundred coats and two hundred umbrellas and parasols have been left in the different carriages and cabs, and have been forwarded to the Hackney carriage office, in accordance with the above act.

**A PARTIAL REPEAL.**—Sir Hugh Munro has given liberty to his tenantry to shoot all kinds of game, upon condition that they guard his estate against poachers.

A countryman, being a witness in a court of justice, was asked by the counsel if he was born in wedlock. "No, sir, (answered the man,) I was born in Devonshire."

**NO DANGER YET.**—We are told that the Governor of the island of Tobago is "dying by inches." The patient, however, is safe as long as death does not reach the feet. We know many people in the silk trade who have been *dyeing by yards* many years, but who are still in the land of the living.

# ADVERTISEMENTS.

## DONCASTER ST. LEGER.—PAUL ASHLEY'S DONCASTER ST. LEGER SWEEPS, for 1845, are Gone to the following TOWNS and PLACES, viz:—

First 25 Swp.	1st prize, to Hoyland	£350 0 0
	2nd do., with interest, to Sheffield	41 15 0
	3rd do., to Leicester	20 0 0
Second 25 Swp.	1st do., to Barnsley	350 0 0
	2nd do., to Abbot Repton	40 0 0
	3rd do., to Sheffield	30 0 0
First 25 Favr.	1st do., to Rainhill	70 0 0
	2nd do., to Chertsey	30 0 0
	3rd do., to Littlemore	10 0 0
Second 25 Fav.	1st do., to London	70 0 0
	2nd do., to London	20 0 0
	3rd do., to Chichester	10 0 0
Third 25 Fav.	1st do., to London	70 0 0
	2nd do., to Hull	20 0 0
	3rd do., to London	10 0 0
First 21 Sweep	1st do., to Leeds	60 0 0
	2nd do., to Doncaster	10 0 0
	3rd do., to Sheffield	5 0 0
Second 21 Swp.	1st do., to Manchester	60 0 0
	2nd do., to Sheffield	10 0 0
	3rd do., to Sheffield	5 0 0
Third 21 Swp.	1st do., to Rugby	60 0 0
	2nd do., to Sheffield	10 0 0
	3rd do., to London	5 0 0
Fourth 21 Swp.	1st do., to Sheffield	60 0 0
	2nd do., to Chertsey	10 0 0
	3rd do., to Sheffield	5 0 0
Fifth 21 Swp.	1st do., to Sheffield	60 0 0
	2nd do., to Sheffield	10 0 0
	3rd do., to Leeds	5 0 0
Sixth 21 Swp.	1st do., to Leeds	60 0 0
	2nd do., to Brentwood	10 0 0
	3rd do., to Sheffield	5 0 0
Servant 21 Swp.	1st do., to Hathersage	60 0 0
	2nd do., to Burton-on-Trent	10 0 0
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	2nd do., to London	10 0 0
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Eleventh 21 Swp.	1st do., to London	60 0 0
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# THE Sportsman's Magazine

LIFE IN LONDON

No. 23. FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCT. 25, 1845. THREE HALF-PENCE

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## A GERMAN DEER.

FROM A PICTURE BY REISENGER.

**T**HERE the reader has a German deer from a picture by a German artist, and we do not know that we have ever seen the "buck-leap" better delineated. This animal has of late, from certain royal exploits, become so celebrated that we are happy in giving the readers of the *SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE* a picture of one of these "locomotive venisons" in his leathern "habit as he lived," for, perchance, the original fell at that *fusillade* at Gotha, where the eminent eminent, Serene, unsportsmanlike Gotha, did, do to death, some two-score of these vigorous antler-bearing victims. But enough of this subject, for truly the subject of our picture has a haunch that might make even an alderman long, if not for a "long shot," for "close quarters" with that same, armed with knife and fork, and charged with currant jelly. As, however, it is our intention to give the reader a lengthy say, when we come to picture our British red deer, we will here dismiss its German cousin by observing, that in his land no "hark forward, hark forward, tantivy" makes echo merry as though she dallied with the huntsman's voice, yet, as in other quarters nearer home, the spirit of ancient days is cherished, and the game will soon be a-foot, we will turn back to some venerable authorities and cull a profitable lesson or two from "ane" compendious and useful

tome on the art of venerie," wherein is promised "full instructions for all manner of hunting," &c. &c., so that we may say, with another piece of antiquity,

"A sportsman's skill whoever means to claim,  
Must read our book, and then he'll know his game."

The old harts are known by their slot, and an experienced huntsman, by the treading of the animal's foot, will trace him to his haunts. "If you find," says an experienced authority, "the treading of two deer, the one *long* and the other *round*, yet both of one bigness, yet the *long slot* will indicate the *hart* to be much larger than the *round*: and besides, the old hart's hind foot doth never over-reach the fore-foot, that of the young ones do."

"A chief huntsman to Lewis the Twelfth of France affirms, that on a time, they having a hart in chase, on a sudden the hounds were at fault, so as the game was out of sight, and every dog at fault, and every hunter amazed,—at last the fraud of the crafty beast became discoverable. There was a great white thorn, which grew in a shadowy place, as high as a moderate tree, which was encompassed about with other smaller shrubs; into this the hart having leaped, stood there aloft, the boughs spreading from one to another, and there re-

mained till he was thrust through by the huntsman, rather than yield himself up a prey to the hounds.

"In seeking of deer in high woods," saith my authority, "you must have regard to two things; that is, the thickets of the forest, and the season. If it be in very hot weather, grates, horse-flies, and the like, drive the deer out of the high woods, and they disperse themselves into small groves and thickets, near places of good feeding. According to the coverts which are in the forest, so must the huntsman make his enquiry: for sometimes the *hart* lies in tufts of white-thorn, sometimes under little trees, other whiles under great trees in the high woods, and sometimes in the skirts of the forest, under the shelter of little groves and coppices. And, therefore, the huntsman must make his ring-walk large or small, according to the largeness of those coverts."

Modern field sports, although the game that conduces to them are for the most part of the same kinds and quality, leaving out of the question those that may be considered ferocious, differ materially in their management, it may be, from those which exercised the skill and perseverance of our fathers' fathers; yet as I shall, at a more apt and convenient season, have opportunities to illustrate the things that be, let us steal another hint or two from the book-legacies which those who sleep soundly after "life's fitful fever" in their sod-covered graves, or prouder mausoleums, have bequeathed to us.

It will be noticed that mention is made of blood-hounds as chief assistants in the ancient chase; but I should suppose that these terrific, but staunch, animals were but sparingly drafted into the pack, and used, as coursers use a spaniel, to stick to the prey after the *gazehounds* have lost a view.

The directions to unharbour a hart and cast off the hounds are these:—"When the relays are well set and placed, let the huntsman with his pole walk before the kennel of hounds; and being come to the blemishes, let him take notice of the slot, and such other marks as may be observed from the view of the deer, in order that he may know whether the hounds run riot or not.

"Then the huntsman must cast abroad about the cover, to discover the *hart* when he is unharboured, the better to distinguish him by his head or otherwise.

"If the blood-hound, in drawing, chance to overshoot, and draw wrong or counter, then the huntsman must draw him back, saying, *back, back, soft, soft*, until he hath set him right again; and if he perceive that the hound hath mended his fault, by his kneeling down and observing the slot or ports, he must then cherish him by clapping him on the back, and giving him encouraging words; thus must he draw on with his hounds till he descries the deer.

"If the huntsman have the *hart* in view, he ought still to draw upon the slot, blowing and hallooing till the hounds are come in. When he finds they are in full cry, and take it right, he then may mount, keeping under the wind and coast, to cross the hounds that are in chase to help them at default, if need require."

A deer, when hard pressed, will frequently and eagerly take to water, and so cover himself under it, which is called taking soil, that his nose and forehead, &c. will be the only parts perceptible; in such cases the old hounds should be especially attended to, for they will hunt more leisurely and steadfastly than the young ones, which will often overshoot the game.

When the prey is nearly spent, he will run stiff, high, and faulteringly; his mouth will become black and dry, and the foam will have left it, and the tongue will hang out from between the teeth, and you may also mark his sinking by his slot; for he will compress his claws together, and presently again open them wide, making considerable glidings, and striking his dew-claws upon the ground, following the beaten tracks without doublings, and sometimes going along a ditch or hedge side, seeking a gap, not having strength to leap it, and yet sometimes a dead-run deer will take, and succeed in making very extraordinary and almost incredible leaps.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### HYPHROPHOBIA—RABID BITE.

Sir,—Perceiving in last Sunday's paper two deaths, one of a youth, the other of a valuable animal, from this dreadful disorder, I trust the following remarks will not be thought out of place.

When a dog, or any other animal, has been attacked by one that is rabid, it is evident that a difficulty presents itself which does not exist in the human subject. The incapability of pointing out the wounds that may have been

received, and which the hair may prevent from being observed, renders it necessary that a very minute examination of the body should take place; by turning the hair deliberately back, after which, to remove any rabid saliva that may adhere to the coat, the animal should be washed, first, perhaps, with warm water, in which arsenic has been dissolved in the proportion of one dram to every quart of water. This washing is very necessary, as it is almost impossible to detect the minute bites a dog may have received. I have heard of potash, or soda, being dissolved and used when a moderate ley. During this washing, the eyes should be carefully guarded, and the wounds should be pressed to excite a fresh flow of blood. This operation is purposed to secure the animal from any accidental virus, which may yet be hanging about. After these precautions we proceed to the actual removal of the bitten part or parts.

The use of caustics has been objected to, as not carrying the destruction of the lacerated parts far enough, the formation of the eschar preventing the further progress of the caustic; but this I feel assured is not a powerful objection. If the nitrate of silver be formed into a point, and a moderate friction be kept up by it over the eschar, the decomposed portions are removed by rubbing, and the canterization goes on to any depth required. In penetrating wounds made by the teeth, the probe having detected the course of the wound, the knife may be employed to dilate, and render it accessible to the approach of the caustic; in which case equal certainty is gained by one as by the other, with less loss of substance. It has been said that caustics cannot be conveniently applied to the bottom of a deep wound, in which case the knife may, perhaps, be best employed in dissecting out the whole cavity with all its surrounding parts. Towards animals, particularly of the larger kinds, where despatch is necessary, and where deformity and a destruction of parts are not of so much consequence, such an excision may be considered preferable.

Excision of the affected part is practised by most in preference to canterization, but as each mode of operating contains its peculiar advantages in peculiar cases, a skilful practitioner will confine himself to neither, but will use the one or the other as occasion suits, or will often unite them in the same operation.

The excision of parts where much is to be done is certainly quickly performed, yet in the operation it is prudent, though not necessary, to wipe the blade carefully and frequently, lest every fresh stroke of the knife make a new morbid inoculation, and the means we use to preserve life be ultimately the cause of death.

I have thus concluded the remarks on hydrophobia, which I have been induced to offer to your notice; should they prove of the slightest use to the public, the warm interest which I have taken on this subject will be amply rewarded.

Yours, &c. H. C.

## MOOSE-HUNTING IN NOVA-SCOTIA, WITH SOME NOTES ON THE NATIVES.

(FROM A SUBALTERN'S JOURNAL.)

[The following admirable sketch, in its hardihood, its endurance of privation, its love of sport, and lastly, its humanity, shews the instinctive spirit of the English Sportsman. It should be read, and re-read by the admirers of the "German Woodcraft," and farm yard battues.—ED. SPORTSMAN'S MAG.]



THE time of year chosen for our expedition to hunt the moose-deer in his native woods, was the bleak month of February. Winter had set in with more than usual rigour of a Nova Scotian climate: there were yet no indications of returning spring to cheer the heart and gladden the eye; snow reigned despotically, and nature tenaciously adhered to her bridal garb of spotless white. The tops of gigantic forest-trees—primeval with the world's creation—wore her livery, and towered aloft in their hoary caps; whilst pathless snow-wastes exhibited to view the tiny track of the field-mouse, or displayed on its otherwise untrodden surface the fairy-foot of the squirrel.

On the morning of the 16th of February, Captains M. and L., Mr. F. and myself, commenced our expedition. We quitted Halifax when all its gay folks were asleep, (and dreaming, perchance, of many a fair face of the night before,) seated ourselves in a sleigh tandem—not omitting, however, to take with us a due quantity of mutton-hams, rounds of beef, salt pork, biscuits, tea and sugar, and a fitting proportion of the spiritual: of all which each person carried his own share for the journey. We proceeded in our tandem a distance of twenty-three miles, to the place of abode of Mr. Joe Frizzle\*, whom, with another man, we had engaged to

\* Not a fictitious name.

accompany us as our guide, as well also as to help to carry a portion of provisions.

In height, Joe Frizzle was about four feet nine inches, slightly made, of a dark complexion, with a beard, that, if suffered to grow unmolested, might excellently well have performed the work of a scrubbing-brush: his knees showed an awkward inclination to turn out, whilst his feet seemed disposed to turn inwards; thus, he was admirably adapted by nature to walk in snow shoes.†

Each of our party wore fearnought caps and trowsers, a long double-breasted cloak of blanket, fastened round the waist by a belt, of which, however tastes might disagree as regarded the ornamental effect, gratitude, it is to be hoped, will never hesitate to acknowledge the usefulness, since, by drawing in a hole or two of the strap, the cravings of hunger, and the yearnings of a good appetite are checked—in cases, too, that seem

to render the obtaining a dinner in the woods by no means so certain as desirable. An axe and a skeene, or *couteau de chasse*, hung in this belt: we each carried our own knapsack, filled with provisions, and a few requisite articles of clothing for change, viz., socks, dry moccasins,\* drawers, and a blanket to sleep in. Thus equipped and attended we pursued our way, the two men following with their loads on a truck: whilst at all the cottages we passed, we endeavoured to collect a sufficient quantity of milk to carry with us. After a walk of five miles along the road, we struck into a by-path, full of deep ruts in the snow; of which ruts, (being yet unable to use snow-shoes) we took advantage to walk, though unhappily not without experiencing extreme discomfort in those portions of the feet sometimes called lower digits, which fashion has decreed can never be named in downright English to ears polite.

(To be concluded next week.)



GEORGE NICHOLLS, (THE CONQUEROR OF CRIBB).

## HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME. PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CRIBB.

### CHAPTER IX.—GEORGE NICHOLLS.

GEORGE NICHOLLS here finds a niche, principally from the circumstance of his early victory over the renowned Tom Cribb; his other fistic exploits, though numerous, not being of celebrity enough otherwise to entitle him to the distinction. Nicholls, who was one of the numerous stars of the Bristol school, was born in that city, in the year 1775. Of his early exploits, Pierce Egan enumerates a goodly array, but like the exploits of "the heroes before Agamemnon," we find no record of them save in his pages, as they were minor provincial affairs. The most remarkable of them were as follows:—

At 17 years of age he entered the ring with a man of the name of

† Snow-shoes; wooden frames in the shape of the bow of a racket, and worked with either horse-hine or moose-skin, similar to the former: at the widest part of the frame, there is a cross-stick for the foot to rest upon, and near the centre is an opening left to facilitate going up hill.

Hocky Harding. It was only for a guinea a-side, and it took place on Durdham Downs. Nicholls had for his seconds Applebee and George Davis. In forty minutes Harding was defeated; and the punishment he received was terrific. This latter boxer had gained considerable notoriety in having made a drawn battle, after a desperate fight, with the celebrated Bill Warr.

A week after the above battle, the brother of Harding, anxious to have a turn with Nicholls, fought him on Durdham Downs, for a guinea and a half a side, but, in the second round, Harding, receiving an ugly knock, exclaimed "I've had enough; George shall not serve me as he did my brother." Applebee and Davis were also seconds to Nicholls on this occasion.

A sailor, who weighed 13 stone, challenged Nicholls, for a guinea a-side. This battle took place in the Back Fields, near Lawford's

\* Moccasin; an Indian shoe, made from the hock of a cow or moose. It is fitted to the foot, and tied round the ankle.



Gate. The man of war was a troublesome customer, and did not give it in till one hour had expired.

Bill Thomas, a butcher, of Chapstow, had so good an opinion of his milling qualities, that he sent a public challenge to Bristol to fight the best man in that city. Nicholls accepted the challenge without delay, and he also won it off-hand.

Morris, a fine, well-made man, weighing 13 stone, entered the list with Nicholls, for one guinea a-side, in St. Philip's Marsh. It was a determined fight, but Morris was defeated in one hour.

A Soldier, who weighed 14 stone, and who (it is said), the late Jem Belcher had refused to fight, was defeated by Nicholls in great style.

Samuel Carter, in the course of one hour, after a good battle, surrendered to Nicholls.

On the same day that Bill Belcher conquered David Davis, in St. James's Churchyard, George Nicholls obtained victories over Bill Lewis, and also Evan Lewis.

In a room at Priddy Fair, one Barnes, who had challenged all England, proved an easy customer to George Nicholls.

Leonard, the champion of Bath, was matched against Nicholls for five guineas a-side. Bob Watson and Tom Davis acted as seconds to our hero. This battle took place on Lansdown, the same day that Spaniard Harris and Bill Cox fought. The Bath Champion was dreadfully beaten, and both his peepers were soon closed; while Nicholls received but a slight injury.

The fame of Nicholls was now so completely established from numerous victories, that he was backed to the end of the chapter, without the slightest hesitation. However, in his contest with one Reaver he was defeated. It was afterwards ascertained to have been a cross. It is stated by Pierce Egan, that Nicholls was victor in 49 battles out of 50.

We will now quit these dateless records of Nicholls's triumphs over the "illustrious obscure," to come to his crowning achievement, an exploit which has fixed his fame. It has been repeatedly urged that this overthrow occurred during the brave Tom's novitiate, but he had beaten that renowned pugilistic veteran of the old school, George Maddox; Tom Blake; and Ikey Pig; all of them men of notoriety as pugilists. The success of these contests had rendered Cribb somewhat conspicuous, and he was rising fast into eminence and fame, when he entered the lists with Nicholls, for a subscription purse of £25, at Blackwater, 32 miles from London, on Saturday, July 20, 1805, made up by the amateurs, to compensate them for their loss of time, in being deprived of witnessing the intended fight between the Game Chicken and Gulley. Tom Jones seconded Nicholls; and Dick Hall was the second to Cribb. The odds upon setting-to were greatly on the side of Cribb, who was the favourite; but Nicholls was aware of Cribb's method of fighting, and fought him after the style of Big Ben, in his contest with Tom Johnson. Nicholls, like a skilful general, armed at all points, was not to be deluded by the feints of the enemy. The system of milling on the retreat, which Cribb had hitherto practised with so much success, in this instance failed; the coolness and good temper of Nicholls appeared so eminently throughout the fight, that not only did he preserve his fortitude, but added vigour to his judgment. Hence, both in attack and defence, the future champion found in Nicholls a steady and decisive fighter. Cribb became puzzled and perplexed at finding his tactics foiled; the advantage he had derived in former contests, by drawing his opponents, and then punishing and irritating them in their pursuit, so as to make them throw their blows out of distance, and consequently render them feeble, ineffective, and uncertain, was rendered entirely unavailing. George would not suffer Cribb to play round him, whereby his operations might become confused, but, with a guard like Ben's, firm in the extreme, his attitude was towering and impregnable. Nicholls could never be induced to quit his position without putting in a tremendous hit, waiting with the utmost skill for the attack of his opponent, and then give the return with almost unparalled severity. George scarcely ever failed in breaking through the defence of his adversary, and ultimately concluded the round with a knock down blow. Nicholls was a tremendous hitter; and his one, two, rendered him truly formidable. The science and ability displayed by Nicholls, in this contest, completely astonished the Sporting World; many of whom, in obtaining such knowledge, found that they had procured it at no trifling expense.

The odds at setting-to were considerably in favour of Cribb, from the glutony he had displayed in his previous battles; Nicholls having fought but once before, with Paddington Jones, which con-

test was considered a drawn battle, and did not stand so high in the opinion of the amateurs as his opponent; nevertheless he was admitted to be thorough bred. The first round was well contested, and good specimens of the art upon both sides; at length Nicholls, with a tremendous left-hander, knocked Cribb down. In the second and third the advantages might be termed reciprocal; but, in the fourth round, Cribb put in a terrible blow under Nicholls's right eye, that made it twinkle again; this, however, by no means disturbed his method of fighting, and he kept his temper wonderfully. The following rounds to the eighteenth were well contested, and though one of Cribb's eyes was nearly closed up, the amateurs were not fickle in their opinions, and still looked upon him as having a fair chance of success. In the various rounds after this period, till the forty-second, the science and adroitness of Cribb were excellent, and his rallies courageous and formidable. Nicholls now became the hero of the scene, and showed himself off in good style, by exhibiting gaiety and confidence, and putting in his one, two, with considerable effect. Cribb, at this period of the fight, became much distressed, and endeavoured to recover his wind and strength, with his usual ingenuity—fought very shy, and had recourse to shifting; but as he was severely beaten, his distances became incorrect, and he fell several times, in endeavouring to make his blows: still his game was prime, and he protracted the fight while a single chance remained, and the amateurs still fancied him, and sported upon his head with firmness; but all the manœuvres of Cribb were unavailing, and in the fifty-second round, he was compelled for the first and last time to utter the reluctant sound—*KNOWS!*

At the time Cribb lost this, he was considered little more than a game man, and a promising young fighter; and even his most sanguine friends, at that period, had not a distant idea of his possessing that high pugilistic talent he subsequently promulgated, and which placed him in the proud and enviable position of Champion of England.

Nicholls now retired from the ring, and returning to his native city invested the money he had gained, and which had been somewhat augmented by the subscriptions of several patrons of manly courage, in a butcher's shop, in Gloucester-lane, Bristol. Here he added another to the innumerable contradictions to those maligners of pugilism, who would identify it with ruffianism, by earning in a long life the character of a quiet, inoffensive, nay, a retiring man. In fact, all who remember him describe him as "shunning general company, rarely visiting a public house, and of a somewhat religious turn of mind;" the leisure time his business afforded him being occupied in angling—his favourite recreation. He died at his native place, June 6th, 1832, in the 58th year of his age.

#### SONG OF THE STAG.

(From Punch.)

THE Railway-lists proclaim the fact,  
 "Deposits paid this morn'g."  
 All who have cash must sign the act,  
 All who have none must mourn.  
 Bulls, bears, around the alley throng,  
 It is the settling day;  
 Then raise the burden of our song,  
 At last the stag must pay.  
 With a hey-ho chivey!  
 Hark forward, tantivy!  
 Then raise the burden of our song,  
 At last the stag must pay.

Lists, prices current, pass around,  
 Their talk is of the Rail,  
 The alley echoes with the sound,  
 And Capel Court looks pale.  
 The banks fill with an anxious throng,  
 And money's stiff, they say;  
 The settling's come, too true our song.  
 At last the Stag must pay!  
 With a hey-ho, &c.

Poor Stag, for Cash thy brokers bare,  
 And useful is thy face:  
 All thy addresses serve no more—  
 Thy rigs are out of place.  
 But when the alley runs thee down  
 As a tremendous doo;  
 'Tis sad to think that half the town  
 Is just as bad as you.  
 Then hey ho, chivey, &c.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

- A. SUBSCRIBER, Liverpool.—Chester Races begin on Monday the 20th of this month; there will be three days racing we believe.
- A. SUBSCRIBER, Newport, I. W.—There are several books on cocks and cooking; but none very modern that we know of. The work we have largely made use of by the well known Mr. Sketchley, was published some five and twenty years since, at Burton-upon-Trent, and we do not know how it is procurable, having been printed for its author, and out of the book market for years; we have ourselves often looked for a copy in vain, among the second hand booksellers. The publishers know nothing about it. The "SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE" is a continuation of the "SPORTING WORLD," edited by the same individual. There are nine numbers of that, containing the opening chapters of the HISTORY of BOXING, &c., they may yet be had by order from our publisher, (in complete sets).
- B. D.—The term "Anthelmintic" is applied to medicine to carry off a worms or bots, from the intestines.
- OLIVIOUS OLIVER.—Haven't you an opportunity of seeing carriages in any thoroughfare? are you purblind as well as forgetful? The left is the "near side," the right the off side.
- E. L. B.—You shall have all the varieties of the Dog and Horse, in succession. Would you like the whole circle of Natural History, and every variety of Sporting fully illustrated, and all its multitudinous topics exhausted, in one three-halfpenny number?
- J. CULL.—Our contributor "NED RUE" has promised to do the needful in regard of cricket. The numbers of the "SPORTING WORLD" may be had (in a complete set), from Mr. Dipple, our publisher. We shall be glad to hear from you on the other topic.
- A. LOVER OF THE HORSE, Croydon.—Look under "WRINKLES FOR THE GROOM," in our next number, and perchance you will find something to the purpose, in reply to your question.
- CANICERS.—The disorder in your spaniels' ear resembles *formica*, which is a sort of local mange, generally attributed to the deposit of the ova of fleas; tobacco water will destroy the larvae, and cure the disease.
- C. P.—There is considerable merit in the sentiment and construction of your song of "The Poor Old Horse." We will give it another glance over, and if upon a second perusal we can just here and there touch up the metre, (and a slip or two in grammar) we will, and then insert it. The idea is a capital one, although here and there the thought is better than its style of expression.
- A. SUBSCRIBER, d'Olier Street, Dublin, will find himself answered, under the head of a ditto, at Newport, Isle of Wight. We have just counted five letters arrived this week, bearing this unidentifiable a signature.
- J. WINFIELD.—Lake Winander or Windermere, &c. (as we stated in the number you referred to) in the county of Lancaster. Vide FIELD BOOK, p. 96, article CHAR.; Sir Humphrey Davy's Salmonia, Walton's Angler, p. 167, (Rennie's edition), and the quotation there made from Camden's Britannia. The *Bell's Life* answered you wrong, and if you have paid, claim back your money.
- YOUNG SCOTLAND, Edinburgh.—Every No. of this paper is now in print, and may be had by order. The stamped edition of No. 18, will be forwarded direct upon receipt of three postage stamps; if any vendor in "Auld Reekie" says they are not procurable, the truth is not in him. Show him this. We publish a stamped edition every week, which may be had by order from 42, Holywell Street or through the newsmen.
- H. HUNTER, Romford.—We are preparing a complete series of papers on the HORSE, to be illustrated by a dozen engravings at least; these will contain the best collection we can procure of celebrated trotting horses' performance, when we come to that description of animal.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

## AN EXPERIENCE IN JET AND BARNET.

- SUNDAY, October 19th.—TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.—PREVENTION OF SMUT IN WHEAT.—Dissolve 5 lbs. of blue vitriol in 5 gallons of boiling water and put the solution into 30 gallons of cold soft water. Place the whole in a tub; put the seed wheat into a basket and thus immerse it in the liquid for one minute. Drain, then turn the seed upon the floor. It will be immediately ready for use; but, if drilled, it should be left for 12 hours to dry.
- MONDAY, 20th.—Amesbury Champion Coursing Meeting.—CHESTER RACES.—Can-  
nock Races.—Battle of Navarino, 1827.—  
Through forest paths, o'erstrewn with rustling leaves,  
October comes, to deck the fading year;  
And of its spoil a varied chaplet weaves,  
Ere long to hang on pallid Autumn's bier.
- TUESDAY, 21st.—Ashford and Woodbridge Fairs.—Battle of Trafalgar, 1805, death of Nelson.—A newspaper complaint of the number of robberies in Hyde Park. "What a shameful attack on the lungs of the metropolis," says a wag.
- WEDNESDAY, 22nd.—Southport (South Lancashire), Coursing Meeting.—Derby Races.—Dog stealing.—Several ladies apply to the Bishop of Bond Street, to ascertain what has become of their "pets." One old lady who has lost her teeth, says it's very strange that her "pug" don't "turn up," the bishop thinks pugs always do.
- THURSDAY, 23rd.—Cardington Coursing Meeting.—Royal Exchange founded, 1667.—Battle of Edgell, 1642.—HOW TO PREVENT FITS.—A particular friend of ours lately consulted a facetious medical man, as to how he should prevent certain fits, into which his spick little boy was apt to fall. "Fits, fits!" replied the man of drugs; "really the most certain way I know of avoiding a fit is to go to Moses and Son."
- FRIDAY, 24th.—Winchester Fair.—Clock behind Sun 15 m. 43 secs.—Sir Cloudesley Shovel wrecked in the Scilly Islands, 1707.
- SATURDAY, 25th.—St. Crispin's Day.—Battle of Agincourt.—William Hogarth the great painter died, 1764.—Shameful case of Child Dropping.—Some heartless person, supposed to be connected with the Admiralty, is announced in the papers, as having "dropt another buoy" at the Nore. Suspicion attaches to one of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House.

## THE MOON IN OCTOBER.

New Moon, 1st	10	59	morn.
First Quarter, 8th	11	31	morn.
Full Moon, 15th	9	55	morn.
Last Quarter, 22nd	9	14	morn.
New Moon, 30th	11	42	morn.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

		High water at London Bridge.					
		morn.	aft.			morn.	aft.
Sunday, Oct. 19th	...	4 5	4 21	Wednesday, Oct. 22nd	...	2 56	6 18
Monday, 20th	...	4 40	4 58	Thursday, 23rd	...	6 43	7 7
Tuesday, 21st	...	5 16	5 36	Friday, 24th	...	7 42	8 20
				Saturday, 25th	...	8 58	9 38

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

## OUR ALMANACK, &amp;c.

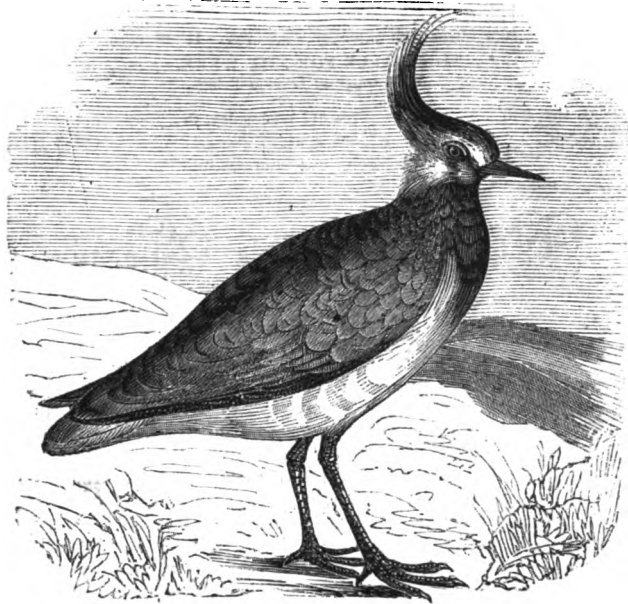


N surmounting a tedious ascent, it is natural to turn and take a survey of the road by which we have achieved the object of our aspirations. Just so do we feel as we hastily turn over the leaves of "a set" of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, from its first to its last number. Untiringly and perseveringly have we gone on, at a loss of labour and of hard cash—which those uninitiated in the mysteries of paper and print would hear with incredulity, and scarcely comprehend even upon explanation—in the conviction that the class with sporting tastes was sufficiently numerous to support a cheap weekly sporting miscellany of a better description in matter and embellishment than they had hitherto been accustomed to have placed within their reach. For many weeks we worked hard and paid for it, until by dint of perseverance—the quality which enabled the mouse to eat the cable in two—we overcame the barrier, which we strongly suspect prevented in some quarters our general circulation and publicity. This we effected mainly by taking out a STAMP, which enabled us to give news in that edition of our little miscellany. May we not point with pride and gratification to the way in which our promise of keeping our word with the subscribers to that edition has been carried out, so far as the Turf and Ring are concerned? And now comes the *per contra*; through the kind patronage of the public we have reckoned our sale by thousands, and anxious to give them the benefit of the stamp without extra charge, we fixed twopence halfpenny as the price of the stamped edition: but lo; at once starts up a difficulty, which not only cuts away all profit from our stamped edition, but makes us positive losers. The Vendors must have their proportionate per centage on twopence halfpenny; additional type must be set, and Somerset House will have 2s. 2d. for 26 copies, which must be sold as 24 to the trade. Hence, independent of a large outlay to a gentleman of the first talent for exclusive reports (which we publish on Thursday, three days before their appearance in any other paper), we lose upon every stamped copy of the Magazine. These be good and sufficient reasons for raising the stamped edition to THREEPENCE, which will henceforth be its price; meanwhile those who have subscribed for the quarter will still be held faith with, and charged twopence halfpenny, as heretofore.

And now a word or two on another subject; anxious to deserve and preserve the patronage of our old subscribers, we have decided on issuing a "SPORTING ALMANACK" with our TWENTY-FIFTH NUMBER, on the following conditions. Every subscriber who may purchase Number Twenty-Five within a week of its issue will be entitled to a presentation copy of the Almanack for Three-Halfpence; (the Paper and the Almanack together for threepence.)—The Almanack alone will be raised to SIXPENCE immediately after that period, as THREE-HALFPENCE will be less than the wholesale cost PRICES of its PAPER and PRINT. Subscribers therefore had better procure their copies by order early, as the number of Almanacks given will be limited to the number of copies of the Magazine—although the Magazine will be sold without it, if desired. The same week the Stamped Edition (with the Almanack ALSO STAMPED), will be 5d.—The Almanack will be superior in contents, and equal in mechanical execution to anything hitherto published at HALF-A-CROWN!!

"You'll never reach me in my upper notes," as the lark, when high in the air, said to the opera singer.

## BRITISH BIRDS. NO. XVI.



LAPWING, OR PEWET.

**T**HIS, we hope, will be considered a pretty faithful representation of a species of bird common with us during several months of the year, as well as a pretty picture. The lapwing has obtained its *second* appellation from the *peculiar cry* or *twitter* it utters, and which is plainly distinctive to the ear—"Pe-wet, Pe-wet!" They are found on moors, being a water-fowl occasionally in large flocks, and they form their nests in rough grass or sedgy stools upon the ground, which, from the eggs being nearly similar in colour to the moor-land, and like the plover's, are not easily discovered. When their seat is approached they use cunning to prevent its discovery; continuing to hover by degrees from it, and drawing the intruder away by their cries, leading him to imagine that their home is far distant from the spot where it actually has been fashioned. In ploughed lands they rise before the husbandmen in screaming flocks. They are not followed for gain even by the lark or field-fare shooter, little profit arising from their destruction: yet, as they are a species of *winged nature*, belonging to the ornithologist, and the lover of natural history, we have thought a pretty representation of them could not be unacceptable to our numerous subscribers.

! POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.—1. The Vauxhall Balloon Steeple Chase was a "Green" affair, but the Rifle Brigade and the '82 Club of Repealers are *greener*.

2. The ladies call Tom Duncombe a *smart* man, but the cat-o-nine-tails is a *smarter*.

3. A basin of Scotch oatmeal is *thick*, but the head of a fool is *thicker*. [This comparative is easily tested.]

4. Anything tart is a *sharp* affair, but a churchwarden who steals the parish funds is a *sharper* [We leave the reader to apply this comparative as he pleases.]

5. Juggernaut is a very *idol* gentleman, but Dr. Johnson wrote for an *Idler*.

6. When the heat is at 100 degrees, it is a *warm* day, but old women of cooks will tell you that a saucepan is a *warmer*.

7. A man who is losing his senses is a *strange* individual, but we have seen Mr. Macready act the part of a *Stranger*.

8. A Yarmouth bloater is *salt*, but a psalm book is a *psalter*.

9. A chestnut horse is a *brown* animal, but a baker's oven is a *browner*.

10. A puncheon of spirits is frequently a *rum* article but a large glass is a *runner*.

A RAILWAY PANIC.—The *Boulogne News* emphatically calls upon the public to refrain from railway speculation, on the ground that many schemes will be unfinished for want of the necessary iron. To say the truth, we do not anticipate a stoppage from want of iron, though we expect there will some day or other be a frightful smash for want of tin.

## GALLERY OF SPORTING CELEBRITIES. NO. I.



THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

**B**EHOLD, gentle reader, "readers are always gentle," a pencilling of the most noble William Charles Keppel, Earl of Albemarle, and Master of the Horse to His late Majesty William the Fourth. In this office (held during the present reign by Lord Jersey,) the Earl whose figure-head decorates this column, earned "golden opinions from all sorts of men," and at "royal Ascot," where his horse, THE EMPEROR, was twice winner of the Gold Cup; the first time in the presence of the Autocrat of all the Russias; and the second this present year, winning the gorgeous present named after the Czar, who munificently founded it, and which will be found pictured in No. 5, of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE. The Earl himself is quite thorough-bred, and traces his pedigree back to Arnold-Joost Van Keppel, Lord of Voerst, who was descended from one of the most ancient houses in Guelderland; and as his ancestor accompanied King William to England in 1688, who can have had a better title to be Master of the Horse to King William than the noble Earl? The Lord of Voerst married a daughter of Adam Vander Duin, Lord of St. Gravemoer, in Holland; and as peculiarities in sires and dams will tell even in a fourth generation, the scientific breeder will detect the yet un-



exhausted "Deutsch" blood in the "round stern" of frontispiece. His Lordship, while in office, conferred a lasting benefit upon the turf by reducing the distances and throwing open the King's Plates to three-year olds, and so striking at the monopoly established by a few stout, iron-limbed horses, who year after year carried them away without affording amusement to the spectators, and in many instances (in consequence of certain physical deficiencies which it would be superfluous to mention) without the possibility of their contributing to the breed of horses, for which these prizes were originally given. This he did as Master of the Horse, an office of high honour and great trust, and possessing a considerable share of patronage, of which he made due use, and provided for those whose claims are most important.

The Master of the Horse has the command of the royal stables, and takes cognizance of all the royal retinue in which horses, carriages, and their requisite attendants are concerned, attends upon her Majesty whenever they are employed, particularly upon public occasions and in processions of state. Should her Majesty be tempted to have "a day with the stag-hounds," his Lordship has to attend, and the establishment of the Royal Hunt is officially announced through his department. We may add that he is father to Lord Bury, one of the kindest hearted men and best shots in existence, and is as universally known as he is respected, as, if not a keen turfite, one of those best friends of racing, who always run their horses to "win if they can."

## GASTRONOMII, A MEM. OR TWO, ON THE PARTRIDGE.

(FROM THE CHASSEUR AU CHIEN D'ARRETT.)

The male of the red-legged partridge is known by certain small protuberances which appear on each foot; that of the common partridge by the chocolate-coloured horse-shoe on the breast. The 1st of October past partridges are full grown. A sportsman should be easily able to distinguish a young from an old bird: the one should be roasted, the other committed to the stew-pan. Cooks often are deceived, yet all men of taste know the worthlessness of an old partridge roasted. When emptying your game-bag they should be divided: the individuals destined for the spit, and those intended for the *purée*, or stewed in cabbage, and who figure in the first course, should be pointed out to them. The experienced sportsman well knows a young from an old bird; in the former the last feather of the wing, which terminates in a point instead of being rounded, is the colour of the feet, namely yellow; whereas that of the old bird is much darker. And with regard to the red-legged partridge, the young bird differs from the old, inasmuch as the second feather of the wing is transparent at the extremity. If you look as it in the light you will see an opening appear in two distinct lines.

A sportsman would always prefer a red-legged partridge to the common bird. It is a much finer bird, more difficult to kill, larger, and fills your game-bag sooner. But a *gourmand* ought to prefer the common partridge. Many may think this a heresy gastronomic, having always heard to the contrary, and always believed it, and it is painful to get over a long rooted opinion. I am well aware that in the market the red-legged bird sells at a higher price than the common one, and that the *restaurant* values it at fifty to an hundred per cent higher; but all this proves nothing: I have made the experiment twenty times at my own table. The two birds have been served together. Some distinguished friends carefully tested their separate merits, and the common bird has invariably received an honourable verdict in its favour, as possessing more flavour, juice, and taste. Try yourself, forget your ancient prejudices; "what beautiful feet, what beautiful plumage," will go for nothing in the judgment you will pronounce. These things are not eaten.

Partridges are said not to be easily digested. It has also other inconveniences.

Certain gourmands pretend that they are enabled to distinguish from taste the thigh on which the partridge sleeps, and say 'it eats better,' and that it has more flavour. I have often seriously endeavoured to make this trial, but I have never been enabled to perceive any difference. I therefore conclude there is some fault in my digestive organs, which have not all the sensitiveness they ought to have. It is a most delicious dish a well roasted partridge, but it is necessary that the nice leaf which well encloses his plump body should not permit the escape of any of its juicy flavour.

I am well aware that Doctor Pedro Recio de Agguero did not permit Sancho Panza to eat partridge, founding his orders upon the aphorism of Hippocrates,

Omnis saturatio mala, perdix autem pessima;

yet as the doctor refused other delicacies at the same time, such as tarts and sweets, we shall pay little attention to his authority, and less to that of Hippocrates. We shall eat many partridges, and wash them down with Burgundy, leaving the digestion to take care of itself.

To distinguish a *gourmand* it is commonly said that he does not like partridges without oranges. This proverb alone will prove that oranges are necessary to be eaten with partridges, if the experience of every day had not proved this great truth beyond all contradiction. A lemon may be used: I have known those, who, unable to obtain better, have permitted it; yet, when possible, never forget a sour orange.

A travelling painter, had been retained at a convent to take the portrait of its patron saint. His work being finished, all admired it, they placed it with pomp over the altar with the following inscription in letters of gold:—"Ad Majoram Dei Gloriam." The painter was thanked, overpowered with praises, and very badly paid. The evening previous to his departure from the convent, wishing to revenge himself on the monks, he got up during the night, rubbed out the portrait, and set to work. With a few strokes of the brush he altered the figure, previously represented in prayer as sitting on a sofa; before him was a well-covered table, on which, under his nose, was placed a roast partridge, the steaming odour of which promised to the happy expectant positive joy, and in the hands, previously pressed in the attitude of devotion, he placed a fine orange from which the saint appeared to press the juice with much satisfaction.

The next day the monks found their picture still over the altar, the motto was unaltered; you might still read—"Ad Majoram Dei Gloriam."

## THE GAMECOCK.

SECTION VI.—(Continued from page 367.)

COCKFEEDERS.



HOEVER of the profession may peruse these observations, will take the motive for the deed. It is a duty every feeder owes to his employer, as well as to himself, to see that the room is thoroughly cleaned and well aired, and that the pens are removed from the walls, taken out of the room, and well scraped and washed, and that they are as dry as the air can make them, by being exposed to it for at least eight or ten days previous to their being brought in,—that they may be properly and duly exposed to the warmth during the time the fire is continued. Pens contract a fustiness from being a short time out of use, more particularly when vacant the greater part of the year—so as to render them disgusting, and brings on nausea and distemper.

To see the lesser minutiae properly prepared is highly necessary; such as the straw, that it is clean thrashed, sweet, and very dry—and I should strongly recommend the use of distilled soft water, or at any rate the best soft water filtered that can be procured; and your barley thin skinned, old, white and dry, and deprived of the ends, as much as thrashing in a bag will effect: by so doing it will digest the easier. As to the other articles of diet, they must be left to the management and discretion of the feeder.

Coverings, according to the season, are used thick or thin, whichever of the two let them be remarkably clean, sweet, and well aired: I should prefer a regular set for the purpose, to be the master's property—I have seen very improper coverings. If your room is sufficiently large, and you have a regular set of pens, never suffer them to be fixed up to the walls, but put in frames with upright standards in the centre of the room—that is, double pens not directly opposite to each other, but one of the opposites a pen distant from the other. Cocks should be considered nearly stationary in their pens, they cannot avoid surrounding effluvia, and as walks imbibe much moisture they are long ere they emit it—and of course the humidity is imbibed by the pens. If the pens by being stationed in the centre become liable to partial air, I have known double doors made use of as a seclusion, and equally so for security—the fewer visitors the better, and as few handlers as possible. Cocks may be said to be immured in a prison, when in their pens—deprived of their natural air and exercise, debarred the enjoyment of proudly escorting their hens, in culling and selecting whatever contributes to their health—roused and ruffled by noisy and repeated pride, until he becomes jaded and hoarse, and shy even to his scanty meal: use reconciles him to his prison, and he becomes familiar to the offers of those artificial luxuries which warm and exhilarate the system, and help to soften the tediousness of confinement and intrusive handling. I think it is almost unnecessary to say any thing

upon the subject of cleanliness in every progressive step ; many little attentions are so many gradual promoters to their welfare. An industrious turn straw has it much in his power to contribute thereto, and in the department of shaking and raising the straw the dung falls to the bottom—and of course, must by heat become offensive ; surely it is no very difficult undertaking to thoroughly cleanse the pens, not only of straw but of every apparent filth—and the better to accomplish this, have two spare pens, marked Nos. 1 and 2, equally and delicately clean with the other one at the top, the other at the bottom—and these two pens will answer the purpose of your shifting the whole from top to bottom, until they are all finished ; and this may be done with the least possible trouble : two people may go through this necessary and cleanly operation without any injury to the cocks—the enjoyment of fresh straw every day must add much to their comfort. Several pens may be emptied in a large twig basket, in preference to emptying them upon the floor, which would create dust, &c. and so on to the end. A cock-feeder in London very high in esteem, every morning made use of a pint of the strongest vinegar he could procure, and with a large sponge washed the two divisions of each pen which the cocks fed through, and which he thought prevented any disagreeable consequences arising from the multiplied exhalations of the whole. This sponge appeared to me to be a very useful appanage to cleanse and absorb unnecessary moisture. Another excellent accommodation was that of hospital pens adjoining the room he fed in, these were also very clean and well strawed, for the purpose of those cocks that won, and the same number put upon the hospital pen as the cock fought out of : so that they were easily recognised, and the feeding pens by this method were kept pure and sweet. Pens might be constructed so as to take to pieces, cleaned and kept dry until wanted, and put together at a small expense, which I should recommend as preferable to all others.

Cocks are frequently brought up from their walks in damp and filthy bags, which is a bad practice, and never ought to be suffered. We cannot be too cautious in guarding against every possible circumstance that might introduce any unfavourable disease in the pens ; such has been the case frequently, and instances have been known from villainous motives.

In respect to feeding, it is a province I never encountered—nevertheless I have paid much attention to the different modes each feeder made use of, and although varied in several respects, yet each have fought with good and bad success in their respective modes. It requires an extensive practice to form a complete judgment of the condition of a cock on the day of fight—much depends upon a good finger, and a knowledge of that position a cock puts himself in, in and out of condition, exhibiting different feeds and forms ; it is not the feel that feeders are in the habit of using to know if a cock returns his meat, but that feel which gives to the grasp that firmness, compactness, warmth and fire, all of which are felt and seen :—the eye portrays the rest of his condition.

The firmness of his flesh indicates health and good feeding. The contraction of his legs to his body, vigor and heat ; and a cock under these circumstances, shews what is termed full of fight—the contrary is soon felt : for he is

Soft and heavy in hand,—  
Legs low and dangling,—  
Eyes dull and unmeaning,—  
And his whole cold to the feel.

When a cock arrives at the top or height of his feed, art can go no further, and when it takes place the day he fights much credit is due to the feeder ; for cocks retain that zest but a small time, and become retrograde every day after. All cocks when set, should be so ordered, that they should arrive at their proper fighting condition on that very day they are to fight—if either under or over, and his antagonist fortunately otherwise—it is at these critical failures that one side is so frequently cast in the back ground.

Cocks vary much in their mode of fighting ;  
Some are hasty and fiery,—  
Others cautious, wary, and close hitters,—  
Some wide and generally dry heeled,—  
Whilst many are lofty and darting.

Those that are low and fluttering, are seldom dangerous in their heels ; the latter description are those that are destitute of that tapering shape which so eminently distinguishes them in their superior mode of fighting. Cocks that are as broad behind as before, have their legs thrown out of the line of the body, and of course are wide in their fly and dry heeled.

To judge well of a battle requires much attention—a quick discerning eye—a knowledge of those parts of the cock most liable to sudden and destructive fate, and which turns the fluctuating tide of odds against them ; others that are more slow in their effects, yet fatal to their victory—many are momentarily crippled and yet not immediately detected : variously are the heels directed, and many parts are perforated with little injury in the heat of battle, although felt when cold—these are not alarming to the adept, and they take advantage of those who are : a cut throat is for the most part very conspicuous.

A well known amateur describing a battle has the following lines :—

“ New hostile rage each daring foe maintains,  
And death, as fate inclines, alternate reigns ;  
In various shapes the missive blow appears,  
And dire destruction 'midst the conflict bears—

Now purple life unloads the turgid veins,  
And gushing down the crowded circums, stains,  
Or stagnates, swells the throat, and vital air restrains.”

## SECTION VII.

### GENERAL REMARKS.

Breeding is involved in many difficulties, for cocks will partake of a variety of shapes ; and, with some feeders, a cock, full in its girth, and narrow behind, is preferred ; when, with others, a lofty spiring, narrow cock is approved. As this is a well-known circumstance, and if you breed to any extent, you have to combat with all their various partialities, if these fall to your lot who are enamoured of the former description, the cocks of the latter become a loss upon your own hands, although the breeder is confident they have every fighting excellence that can attach to the cock : and, although I have ever recommended the establishing the first class, yet there are certainly many instances where that partiality ought to be set aside. A gentleman of my acquaintance, who has been long in the habit of breeding some capital feathered Circhius, which are invariably lofty and thin, and such is the excellency of these cocks, that their average winnings have been nine out of thirteen for several years ; yet he is now so circumstanced, in respect to his present connections, that not one of these birds have been an object to the present feeder. This is not brought forward as being an advocate in promoting the breed of the narrow-shaped cock, yet cocks so eminent in their blood feather, and heel, are much preferable to those of superior shape, not so gifted. My friend is perfectly aware that his birds are esteemed deficient in shape, but he still means to persevere, rather than to hazard the giving them the so much esteemed shape required by a fresh cross, or the giving them up altogether, under the idea that he may lose in them what he esteems a superior acquisition. His unconquerable arguments are, that he had rather have them with their matchless heels, than the most esteemed symmetry without.

Feeders say they expect good shapes ; but what they call good shapes do not bring with them good heels. A lofty, narrow-shaped cock is wonderfully agile in his sparring, and for the most part more dangerous in his spins, than a contrary shape ; but a broad cock, with equal share of heel, must have superior resistance and power, and, if attainable, they are, without a doubt, the most to be approved. I should think my feeder nicer than wise were he to refuse cocks of mine of that description, merely because he did not like their shapes. Sporting gentlemen, one and all, give unquestionable preference to a cock with a good spur, as the most decided acquisition appertaining to a blood cock, therefore I cannot impeach my friend's attachment to his well-tried favourite birds. It is now full in my memory, “ says Mr. Sketchley,” that a set of cocks, the property of a Captain Barnes, a resident near Burton-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, where I formerly resided, fought a great many cocks of this description, save, that instead of their being equal in feather to the last recited, were perfect cuckoos—in most other respects, as to shape, similar. These cocks were still more lofty in their sparring, and an adversary had seldom the chance of a long battle : they were quick dispatchers, and deep game. These, notwithstanding their feather, which according to our ideas and modern improvement of breeding, would be sufficient to reject them in toto, were sought for with avidity, and no cocks had warmer advocates, or more general followers. These party-coloured birds are apt to degenerate in their constitutions, but that was not the case with them during their being in possession of their original owner ; for I had an opportunity of knowing them for several years. It was remarked that no cocks retained that beautiful vivid red, that lustre of health so every way conspicuous in these cocks. The vivacity of the eye, and their high beaming spirit, ranked them a superior class of birds. The attitude, carriage, or disposition of the whole body in these cocks were remarkably graceful, and their head and neck were always in proudly motion. At the decease of Captain Barnes, these cocks fell into the hands of the neighbouring colliers, became crossed with other fowls, and lost their original character.”

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE SPORTSMAN'S RESOURCES THROUGH THE PRINCIPAL COUNTIES OF ENGLAND.

BY ACTION.

That spirit of reformation, as it is termed by some, but by others more properly a mere restless change, which is so continually developing itself in every department connected with our expenditure and national amusements, has been stimulated and brought about, do doubt, by not only a vast overflow of population, but more especially by the increased facility with which our rising generation are enabled to avail themselves of the power to indulge in the frivolous amusements of our more mercurial neighbours on the Continent. We may add to this a general system of economy bordering almost upon the niggardly, which has rendered it ne-

cessary that the more aristocratic of our British sports should be, excepting in a few isolated instances, supported by joint contributions collected from the purses of those sportsmen who may be patrons of the recreations which we have alluded to, and of others who may be equally interested in their promotion.

Take fox-hunting for instance: out of the one hundred and odd packs which hunt the different counties of England, only about a dozen or fourteen are supported by the generosity of the worthy proprietors themselves: namely, those of Sir William Stanley, in Cheshire, the Duke of Cleveland, in Durham, the Duke of Beaufort and the Earl of Fitzhardinge in Gloucestershire, Mr. Asheton Smith in Hampshire, the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle, Lord Yarborough in Lincolnshire, Sir Richard Sutton in Rutlandshire, Lord Fitzwilliam in Northamptonshire, and Lord Southampton in the Duke of Grafton's old country in the same county, Mr. Meynell Ingram in Staffordshire, Col. George Wyndham in Sussex, Lord Harewood and Sir Tatton Sykes in Yorkshire, and perhaps one or two more of minor note in remote and unheard-of corners. The above are all what may be termed close countries: the rest are kept up entirely by subscriptions, partly but in a small degree contributed by the proprietors of estates themselves, partly by a kind of tax *justly laid upon*, or in other words *expected* as a matter of course from strangers who may have been induced to reside during the winter months in the neighbourhood, the amount given being left to the generosity of the donor; and even, in too frequent instances, from small sums screwed from the pockets of the different innkeepers, horse-dealers, liverymen, &c., who may be fortunate enough to live within the boundaries of the said hunt so urgently requiring aid, and who may have been patronised by the custom of the members themselves. I was much amused, at the termination of last season, reading in a newspaper, that, in a county not one hundred miles from the centre of England, and containing one of the most fashionable of the spas on Dr. Granville's list, so great was the difficulty in raising the sum of money guaranteed to the master of the hounds for the support of his establishment, the subscribers were actually obliged to appeal to the generosity of the minor tradespeople and artisans of the place, a list of whom, with their small contributions was actually published in the county paper, and amongst them was inserted the few shillings extorted from the hard-earned wages of an industrious laundress! But such instances, I hope for the credit of our gentry, are rare, particularly in that district which had so long arrogated to itself the vaunted title of "one of the crack hunting countries of England!"

Then again there is shooting: how matters are altered during the last fifteen or twenty years in that respect! Why there is hardly an acre of ground, not even a snipe marsh, where the game is not directly or indirectly preserved, unless where it has been totally annihilated; that is to say, it is either overwhelmed with the more aristocratic nursery of the breeder of tame pheasants and hares, or taboo'd by the pot-hunting and avaricious occupier of a pitiful hundred acres, who, by sweeping his unsportsmanlike net at the commencement of each season, insures to himself, by the utter annihilation of the game, a few paltry shillings towards the liquidation of his landlord's rent. In former times, a fair sportsman, who might walk his way some ten or fifteen miles right across a country in his travels, would not have had a word said to him for a month together,—at least the chances of his not being interfered with were greatly in his favour; but since game has been looked upon as a mere article of commerce, and "trade's unfeeling train" has usurped the land, matters stand quite different, and unless a man may be blessed, as Somerville says, with "*hereditary wealth heaped copious*," he had much better keep to the high road in his rambles, as he cannot now have the privilege of enjoying an hour's shooting without paying most exorbitantly for the leave of beating over land where there is not a remote chance of finding a single feather, or of running the risk of being immediately pounced upon as a rogue and vagabond by the hired watchman of some aristocratic poultry-marchant.

Of fishing we may also say the same thing. The good old days of Isaac Walton and uninterrupted strolls along the verdant meadows in Spring are at an end, save by the silvery Thames, and some of the larger rivers in the neighbourhood of towns, where the remotest chance of catching anything but the courser kinds of fish seldom exists. I could enumerate, however, instances of the angler enjoying excellent sport occasionally in streams open to the public, but shall reserve them till their proper turn arrives in my notices of the various counties and their resources. Such halcyon days and tranquil scenes as the old father of anglers was wont to

describe have passed away, except to those who may feel inclined to belong to a club, or to purchase a ticket from some adventurous maker of fishing-tackle in the metropolis, or who can afford to pay for his diversion by staying at the house of some Piscean Boniface, who may have taken some water-side public-house and adjoining fishery as a speculation: and mind you, some of these amphibious gentlemen are more voracious in their calling than the otter itself: while others to their credit be it made known, build up to themselves everlasting respect by their moderate charges, urbanity of manners, and general deportment towards their guests. But more of this anon.

Under such an aspect, then, of our sporting resources, our true interest consists, rather in our support to the utmost of our power by the continued upholding of such systems, much as they require reformation in their minute details, than by a contemptuous attempt to cry down and not support a state of things which has at length become so general, popular, and unavoidable, and which has been brought about partly by unforeseen and uncontrollable circumstances, but as much as anything, by the apathy, ignorance, and consequent poverty, and in some instances by the contemptible avarice, of many of our great landed proprietors themselves.

It is the opinion of many persons, but only of those I trust who may be denominated "croakers," that the national sports and pastimes of this country are fast falling into disrepute; nevertheless, without doubt or hesitation we may say, that there is certainly a great change in the administration of them—viz., the presence of railroads, increase of population, and consequently a vast difference in the cultivation of the land; and, by no means the least, the abominable and useless state of the present game laws. All these tend materially to affect the enjoyment of our sports, and are causes over which the sportsman abstractedly cannot have the slightest control.

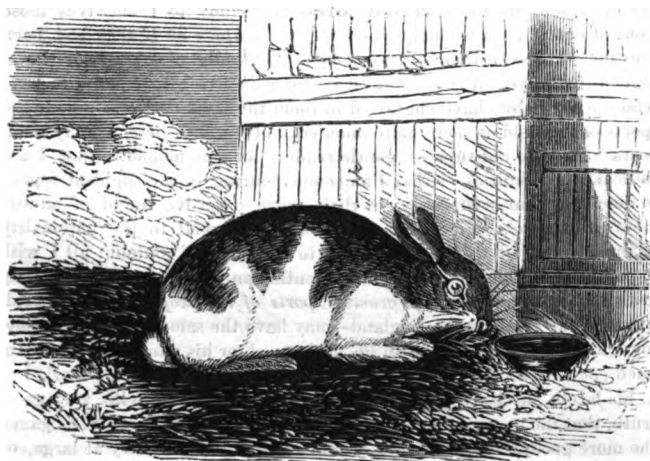
It is not my intention here to enter so far as I might do upon the subject of the amusements of the people in general: it is a field far too wide for me to explore at the present moment, necessary as such recreations are, not merely as healthful employments, but to look at the thing in a light as of the highest importance to the policy of this country. That a great deal of discontent and bitter feeling exists even amongst the higher classes of this community, every one who has the slightest powers of observation cannot avoid seeing. The vast difference in the amount of wealth possessed by gentlemen of the same rank, and the exclusive manner in which the more wealthy aristocrats enjoy to themselves those "out-of-doors" amusements, which seem by nature as if they had been sent for all to avail themselves of, must eventually generate heart-burnings in the breasts of those (and it is impossible to alter human nature) whose early habits have engrafted in them the same desire to pursue the sports of the field as their more menied and perhaps less worthy contemporaries. Pray do not suppose, gentle reader, for one moment, that I am radical in my politics, or that I am endeavouring in the slightest degree to depreciate our aristocracy, or their more expensive round of amusements: if that class give them up in disgust, farewell to the nationality of this country; let them enjoy them to their hearts' content: all I wish to point out is, that the less wealthy gentleman—mind you I am writing at this moment not upon the general sports of the people, but the field-sports of the gentlemen of England—may have the same facility of enjoying a morning's diversion with his fishing-rod or his gun as his more refined cousin with his twenty thousand a-year. Mr. Granctley Berkeley, in his lately published pamphlet on the game-law, said with very great truth, that the mass the gentlemen of this country preserved their game, the more good, in various ways, would accrue to the country at large, or words to that effect; but as I have not his pamphlet with me, I cannot give his sentiments in the identical words by which he expressed himself. I should like to see the whole of this country—that is, as much of it as is available for the purpose—preserved in a proper manner for the amusement of gentlemen. If we take a glance over the different agricultural districts, even within a hundred miles of the metropolis, we may see numbers of the most extensive tracts of land which are wholly given up to the merciless poacher, or the not less objectionable pot-hunter, which might be preserved at a comparatively trifling expense, and rented by a club or society of sportsmen, whose motive would be, not the slaughtering of the whole of the game in one short morning, as is the case with many of our more fashionable battue-shooters, but the option of going over the different beats, regulated by a code of rules agreed upon amongst themselves, whenever they might feel inclined to go down into



the country for a day or two's shooting. It is a well known fact that four-fifths of the men who go into the highlands of Scotland every year grouse and fishing are composed of the professional men of London and other large cities, who take this opportunity of breathing a little fresh air, and rubbing off the dust and smoke of that crowded Babylon. And why do they go to Scotland? Because that is the only country where shooting and fishing can be engaged upon those terms, expensive as they are: and I have no hesitation in saying that three parts of those professional men who take "their outing" in visiting foreign parts, and follow each other like a string of geese up the Rhine, and to the south of France, would, if even moderate shooting could be obtained, "change the venue" and seek for recreation in the stubble-field and turnips, instead of spending both their time and money in a most unprofitable manner, excepting to the hotel-keepers, as they listlessly saunter along the broiling streets of some foreign town. If we allow ourselves to reflect, but one moment, we shall see the expedience of encouraging our field-sports, not only with a philanthropic view towards those of our own *caste* as a means of promoting health, but also as a matter of policy will it be advantageous, as calculated to allay those symptoms of discontent of which we before spoke, and arrest them in their progress. We read in history of the consummate judgment of a *real* philosopher, who, when his city was besieged invented games to divert the attention of the inhabitants from the horrors of a blockade. Besides, there is no surer method of cementing the reciprocity of feeling and sympathy of spirit which ought to be cherished in every country between men of the same rank in society, than by encouraging those kind of sports and recreations which may be termed national.

In case then of such fearful presage on the score of mere nationality alone, and to put all selfish views out of the question, it is the duty of all who revere the manly and enviable characteristics of this country, to support in every way, by the best means in their power, our national sports; and by so doing, not indeed the least material part of the business, they would eventually considerably increase her pecuniary resources, and much of the money now wasted on the Continent would be spent here, and there would be no occasion to subject the frivolities of Paris, Aix-la-Chapelle, or Baden Baden, for the more manly and healthy recreations of fox-hunting, shooting, fishing, &c. *Sporting Mag. for October.*

### NATURAL HISTORY OF SPORTING.



THE TAME RABBIT.

(Continued from page 347.)

**ALTHOUGH** the Tame Rabbit, whose picture tops this column can hardly be considered within the legitimate scope of sport, yet is he, thanks to the "Fancy" who breed and patronize his many varieties, decidedly a *Sporting Animal*. Hence we shall offer no apology for its picture, but proceed at once to a resumption of the article broken off in the last number.

**Feeding.**—Upon a regular plan, and with sufficient attendance, it is better to feed three times than twice a day. The art of feeding rabbits with safety and advantage is, always give the upper hand to dry and substantial food. Their nature is congenial with that of

the sheep, and the same kind of food, with little variation, agrees with both. All weeds, and the refuse of vegetation, should be banished from rabbit feeding. Such articles are too washy and diuretic, and can never be worth attention, whilst the more solid and nutritious productions of the field may be obtained in such plenty, and will return so much greater profit. Rabbits may, indeed, be kept, and even fattened upon roots, good green meat, and hay; but they will pay for corn; and this may be taken as a general rule. Rabbits which have as much corn as they will eat, can never take any harm from being indulged with almost an equal portion of good substantial vegetables. However, the test of health is, that their dung be not too moist. Many, or most, of the town feeders never allow any greens at all; the reason, I suppose, because they feed almost entirely on grains. The corn proper for rabbits:—oats, peas, wheat; pollard, and some give buck-wheat. The greens and roots, the same as our cattle crops, namely, carrots, Jerusalem artichoke, and if potatoes, baked or steamed. Lucerne, cabbage-leaves, clover, tares, furze. I have had them hoven, from eating rape; and not improbably, mangold might have a similar effect. Clover and meadow-hay, pea and bean straw.

Rabbits are generally sold from the teat, but there is also a demand for those of larger size, which may be fattened upon corn and hay, with an allowance of the best vegetables. The better the food, the greater weight, better quality, and more profit, which I apprehend to be generally the case in the breeding of all animals. Some fatten with fresh grains and pollard. I have tried all wheat, and all potato oats, comparatively; but could find no difference in the goodness of the flesh. The rabbit's flesh being dry, the allowance of succulent greens may tend to render it more juicy; and I suppose the old complaint of the dryness of the flesh in Devon beef, entirely fed by hay, might be remedied in the same way. Rabbits are in perfection for feeding at the fourth or sixth month; beyond which period their flesh becomes more dry, and somewhat hard. It requires three months, or nearly so, to make a rabbit thoroughly fat and ripe; half the time may make them eatable, but by no means equal in the quality of the flesh. They may yet be over fattened, as appears by specimens exhibited a few years since, at Lord Somerville's show, which were loaded with fat, without and within, like the best feeding sheep; and at the late London cattle show, two were exhibited, one of them exceeding the weight of fifteen pounds.

Castrated rabbits might be fattened, no doubt, to the weight of upwards of ten, or even fifteen pounds, at six or seven months old. The operation should be performed at the age of six or seven weeks. I have not succeeded in castrating the rabbit, but am informed it is successfully practised in the land of capons, namely, Sussex, near Chichester, where on the average, not one in three hundred is lost by the operation, which is performed at five or six weeks old.

In slaughtering full-grown rabbits, after the usual stroke upon the neck, the throat should be perforated upwards, towards the jaws, with a small pointed knife, in order that the blood may be evacuated, which would otherwise settle in the head and neck. It is an abomination to kill poultry by the slow and torturing method of bleeding to death, hung up by the heels, the veins of the mouth being cut; but still more so the rabbit, which in that situation utters horrible screams. The entrails of the rabbit, whilst fresh, are said to be good food for fish, being thrown into ponds.

By 7 & 8 Geo. IV. if any person unlawfully and wilfully, in the night time, take any hare or coney, in any warren or ground lawfully used for the keeping thereof, whether enclosed or not, every such person shall be guilty of a misdemeanour; the persons guilty of the same offence in the day time, or using any snare or engine, are subject to a penalty of five pounds. But this does not extend to the taking, in the day time, any conies on any sea bank or river bank in Lincolnshire, so far as the tide shall extend, or within a furlong of such bank.

**Amphill Rabbit Bazaar.**—I have stated at the commencement of this article, that the large concerns had generally ceased. Of late, one has arisen at Amphill, Beds., upon a more extensive sale than ever before attempted, established by J. H. Fisher, Esq., an agent of his Grace the Duke of Bedford. Upon so extensive a plan, indeed, is this new undertaking, that it may be well styled our grand National Rabbit Bazaar. The building, situated on an eminence, is square, somewhat resembling barracks, with a court within the walls, and with thirty acres of fine light land adjoining, under culture of those crops known to be best adapted to the nourishment and support of rabbit-stock. It was proposed to keep between four

and five thousand breeding does, which number is probably now complete. The young rabbits, from seven to nine weeks old, are sent to Newgate and Leadenhall markets, fifty to sixty dozens weekly. The quantity of dung produced, which is reserved with the utmost care, and free from any extraneous substances, must be very considerable. A number of men and boys are employed in the concern, under the direction of an experienced foreman, and the utmost regularity of attention observed with respect to management, feeding, and cleanliness.

This bazaar has been honoured by the visits of persons of the highest rank; of his late Majesty, William IV., his Grace the Duke of Bedford, Lord Holland, Lord Vernon, and a number of ladies and gentlemen.

The wild warreners catch their rabbits with fold-nets, with spring-nets, and with "tipes," a species of trap.

The fold-nets are set about midnight, between the burrows and the feeding grounds; the rabbits being driven in with dogs, and kept inclosed in the fold until morning.

The spring-net is generally laid round a haystack, or other object of inducement for rabbits to collect in numbers.

The tipe or trap is a more modern invention; it consists of a large pit or cistern covered with a floor, with a small trap door nicely balanced, near its mouse. It used to be set by a haystack, but since turnips are now grown for the winter food, in an inclosure within the warren, the trap is placed within the wall of this inclosure. For a night or two the rabbits are suffered to go through the mouse, and over the trap, that they may be familiarised to where the turnips are grown, after that the trap-door is unbarred, and the number wanted are taken. In emptying the cistern, the rabbits are called, the fat ones are slaughtered, and the others turned upon the turnips to improve.

In shooting a rabbit, always consider the foremost half of him as your target, or he will probably be shot in a slovenly manner; and if there is an earth near, most likely scramble to it, and make his escape.

**GOOD NEWS.**—It is expected that at the next meeting of Parliament, the cotton Lords will be all worsted.

A ludicrous mistake happened some time ago at a funeral in Marylebone. The clergyman had gone on with the service, until he came to that part which says, "Our deceased brother or sister," without knowing whether the deceased was male or female. He turned to one of the mourners, and asked whether it was a brother or sister. The man very innocently replied, "No relation at all, sir, only an acquaintance."

**MUSK.**—Musk is a concrete substance, found in an animal having a near affinity to the deer tribe, a native of Thibet, China, and Siberia. The musk deer is a timid animal, and rarely appears during the day; consequently the musk collectors watch and surprise it at night. The best musk comes from China; and to have it genuine it should be purchased in the natural bag or pod, as it is very often adulterated. The Bengal musk is inferior, and that from Russia the worst of all. The hair on the pod of the best musk is a fawn colour; that on the inferior a dirty white. A variety of musk is found in the musk-rat of Canada, an animal about the size of a small rabbit. Musk is of a bitter taste, and of an odour more powerful than anything known; substances in its neighbourhood become strongly infected by it, and when once perfumed with it, long retain the scent. It has been known to affect chests of tea placed at a considerable distance, even though both had been packed up in leaden boxes; for which reason the East India Company gave an order not to import musk and tea in the same ships. Many persons dislike the odour. It has the property, when employed in very small quantities, of augmenting the scent of other substances, without imparting its own.

**SERVANTS AND THEIR "FRIENDS."**—Every master and mistress in the United Kingdom knows what a maid servant's "friend" is. Sometimes he is a brother; sometimes he is a cousin (often a cousin); and sometimes a father, who really wears well, and carries his age amazingly. He comes down the area, in at the window, or through a door left ajar. Sometimes a maid servant, like a hare, has many friends. The master of the house, after washing his hands in the back kitchen, feels behind the door for a jack-towel, and lays hold of a "friend's" nose. "Friends" are shy; sometimes a footman breaks a friend's shins by plunging into the coal cellar for a shovel of nobbles. We speak feelingly, our own abode having been once turned into a friend's meeting house—a fact we became aware of through a smoky chimney; but a chimney will smoke when there is a journeyman baker up it.

**THE CHURCH IN DANGER.**—The Ecclesiastical Commissioners and the church of St. Stephen, Walbrook, have simultaneously gone to decay. Age has cruelly perforated the roof of the latter, and the sacred edifice is absolutely more "holy" than "righteous." We understand the parishioners intend petitioning Churchwarden Gibbs to present the building with a new "tile." It sadly needs a covering.

## WEST COUNTRY PRACTICE OF "DOWSING."

[The following facts, arising from this singular practice, well known in Somersetshire and the adjacent counties, we are assured by an influential morning paper, may be depended on.]—*Editor S. M.*

"The ceremonial of dowsing is as follows:—The operator cuts a twig from the white thorn or hazel, which is forked at one end. He then takes in each hand one of the prongs of the fork, and holds them close to his body, just under the ribs, extending the handle, or stem, horizontally before him. Thus provided, he moves slowly over the ground which it is his intention to examine, and if there be water or ore underneath, its presence will be indicated by the repulsion of the rod towards his breast as soon as he arrives at the spot where the spring or the mineral is deposited.

"Let us now proceed to state the facts, in which the practice of discovering water in order to sink wells has been successfully and recently employed. The first instance mentioned occurred upon the lands of Wm. Edwards, Esq., of Sand, near Widmore, in the county of Somerset, a gentleman of a highly cultivated mind, and one who holds in great contempt the local superstitions of the peasantry. Some years since, however, one of his farms (now tenanted by Edward Tuckett,) being situated on an eminence, suffered severely from the want of water, and he determined to guard against the repetition of such an evil by sinking a well. It so happened, that just as he was about to put his plan into execution, he saw a man named Mapstone, employed on a neighbour's land in dowsing for water. Having entered into conversation with him, Mr. Edwards was induced to give him a trial at the farm, expecting to reap no further advantage from the experiment than that of a hearty laugh at its failure and absurdity. Mapstone, however, went to work in the manner already described with his instrument, the dowsing fork, and had not proceeded far before he stopped at a particular spot, declaring that water would be found within twenty feet of the surface. Two labourers were immediately employed at dig the well, and in three days, having perforated about nineteen feet, they arrived at a pure and abundant supply of water, which has never been exhausted in the driest summer that has taken place since.

"The next instance took place on the premises of Arthur Phippin, Esq., at Widmore, near Wells, Somersetshire; where, on Tuesday, 10th September, 1844, a person named Charles Adams, was brought from Rowborough, near Shipham, to dowsing for water. Adams is forty-three years of age, and has practised dowsing since he was thirteen, in the course of which time he has sunk upwards of 100 wells. Having cut from a hedge a forked white thorn twig of this year's growth, about eighteen inches long in each stem, he entered the garden, and walked about, with his apparatus projected in the usual way, to search for water. He had walked but a few paces over the soil when the fork was repelled, and the position of the spring discovered. This spring he traced west and east to a considerable distance, until he arrived over a covered well, of the existence of which he was totally ignorant, and there the instrument became so much agitated that it required a strong pressure to keep it down. All the spectators successively held one of the branches or stems, and every one of them was convinced by the resistance made to his effort that the ceremony was no delusion. Another experiment was made in the kitchen, the floor of which is covered with stone, and under which there are no springs. In the absence of Adams, three hats were placed, crown upwards, on the floor at equal distances, and under the centre hat were deposited three silver spoons. Adams was then called on to exhibit. To the two empty hats the dowsing fork was immovable, but when held over the centre hat, which covered the spoons, it was driven back towards the breast of the operator, just as when the presence of water was indicated. Another experiment was made on the same occasion. The three hats were again placed on the floor, the first covering a small diamond pin, the second three silver spoons, and the third a gold watch, chain, and seals. The first and second hats produced a powerful effect on the dowsing fork, that which covered the diamond pin being far the more powerful, while that which covered the watch, chain and seals, was but slight, being hardly perceptible to the different witnesses to the exhibition. Adams, who is a very sober, industrious man, can produce testimonials of his ability and success in this extraordinary process, from many persons of the highest respectability in the county of Somerset. He stated to the company, that he had recently been sent for by the Rev. Mr. Foster, at his seat near Sodbury, in Gloucestershire, to give advice on the subject of procuring water, that gentleman having, at considerable expense, sunk a well full sixty feet in depth, without arriving at a drop of water! Upon dowsing, Adams quickly discovered a spring within six feet of the well, which spring he conjectured to be about twenty feet under the surface, and on descending to that distance in the well, he perceived an oozing of water from its side. He accordingly recommended his employer to make an arch, of three feet by two feet in width, and six feet in length, from the spot in the well whence the water oozed, and that being accomplished, the workmen found an abundant supply of excellent water, which speedily filled the well to the extent of forty feet.

"We will only farther add, that the same experiment took place on the premises of John Barrow, Esq., a magistrate of the district, a gentleman in every way superior to the influence of vulgar prejudice, but at the same time too enlightened to shut his eyes with obstinate incredulity against anything capable of experimental proof.

# ADVERTISEMENTS.

## DONCASTER ST. LEGER.—PAUL ASHLEY'S DONCASTER ST. LEGER SWEEPS, for 1846, are Gone to the following TOWNS and PLACES.

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Fourth 21 Sweep	1st do., to Sheffield	60 0 0
	2nd do., to Chertsey	10 0 0
	3rd do., to Sheffield	5 0 0
Fifth 21 Sweep	1st do., to Sheffield	60 0 0
	2nd do., to Sheffield	10 0 0
	3rd do., to Sheffield	5 0 0
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	3rd do., to Sheffield	5 0 0
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	2nd do., to Hathersage	10 0 0
	3rd do., to London	5 0 0
Tenth 21 Sweep	1st do., to Kelso	60 0 0
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Subs.	1st	2nd	3rd
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Subs.	1st	2nd	3rd	Start.
191 at £1.	£130	£30	£10	£1
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191 at 5s.	30	7 10s.	2 10s.	5s.
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I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c.

(Signed) THOMAS TAYLOR

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LONDON.—Printed by WILLIAM SMITH, of White Hart Street, in the Parish of St. Mary-le-Strand; and Published at the Office, 42, Holywell Street, Strand, by E. DUFFLE.—Thursday, October 4th, 1845.



# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 24. FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 1, 1845. THREE HALF-PENCE.

[Stamped to send free by Post, Three-pence.]



## DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET IT?

**S**URELY we need not write under the cunning customer that caps these columns his cognomen of "Charley"? We opine not: the ancient sign-painter, who inscribed beneath his ambiguous animal "this is a horse," lest some innocent passer-by should take it for a boar-pig or a starved buffalo, drew animals in some "other-guess fashion" to that of the artist who cut the living likeness of this voracious varmint. It needeth not surely much strength of the imagination to see that some gorgeous ground-feeding pheasant, or close-lying partridge, hath just winged his flight to upper air from before the sniffing nostrils of the sneaking slaughterer. Yes! you've missed your aim this time, rascally Reynard, as sure as Barney missed his mammy's blessing when they hung him ten minutes before the venerable lady's arrival. We will not here repeat your natural history as it is known to all; but we give unto you fair warning that, as the season advances, we'll tell the reader all sorts of things about your hunting—anecdotal, instructive, and amusing—and with this we proceed to *hoop up* this article with a *stave* or two.—

In the gorse-brake or covert his kennel is made,  
Those bleached bones of the rabbit discover his trade;  
But tighten your girths, and look well to your seat,  
We shall bolt him, anon, from his wily retreat.

"Tally-ho! Tally-ho!" 'tis the bold hunter's shout;  
The hit, 'tis a true one, he soon must break out;  
Hark to Daisy, and Damper, and Dauntless—'tis he;  
Now the de'il take the hindmost—it shall not be me.

Crash, crash,—out of covert! by Nimrod of old,  
Let he that would flinch be, aye, tied to a scold;  
Crash, crash,—there goes —! he's cleared it, I'll swear:  
But let others, less close to the saddle, beware!

Hold hard there, hold hard! let them settle, my boys,  
Ride not over the scent, make no fluster nor noise;  
Give the cocktails good room; they will soon recollect,  
Should this burst hold ten minutes, we must be select.

See, see, how they tail, not the pack, but the field;  
The hound will be staunch, when the hunter shall yield,  
Not a check, not a fault; what a head! this is fine;  
Is there aught, but dear woman, on earth so divine?

Take heed of that brook—they are in it: ne'er mind;  
There are those shall uplift them who struggle behind:  
The music's before us; the music so dear!  
And what, what should stop us, when death is so near?

That death—bark to "Juno!" she leads them—sweet lass—  
That death which gives life to the prime of our class;  
Hold onwards! there are but — and we;  
We left our last rival, dead beat, in the lea.

\* The reader is requested to fill these blanks with the names of the best riders of his acquaintance.—ED. SR. MAG.

She leads them, pet Juno, yet close on her stern,  
At full stretch, gallops Jessy, to strive for her turn;  
Whilst the falcon he follows, he yields—in a swoop,  
The pack are upon him—he dies—whoo-o-o-sop!

Is it over? all ended? No! ne'er be it said,  
That all must be over when Reynard is dead;  
'Tis true we have killed him on Waverley plain,  
What then? o'er our wine-cups we'll kill him again.

Then a glass for the breath of the "merry-ton'd" horn,  
A glass for the dark sky and southerly morn;  
And bumpers on bumpers—a burst—fore we go,  
To "Fox-hunting,"—"hark forward!"—"Yo-oicks!"—"tally-ho!"

## THE FISHER'S CREEL.

### THAMES ANGLING REGULATIONS.



**D**URING this "off season" we cannot perhaps make a better fill-up for this angler's corner than by printing the following abstract. Its careful perusal may prevent inconvenience to some suburban sportsmen, save the postage of others, and our own time in answering queries:—

#### RULES WHICH REGULATE FISHING IN THE THAMES.

The rules and ordinances for governing and regulating all persons who shall fish or dredge in the river of Thames, and also in the waters of the Medway within the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor of the City of London, as conservator of the said river and waters, were framed and set down in writing by the consent of the mayor and aldermen of the city of London, on the 4th of October, 1785, and commenced and took place from the 1st day of November in that year, and are still in force. They are signed, Clark, mayor, and confirmed and approved by Mansfield, chancellor, and Loughborough, chief justice.

Many of these rules, &c., refer to nothing below the bridges, and are therefore not interesting to anglers. Consequently we shall only give those which bear either indirectly or directly on the business of anglers or affect their sport. The following are such:—

Rule 16. "That no net under the guise of three inches in the mesh shall be worked by any person at any time of the year above Richmond bridge, upon the river Thames; and that no person shall use any net in the work of fishing called *beating of the bush, flag, or reel*, which shall be of less size than three inches in the mesh, or shall use or lead their nets with any stones, lead, iron, bricks, or other things than the lead which is usually put upon the same to sink them, under the penalty to forfeit and pay five pounds for every such offence."

17. "That no net, engine, or device shall be wrought or drawn over the weeds, for catching of pike or other fish by any person, under the penalty to forfeit and pay five pounds for every such offence."

20. This is a most important regulation, and the strict enforcement of it by all water bailiffs will prevent an immensity of poaching. It is as follows:—"That no person shall fish or attempt to take fish with any sort of net in the night-time, or before sun-rising, or after sun-setting, at any time of the year in the said river of Thames, between Richmond Bridge, and the City of London's mark stone above Staines Bridge, under the penalty of forfeiting and paying five pounds for every such offence."

21. "That no person shall use any draw-net or draw any net, although of legal size or mesh, upon, or after any other net or nets; and that no person shall land or ship into any boat on shore any net in any part of the said river westward of Richmond Bridge, under the penalty of forfeiting and paying five pounds for every such offence."

23. This clause is the most important to anglers. "That the respective times and seasons for persons going forth to fish, and taking fish, in the said river of Thames, shall from time to time be observed by them, and be as follows, that is to say, trout shall only be taken from the 25th day of January to the 10th day of September yearly. Pike, jack, perch, roach, dace, chub, barbel and gudgeons shall only be taken between the 1st day of July and the 1st day of March in every year, except such as shall be taken in the month of June by angling. And any person who shall catch any fish within the jurisdiction aforesaid in any other season of the year, or in any other manner, shall forfeit and pay for every such offence the sum of five pounds."

24. An important regulation, broke through hourly. The rigid enforcement of it would be displeasing to many, but otherwise to the true and accomplished angler. It enacts, "That no fish, of any of the sorts or kinds hereinafter mentioned, shall be caught in the said river of Thames, or sold, or exposed to or for sale, if caught in the said river, of less weight or size than herein-after is specified, that is to say, no trout of less weight than one pound, no pike or jack under twelve inches long, from the eye to the end of the tail, no perch under eight inches long from the eye to the end of the tail, no roach under eight inches long from the eye to the end of the tail, no dace under six inches long from the eye to the end of the tail, no chub under nine inches long from the eye to the end of the tail,

no barbel under twelve inches long from the eye to the end of the tail, no gudgeon under five inches long from the eye to the end of the tail, under pain to forfeit and pay five pounds for every such offence." Were he to anglers if they were informed against every time they caught fish weighing less than stipulated above.

40. "That no person shall, by any device, ways, or means, wilfully take, destroy, or spoil, any spawn, fry, or brood of fish, under the penalty of forfeiting and paying five pounds for every such offence."

41. "That no person shall wilfully take or catch any fish out of season, or during the time or season of spawning, under pain to forfeit and pay five pounds for every such offence."

44. Is in favour of anglers, ordering "that no person shall fish with any sort of net, weel, night hook, or any other device, except by angling, in, or make use of any net, engine, or device, to drive the fish out of any place which shall be staked by order of the Lord Mayor of the said City of London for the time being, as conservator aforesaid, for the preservation of the fishery, and whereof notice shall be stuck up in some public place of the town or village next adjoining to the place or places so ordered to be staked; and that no person shall take up or remove any stake, burr, boat, or any other thing which shall have been driven down or sunk in any such place as aforesaid; upon pain to forfeit and pay, from time to time, the sum of five pounds for every such offence on breach of any part of this order."

56. "That after the said 1st day of November, 1785, no person shall follow the trade or business of a fisherman on the said river of Thames, within the jurisdiction aforesaid, and catch fish for sale, or to sell, unless he hath been or shall be brought up to the said business, or shall have served an apprenticeship to or with some person of the trade or business of a fisherman, upon pain to forfeit and pay from time to time the sum of £1. for every offence in breach of any part of this order."

The mayor of the city of London, or any justice of the peace, has the power of punishing according to the above rules, and can only remit half of the penalty, and in default of payment, and if the fine cannot be levied by distress and sale of the offender's goods he can be committed to prison as by the said act is directed. These rules and ordinances, of which we have only given an abstract, ought to be in the hands of every one interested in the preservation of the fisheries of the Thames. They are printed by Mr. Taylor, 20, Coleman-street, the city Printer.

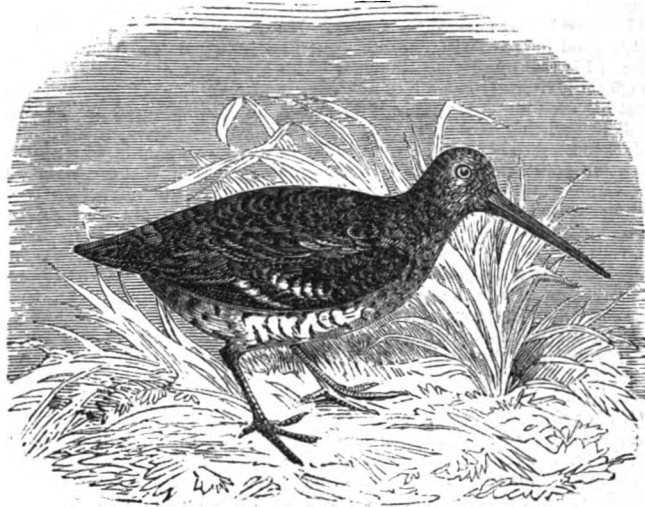
### ANALYTICAL RESULTS OF THE DONCASTER MEETING.

The following analytical statement of the results of the late Doncaster meeting may prove not uninteresting to some of our readers. During the four days of the meeting twenty races (exclusive of private matches) were set down for decision, involving a gross total value of 12,050l. Of these twenty races, seven were run on Tuesday, and were of the value of 2,190l. Wednesday's list exhibited on paper five races, worth 4,260l. Thursday's four races were worth 2,190l.; and Friday wound up the meeting with four races, value 2,660l. Of the above races, however, one proved nil (not having filled), two were walked over, and five were reduced to matches. Lord G. Bentinck started six horses for as many races, and was successful in three, which were of the net value of 2,710l. The horses belonging to Dawson's stable carried off six prizes, equivalent in value to 1,485l. Peck's stable produced two winners, whose net gains amounted to 1,300l. Scott's stable won six races, value 4,996l. The stables of J. Forth and J. Day seemed deserted by their usual good fortune, not having been able to carry off a single prize. The total number of horses which contended during the week was 79, although, of course, many of these made more than one appearance during that period. In these races where animals of both sexes were engaged, the males proved the most fortunate, carrying off seven prizes, while the horses only obtained five. In the All-aged Stakes three were won by three year olds, four by four year olds, two by five year olds, and one aged. In eight cases the favourites at starting proved the winners, and in nine cases the non-favourites were successful. The most fortunate jockeys were F. Butler, who won three races (including the Lag-r), T. Lye three, Nat Flatman two, and Cartwright two.—The total number of passengers that reached the Sinton station for the races amounted to 3,379, being 800 more than last year. The receipts for their conveyance amounted to 1,100l., and the increase of passengers, on the whole line, for seven days, exceeded 2,000l.

INTERESTING TO LONDON ANGLERS.—The roach season being at its height in the Thames, the river in the vicinity of Richmond, Twickenham, and Teddington daily exhibits a scene of animation, by reason of the great numbers of bank and punt anglers constantly visiting those localities. Last Sunday, at Richmond alone, in the preserve, and on its banks, about 200 Waltonians were assembled, to say nothing of the numbers of anglers that were engaged higher up the river. Several piscatorial parties, after walking to Twickenham and Teddington, found all the punts and boats pre-engaged, and were obliged to turn to town without having their fill of sport. The "takes" of roach and other fish at the above named places have for some time past been very numerous, fine, and heavy.

EFFECT OF RAILWAYS ON HORSES.—Since 1839 the post horse duty has decreased from 224,347l. to 163,160l. The abominable tax should be altogether repealed.

## BRITISH BIRDS. NO. XVII.



THE SOLITARY SNIPES.

**OUR** first engraving of the Snipe Family is the one claiming precedence on the score of size, as the GREAT or SOLITARY SNIPES; its size as the scientific name of *Scolopax media* implies, is half-way between the woodcock (*Scolopax rusticula*) and the common snipe (*Scolopax gallinula*.) The habits, manners and breeding of the snipe with the peculiarities of snipe shooting will be fully treated of in our next number, under the common Snipe, accordingly we shall merely note the peculiarities of the subject in our engraving.

The GREAT SNIPES, is also distinguished by its bill being shorter and stronger than that of the former; its belly and vent dusky white, barred with black, that of the common snipe white; the plumage on the back is darker; the tail has more red in it; the legs are of a darker green not black, as described by Latham; and when sprung does not cry out. They are generally found in high stuff, such as reeds, flags, &c. They lie very close, and are not so quick on the wing as the other species. These birds abound in the Pontine Marshes, are frequently found in the swampy country of the south-west of France, near the shores of the Bay of Biscay, and breed in Sweden. The name by which they are known by in France is "*La double Becassine*." It is sometimes though rarely, found in the marshes near the metropolis, on the banks of the Thames, and in the county of Norfolk. In August, 1835, a couple of these birds were shot within a few miles of Norwich, the male being of the extraordinary weight of ten ounces, the female eight ounces.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE MR. JOHN JACKSON.

"I go to the land where my father is gone,  
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son."

HUNTER.

As a pendant to the pugilistic memoir which appeared in the second and third numbers of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE (in the History of Boxing now in progress in these pages) the following anecdotes of the late respected athlete will be found interesting.

John Jackson was an instance of the glorious truth which this country is continually evolving—that if a man be but true to himself he may defy the malice of millions. It is no matter in what grade of life a creature be thrown—it is no matter whether, from necessity or choice, he wingles with the learned or illiterate, the high or low—give him the attribute of genius, or, if that be denied, integrity and industry, he must distinguish himself. The choice of a profession is the puzzle of boyhood—be it so. A profession never yet degraded a man, if that man took care not to degrade his profession.

As there always have been and will be ruffians let loose upon society, who must be quelled by the only argument those brutish unfortunates can understand, and as

Heads, nineteen in twenty, 'tis confess'd,  
Can feel a crabstick quicker than a jest,

it is essential that boxing, as an art, should not wholly fall into desuetude; it empowers the little man to contend with the big one, and enables the weak man, to a certain extent, to defend himself against the strong one.

The present state of England requires little self-power in its inhabitants. Gas and the police have done much to keep ruffianism at a low tempera-

ture, but even now things do occasionally occur to call upon every man to at least be enabled to let his own hands defend his own head; or, what is of much more consequence, the heads of those near and dear to him. Such a power is a *corps de reserve* that though perhaps never called into action, it is pleasant to possess. So thought our grandfathers—so thought our grandfathers' fathers in the days of Fielding. Boxing amid the gentlemen of England was but a deteriorated knight errantry; it enabled a man to protect an insulted woman. "Ay!" exclaims the anti-pugilist, but what say you to the prize pugilist—the promoters of pugnacity? The reply is plain—they are but the exemplars of a practice. Had tilers no teachers? and could they teach without exemplifying?

This rambling exordium leads us to a review of the life of one who was at once the Napoleon and the Nestor of the ring. John Jackson was born in the vicinity of London, in 1768. His father was a builder, and, though not of wealthy lineage, the boy "Jack" had as ample means as most of those who figured in the by-gone days, when education and business-habits were not considered the primary affairs for a young man whose parents were "well to do." John Jackson loved sport for sport's sake. He was neither a libertine nor a drunkard, a gambler or a peep-of-da-boy; and if he was occasionally seen at the Royal Grove, the Dog and Duck, and Bagnigge Wells, it was not to sacrifice either to Bacchus or Venus. He was an agile dancer, a capital wrestler, and at single stick had few competitors. He was intended for his father's profession, and had progressed in the study of it, when an irresistible desire to distinguish himself made him suddenly enter the fistic arena. A father fond to excess of a son who in all other points was a model of propriety, and proud of a "boy" declared to be "the most perfect specimen of an English youth," was soon persuaded to yield to his earnest request, to "try his hand, if only for once." Novices as big as bullocks were proposed, but John Jackson wanted to walk to the head rung of the ladder at once, and desired to fight an accomplished boxer. Fewterell was at length selected by him. Now, Fewterell, a "canny Scot" by birth and temperament, was no common man; he was above six feet in height, and 14st. in weight, with great strength and greater activity; above all—a rarity in those days—he fought not at random, but at points; he was an intelligent and intellectual man, and one whose temper vicissitudes could not ruffle, consequently a very dangerous opponent to an impetuous youth not yet twenty. The battle came off on the 9th June, 1788, at Smitham Bottom, near Croydon, in the presence of almost all the young aristocracy of England, headed by his late revered Majesty George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales. After an hour's contest, Fewterell was taken away, and the "boy" declared a victor. It now became evident to the patrons of pugilism that a pancratian genius had arisen, who could administer the most severe punishment and yet remain scathless; but this would not do with the many, who thought Fewterell had made too light of his antagonist. Accordingly Jackson, who merely fought at first from the boy-pride of being "best at everything," was persuaded to enter the lists with George Ingleston (commonly called "The Brewer"), a pupil of Johnson, who defeated Perrins. Ingleston was six feet in height, a tremendous hitter, but possessed little science: his merit consisting in his great strength, and his utter inability to understand when he had had "enough." On the 19th of March, 1789, Jackson and he came on a stage at Ingatestone, Essex. Jackson took the lead and kept it; but in the fourth round he fell, dislocated his ankle, and broke the small bone of his leg. "Take him away!" "No!" said Jackson; "fasten us both down in chairs, and put us before one another, and we'll fight it out." This, however courageous the proposal, it was, of course, impossible to comply with. This fight, had he proved victorious, would have finished Jackson's career as a pugilist, but to leave off from a mere accident was impossible; still the persuasions of his real friends induced him to withdraw himself from a community, even then, fast falling into disrepute. He became an innkeeper and a thriving one. From this retirement he was routed by the vaunting of Daniel Mendoza, who, having beaten Martin, Humphries, Fitzgerald, and Warr, declared he could "polish off the conqueror of Fewterell." This was not to be borne, and accordingly a match came off on a stage at Hornchurch, in Essex, on the 15th of April, 1795. This was a severe fight. In the fifth round Jackson seized Mendoza by the hair of his head, and taking his purchase this way, administered punishment unsparingly with his other hand. The umpires being appealed to declared this to be fair. Since that period all pugilists have affected the tread-mill crop. Jackson beat the invincible Dan Mendoza in ten minutes and a half!

This was his last display as a public pugilist, although in 1801. Mendoza, exasperated by Jem Belcher, declared his readiness to fight Jackson again, "provided he (Jackson) would not take the unmanly and cowardly advantage of holding his hair." These were provoking words, because a barber and a pair of scissors would have ensured safety in that respect; but it must be remembered that Dan had reason to be sore, he was but five feet seven and a half, Jackson six feet good. Mendoza was also the older man. In reply to this challenge, Mr. Jackson wrote a very angry letter, and after mutual bickerings the matter ended. Poor Mendoza sank into poverty and died in Horsehoe Alley, Petticoat-lane, on the 3rd Sept., 1836, aged 73.

From 1785, therefore, Mr. Jackson ceased to be a public pugilist, having fought but three battles, winning two and not gaining (for it



cannot be called losing) the third by an accident. On what basis, then, rests his fame as a thoroughly tried boxer? On none whatever; the pedestal of his popularity was conduct, the keystone to fortune in every grade of life. There is a singular similarity in the career of John Jackson and John Gulliv: the latter fought but thrice, was beaten once, won the other two, and then retired to enjoy a better fortune in a higher sphere of society.

Ere quitting the more active sporting career of Mr. Jackson, it may be as well to state that as a runner his speed was extraordinary, but he could not last; he also excelled as a jumper until Ireland "took the shine out of all England."

The opening of "Jackson's Rooms, 13, Old Bond-street," was literally an era in the gymnastic education of the aristocracy. Not to have had lessons of Jackson was a reproach. To attempt a list of pupils would be to copy one-third of the peerage. Byron, who was a proud of being thought a pugilist, has in his correspondence spoken highly of his tutor; but the fact is, from lameness, the poet could neither hit nor stop effectively. When Jackson taught the author of "Childe Harold," he was 44, Byron about 23; the latter therefore, stood a boy before a veteran. In a note to the 11th Canto of "Don Juan," we find this:—"My friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esquire, professor of pugilism, who I trust still retains the strength and symmetry of his model and form, together with his good humour, and athletic as well as mental accomplishments."

"Jackson has been here; the boxing world much as usual, but the club increases (i. e. Pugilistic Club.) I shall dine at Cribb's to-morrow."

He records going to this dinner thus:—

"Just returned from dinner with Jackson (the Emperor of Pugilism), and another of the select, at Cribb's, the champion's."

The next extract shows the author of "Childe Harold" actually in training.

"I have been sparring with Jackson for exercise this morning, and mean to continue and renew my acquaintance with my snaffles. My chest, and arms, and wind are in very good plight, and I am not in seek. I used to be a hard hitter, and my arms are very long for my height (5 feet 9½ inches); at any rate exercise is good, and this the severest of all; fencing and the broad sword never fatigued me half so much."

This letter is dated 17th of March, 1814.

"Got up, if any thing, earlier than usual; sparred with Jackson *ad sudorem*, and have been much better in health than for many days."

Byron kept at his work, for we find him writing thus on the 9th of April, 1814:—

"I have been boxing for exercise with Jackson for the last month daily."

In returning to the younger days of the "finest formed man in Europe," it is necessary to take the liberty of borrowing a graphic colloquial sketch from the lips of a veteran:—"There were the Lades, the Hangers, the Bullocks, the Vernons, but give me Jack Jackson, as he stood, alone, amid the throng. I can see him now, as I saw him in '84, walking down Holborn-hill, towards Moorfields. He had on a scarlet coat, worked in gold at the button-holes, ruffles, and frill of fine lace, a small white stock, no collar (they were not then invented), a looped hat, with a broad black band, buff knee-breechers, and long silk strings, striped white silk stockings, pumps, and paste buckles: his waistcoat was pale blue satin, sprigged with white. It was impossible to look on his fine simple chest, his noble shoulders, his waist (if anything, too small), his large but not too large hips (the fulcrum of the human form, whether male or female), his limbs, his balustrade calf and beautifully turned but not over delicate ancle, his firm foot, and peculiarly small hand, without thinking that nature had sent him on earth as a model. On he went at a good five miles and a half an hour, the envy of all men, and the admiration of all women."

As regards his face nature had not been bountiful; his forehead was rather low, and the mode he wore his hair made it peculiarly so; his cheek bones were high, and his nose and mouth coarse; his ears projected too much from his head, but his eyes were eyes to look at rather than look with, they were full and piercing, and formed a great portion of his power as a pugilist—with them he riveted his men.

Anatomists of the first standing examined Jackson, and artists and sculptors without number have taken sketches and models of his arm; but it was the extraordinary proportion of the man that formed the wonder. It is to be regretted that there is not extant his exact admeasurement from head to heel.

After 1795 Mr. Jackson resolved to teach others the art in which he himself excelled. For an instructor he had that invaluable requisite, temper; he was never too fast with his pupils; this made his initiatory lessons tedious to young gentlemen who go ahead, and it may readily be conceived that amid the aristocracy of England he had plenty of ruffians to deal with; but he was always on his guard, there was no chance of rushing suddenly in and taking Jackson by surprise—he could not be flurried. Amid the other qualifications he had studied Lavater, and managed to reckon up his customers at first sight, and knew what he had to trust to. It has been said "he defied any man to hit him," this is the truth but not

the whole truth—he defied any man to hit him whilst he (Jackson), stood merely on the defensive; in a fight, of course, it is impossible to avoid being hit.

His sparring was elegant and easy. He was peculiarly light upon his feet, a good judge of distance, and when he indulged his friends with a taste of his real quality, the delivery of his blow was only observable in its effect; it literally came like lightning, and was felt before it was seen. Most big men are comparatively slow, but he was as rapid as Swift or Walker, and this, too, when upwards of fifty years of age.

Jackson not only told you what to do, but why you should do it; in this essential point many capital instructors are and have been deficient. The want of this power of explaining the purpose of an action made Young Dutch Sam and Richard Cartis bad instructors, though they were finished pagilists, and, which does not always follow, capital sparrers.

Jackson was not unmindful of the fact that art never ends. If there was anything new in the gymnastic, equestrian, or pedestrian way, there he assured was Jackson; not merely witnessing the exhibition, but examining the means by which the effects were produced; he was consequently often at Astley's, at the Surrey, when Ireland, the jumper, was there, and knew all the famous fencers, fummambulists, dancers, and riders of his day, and his day was a long one.

Of his private character what can be said more than that all his pupils became his friends. Save with Dan Mendoza, it is not known that he ever had a quarrel. He was a careful, not a mean man—saving, but not penurious. It is to be remembered, too, from his peculiar situation, continued calls were made upon his purse by the ruffianly and profligate, who claimed a brotherhood that he utterly and properly repudiated.

In 1811, as recorded in a former number, he procured a benefit at the Fives Court, in aid of the subscription for the suffering Portuguese; it realised 114*l*. Next year he did the same for the British prisoners in France; this benefit amounted to 132*l*. 6*s*. He also aided the benefit for the Lancashire weavers (1826).

One old boxer (but who was not of Jackson's day) pestered him incessantly for money. "No," said Jackson, "I'll give you no money; but you may go to the Horse and Groom, and you will find a clean bed, three meals, and a pot of beer a day; stay there until matters mend." The man was thankful in the extreme; but a week had not elapsed ere he was found in the taproom bartering his dinner for gin!

Of course a "lion" like Jackson could not avoid being made a "show" on particular occasions; accordingly, when the allied sovereigns were in England, his aid was required. On the 15th of June, 1814, at the house of Lord Lowther, in Pall Mall, a pugilistic fete came off in the presence of the Emperor of Russia, Platoff, Blucher, &c. The display so delighted those illustrious fighting men that it was resolved to carry the thing out on a grander scale, accordingly, the King of Prussia, the Prince Royal, Prince of Mecklenburgh, and others assembled. Jackson, Cribb, Belcher, Oliver, Painter, and Richmond were the principal performers. The foreign nobility now wanted a peep, and at Angelo's rooms some splendid displays took place. It was said that Jackson had inoculated them with a pugilistic fever, but it is believed he never obtained a single pupil from among them. If this be a fact it is an extraordinary one.

At the coronation of George the Fourth, Mr. Jackson was applied to to furnish an unarmed force "to preserve order." Cribb, Spring, Belcher, Carter, Richmond, Ben Burn, Harmer, Harry Lee, Tom Owen, Joshua Hudson, Tom Oliver, Harry Holt, Crawley, Curtis, Medley, Purcell Sampson, and Eales, with Jackson at their head, formed the corps, dressed as Royal Pages.

One gold coronation medal was given to the boxers—they raffled for it at a dinner, Tom Belcher won and wears it.

Mr. Jackson had for many years been stakeholder, frequently referee, was always ready to go round personally and solicit a subscription for the beaten man—and who could refuse John Jackson? A match was made in 1822, between Randall and Martin for 500 guineas a side, but Mr. Elliot, Martin's backer, "cried for his toy again," in fact, demanded his money back. Mr. Jackson declared he would never again be a stakeholder, and he kept his word. Thus virtually he retired from the ring, and from that moment the ring declined. Its progress downwards has been checked, now and then, by men of good conduct, and battles of great interest. Spring and Langan (1824) revived the hopes of many. Dutch Sam from 1827 to 1839, rallied a few of the right sort around him, so did Burn and Owen Swift. A sort of reaction took place when Broome fought Bugaree, and even the American Giant's palley hawley match awakened attention, but down, down, down, the ring seems doomed to go, unless some thorough reform in the *etiquette* of fights is introduced or some "Fair Play," or "Pugilistic Club," of respectability influence, and numbers can be formed to check its rapid descent. Sorry are we to say it, but those who should support it, and even those who have thriven by it, seem in too many instances to be giving a parting kick to the expiring lion of British Boxing. Let us hope to see it revive like "a giant refreshed" to the utter confounding of unmanly, cruel, and bloodthirsty foreign methods of resenting insults by retorting injuries.

John Jackson lived for many years at the house in which he died, No. 4, Lower Grosvenor street, West; Tattersall's may be said to

have divided his residence from that of another great artist, i.e., John Liston. It is with pleasing melancholy we remember the Yarmouths, the Combes, the Ashtons wending their way to the house of the one, and the Kembles, with, perhaps, Charles Matthews and Charles Taylor, Theodore Hook, and Young standing at the low-roofed house of the latter. Liston still survives to recall those days.

There is little more to say. Loved by many, respected by all, enjoying an unlimited circle of excellent society, he passed his days; affluent, but not rich—he wanted less than he had, and his income exceeded his expenditure. He was a cheerful companion, sang a good song, told his anecdotes with great tact, and never obtruded them. For the last year or two his health declined, but until then he had scarcely a day's illness. Peacefully and trustfully, with his hand in that of his niece (whom he loved as a daughter) John Jackson expired, on the 7th of October last. His death was as gentle as his life had been exemplary.

## NOTICE!

## THE SPORTSMAN'S ALMANAC,

will be ready for delivery with NUMBER TWENTY-SIX of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE; it will contain the whole of the Nominations for the Derby, Oaks, and Leger 1846; revised tables of the duties on horses, dogs, game certificates, &c. A list of principal Jockeys and the colours of their Masters; Public Trainers; Sporting Chronologies for 1846; a really SPORTING Calendar, (which no other Almanac has yet combined) besides a mass of general information equal to other Sheet-Almanacs, printed in a style for framing or suspending on a board in public or private rooms.—Price THREEHALF-PENCE to Subscribers—SIXPENCE to Non-Subscribers, after the expiry of the week of publication.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

**J. CHILL.**—We will pop in your means about the neighbourhood of Foot's Cray under FISHBY'S CURE in No. 22.

**Leaves.**—The *Tom Swann's LIFE* is however had a totally different proprietorship from that of the *SPORTSMAN'S WORLD*, and that also from the *SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE*. They are totally separate and distinct affairs, save and except that the Editor of the *SPORTING WORLD* is now the Editor of this publication. 2. The colour is not an infallible criterion of the true meerschaum; the best are generally (until permeated with the essential oil of tobacco) of a creamy white, and almost smooth to the look (though not to the touch), as ivory, which (partially discoloured) they much resemble. Meerschaum is a magnesium earth, found in many parts of Asia Minor, and particularly near the sea of Anaf. It is extensively moulded and manufactured in Germany and Holland, and there are innumerable cheap and worthless imitations of it on sale in every tobacco-shop. Meerschaum, in Dutch, as well as the French, means *smooth* or *smooth* (from *meers*, to which the unmeaning and offensive and trifling earth, in its unmanufactured state, is fancifully supposed to bear a resemblance. A true meerschaum will generally scratch with a soft yet earthy feel, while many of the imitations are confoundingly hard; it has also the property of being a non-conductor of heat in a remarkable degree.

**James BOWEN, Broomby.**—You are pretty near marshes where snipe and wild fowl are to be found. If you have a certificate no one can prevent you from shooting on waste or public land, and there is plenty of it in your Kentish or Essex marches. Permission must, of course, be obtained ere you go on to private or reserved land.

**G. E. H.**—Twenty-nine horses started in 1844 for the Derby, and thirty-one this year, which was the largest number ever known. 1841 and 1844 stood highest previously, the same number (29) having started in each year. There were, however, more subscribers in 1843, 3, and 4, than this year; 42 exhibited the largest list, namely, 182.

**L. B. C.**—Monitor and Weathered against Miss Sarah and Old England's a cancelled bet. You did not say "in their places," therefore, as neither of them was, the wager is, of course, void.

**M. R. Cheltenham.**—The cause of the nine diamonds being called "the cause of Scotland" is that the first announcement of the defeat of the Highlanders, at the battle of Culloden, was written, by William Duke of Cumberland, on the bank of the nine diamonds. Some historians call it the cause of Scotland, being five times nine.

**S. N. H.**—The stakeholder is bound to abide by the decision of the referee, or of the umpires if they agree. To strike a man down on both knees is foul, unless he attempts to strike his adversary. You will find your other questions answered in the Memoir of Tom Crisp, begun in this paper.

**A. BURY SUBSCRIBER.**—Is a postmaster authorized to make a charge on a newspaper from its merely having on the cover, besides the address, the month and day on which it was posted. The charge made was 3s. on a single paper, the distance sent sixty miles.—There must be no writing or mark upon any newspaper or cover, other than the name and address of the person to whom it is sent, and it is chargeable with treble the amount of postage which a letter of the same weight would have been liable to.

**H. HUNTLEY.**—The word has two meanings, if not more; your dispute hinges on a quibble, and you are both right and both wrong. It is therefore no bet. To your second question:—Spirit is a name given to ardent liquors obtained by distillation. Spirits of wine and alcohol, in common language, mean the same thing. Proof spirit consists of fifty-five parts of alcohol, and forty-five of distilled water. If one hundred parts contain more alcohol, the mixture is then said to be above proof; if more water, under-proof. Spirit of wine, when divested of nearly all its aqueous particles, is called alcohol. The process of effecting these changes is termed "rectifying."

**HARRY.**—Thanks for the lines. They shall find a niche. They are Thomas Hood's, and we remember (when editing the early numbers of the *NEW TOM SWANN'S LIFE* in LONDON), extracting them from one of the lamented deceased's volumes.

**COGGY.**—The Editor received your letter, although addressed to the Publisher. As we destroy each letter as we peruse or answer it, to prevent a confusion of *literary litter* we cannot refer to and compare manuscripts and signatures some weeks gone by; but in very probably, as you suppose. We have given answers to somebody under the cognomen of *Coggy*, seeing which, perchance "some cogging cozening knave" has taken a cogizance of, and popped a false cog into the circle of our cogitations.

**B. C. D.**—If the book would cost you 9d., very grudge 1d. for the articles of which you complain, when they form but a portion, and a very small one, of this miscellany? As to your nonsense about *Times*, *Bell's Life*, and *Era*, you would have to pay handsomely for the insertion of your rubbish, and then it would not go in without the damning prefix (ADVERTISEMENT) within brackets, at the head of it. Your incivility, and ignorance of good manners, and your threats, by implication, do not deserve any answer, save unmitigated pity and contempt. Do your worst; we should be sorry to reckon you among our friends.

**A. SUBSCRIBER, Aberdeen.**—The praise of the judicious is always doubly gratifying. The matter relative to Captain Barclay shall appear forthwith. Thanks for the content.

**Second.**—The numbers of the *SPORTSMAN'S WORLD* are scarce. They may be had by order from Mr. Diddle, 42, Holywell-street, our publisher, at the cost of 1s. 1d., complete. They contain the first nine chapters of the first period of the *HISTORY OF BOXING*.

**SINGLTON.**—There were only two horses placed by the judges for the St. Leger for some successive years (1836 to 1842 inclusive); three have been placed since that time. In the "good old days" they used to place from five to a dozen, or thereabouts; in 1839 (Champion's year, both for Derby and Leger), the judges placed five at Epsom and ten at Doncaster; in 1877 ten were placed; but in 1878 eleven started and they were all placed, perhaps the eleventh was Paddy's horse, Bother'em, and he insisted on being placed, but some inquisitive people should not know where he really was.

**R. E. Ipswich.**—We do not know, nor did we ever hear of "the celebrated Tom Bligh, the renowned pugilist." The Joneses have been numerous in the Ring, as well as out of it, and some of them celebrated; namely, Paington (Tom) Jones; Harry Jones, the Butler Boy; and Charley Jones of Manchester; if you mean neither of these, *Jonestown* might well not appear in our *HISTORY OF BOXING*. Write one for yourself, as you are so clever, and see if others think so well of you.

**A. JEON.**—Did you send us a pen and ink of *Snipe shooting* some twelve months since? Snipe-shooting is just now out of season; however, we'll have a touch at one of your drawings presently; there is a very peculiar style of pencilling required for engravers on wood.

**Mrs. E. BAKER, Nottingham.**—The Editor received your letter, but of course after some delay, occasioned by its not being addressed to the OFFICE. Our report in No. 15, which was the first published, as well as that in the *Morning Advertiser*, were candid, fair, and unbiased, to the best of our ability. We have not come, on every occasion, to declare by pen and tongue, that we considered *Bendigo* fairly and favourably, to the stakes, and shall feel happy to insert an advertisement of the house where subscriptions are received. We must, however, decline inserting attacks, or anything like the imputation of motives, and other gentlemen of the press.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

SUNDAY, Oct. 26.—TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.—Hogarth died, 1764.

MONDAY, 27th.—NEWBURY. *Newbury* was a famous town. Magpy from his postulation (1844) for barricading the City on the Queen's visit. For the entertainment of the Queen, he has the *Feast* brewed with *bars*, and stuffed with *Livermore*. A petition signed by 100,000 persons to parliament praying a *free range* over *Windsor* and other islands (1844); from this fact it is evident that there are two hundred thousand people in London and its vicinity who object to go the way they are told.

TUESDAY, 28th.—New Royal Exchange opened (1844) by Her Majesty in person. Thinks the time for brewing; and remember, as a chemical friend of ours was wont to say, *Alum si sit salum, non est malum, Becum si sit durum est durum.*

If you can't translate the complex, it's not our fault.

WEDNESDAY, 29th.—HARR HUNTING BEINGS.—George Mealand, the great animal painter, died, 1804. Horncastle Cattle Fair.

THURSDAY, 30th.—HUNTER. *CASPER* *COUSIN* *MISSISSIPPI*.—Woodcock, Wild Duck, and Snipe-shooting legitimately begin. Alder and blackberries, chestnuts and hys ripe, and water-cresses at their best.

FRIDAY, 31st.—*Albion* over. With the retirement of our side of the earth from the sun shorter days and colder mornings and evenings become our lot. The animal as well as the vegetable world display their sense of this change; and those delicate and most correct of all barometers and thermometers—the migratory members of the bird tribe—act upon this feeling with a regularity and accuracy which excite our highest wonder, and merit the most careful investigation. The swallows, from being so much on the wing, and so constantly before our eyes, are the most observed; and may be seen at the beginning of this month congregating in vast numbers, preparatory to their departure. The precise period of this departure is regulated by the mildness or severity of the weather, as in very warm autumns they linger till the end of the month, and a few may be seen in November. To compensate for their absence, the redwing and fieldfare, which left us in March, return.

SATURDAY, November 1st.—*Albion* over.

Famed for food, famed for fog. This is the month for horse or dog; The green plover whistles, the black cock comes in, Walnut leaves fall, and the corn's in bin; Snipe, venison, and partridges deck the board, And sausages dated from the boar, are stored."

—The Duke of Buckingham beheaded, 1483.—Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!—*Bevolet*: Borough councilors elected on the 1st. Mayors and aldermen chosen on the 9th. Attorneys and conveyancers licenses taken out on the 16th.

## THE MOON IN NOVEMBER.

First Quarter, 6th	..	..	..	6	15	aft.
Full Moon, 14th	..	..	..	0	55	morn.
Last Quarter, 22nd	..	..	..	4	26	morn.
New Moon, 30th	..	..	..	11	41	morn.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

		High Water at London Bridge.					
		morn.	aft.			morn.	aft.
Sunday, Oct. 26th	..	10 14	10 49	Thursday, 30th	..	1 13	1 31
Monday, 27th	..	11 20	11 50	Friday, 31st	..	1 50	2 23
Tuesday, 28th	..	0 11	0 11	Saturday, Nov. 1st	..	2 29	2 47
Wednesday, 29th	..	0 53	0 53				

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

## GYMNASTICS. NO. III.

## FENCING.—SECTION I.

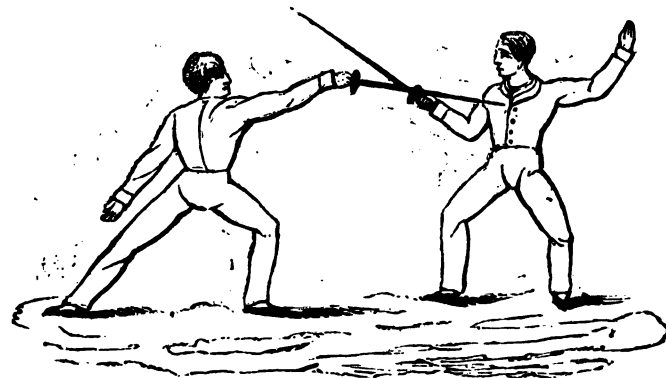
It is our intention to illustrate this most important, graceful and preservative exercise of skill more by the pencil than the pen—inasmuch as pictorial explanation, with brief verbal elucidations must prove more valuable than lengthened elaborate description, unaccompanied by speaking images of the motions and positions intended to be conveyed—we shall make no apology for the brevity of our text, compensating for it, as we trust to do, by the number of illustrative woodcuts. The art of fencing or use of the smallsword will be followed by the broad-

word cuts and guards, similarly illustrated; and we trust it will not be the fault of the writer, if the careful peruser of the text and examiner of the figures which accompany it, does not understand the theory (which is the first step to the scientific practice) of the foil.

To enlarge on the value of fencing as a general accomplishment would be absurd and superfluous. No man in active life, more especially if he quits the land of his birth, can tell how soon his safety may depend upon the use of stick, sword, or other defensive weapon; and he who is accustomed to handle them has an incalculable superiority over the unskilled. We here say little of the most important utility of fencing, as well as sparring—namely, that those who could otherwise take too little exercise have here both the stimulus and the excuse for a “breathing,” which will be found not less useful in guarding life than conducting to its lengthened span, by strengthening the stamina, improving the wind, and invigorating the system by wholesome muscular and manly exercise. Again, continental nations, though inferior on the average—and this we state from observation, experience, and conviction—in the thews, sinews, and open moral courage to the natives of this favoured isle, have oft by a scientific cultivation of the “damned cunning” of fence,” as Sir Andrew Aguecheek hath it, snatched an advantage from our slower and less skilled countrymen. This should not be. Though clever at a *coup*, Johnny Crapaud (save and except that his land producing more practitioners and professors there is a wider field) hath no patent right or precedent in the use of the sword, which places him one *iota* in advance of John Bull. The substitution some years since, of straight cut-and-thrust sword with a portion of our cavalry, and the mode (though still preserving its broadsword use) in which on the Peninsula and at Waterloo it foiled the efforts of the (supposed) superior swordsmanship of the French cavalry will be fully treated of when we come to the use of that more congenial weapon to the English idea. At present our task will be to treat the small sword as the *foil*—not murderously but gymnastically as a healthful, an useful, and an excellent exercise, and moreover as a gentlemanly and meritorious accomplishment.

In the next section we will explain briefly the various terms used in the fencing school, termed by those who affect “foreign slipalop” the *salle d'armes*; at present, as this paper is merely introductory, we will point out and illustrate by a brace of cuts which will give the uninitiated some idea of the two most natural, as well as usual modes of assault and defence to which our scientific Gallic neighbours across channel have affixed the terms of “the *Allonge in quarte*” and “the guard of *Quarte*.”

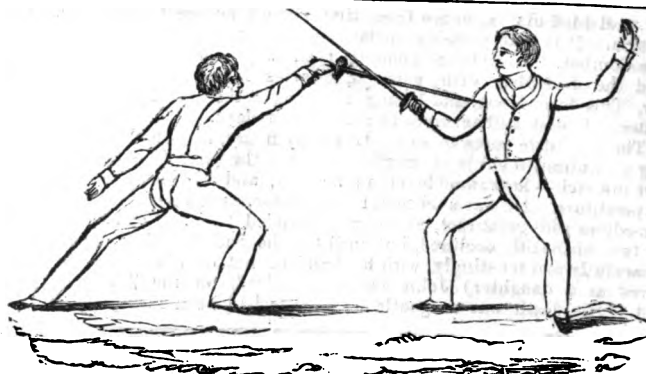
Of the first, the *Allonge in Quarte* it has been proved by Major Gordon and some continental writers, to be the most natural thrust; inasmuch as several peasants who were desired to make their attack, after some preliminary explanations concurred unconsciously—in thus assaulting their adversary; the guard of this is also given in the engraving beneath.



ALLONGE IN QUARTE.

GUARD IN QUARTE.

Your own feelings and judgment will best determine the length and distance of your *allonge* (or as we call it in English lunge); it should be such however, (and don't forget this,) as will enable you to recover to your second position—hereafter to be explained; and this you must do with the same celerity, as if you were in real action with the naked steel. How to do this will form the subject of minute direction when we come to treat of the scientific mode of making this lunge, and if foiled of avoiding its consequences.—Now for the other gentleman figured, who has thrown his foil into the defensive position. The man who assaults him is supposed to have his feet thirty-six inches asunder, he has stamed his right foot and thrown in his thrust. You execute the parade of the demi-circle, (hereafter explained) and by a rapid twirl of the hand with the point of your sword, describe the segment or arc of a circle; the point is depressed, and the hand raised as high as the left eyebrow, but remember in all these guards you bend and do not extend your right arm. In the second figure here given an improved method of cut and thrust in quarte is given. The assailant directs his



THRUST AND CUT IN QUARTE.

thrust, or cut, is the line, so as to infix his point in the cavity under his adversary's arm, instead of aiming at more easily foiled breast, as in figure 1. Remember in this assault you must effectuate your intent by a single motion, and with such celerity as to hit your adversary before your forward foot strikes the ground. Recover quickly, using the round parade of quarte, just now spoken of, as guard on all these occasions. In our succeeding sections we shall give the method of Major Gordon, reducing the science preliminarily to the simple denominations of two cuts and thrusts, namely quarte and tierce.

(To be continued in our next.)

**EFFECTS OF TRAINING.**—The state of health, or “condition,” as it is termed, into which a man may be brought by training, is often extraordinary. This training, it must be understood, consists in nothing more than regular exercise and living. The most salubrious and retired country places are usually chosen, and there the man, under the guidance of an experienced trainer, performs his systematic duties. He retires early to his bed, which is a mattress, with sufficient covering to ensure a suitable warmth, without encouraging unnecessary perspiration. He rises betimes in the morning, and after a general washing and rubbing, partakes of a slight repast, and commences his day's work by a quick walk of a few miles. He then returns home, and eats with what appetite he can. After a short rest he is again exercised until his next meal-time, and so on throughout the day. His diet is chiefly confined to the lean of underdone beef and mutton, fowl, and stale bread. He takes two or three glasses of sherry, with, perhaps, a little old ale, daily. The distance he is made to walk and run every day varies from ten to forty miles. He begins with what he's conveniently able to bear, and increases his exertions according to his increasing strength. By these means a man is shortly brought from a state of plethora and listless inactivity to one of liveliness, energy, and endurance. Body and mind are alike invigorated and improved; but the benefit is mainly referable to the air and exercise. No training, however skillfully conducted, would bring a man into good condition who had to breathe an impure atmosphere.—*Medical Times.*

**REMARKABLE HORSE.**—Mr. Carter, the celebrated Lion King, has just purchased one of the most astonishing animals we ever beheld. We were told that he was as “high as a house, and as long as a town,” and, therefore, had our doubts; they were removed by a personal visit last evening. The horse, entitled General Washington, is a black gelding, beautifully dappled on the near side of the neck. He is twenty hands high, big as an elephant, but compact as a cob, his hind feet are white, and there is a dash of the same colour on his off fore foot; his mane is flowing, and reaches nearly to the fore arm; his tail, which is exceedingly long, is well set on; he has fine open feet, and his legs—albeit he is of the cart breed—resemble those of a hunter. We have never before seen such an instance of enormous size with such perfect symmetry. He is rising six years, and must certainly be regarded as a phenomena even in this land of equine wonders. He is at present in a loose box at Mr. Sewell's, in the Strand.

**CUB HUNTING IN WARWICKSHIRE.**—The hunting campaign has commenced in this county. The Atherstone hounds, with an addition of many young hounds to the pack have turned out to cub-hunting at Combe Abbey. A prevalence of foxes are spoken of as an augury of good sport throughout the season. They first drew the Twelve o'clock Riddings, from whence part of the pack went away with an old customer through Binley to Brandon, where they crossed the railroad; Reynard sought refuge in the words of Wapperbury, but he was soon ousted, and made his way in a ring toward Ryton, in a stubble-field near which village the hounds were whipped off. The Warwickshire hounds, under the spirited direction of R. J. Barnard, Esq. (the protégé of Lord Willoughby de Broke), have also been sniffing the air for a similar purpose, near Leamington, during the past fortnight. The hounds generally are described as in good condition, and matters throughout the whole district look well for the ensuing season.



## GALLERY OF SPORTING CELEBRITIES.—No. II.



CAPTAIN BEECHER.

The first steeple-chase rider in England, and consequently in the world, MATTHEW WILLIAM BEECHER, the son of old Captain Beecher, well known in the sporting world, and who, during the existence of the Hippodrome, officiated as manager of that establishment, is here done to the life. He was born in Norfolk; and when we inform our readers that, at the tender age of four, he was in the habit of hunting three times a week with Mr. Dewe's harriers, on a small pony, they will not be surprised at the celebrity he afterwards obtained.

His first appearance in public life was at the first steeple-chase ever had at Melton, where he rode a horse called Bantam; and although the ground was very severe, and his horse only half prepared, still he succeeded in bringing him in fourth. His *debut* was a most successful one; and his seat, nerve, and the excellent knowledge of pace which he showed that he possessed, caused his services to be eagerly sought for; and there is hardly a steeple-chase upon record from that time to the present, that we do not find him engaged in with various success. The distance he sometimes travelled from place to place, in order to keep his engagements, was extraordinary, particularly after the fatigue of riding, and proved that he must possess an iron frame. We will give our readers one example of it. Some six years ago, before railroads were generally established, he left London on a Thursday, for Bath, where he was engaged to ride in two steeple-chases on the Friday and Saturday. He rode, in the first a horse called Fieschi, which gave him such a dreadful fall, that he was obliged to give up the race, and to be carried to an hotel, where persons were employed during the night to rub his thigh, which was very much bruised. The following morning he again, notwithstanding the injury he had received, mounted the same horse, and with him beat a large field. After partaking of some refreshment, he got on the back of an old hack called Bobadil, and rode to his house in town, which he reached about five in the morning. Remaining there only long enough to change his clothes, he left by the six o'clock train for Liverpool, and rode four races there, three of which he won with a horse called The Duke, and was beaten half a length in the fourth. He then started for Worcester, where he was engaged to ride his favourite, Vivian, the next day; and by means of travelling all night, he reached there in time, not only to ride, but to add another to the numerous list of victories which graced his brow. And now you would imagine, we suppose, gentle reader, that he deserved some repose; but no, his work was not yet done, having promised Mr. Elmore to ride Grimaldi for him, at St. Albans, the following day. Accordingly, without waiting to partake of any of the steeple-chase festivities, he was again on the wing, and again successful. Grimaldi, however, whom it has been urged by some that he killed by riding with undue severity, died as soon as he passed the winning post, on account of a severe strain which he received a fortnight before the race. At St. Albans also he won a hurdle race with a mare that had never seen a hurdle before. But it was with Captain Lamb's Vivian that he became so celebrated, having won with him no less than nineteen times, including two Aylesbury, and the Northampton and Leamington chases. An admirable likeness of him, mounted on this extraordinary horse, has been published by Moore, of St. Martin's-lane, which is to be met with in nearly every sportsman's parlour. His *nob* also figures in oil in the large picture by Henning, which is exhibited gratis in

Catherine-st Strand. The other steeple-chase horses with which he has been principally successful are Wing, Spicy, Norma, and Charming Kate. On the flat he has few equals; and in 1837 won forty-eight out of fifty-eight races he rode in. In the year 1839, he went over to France, and at St. Omer and Boulogne races astonished the natives, by winning every race in which he was engaged.

Capt. Beecher stands about 5ft. 8in. in height, is very broad across the shoulders, and looks made for riding. His face is of a bronzed hue, slightly marked with the small pox, and his whiskers extremely well curled. His general costume is a brown coat with gilt buttons, kersey-mere waistcoat, and grey trousers; and he usually wears a blue bird's-eye handkerchief round his neck. In private society he is very popular, on account of the excellent songs he sings, and his general convivial habits. He has for some time retired from his pigskin throne, and though he has left some worthy successor, has left no superior.

## WRINKLES FOR THE GROOM.—No. V.

## HOW TO REDUCE WEIGHT.

Although this is a matter which falls more particularly within the scope of the jockey's personal business, a knowledge of the subject will be a satisfactory addition to every man who may be employed in a first-rate stable.

For the purpose of complying with the present customs of the turf, which have appointed the weight to be carried by race-horses considerably below the average standard of the human species, the rider is frequently under the necessity of reducing his natural corporeality by a system of severe and unpleasant training.

Various constitutions require different treatment: some can scarcely bear any aperient medicine; others require a considerable quantity. Men who are good walkers are under the necessity of performing long and forced marches which others cannot endure. Those who are of a cold temperament, with a languid circulation, require a considerable quantity of flannels, vulgarly denominated sweaters; and others will obtain the necessary evaporation with very light ones. It is therefore impossible to lay down a precise rule, that every man is to take a certain quantity of medicine, walk a specific distance, and wear a given quantity of clothing; such things must be regulated by circumstances dependant upon the constitution and health of the individual, as also by the weather, the weight to be reduced, and the time that can be afforded to accomplish the task in. Many persons are of opinion, and amongst them some of the medical profession, that the course adopted by jockeys to reduce their weight is injurious to their health. Under proper restrictions, and judiciously carried on by a man enjoying good health, I have no hesitation in pronouncing it the most certain remedy that can be employed for the preservation of that blessing. To those who labour under consumptive diseases, or other internal complaints, it may be injurious; but there is no doubt that all classes, above the common labourer in this country, do not, generally speaking, take sufficient exercise, and eat too much animal food. Strong walking exercise, with a light diet, is the ordeal which a jockey observes to reduce himself; and, if not carried on to excess, although it is very hard work, it is certainly not injurious to health. In the course of these observations, I am presuming that time will permit of a course of wasting being adopted in the most regular and salutary manner, otherwise I would not advocate it; therefore, to propose a course of treatment at variance with an established opinion, would be either a positive contradiction of one's belief, or it would convey an impression of doubt as to the consequences. True it is men may often be tempted to reduce themselves very rapidly; but that is no evidence of the propriety of the act.

Previously to walking, two or three doses of mild aperient medicine should be taken, at intervals of about three days between each. From two to three of the following pills, taken at bedtime, will be found mild and effectual; and, if necessary, a small proportion of Epsom salts, with or without an infusion of senna, may be taken on the following morning, or the latter mixture without the aid of the pills—

Ext. Colocynth., comp.....	1 drachm and a half.
Hydrag. Submur. ....	vi grains.
Ol. Carui .....	vi drops.
Pulv. Scammonis.....	1 scruple.
	Ft. pillule xxiv.

When this course is commenced, a very light diet should be adopted; very little, if any, animal food should be indulged in, by which means the blood will gradually become prepared for the approaching exertion.

The quantity of clothing must be apportioned according to the weather and the constitution of the person making use of them. Three or four waistcoats, and two pair of drawers, made of the yellow flannel usually procured at Newmarket, are generally sufficient, although some persons will encase themselves in eight or nine waistcoats and four pair of drawers. Loose small clothes and gaiters are the most appropriate; with a great-coat over all, a shawl round the neck, and a pair of woollen gloves to complete the costume.

Some attention is requisite in having the waistcoats and drawers to fit accurately; and they should be in successive sizes, so that the uppermost be larger than those which are near the body; if they wrinkle they will

chafe the wearer, and become very unpleasant. In putting them on, two, or at most three, of the waistcoats are to go within the drawers, the remainder outside; if additional warmth is required for the arms, the legs of a pair of stockings, the feet being cut off, will be found as convenient an addition as any, because the elasticity will afford the wearer more comfort than too many thicknesses of flannel.

The usual time for walking is in the morning; but the period must frequently be regulated by the weather. The less indulgence in bed the better. Previously to starting, a cup of coffee, with a biscuit or a piece of dry toast, should be taken, and the addition of an egg may be occasionally indulged in. By taking a very moderate portion of light food an hour before the walk is commenced, the body will be in a state of vigour to encounter the fatigue, whilst there can be nothing to apprehend from an over-loaded stomach.

The first two or three miles should be performed at a moderate pace, just sufficient to produce strong perspiration. It must always be remembered, that if either man or horse goes too fast, so as to become blown or out of breath, the object of perspiring is defeated. In the first place, the perspiration will not flow so profusely and regularly, neither can the pace be continued at that rate necessary to maintain the increased circulation, if the respiratory organs become over-excited. A certain portion of vital air is requisite to give free action to the lungs, and thereby render the blood fit for circulation, which must be attended to in regulating the pace. The first walk should not exceed seven or eight miles—three and a half or four miles out, and back again. It is a custom with many persons to rest for a time, when the first half of the walk is performed; but I am very doubtful of the propriety of such plan; the circulation naturally abates, and a very few minutes of indulgence permit the clothes, which are so thoroughly impregnated with humid vapour, to become cold; and the body being chilled thereby, requires much labour to restore the same degree of perspiration as that which excited when the resting-place was sought for. Any liquid which is most agreeable may be taken, just to re-animate nature; but the less time there is lost, the better.

The walk home should be performed at a good strong pace, increasing the speed during the last mile: this is an effort which requires a considerable degree of pluck, and one in which many men fail in, unless excited by the presence of a companion. Warm water should be in readiness, to wash the mouth on entering the house. A cup of tea, a glass of hot negus, or cider, will then afford refreshment, and assist by its stimulating property in causing the perspiration to flow copiously.

A lounge on a sofa, or bed, with blankets thrown over the body or head, should precede the operation of undressing, which should be deferred till the perspiration has nearly subsided. A large foot-pan, with warm water, to immerse the feet, and a sponge to wash the body, will be very refreshing after the exertion. The dress to be put on should consist of flannel, next to the skin. The chilly state of the constitution when undergoing this preparation requires warmth; and indeed, unless the weather be exceedingly hot, immoderation will point out the necessity of being well clothed. The more exercise taken during the remainder of the day, the better; as it not only assists in the object of reducing the weight, but it averts much danger, which might attend an alteration in the circulation of the blood.

On race days, the walk should be completed early in the morning, so as to allow of plenty of time to become gradually cool before the racing-clothes are put on; at least an hour and a half should be calculated after returning from the walk, and which walk on the day of running will generally be found necessary if much reduction in weight is required. In the first place, a man is always a pound or two heavier the day after he has walked, even if he takes scarcely any food, than he is during the four or five hours immediately succeeding a walk: even if he be sufficiently light, a good walk on the morning, with a very light breakfast, will enable a man to ride with greater power and comfort to himself than if he were to pass two or three additional hours in bed, and abstain totally from food.

When a man has once reduced himself to the required weight, he may keep himself at that standard by walking three or four days in the week, and, by such a system, appease the calls of hunger more satisfactorily than is compatible with his decrease in the first instance. A careful attention all the year round would be much more conducive to health than the course usually adopted; which is, as soon as the racing season is over, to indulge, until the following spring reminds the jockey of the toll he must undergo.

#### II.—OVER-MARK.

[As the hunting season is now opening, we cannot do better, in reply to a correspondent, (A Lover of the Horse), than give the following observations on OVER-MARKING an animal.—ED. SP. MAG.]

Himrod, in one of his papers on the Condition of Hunters, and we believe the credit must be given to him as having first drawn the attention of the sporting world to the subject, says,—"When a horse is very much exhausted after a long run with hounds, a noise will sometimes be heard to proceed from his inside, which is often erroneously supposed to be the beating of his heart; whereas it proceeds from the excessive motion of the abdominal muscles. All horses, however, who die from exertions beyond the limits of vital power, die from suffocation; and on this

account, as soon as we perceive a horse to be much over-marked, he should have from three to four quarts of blood drawn from his neck immediately on his getting home, to relieve the pressure on his lungs; and one ounce of carbonate of ammonia (salt of hartshorn, a powerful stimulant) should be given him every four hours during that night, and part of the next day, in a ball. Although he should be put into the coolest stable that can be found—may, indeed, into an open shed, well littered down, if the symptoms are alarming—yet a strong determination of the blood to the surface should be kept up by friction of the legs, belly, and head, and by every warm clothing on the body. A good cordial ball, or a pint of mulled port wine well spiced, should also be given him, and his bowels should be relieved by a cylinder of warm gruel. If the action of the heart and arteries do not soon abate, he should be well blistered behind his elbows, and lose some more blood; and I think I may venture to say that if this treatment does not save his life there is too much reason to fear he is beyond the reach of man.

Many persons are apt to imagine that when horses are over-marked cordials are improper, and that the reducing or repellent system is alone to be pursued. This, however, is quite a mistaken notion; for, although bleeding is resorted to in order to relieve the pressure on the lungs, from the greatly-increased action of the heart and arteries, yet a stimulus is afterwards wanting to assist almost expiring nature.

Having mentioned the most effectual measures to be adopted when life appears in danger, proceed we now to detail the directing symptoms of this too frequent occurrence, and the best way of treating a horse after what may be termed a very hard day.

Long days with hounds—by which I mean severe running, with perhaps a brace of foxes, and upwards of twenty miles home afterwards—are most injurious to hunters, and call forth all the skill and judgment of their grooms to recover them from their effects. If mere fatigue be the consequence, rest, that *vis medicatrix nature*, will do all that is necessary; but if a horse is what is called over-marked his groom must be on the alert. There are two or three directing symptoms which cannot easily be mistaken. In the first place, his appetite fails him, and he is very greedy for his water. His respiration is not so smooth as it should be, and there is a considerable relaxation in the manes in the interstices of the hips. Notice should also be taken of his pulse; but if that is not understood by his groom, the inside of his eyelids should be examined, and if fever is denoted by them he should lose a gallon of blood, but not otherwise. A pectoral ball, and two ounces of nitre in his water, should be given him; and, instead of his corn, he should have what gruel he will drink, and a large bran mash, made rather thin, and nearly cold, which will be not only most grateful to him, but, by relaxing his bowels, will prevent fever, which is certain, more or less, to accompany him. Sometimes inflammation comes on very rapidly after a hard day, bidding defiance to all precautions, and, too often, if it does not destroy him, renders the horse unfit for a hunter, as it generally terminates in his feet. If he does not cast his hoofs entirely, they become what is termed "punnies," and take a long time to recover. Horses that have had fever in their feet generally go on their heels afterwards, and the inside of their feet becomes convex, instead of being concave.

THE RACECOURSE, YARMOUTH.—Before the race and regatta week of 1846 shall have arrived, a very extensive improvement will have been effected in our course, which will elevate the character of our annual races so as to enable them, it is hoped, to compete with any provincial town in the kingdom, and will make them a fitting precursor to the regatta, which will be on a scale superior even to that of last July. We stated last week that a party of ten gentlemen, influenced solely by a desire to further the interests of their town, had pledged themselves to raise 300*l.* if the council would but grant them a lease of the South Dunes and approaches thereto, with power to demand tolls.—*Yarmouth Chronicle.*

AN ANSWER FOR ANGLERS.—Some years ago an angler named Jacques was fishing near Clifton Hall, and late Sir Robert Clifton, brother to the present baronet, who now enjoys the estate, came up to him and said—"Who gave you liberty to fish?" "Nobody," replied Jacques. "Then what right have you here?" asked Sir Robert. "As much as you, and no more," said Jacques. "What! what do you say? you impudent rascal; do you know who I am?" "No," said Jacques. "You don't care." "I'm—I'm Sir Robert Clifton," said he, in a violent passion. Jacques said he looked at him and smiled, then said, "You Sir Robert! Nonsense! Poo! I know him well; have taken wine with him. You're not him; you may be his butler!" This was enough, he swore and tore, and away he ran to the hall for assistance, and Jacques immediately followed his example by taking himself away in another direction.

NBAND HAZARD.—A dandy black stepped into a provision warehouse, to buy some potatoes. Before purchasing the article, he gave the following truly eloquent description of its nature:—"De tater is inevitably bad or invariably good. Dere am no medioticity in the combination of de tater. De exterior may appear remarkably exemplary and humane, while de interior is totally negative; but, sir, if you wenda de article 'pon your own responsibility, knowing you to be a man of sagacity in all your translations, why, sir, widout further circumlocution, I take a bushel."

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD IV. 1796—1830.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CRIBB.

## CHAPTER X.

TOM CRIBB, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.



**ADVANCE**, brave Broughton!" exclaims Captain Godfrey, with manly enthusiasm; "these I pronounce Captain of the Boxers!" had the worthy and trustworthy writer of "the Characters" lived in the nineteenth century, he would have bestowed this compliment on "honest and brave Ould Tom." Since first the honour of champion was coveted and a distinguished prize for men of bold heart and iron sinew, for men of forbearing coolness and pain-defying fortitude, down to these evil-days of wrangle, chaffing, bullying, and shifting, a more straightforward, excellent, simple-hearted, generous, and brave man than Tom Cribb, never held the hard-won trophy.

Cribb was born July 8th, 1781, at Hanham, in the parish of Bitton, Gloucester, on the borders of Somerset, situate about five miles from Bristol, and it is rather a disputed point to which of the counties contiguous to Hanham this spot belongs.

Cribb left his native home at a very early period, and arrived in the Metropolis, when no more than thirteen years old, to follow the occupation of a bell-hanger, under the guidance of a relative; but the confined situation of hanging bells not exactly meeting his ideas, and being a strong youth, he preferred an out-door calling, and commenced porter at the wharfs, during which time he met with two accidents that had nearly deprived him of existence—in stepping from one coal barge to another, he fell between them, and got jammed in a dreadful manner; and in carrying a very heavy package of oranges, weighing nearly 500 lbs., he slipped upon his back, and the load fell upon his chest, which occasioned him to spit blood for several days afterwards. By the excellence of his constitution, he was soon enabled to recover his strength from those severe accidents; and aided by the invigorating air of the ocean, upon which, he had the honour of serving against the enemies of his country, his fine natural stamina was improved. The natural good temper and forbearance of this brave man has left his historian little to record in the way of skirmishes; and the important contests which it will become our duty and pleasing task to record, were all conducted on the principles of professional boxing—the very first elements of which are *moderation, forbearance, and fair play*. Though Cribb has been generally considered a slow fighter, he was as generally admired as a sure hitter; his wind was of the first quality, and his game never excelled.

With such sound pugilistic pretensions, it cannot appear surprising that he milled his way to fame and honour; and lest more in this place might prove ill-timed or superfluous, we will leave his actions to speak for themselves. His first public battle was with that veteran of fistic glory, George Maddox, on Wood Green, near Highgate, January 7th, 1805, for a subscription-purse of twenty-five guineas—twenty for the winner, and five for the loser. The disparity of years was considerable between the combatants; and Cribb, besides possessing the advantages of youth, was somewhat taller than Maddox, and, consequently, rather the favourite. Paddington Jones was the second of Maddox, and Black Sam attended Cribb in the same capacity. George fought like a hero, and performed prodigies of valour; and it was with great reluctance that he consented to give in. In the above contest it was glutton against glutton, and game against game;—Cribb contending for the honour of victory, with all the fire of a youth, and a stamina pure and untouched; while Maddox, with all the experience of a veteran pugilist, anxious to preserve his well-earned reputation, contested every inch of ground for two hours and ten minutes, with a perseverance and resolution almost superhuman. Maddox fell gloriously; and Cribb, by this conquest, acquired a pugilistic fame. In this contest, Cribb, being a stranger, and the ring surrounded by Maddox's friends, had to contend against much ill usage and unfair treatment.

On February 15th, 1805, Cribb entered the lists with Tom Blake, for a subscription purse of forty guineas, on Blackheath. Richmond and Joe Norton were seconds to the former, and the latter was attended by Diak Hall and Webb. Both the combatants trained for one month; betting was even, but Cribb rather the favourite. It proved a most excellent contest, and Blake was not conquered without difficulty. Hard milling was continued upwards of an hour. From the scientific display of Cribb in this battle, he began to claim attention from the amateurs.

Ikey Pig, a heavier and stronger man than Cribb, contended with him for a subscription-purse of forty guineas, on Blackheath, on May 21st, 1805. Paddington Jones seconded Cribb, and the Jew had for his attendant Bill Wood. Ikey made good use of his strength, and levelled his opponent several times; but Cribb's caution and science proved too much for the Jew, who gave in, much to the regret and loss of his admirers and backers, who could not believe that he was not invincible.

At Blackwater, for a subscription-purse of twenty-five guineas, July

20th, 1805, Cribb for the first time was defeated by Nichols. See the memoir of that boxer in the previous chapter.

Colour of country made no odds to Tom, and he now entered the ring with Richmond, for a match of twenty-five guineas, on October 8th, 1805, at Hailsham, in Sussex. The solidity of the deportment of the one, and the singular movements of the other, created much sport; in fact it could scarcely be called a fight, and was considered an unequal match. Nevertheless from the strange contrast of style an hour and a half elapsed before victory was declared in favour of Cribb, who was little, if any the worse for the contest.

Cribb was now getting fast into notice; and a pugilist of rare pretensions, together with the renowned Captain Barelay of Ury, who perceived those hitherto hidden qualities in him, took Tom into training, and matched him, for two hundred guineas, with Jem Belcher. This all important mill came off on April 8th, 1807, at Moulsey-Hurst, in a twenty-feet roped ring. Gully and Watson were seconds to Belcher; Cribb was attended by Bill Warr and Richmond. —Odd six to four on Belcher.

## THE FIGHT.

1—Considerable science was displayed by both the combatants; Belcher at length planted two hits right and left upon the head and body of his opponent, Cribb returned alight, rallied his man and closed, but was thrown by Belcher.

2—Belcher put in two severe blows upon Cribb's head and body, when the latter staggered but slipped down upon his hands in attempting to follow up his man. Cribb showed the first blood.

3—Severe exchanges; Cribb threw Belcher, who planted a heavy body blow while in the act of falling. [This round rather in favour of Cribb.]

4—Cribb displayed good science in warding off two blows of Belcher's, when they closed and fell.

5—Belcher, with his right, put in a dreadful blow on Cribb's left eye, and in closing hit his opponent twice in the body, and threw him. [Five to two on Belcher.]

6—Cribb began to show symptoms of weakness: Belcher put in a hit, warding off which caused Cribb to fall.

7—Belcher's punishment visible on the body of Cribb; the latter endeavoured to put in two blows, which were parried by Belcher; Jem returned both right and left with great dexterity, and rallied his man to the ropes; Cribb clung to them, and fell much fatigued; Belcher also went down on his knees, but seemed in good spirits. [Three to one on Jem.]

8—The blood flowed profusely from Cribb; hitting, retreating, and stopping nearly; when they closed, and both went down.

9—Belcher hit his adversary right and left, but the latter only told. Jem fell.

10—Belcher commenced this round with great spirit, and gave Cribb some severe blows, without letting him have a chance, so lowing and rally his opponent to the ropes; Cribb, quite fatigued, fell. [The odds now were four to one on Belcher.]

11—Belcher planted two hits, which Cribb skilfully warded off, but Belcher was so rapid in closing upon his antagonist, that they both went down.

12—A small change was now making its appearance between the combatants: Cribb seemed rather gaining his strength, while Belcher appeared distressed; Cribb rallied successfully, planted a hit under Belcher's perfect eye, closed, and threw him.

13—Belcher, in all his contests, never showed himself to greater advantage than in this round, his skill was of the finest order, and only equalled by his courage; in closing Belcher threw Cribb.

14—Both on the alert, and "eager for the fray." Belcher hit right and left, which were parried by Cribb, who returned two blows on the body; the men closed and fell. [Still four to one on Belcher.]

15—Belcher, full of gaiety, rallied Cribb to the extremity of the ring; a struggle put an end to the round.

16—Cribb now convinced the spectators that he possessed considerably more science than they were aware of; he stopped Belcher's blows with great skill. The knowing-ones were, at this period of the battle, rather at a stand-still with regard to sporting their money—Cribb certainly had received severe punishment but not enough to satisfy any thing like his gluttony, and Belcher's stamina had been considered on the decline previous to this contest, and it was apprehended that he could not last long.

17—Belcher, still confident, rallied his adversary, who fell from fatigue. [Two to one on Belcher.]

18—Belcher put in some dreadful blows in the body, and a terrible thrust in the throat of his opponent, and followed him up with such spirit and rapidity that Cribb fell violently, and quite exhausted, and to all appearance as if he would not be able to come again in time. [It was in this round that Belcher sprained his wrist, and was nearly deprived of the use of his right hand afterwards. Five to one on Belcher.]

19—Belcher slipped in making play.

20—The combatants closed and fell.

21—Cribb planted two blows on his opponent's head, who slipped in returning them. It was now perceived that Belcher proved incorrect in his distances, and that several of his blows were thrown away, from the bad state of his eye.

22—Belcher, full of gaiety, put in a good hit, and threw Cribb a cross-but-

tock.

24—Cribb the most conspicuous in the round, when they closed and fell.



25—Cribb put in a tremendous blow, and in attempting to follow it up Belcher shifted, and Cribb ran himself down;—a little disapprobation expressed, but the generality exclaimed, "Fair! fair!"

26—The constitution of Belcher was now giving way, his strength was not able to resist the heavy punishment of Cribb, who hit Jem from him, and gave him a leveller. Cribb upon this became the favourite.

27—A well-contested round, and, notwithstanding Belcher gave Cribb a cross buttock, it was considerably in favour of the latter.

28—Belcher made a hit, which was warded off by his opponent and returned: the men closed and fell.

29—Cribb closed without hesitation, and from his uncommon strength threw Belcher over the ropes.

30—Both exchanged a blow, when, with a very weak hit, Belcher went down. [Five to two on Cribb.]

31—A good round, without any particular advantage to either; though Cribb put in the most blows, Belcher gave his adversary a violent fall.

32—Both closed and fell.

33—Belcher quite game endeavoured to make the best of it, but Cribb rallied and threw him.

34, 35, and 36—In all these rounds Cribb maintained the superiority.

37—Belcher had scarcely strength left to stand, and his brave opponent was not in a much better state; and from this period to the 40th it was little better than mere hugging—blows they could not be called—from the exhausted state of both the combatants, and they fell in an irregular manner.

41 and last—Thirty-five minutes had now elapsed; Cribb, proving the strongest man, put in two blows, and was following them up, when Belcher, quite exhausted, fell upon the ropes, and gave up the contest.

Cribb now rose rapidly into fame—his real qualities hitherto unknown, he had been viewed principally as a glutton of the first class, with unimpeached game; his pretensions now unfolded themselves, and the amateurs were completely surprised at his display and improvement in the science. His distances were well judged, and he stopped with great dexterity and neatness: and had he proved a quicker hitter, the contest might have sooner been decided.

Cribb was now challenged by Horton (who had beaten the Champion's brother) for one hundred guineas. Horton had signalised himself in the vicinity of Bristol, and had improved considerably under tuition of the Game Chicken; but in this contest, which took place on May 10th, 1808, Tom Cribb very soon took the conceit out of him. Upon setting to the odds were five or four on the Champion.

Considerable interest had been excited in the Sporting World, on a comparison of the pugilistic qualities of Gregson and Cribb, when a match in consequence, was made between those celebrated heroes of the fist and decided at Moulsey Hurst, in a thirty-foot roped ring, on October 25, 1808. Gully and Bill Gibbons seconded Cribb; and Jem Belcher and Richmond attended upon Gregson [Five to four on the Champion.]

(To be continued.)

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE INVENTOR OF THE PERCUSSION GUN-LOCK.

SIR,—The Sporting World is now universally acquainted with the percussion lock—a piece of mechanism which has superseded all others in fire-arms for private use. Yet how little is known of the individual by whom, and the circumstances under which, it was invented. Like Somerville's safety-slide, and gunpowder itself (if the best accounts are to be credited), this invention was made by a clergyman—the Rev. Dr. A. Forsyth, minister of Belhelvie, near Aberdeen, who died in the year 1843. The *Aberdeen Herald*, five years since, gave the following account of the invention and the inventor, which I will take the liberty to transcribe, well assured that it will be acceptable to the readers of your valuable magazine:—

"The attention of Dr.—then Mr. Forsyth—was first attracted to fire-arms by what he heard in 1793 of the efforts which the French were obliged to make in order to procure a substitute for the ordinary gunpowder, which the want of saltpetre prevented them from making in sufficient quantity. Learning that a powder from the chloride of potash had been suggested to him, Mr. Forsyth, who was then engaged in chemical investigations, experimented upon that substance, and found, as the French did, that it was a failure.

"In the course of the investigation he produced a powder which not only was easily ignited by percussion, but also readily kindled common gunpowder. Here was the principle of percussion; and forthwith he went diligently to work to construct a lock in which the flint and steel should be dispensed with: this he accomplished most ingeniously in a variety of forms; and in the spring of 1806 he was able to carry to London a fowling-piece with a percussion lock, acting on fulminating mercury, which performed tolerably well and fully embodied the principle."

After detailing the account of the government negotiations with Mr. Forsyth, and the many broken acts of faith of government for the trouble and expense which he was put to in bringing the gun to perfection for government use, it says that, with some difficulty, Mr. Forsyth obtained payment of his expenses and returned home, where he continued to the day of his death.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

F. B. THOMPSON.

## PARTRIDGES ALIGHTING ON TREES.

SIR,—Observing in a former number an account of partridges occasionally alighting on trees, I beg to communicate one of a precisely similar nature, which happened to me some seasons since. I was shooting in the county of Meath with a sporting acquaintance, when he flushed a large covey of partridges in a stubble field, adjoining a larch and fir plantation. They flew across the wood, as we thought, and appeared to dip at the other side of it. With excellent dogs we beat all the fields in the direction of their flight, and failing to find them, we thoroughly hunted the plantation itself, and still without success. I had left it not a little dissatisfied, and my friend was following my example at the opposite side of the wood, when I heard him fire two shots. On joining him I perceived that he had killed a brace of partridges; and he assured me on his honour that the covey had flown from near the tops of the larch trees, which he pointed out to me, and that he saw them do so too distinctly to be mistaken. Though it was impossible they could have flown across the plantation from my side to his without my perceiving them, yet I must confess I was of opinion that my friend laboured under an optical delusion until I read, "The Singular Sporting Occurrence" in your paper, which induced me to take the liberty of communicating the above.

Yours, &c.,  
VERITAS.

Dublin, October 10, 1845.

## NETTING AT WALTHAM ABBEY.

[The following letter, in reply to a proposition for temporarily closing the River Lea, and preventing netting therein, was addressed to the Editor of *Bell's Life*; it deserves quotation, and we transfer it.—The "brethren of the angle are usually too quiescent and averse to 'agitate,' even against wrong."—ED. SP. MAG.]

SIR,—The idea of your correspondent in shutting up the fishery at Waltham Abbey for a stated time is in itself good, as an only means of restoring and saving what fish are left there; but at the same time, let me observe, as a sportsman, and as one who, in common with others, would miss going there for the period, that it would not be fair to make a partial exclusion of the public. Let all fish as now, or let none—and above all let a stop be put to net using and eel catching. It would be equally absurd to allow a net to be used to take a particular sort of game, and no other, as it is to suppose that a net permitted at all will be used to catch eels only.

Too true is the saying that "all are fish that come to the net." If it be said that eels are a valuable prerequisite to some one connected with the establishment—cut this off at once, and, if necessary, indemnify the loss. I for one would willingly come forward and pay my share for such an end, rather than the practice should be continued.

Further, to have one man only to be a sort of keeper as now, must leave the water open to abuse. Why not appoint four or five of the different workmen out of the many employed (for the workmen do not have half the labour to perform that is required upon any other establishment), to watch certain districts under one superintendent. They would then amply protect the water, and be a check upon one another, without causing the Ordnance department any further expense.

As to the officers themselves netting, if that be true, good bye fishermen to your angling. I hope this will not occur again.

Pardon my troubling you, but I do not like to see a good sporting ground wantonly destroyed, and can only say that if you think it worth while to give insertion to these lines, I shall feel much obliged, and remain,

Sir, your obedient servant,

AN ANGLER.

## DESTROYING MOLES.

SIR,—A correspondent of yours some weeks since put a query on this subject, which, as I have not seen answered, (although rather out of season), perhaps you will find a corner for the following. I will answer for its efficacy.

Take a quantity of fresh worms, put them in a wooden box, with a small quantity of carbonate of barytes in powder, and let them remain an hour or two; then find out the runs where the moles leave the fences for the land, lay in every run five or six worms, and continue doing so as long as the worms are taken away by the moles. I was infested with moles before I used this remedy, which was about fifteen years since, but have never been injured since, by giving a little attention to them in the spring. If you consider this worth a corner in your valuable miscellany in answer to J. S., it will oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

THE NATIONAL DRAMA.—Some wicked wag last week wrote over the portico of Drury Lane, just under the statue of Shakspeare, "THIS IS THE ORIGINAL BUNN HOUSE."

A SEASONABLE COMPLIMENT.—Two friends walking together on the 1st of April last, one, thinking to have made a good hit, abruptly stopped, saying, "By the bye, Tom, I ought to remind you that this is April fool's day." "The compliments of the season to you!" quietly replied Tom.

## DOGS AND DOG-TRAINERS.

BY FREDERICK TOLLEARY,

*Author of "The Sportsman in France," and "The Sportsman in Canada."*

A SPORTSMAN without a dog may be compared to an Arab without his steed, a man without a wife, a house without a handle, or a fork without a handle; they should never be separated: one, in short, ought never to be seen without the other. It is not every sportsman, however, who has the good fortune to own a thoroughly good and perfect dog; neither does it always fall to the lot of setters and pointers to be in the kennel of a first-rate and finished sportsman.

Good sportsmen as well as good dogs are not to be met with every day: the one is almost as rare as the other. That man must have devoted much time, labour, study, and attention to the several branches of sporting ere he can have any claim to this honorable title; and that dog, to be worthy of such a master, must, in addition to sagacity, courage, and an unusual share of instinct, have taken a first class degree, and gained the highest canine honors in the school of an experienced professor or a medalist in the polite art of dog-breaking.

A highly-bred and at the same time a thoroughly-broken dog is as rare as ice within the Tropics, so that, like a good wife or a good racer, it should be cherished accordingly. Some forty years ago, or even so recently as a quarter of a century since, the breed of setters and pointers was not attended to or appreciated as it is in the present day. If proof were wanting to corroborate this assertion, it would be found in the very high price paid at the sales of celebrated kennels. The sums realized occasionally must appear extraordinary to the uninitiated; but at the same time the fact goes to prove the great estimation in which blood and symmetry are held in this country.

We well remember the sale of the late lamented Duke of Gordon's stud of dogs; we own to this day a descendant of His Grace's magnificent setter "Duke," and he is, taken altogether, the very best dog in heather or stubble we ever shot over. About two months since, Lord Dudley's splendid stock of setters and pointers was brought to the hammer at Tattersall's. A few other first-rate animals belonging to a private gentleman were disposed of at the same time, one or two of which we thought superior in point of shape, make, and style to those of his lordship. One brace of pointers in particular, "Shet" and "Spot," black tick'd with white, struck us as being superlatively handsome. One of them fetched fifty-four guineas, the other forty-eight—rather a stiffish price, and in no other country in the world would so large a sum be given. In England alone are true sportsmen to be found, consequently in England alone is the excellence of a sporting dog appreciated. A foreigner would look a long time at thirteen hundred francs (a year's income to some of them) ere he would invest so large an amount of capital in the purchase of a *chien de chasse*, and we for one should blame him for wasting his money, inasmuch as he might, for all the good a well-broken dog would be to him, just as well throw his five-franc piece out of a window, seeing that, when he became possessed of the animal, he would not know what to do with him or how to shoot to him. Charles X., who was a sportsman at heart, and who learned the elements of shooting during the period of his exile in this country, did, in 1829, the year before he was dethroned, send an Aide-de-Camp to my old and lamented friend Captain Phelps, with an offer of fifteen hundred francs (99*l.*) for a brace of splendid black and tan pointers he had brought from England with him. This occurred at Dieppe, or rather at Captain Phelps's country house at "Arques," about three miles from the town, but the *ci-devant* dragoon was too old a soldier and too good a judge to part with his Leicestershire nonpareils. A polite message was returned to His Most Christian Majesty by the Ambassador to the canine court, with a respectful refusal of the offer, so these dogs did not visit the royal kennels. They were, in truth, very beautiful animals and perfect in the field. They were sent back to the family nest, and I believe the breed has travelled into Cardiganshire.

Lord Chesterfield, Sir Massey Stanley, and Mr. C. C. Martyn have some celebrated breeds in their kennels; they are indebted for the blood which distinguishes them above the generality of studs in the kingdom to the superior crossing, breeding, and supervision of Mr. Brailsford, of Melton Mowbray. We have on more than one occasion alluded to the abilities and merits of this respectable individual: we shall not therefore on the present occasion direct attention to his unrivalled establishment further than to observe that he is immeasurably the best breeder as well as breaker of dogs in the kingdom. No man understands his business so well, and no one turns out such dogs. Mr. Brailsford is in short, a first class man in his useful vocation, and universally respected for his uncompromising integrity. There are but few establishments in London where a really well-bred and well-broken dog can be purchased; not that there is a lack of pointers and setters—at least, spotted dogs and shaggy dogs so called—but ninety-nine out of every hundred of these mis-named curs are worthless brutes, and would turn tail on hearing a gun fired.

(To be continued.)

## THE GAMEKEEPER'S RETURN AT NIGHT.

Through the long morning I have toiled  
O'er heath and lonely wood,  
And, 'cross the dark untrodden glen,  
The fearful game pursued  
But deeper now the gathering clouds  
Collect along the sky,  
And, faint and weary, warn my steps  
Their homeward course to lie.

And now the driving mist withdraws  
Her gray and vapoury veil,  
I mark again the sacred tower  
I pass'd in yonder dale.  
A little while and I shall gain  
Yon hill's laborious height,  
And then, perhaps, my humble cot  
Will cheer my grateful sight.

Ah! now I see the smoke ascend  
From forth the glimmering thatch;  
Now my heart beats at every step,  
And now I lift the latch:  
Now, starting from my blazing hearth,  
My little children bound,  
And, loud with shrill and clamorous joy,  
Their happy sire surround.

How sweet, when night first wraps the world  
Beneath her sable vest,  
To sit beside the crackling fire,  
With weary limbs at rest;  
And think on all the labours past  
That morn's bright hours employ'd,  
While all that toil and danger seem'd,  
Is now at home enjoy'd.

The wild and fearful distant scenes—  
Lone covert—whistling storm—  
Seem now, in memory's mellowing eye,  
To wear a softer form:  
And, while my wanderings I describe,  
As froths the nut-brown ale,  
My dame and little kithning tribe  
With wonder hear the tale.

Then soft enchanting slumbers calm  
My heavy eyelids close,  
And on my humble bed I sink  
To most profound repose;  
Save that by fits the scenes of day  
Come glancing on my sight,  
And, touch'd by Fancy's magic wand,  
Seem visions of delight.

**ABUNDANCE OF FOXES.**—We understand that in the immediate vicinity of Oxford foxes were never more plentiful than they are this season. A few days ago no less than nine cubs were seen to come out of a cover, near Bletchington, called "Bushy's Spinary;" the covers at Blisfield and Bagley Woods also abound with them, so that great sport may be anticipated with Lord Parker's, Mr. Drake's, and the Berkshire hounds.

**MALAY GAMBLING.**—The Malays are great gamblers, but their chief speculative sport is cock-fighting. A *mug* will back his whole substance upon the issue of a *tomasha* between a main of cocks; and when he may have lost his last pice, he will stake his siver tailman which is upon his arm on the chance of the turn of the sport in his favour. His very apparel is oftentimes sacrificed upon these barbarous occasions, and should he hold a confidential domestic office in a European family, the temptation to follow up his favourite diversion is so overpowering, that he will too frequently rather have recourse to furtive expediency, to fight a main of cocks, than retain his place and character.

**A GRATEFUL GANDER.**—A fine old bird, the patriarch of the flock in the farm yard of a much respected farmer in the neighbourhood of Clithdon, where his sway for many summers past has been marked by constant stacks and spitefulness on all around him, in his wanderings the other day chanced to get up a narrow drain, whence he could not back out again. A labourer in passing discovered the gander in his "fix," and mercifully drew him out; since which time, as if to evince his gratitude, Mister Gander follows his deliverer about like a dog, and suffers himself to be handled in any way this man's fancy chooses. This special mark of gratitude is alone extended to his deliverer—to all else the same spitefulness in as before continued.—*Exeter Flying Post.*

# ADVERTISEMENTS.

## CAUNT versus BENDIGO.

**A T A RESPECTABLE and NUMEROUS** meeting of gentlemen convened by circular, held at Mr. Cressy's, the Poultry Hotel, Nottingham, for the purpose of adopting the best means of defending Bendigo against the dishonourable attempts that are being made against his purse and character, the resolutions were unanimously agreed to—

1st. That the conduct pursued by a certain portion of the London newspaper press, towards William Thompson, relative to his late fight with Caunt has been unjust, and partial in the extreme, for not only has it, week after week, maligned him in the Editorial remarks, but has readily inserted letters from various parties to the same effect, while it refused a short space for his (Thompson) reply, and this meeting is of opinion that if conducted like this be allowed to pass without some mark of Public censure there is no knowing to what extent a portion of the press may in future cases proceed, and thus place the sporting world under the tyranny of interested capricious editors.

2nd. That an action having been commenced by Caunt to recover his share of the stakes in his late fight with Thompson, a committee of five be now appointed (with power to add to their number) for the purpose of raising subscriptions, and otherwise assisting these two gentlemen who signed the undertaking given to the shareholders, in defending the said action to the uttermost length the law will allow.

Subscriptions were then made, particulars of which, and of the houses where such will be received, will appear in future announcements.

E. BARKER, Secretary.

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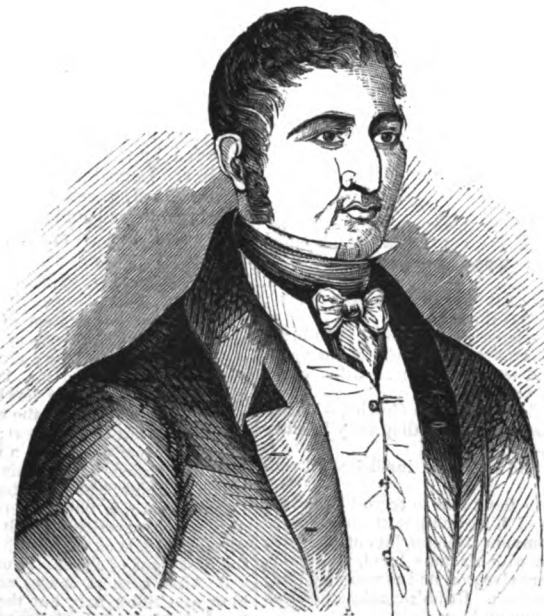
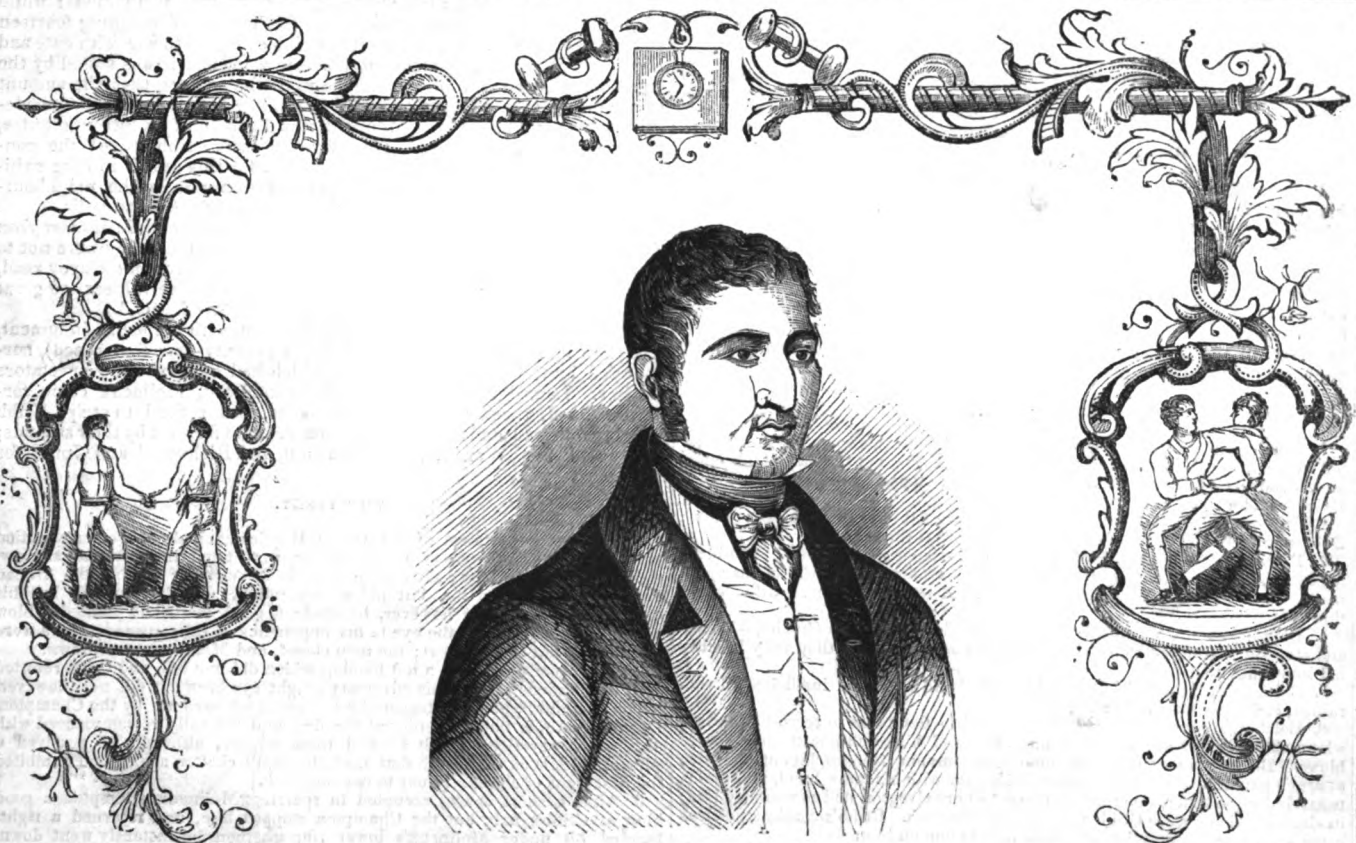


# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 25. FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 8, 1845.

[Stamped to send free by Post, Three-pence.]

THREE HALF-PENCE.



TOM CRIBB, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, AGED 28.—[From a Sketch taken in April, 1809.]

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME— PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CRIBB.

### CHAPTER X.—continued.

TOM CRIBB, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

#### THE FIGHT.

1. After some trifling sparring, Gregson attempted to plant the first blow with his left hand, but proving too short, it was ineffectual, and Cribb hit over his adversary's shoulder; the men closed, and fell, Gregson the uppermost.
2. Cribb, full of activity, put in two body hits, right and left: when Gregson endeavoured to return the compliment; but Cribb dexterously avoided it by shifting, and put in a severe blow on the right side of Gregson's face with his left hand, which made the claret flow profusely. Gregson, full of impetuosity, made some desperate attacks on Cribb's neck, which, if they had not been stopped or avoided might have terminated the contest: Cribb hustled his man and threw him. [Two to one on the Champion.]
3. Gregson, full of spirit, rallied, and planted a most tremendous hit under the ear of Cribb, who retreated according to his favourite mode of fighting; Gregson, incautiously following him, suffered that severe punishment termed milling on the retreat, receiving a heavy blow on the right side of his face from every retreating step of his opponent; but still the game of Gregson kept following him up, till he fell quite stunned.
4. Cribb slipped down in making play.
5. Gregson showed himself in this round to some advantage; his distance

was well measured, and he put in such a terrific nobber on Cribb's temple that he was completely abroad. Had Gregson followed up this chance, the battle seemed his own; but instead of keeping to his man, he continued sparring, while his opponent retreating to the ropes put an end to the round, not, however, without a severe rally, which terminated by Cribb being knocked down.

6. Cribb's head seemed much out of repair, and Gregson's mug was anything but improved in symmetry of feature, nevertheless the men fought gaily, and after exchanging hits to a stand still, Cribb was thrown.

7. Gregson's distances were badly judged, and Cribb caught his opponent so severely on his damaged whistler, that he seemed to lose all self command, he ran at Cribb, closed, and gave him a cross-buttock. [Two to one on Cribb.]

8. Gregson appeared rather distressed, and Cribb milling away on the retreat with considerable success from Gregson's intemperate and injudicious mode of following him. Gregson received three such severe facers that he fell on his knees and was helped up. [Three to one on Cribb.]

9. Cribb kept the lead, and after a few hits, both men went on their knees, when a sort of hug took place, and both men went down exhausted.

10. The wind of both the combatants seemed scant; they closed and fell.

11. Greater courage was never displayed upon any occasion, Gregson attempted a dreadful blow, but distance was incorrect, and it fell short; how

ever, he rallied, and planted two severe hits on the head and body of his opponent; Cribb seemed puzzled, and Gregson threw him. [Seven to four on Cribb.]

12. Both men were severely punished, yet they stood to each other in the most determined manner; Gregson went down more from fatigue than the force of the blow.

13. Every exertion was made on both sides to gain the superiority—Cribb fast recovering his sound wind, while Gregson suffered his passion to get the better of him.

15. Cribb punished his opponent in first-rate style, Gregson fell from its severe effects.

16. Gregson put in a blow on Cribb's head, which brought him down instantly.

19. Both combatants seemed to have the steel out of them; their blows were mere attempts; Gregson down.

20. Game versus resolution—Cribb heroic, and Gregson no wise deficient in valour—emulous of victory, the combatants seemed to forget their state, went in furiously, and both fell.

22. On meeting, a rally took place, and strength favouring Gregson, he fairly bored Cribb down. The odds shifted so much, and such was the general feeling, that ten to one was offered Cribb could not come again.

23. Never were pugilists more near a tie, Cribb, on setting-to, had strength enough to put in two feeble hits and closed: in wrestling, Cribb had the good fortune to throw his antagonist, who fell with uncommon force. Gregson was raised and placed on his second's knee, but time had expired before he was able to come again, and Cribb was declared the victor. It was evidently an unexpected event, for, on hearing the news he fell into his second's arms.

Richmond, who, it appeared, had offended Cribb, was, immediately on his recovery, challenged for fifty guineas, to be decided instantly, but his friends would not suffer such a proceeding to take place.

Jem Belcher, whose conquests had been so truly distinguished, was so grievously hurt in his mind by the defeat he had experienced from Cribb, that he was determined to have another trial for the recovery of his hard-earned fame. This memorable conflict took place February 1st, 1809, on Epsom race-ground, in a thirty-feet roped ring; Belcher was seconded by Mendoza and Clark; and Cribb was attended by Joe Ward and Bill Gibbons. The current betting was two to one on Cribb.

#### THE FIGHT.

1. Some good manoeuvring was displayed on both sides; at length Belcher put in two hits, one of which was warded off by Cribb, but the other took effect on his body; he instantly returned, but Belcher stopped him, and, in closing, Belcher had a slight fall.

2. Cribb, on the alert, made play, and gave his adversary a body blow; Belcher rallied, and after an exchange of hits, was thrown.

3. Belcher full of gaiety, exhibited finished science; he popped in two lunging hits right and left, one of which took effect under the left ear of his opponent. A pause and some good exchanges, but no harm done. Cribb again threw his adversary.

4. Both the combatants displayed the perfection of the art of boxing—hitting and stepping was never seen to greater advantage. In a bustling rally Belcher fell somewhat distressed.

6. Belcher hit right and left, but his right hand appeared inefficient; Cribb rallied, and again threw Belcher.

6. Belcher, apparently distressed, retreated to the ropes to recruit his wind, where Cribb, improving the opportunity, followed him, and put in some severe blows. Belcher, aware of his opponent's uncommon strength, hit out, and gave at arm's length a severe blow under Cribb's ear with his lame hand, and unfortunately for the latter, upon the exact spot where Gregson had so wounded him; in closing Belcher gave Cribb a severe cross-buttock. Cribb's continuation was considered so good, that the odds were four to one on him.

7. The science and style of Belcher gave him the advantage in this round, but he had not stamina to support his skill, which operated as a check to betting in his favour. He hustled his man, and planted his blows successfully, and, in closing, Cribb went to the ground, but very slightly.

8. The exertions which Belcher had made appeared to have distressed his bellows, and he made towards the ropes to recruit it, which Cribb perceiving followed him, when Belcher made an uncommon effort to extricate himself from the superior strength of his antagonist by rallying, and planting a few hits; however they were too feeble to make much impression on the hardy frame of Cribb; in closing much hugging took place, and after some struggling to obtain the throw, both went over the ropes.

9. The men closed, but were separated by their seconds.

10. It was clearly seen, notwithstanding the courage and science displayed by Belcher, that his constitution was too weak for the competitor with whom he was engaged, and that the chance of winning was against him. Cribb had been acting principally on the defensive till this period of the battle; but now he changed the scene, went in and showed his superiority by hitting, stopping, and planting several successful blows, and finished the round by giving Belcher a severe fall. [All betters as to the event, but no takers.]

11. Cribb active and merry, made play and again threw his opponent. [Belcher was losing fast every round, both his hands had forsaken their office, and Cribb kept the lead to the end.]

19. When Belcher convinced the spectators in what part of him the deficiency rested; he positively fought against nature, and scientifically stopped almost every hit, till he could no longer resist the impetuosity of his opponent, who bored him completely down; yet Belcher, in spite of all his infirmities, continued the battle till the

31st. When it was piteous to view this once-renowned Champion of England standing up to be punished. For the last ten rounds there was not the smallest chance of success; his hands were completely disabled, and after a contest of

forty minutes, the heroic Jem Belcher resigned the palm of victory to Cribb, never more to enter the field of honour.

By the above conquest, Cribb acquired fame and eminence as a first-rate pugilist; and his friend Gully having resigned all pretensions to prize-milling, the envied title of Champion of England descended to him.

Much as the former contests of the champion had excited the sporting world, they were looked upon as trifling, when compared with his battle with Molineux: and even those who had hitherto passed over boxing in general as beneath their notice, now seemed to take a lively interest in the issue of a fight. It appeared almost an affair of national concern; all felt for the honour of their country, and were deeply interested in the fate of their champion, Tom Cribb. Molineux was viewed as a truly formidable rival: he was by no means deficient in strength, courage, or agility, and, though little known, his pedigree had been traced to be good: his father was never beaten; he was a twin-brother; and the whole family distinguished for pugilistic traits of excellence and bottom. In height Molineux was five feet nine, weighing fourteen stone two pounds; while his brave opponent stood five feet ten a half, weighing fourteen stone three pounds. It appears that Cribb expected to win with ease and style, and Molineux threatened to perform wonders: it was stated by the most experienced and best informed upon the subject, that the amount of betting on this occasion exceeded any thing before known. Considerable odds were betted that Molineux was disposed of in fifteen minutes, and it was considered a safe speculation to back Cribb proved the conqueror in half an hour. The day selected for this grand milling exhibition was December 10, 1810, at Cophthall Common, in the neighbourhood of East Grinstead, Sussex, within 30 miles of the Metropolis.

"Notwithstanding the rain came down in torrents, and the distance from London (hear this, ye railroad travellers of 1845!), the fancy were not to be deterred from witnessing the mill, and waded through a clayey road, nearly knee-deep for five miles, with alacrity and cheerfulness, so great was the curiosity and interest manifested upon this battle."

About twelve o'clock, the late Mr. Jackson, with his usual judgment, had the ring formed at the foot of a hill (twenty-four feet roped), surrounded by the numerous carriages which had conveyed the spectators thither. Immediately upon this being completed, Molineux came forward, bowed, threw up his hat in defiance, and retired to strip; Cribb quickly followed, and the men were soon brought forward by their seconds; Gully and Joe Ward for the champion, and Richmond and Jones for Molineux.

#### THE FIGHT.

1. The first appearance of the young Roscius excited not greater attention than the set-to; the eyes of the spectators were fixed in universal anxiety, waiting for the first blow; after a few seconds of scientific display, the African put in a left-handed hit, but did no execution. Cribb returned, but his distance was incorrect; however, he made a good stop; and planted a blow with his left hand under the eye of his opponent. A rally ensued; blows were exchanged, but of no import; the men closed, and Molineux was thrown.

2. The Moor popped in a left-hander, which did not tell, and Cribb retorted by a tremendous hit over his adversary's right eye-brow; it did not, however, knock him down; he only staggered a few paces followed up by the Champion. Desperation was now the order of the day, and the rally re-commenced with uncommon severity; Cribb showed most science, although he received a smashing blow on the mouth that made his teeth chatter again, and exhibited the first signs of claret. [Four to one on Cribb.]

3. After a short space, occupied in sparring, Molineux attempted a good blow at Cribb's nob, but the Champion stopped him, and returned a right-handed hit under Molineux's lower rib, whereon he instantly went down. [Still four to one.]

4. On setting-to Molineux forced the fighting, when the Champion stopped his career by a severe hit in the face, that levelled him, the ground being wet and slippery.

5. The amateurs were uncommonly interested in this round, it was a display of united skill and courage that claimed peculiar notice from both men's efforts. Molineux rallied with uncommon fortitude, but his blows were short. Cribb returned with spirit, but the African knocked them off, and succeeded in planting a tremendous hit on the left eye of the Champion. A rally, at half-arm's length, followed, which excited the utmost astonishment from the resoluteness of both the heroes, who hit each other away three times, and continued this desperate milling for half a minute, when Molineux fell from a feeble blow. The knowing ones were lost for the moment, and no bets were offered.

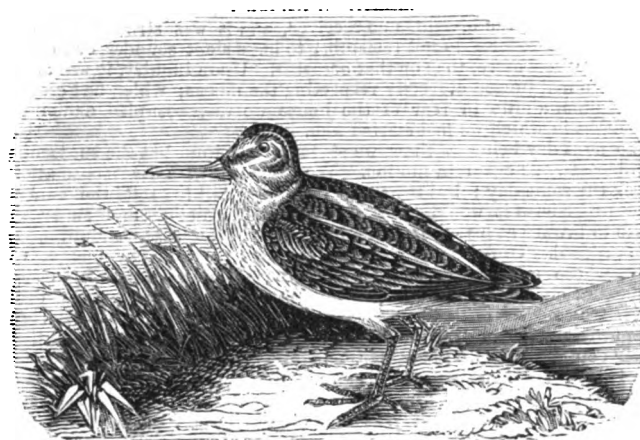
6. The Sable hero planted a blow upon the nob of the Champion, who fell from the bad state of the ground.

7. Cribb in a rally gave Molineux a hit on the side of his head, and went down.

8. Cribb showed off in good style, and dealt out his blows with considerable success and effect, but found, from the determined resolution of Molineux, that he was somewhat mistaken in his ideas of the Black's capabilities, for he rallied in prime twig, and notwithstanding the severe left-handed hits planted on his nob, and the terrible punishment he received on the body, from the fine skill and power of the Champion, still stood up undismayed, proving that his courage was of no ordinary stamp; he kept up the ball, hitting and exchanging, but certainly getting the lion's share of punishment until he fell almost in a state of stupor, from the milling his head had undergone. This round was equal to any that preceded it, and only different in point of duration.

(To be continued.)

## BRITISH BIRDS. NO. XVIII



THE JUDCOCK, OR JACK-SNIPE.

**T**HE second number of the snipe family whose portrait is here given is the jud, jid, or jetcock; for by all these names is he known in different provinces. In its figure and a portion of its plumage, it is closely allied to the common snipe; but is only about half its weight, seldom exceeding two ounces, or measuring more, from the tip of its beak to the end of its tail, than eight inches and a half: the bill is black at the tip, and light towards the base, and rather more than an inch and a half in length. A black streak divides the head lengthwise from the base of the bill to the nape of the neck, and another, of a yellowish colour, passes over each eye to the hinder part of the head: in the midst of this, above the eye, is a narrow black stripe running parallel with the top of the head from the crown to the nape. The neck is white, spotted with brown and pale red. The scapulars and tertials are very long and beautiful; on their exterior edges they are bordered with a stripe of yellow, and the inner webs are streaked and marked with bright rust colour on a deep brown, or a bronze ground, reflecting in different lights a shining purple or green. The quills are dusky. The rump is of a glossy violet or bluish purple; the belly and vent white.—The tail consists of twelve pointed feathers, of a dark brown, edged with rust colour; the legs are of a dirty or dull green.

The judcock is of nearly the same character as the snipe; it feeds on the same kinds of food, lives and breeds in the same swamps and marshes, and conceals itself from the sportsman with as great circumspection among the rushes or tufts of coarse grass.—It, however, differs in this particular, that it seldom rises from its lurking place until it is almost trampled upon, and, when flushed, does not fly to so great a distance. It is as much esteemed as the snipe, and is cooked in the same manner.

The eggs are not bigger than those of a lark; in other respects they are very like those of the snipe.

A word or two about shooting this peculiar little suction-feeder. He abounds in Ireland, and is there esteemed a most difficult shot, although he seldom on rising, makes any twistings, or twinings, and will alight or pitch again, after being fired at, within a couple of hundred yards. Every sportsman that has been much accustomed to snipe-shooting, will allow, that a jack-snipe will suffer himself to be fired at twenty times in the same field, and will pitch each time so close to the shooter, that he frequently conceives that he has wounded him. They lie so close, that a staunch pointer, might remain at his point until the moon changed, as this bird will not rise until forced to do so. A most curious circumstance which occurred respecting a jack-snipe that was sprung several times by a Mr. Molloy, formerly a quartermaster of the 64th regiment, while he was quartered at Geneva Barracks, Ireland, is well worth relating: he regularly, after his duty was done, or if he could possibly obtain leave for a day, used to equip himself for shooting, and always sprung this jack-snipe, at which he fired and followed, and the bird used to pitch so close to him at times, that he was confident he had shot it, and used to run to take it up, when, to his great surprise, it would rise and fly a little further; he actually acknowledged he fired, one day, eighteen times at this bird, and after shooting at it for the whole season, he happened to be crossing the bog it lay in, when he put it up, and exclaiming, "there's my old friend," threw his stick at it, and killed it on the spot. Whenever, after, any of his brother officers found a jack-snipe, they were always sure to say, "there goes Quartermaster Molloy."

In Ireland, in the bottoms of the county of Limerick, about Charleville, these birds are in the greatest abundance, as it is not uncommon to hear of a person shooting twenty brace of them in the morning. The late Sir George Dunbar, of the 14th regiment of Light Dragoons, when quartered at Charleville, won a considerable wager by shooting forty-three

brace between ten o'clock in the morning and four in the afternoon; and what appears still more extraordinary is, that although there are so many sportsmen about that place, who follow these birds, and others who net them, yet you find always enough of sport the day following; for there seem to be as many snipes, after two months' destruction, as they were at the beginning of the season. The compiler himself has shot twenty brace, frequently, in a day, in the county of Cork; and, in the county of Limerick, has fired so often, that he has been forced to wait for the barrel of the gun to cool, before he durst attempt to reload.

## MOOSE-HUNTING IN NOVA-SCOTIA, WITH SOME NOTES ON THE NATIVES.

(Concluded from page 385.)

At length we arrived at the frozen lake, where we put on snow-shoes adjusted our packs, and made short excursions on the lake to try our strength—like a flock of migratory birds which assemble and wheel about in the air ere they take their final departure to a distant land. After various trials and some laughable failures, and not without indulging in some mirth at each other's expense, we journeyed for six miles up a large chain of lakes, one of which is not less than nine miles in length. During this trip we crossed several portages,\* dragging after us a trebogan (a description of truck), the sharp edges of which, as the snow had not yet obtained a firm crust, continually broke through and over-set the baggage. In one of these contretemps a jar of rum was split which we had taken for the use of the men, by whom this precious liquor was dearly prized, and who, no doubt, severely deplored its loss; at least, if we may judge by the circumstance of their having taken up portions of the snow on which the rum had fallen, and positively eaten the discoloured mixture; though one man told me at the time it made him feel "mortal queer;" which confession I readily believed, though I was fain to interpret "mortal queer" into "mortal drunk," especially as he appeared to walk none the steadier after his potion.

By five o'clock we arrived at our first night's encampment. This camp was an old one which we had found in the woods, but so completely was it choked up with snow, that, before measures could be taken for lying down within, it became necessary to shovel out the contents with snow-shoes. Having removed this obstacle, we placed fir-boughs, to the thickness of nearly two feet, at the bottom of the camp; we then made a fire, and, like wandering gipsies, put on a kettle to boil. Those who meditate an excursion in the woods would act wisely to stock their knapsacks with tea; this they will find the most grateful, as well as the least hurtful beverage after a day's march. Wine and spirits too often excite thirst, and in many cases produce fever; whilst "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates," has a direct tendency to allay both dispositions. The refreshment over, we smoked, and then lay down to rest for the night. Persons who are accustomed nightly to sleep under the shelter of bricks and mortar, and to repose in the luxury of feather-bed and pillows, may possibly form but an indifferent opinion of a bed in the wild woods of Nova Scotia in extreme winter, and with three feet of snow beneath for a mattress. They may assure themselves, notwithstanding, that such a night's lodging is by no means as cold and comfortless as they might suppose; especially after a long day's ramble through the woods, which renders a man by no means scrupulous where he makes his bed, and when the instant he lies down he falls into a deep slumber. The great art seems to consist in making the fire on a rising ground, that it may be raised a little above you, and, by means of constantly supplying fuel to the fire, a regular heat is obtained, and the feet of those encamped are kept thoroughly warm. In the course of the night, having neglected this necessary precaution, and having unwittingly built our fire over a small gully, it gradually sunk so low that we lost all warmth, and we were suddenly roused by an exclamation from Joe Frizzle, of—"I'm blest, if we shan't be friz stiff as ring-bolts before morning if we let the fire go down at this rate!" At which intimation all hands rose up, and placing a good quantity of wood, and creating a fine blaze, we again betook ourselves to our blankets. Next morning we rose by day-light, breakfasted, and sallied forth in search of moose-tracks, leaving behind the greater part of our provisions, as we intended to convert that camp into headquarters. We traversed a vast extent of wood without success. It was then proposed to separate in order to take a wider sweep in various directions, and we agreed to meet at an appointed place of rendezvous.

Captain L., myself, and one man, pursued our course up a gully, which in summer is a wide channel of water, but it was so extremely circuitous that, to shorten our route, we were frequently obliged to cross it by leaping over. Now a leap in ordinary cases would not be worth the mention, but let the reader only make trial of a leap in snow-shoes, and he will cease to wonder that we found ourselves somewhat embarrassed. In the event of a trip, down goes the unfortunate traveller head foremost in the snow; and then, alas! how to regain his former erect position? My friend, Captain L., did not seem altogether to relish these constant leaps; and he took occasion to cross the gully by means of small portions of snow, which in places formed a sort of bridge. It was in vain that both

\* Portages: small strips of land that separate one lake from another.



the guide and myself advised him against this practice. Deaf to our remonstrances he continued as before, till, just as he imagined himself safely over, and was about to place his foot on the opposite bank, he was all at once lodged in the gully, and for a short interval of time we could see nothing but the bottom of his snow-shoes. We raised him, but he was sorely bruised by the fall. We reached the place of rendezvous by one o'clock. Our friends soon rejoined us; and, to our additional satisfaction, we recognised in their company our old acquaintance, the Indian Chief of the Mic Macs, Charles Glode. Our hearts warmed at the sight; and, shaking him warmly by the hand, we cordially invited him to partake of our coming meal. From this, however, he excused himself, under the plea of urgent business, which required his presence among his tribe; besides which, he said a number of his people awaited him not far off, and he must rejoin them without delay.

These people are shrewd in their dealings, and suspicious of the whites. A good story is told of a certain judge in Newfoundland, who was very particular in his observance of the third commandment. The practice of swearing had become so inveterate that the judge levied a fine upon each offender. It so happened that the person who came in next for this punishment was an Indian. The fine was demanded, and the Indian resisted; but, being obliged to accede, he addressed the judge, desiring him to give a receipt for having paid the money.

"Get about your business, brother," replied the man of morals; "receipts are never given in cases of this sort."

Still, however, the Indian persisted.—"For," said he, "when Indian die, angel say, 'Indian, you berry bad man; you swear—you speak bad word to judge.' Den I say, 'Yes, angel; but me pay fine to judge.' Angel not believe Indian speak true, cos he not get receipt to show angel; so he send Indian all de way into bad place to find judge!"

Resume we now the subject of moose-hunting. When Charles Glode departed our friends informed us they had been equally unsuccessful with ourselves. We next proceeded to encamp on the borders of a lake. Some of us were told off to commence making a camp, lighting a fire, cutting boughs for beds, and felling wood for the night. The rest departed in different directions to search for moose-tracks. By the time our labours had been nearly completed they returned with the happy news that they had not only succeeded in starting a moose, but they had also followed him several miles; but the snow-crust was so soft that the dogs had left off pursuit; and, darkness coming on, they were obliged to turn back to the camp.\* Such welcome intelligence cheered and sent us to bed with joyful hearts. We slept soundly, started with the light, and soon came upon the track of a moose, which gave evident proofs, from the masses of hair that lay strewn about, that the animal had been attacked and worried by the dogs. And also a little further on fully explained why they had discontinued the pursuit; for near a wind-fall which lay directly across the path of the moose, and about two feet distant from the ground, we discovered one of the moose-horns, that had been torn off by the force with which he came against a tree. This horn, upon examination, would have taken at least six weeks to drop off in the usual course of nature; and its violent and sudden disjunction must have been productive of extreme pain to the moose. It however seemed conclusive that the dogs had at once stopped, and quitted the chase upon scenting the bleeding horn, whilst the moose, finding himself again at liberty, set off at a gallop, taking a stride of nearly six feet each time. We followed as hard in pursuit as a snow of two feet deep would permit. Meanwhile, heated with our exertion, and wet through with the drifting, which descended upon us in showers from the trees, our forlorn appearance may be better imagined than described. At four o'clock, when we proposed resting for the night, we had gone a round of twenty miles, and were within four miles of our old camp and head quarters. It began raining heavily, and the moose still continuing his usual rate of going, we made for the lake, and proceeded to head quarters. One of the party here confessed himself overcome, and quite unequal to continue the chase for another day; he therefore proposed remaining at the camp to prepare tea for us on our arrival thither. After our meal we held a council on the state of the weather (the rain forcing itself through all parts of the camp)—considering also the course the moose had taken. We decided to retrace our steps, and proceed some miles further up the road, and finally to halt at Clay's, the publican, from thence to strike again into the woods in such a direction that, had the moose really taken the course we conjectured, we must either hear of him having crossed, or else, by bringing up our left shoulder, we should come again upon his old tracks.

Our route across the lakes was not unattended with danger, as the snow had now begun to melt so rapidly that we were immersed to our ankles in water, and it was impossible to attempt distinguishing the weak

parts of the ice. We reached Clay's after a laborious march, hungry, wet and exhausted: A little privation, however, only renders a man more sensible of the blessings he receives, and it was strikingly verified in my own case, for I do not remember to have slept sounder, or to have enjoyed myself more, than on that occasion. Upon inquiry, it was ascertained we had judged correctly respecting the moose; which had crossed the lake half a mile in rear of the house we then occupied, and on the very night in which we had started him.

The next day being a thaw, we stayed at the inn, but the succeeding morning saw us again in motion. We came up with the moose at one o'clock the same day; but the snow remaining still too soft, the general voice proclaimed it would be best to remain quietly, and suffer the moose to browse at his ease till the hardening of the snow should allow us to proceed. Unfortunately these plans were frustrated by one of the party, whose anxiety to determine the presence of the moose by ocular demonstration, nearly ruined our hopes; impelled, however, by these motives, he rushed forth alone, leaving his dogs behind: but, lo! before our friend had well made an end of his survey, an abominable little terrier contrived to slip his collar, and away he ran after his master. Alas! alas! too soon we heard his vile yelpings, and then, worse than all, the crashing of boughs broken by the moose, in forcing for himself a passage. A very transient view was afforded us of the animal as he flew before the wind. We followed, and kept up for three days, during this flight he crossed many lakes and rivers, in one of which he walked nearly two miles, breaking the ice as he went. And here let us remark upon a most powerful leap made by the moose. A tree had fallen in such a manner that it rested upon another, leaving the centre of the former tree raised five feet from the snow, which centre was filled up by small growing firs, the uppermost part only being covered to about a foot with snow—this height the moose cleared, merely touching the snow with his knees in passing over. Let it be remembered, also, that at that time snow was three feet deep on the ground, and the animal was going up hill.

Discouraging as appeared the present aspect of affairs, to give up the chase was impossible. We continued in pursuit, despite of cold, wet, and hunger, and we were now verging on absolute starvation, for our whole stock of eatables was reduced to six American crackers and two thin slices of pork, which remained to be divided between five persons and three dogs. Still, however, on we went, like Tam O'Shanter and the gnome-spirit. Nothing stopped our progress. Perhaps, also, the recollection of the food that awaited our success lent wings to our feet, and added another powerful inducement to continue the chase. It was now approaching towards the middle of the ninth day—we had eaten the last slice of pork that remained, and taken each a cup of tea, when we called a council, to decide the necessary measure that ought to be taken at this most alarming crisis. Captain L——, as chairman, mounted a fir bough, and, with a thin, pale face and immense gravity of countenance, he assured us that, as things could hardly be worse than they were, we had better go on. He then harangued us upon the delights we should all experience if we succeeded in our enterprise—dwelt upon the shame and mortification of a failure, and, above all, he expatiated with such heartfelt zeal, and unfeigned delight, upon the juicy pleasures of a hot tender moose-steak, all broiled to a turn, and the gravy oozing out—that, under the circumstances of famine in which we were placed, we all at once exclaimed, with raised hands and eyes, "Hold, hold, enough, and too much. Don't, for Heaven's sake, continue in that strain!" "Rouse, rouse, my lads," said Captain M——, "and let us after the animal again!" Whereupon we arose, and each taking our rifle, we pursued the moose with fresh energy. Our dogs, too, seemed almost to partake of the general zeal, and to understand the necessity for exertion, for they ran anxiously forward, and it was difficult to restrain them within bounds. The moose had now swept across a lake, the surface of which, from its extreme slipperiness, caused him many falls. On reaching the shore we found marks of blood on his tracks, at which we had all the barbarity simultaneously to raise a shout of delight; as we surmised, from such promising indications, the failing state of the animal, and concluded he could not, therefore, long escape us. The shout we raised caused the dogs to bark violently and break loose; they were soon in full chase, and, as we gained upon the moose, we discovered greater effusion of blood. Now then we heard the dogs clamorous; presently they held him at bay, and they rose in full cry. All this acted upon us like magic—we cast away every article that seemed likely to impede our progress, and rushing forward, it certainly was the "devil take the hindmost." At last we came up to the scene of action. There lay the stately moose, the object of nine days solicitude of hope and fear, his remaining horn brought low, his eye watching the dogs, defending himself to his very last moments, and every now and then attempting to strike with his long taper fore-leg. The poor animal bled profusely at the hocks, which he had wounded in his passage through the ice, and he had likewise received some wounds from crossing the lake. It was a sad sight, and I am far from ashamed of confessing I felt it so! Captain M—— was the first to recover himself and, slowly raising his rifle, he shot the moose through the head. The poor fellow gave one start, and then dropped dead. Ye gods, how we did feast that night!—we made ourselves ample amends for former starvation—dogs and all. And

\* "The camp."—Two poles, with forks at the top, are driven into the ground at a proper distance from one another. Another pole is then laid across the forked parts, and two others, also with forks, are planted in front, sloping towards the camp, to render the frame sufficiently strong to bear the weight of boughs or bark, as well as the weight of the poles that form the back of the side. A number of lighter poles are then laid in a sloping direction at the back of the camp, to form a slanting roof. Fir-boughs are placed over these, and the sides are fenced in the same manner. Boughs of fir are spread at the bottom of the camp.

how proudly we laid our trophy upon the trebagon, walking by the side, and eyeing the dead animal with exultation.

Next came the question of dividing our spoil. Of course our good Colonel was first to be considered; but each of us had more friends to oblige than there were parts to send of the animal. The mouth and nose (which is called the moofe) we voted should be offered to his Excellency the Governor; that part being esteemed the greatest delicacy for soup, and by many considered equal to turtle. The next day we reached Halifax, looking like so many Orasoes and Man Fridays; our beards had grown patriarchal from want of shaving, our skins were embrowned and discoloured from exposure to wet and cold; so that when a married man of our party presented his uncouth figure before his wife, the poor lady, who was intent upon the perusal of an Indian tale, with her imagination full of wild Indians and savages, gave a half shriek of terror, and was on the point of raising the servants, to save her from the scalping-knife of so formidable an enemy! We returned, after an absence of ten days, to our firesides, and those who were so fortunate to possess them, to their families,—more thankful for the blessings of home, and infinitely more sensible of the comforts with which Providence had surrounded us.

**EARLY ARRIVALS.**—During the past week several large flocks of those well-known winter visitants, the fieldfare and the redwing, have been seen in the neighbourhood of Woolwich, particularly in the marshes between Plumstead and Erith. These birds ordinarily visit us in November, and their early arrival this autumn proves that the winter must have already set in with considerable severity in Norway and Lapland, the birds never quitting their summer quarters till the frosts have deprived them of a supply of their ordinary food. Several flocks of golden plover, lapwings, and a few snipes, have also been seen, appearances which serve to remind us that winter is not far distant.

#### DONCASTER CUP WINNERS.

[We insert the following lists, though rather out of season, at the request of several correspondents.—Ed.]

1801	Mr. Wentworth	Chance	—
1802	Mr. Brandling	Alonzo	—
1803	Lord Strathmore	Remembrancer	—
1804	Lord Grey	Sir Oliver	—
1805	Lord Fitzwilliam	Caleb Quot'em.	—
1806	Mr. Garforth	Camillus	—
1807	Lord Monson	Scud	—
1808	Mr. Duncombe	Laurel Leaf	—
1809	Lord Milton	Whitenose	—
1810	Lord Darlington	Trophonius	—
1811	Mr. Duncombe	Grimalkin	—
1812	Mr. Glover	Slender Billy	—
1813	Sir W. Maxwell	Viscount	—
1814	Mr. Watt	Tramp	—
1815	Lord Scarborough	Calton	—
1816	Mr. Houldsworth	Filho da Puta	—
1817	Colonel King	Fulford	—
1818	Duke of Leeds	Rasping	—
1819	Mr. Garforth	Otho	—
1820	Mr. Powlett	The Juggler	—
1821	Mr. Lambton	Consul	—
1822	Mr. Dilly	Euphrates	Robinson
1823	Mr. Farquharson	Figaro	T. Lye
1824	Duke of Leeds	Mercutio	W. Scott
1825	Mr. Whittaker	Lottery	G. Nelson
1826	Sir M. W. Ridley	Fleur-de-lis	G. Nelson
1827	Lord Fitzwilliam	Mulatto	T. Lye
1828	Major Yarburgh	Laurel	T. Nicholson
1829	Lord Cleveland	Voltaire	T. Lye
1830	Lord Kelburne	Retriever	T. Lye
1831	Mr. Wagstaff	The Saddler	Chapple
1832	Mr. Riddell	Galopade	Johnson
1833	Mr. Watt	Rockingham	T. Nicholson
1834	Mr. Orde	Tomboy	R. Johnson
1835	M. of Westminster	Touchstone	W. Scott
1836	M. of Westminster	Touchstone	W. Scott
1837	Mr. Orde	Beeswing	Cartwright
1838	Lord Chesterfield	Don John	Nat
1839	Major Yarburgh	Charles XII.	T. Lye
1840	Mr. Orde	Beeswing	Cartwright
1841	Mr. Orde	Beeswing	Cartwright
1842	Mr. Orde	Beeswing	Cartwright
1843	Mr. H. Wormald	Alice Hawthorn	Hesseltine
1844	Mr. Salvin	Alice Hawthorn	Bumby
1845	Mr. Hill	Sweetmeat	Whitstone

#### GOODWOOD CUP WINNERS.

1812	Mr. Cope	Shoestrings	John Day
1813	Mr. Biggs	Camerton	W. Sawyer
1814	Mr. Blake	Banquo	F. Buckle
1816	Lord Egremont	Scarecrow	W. Arnall
1825	Lord Egremont	Cricketer	G. Edwards
1826	Lord Egremont	Stumps	G. Edwards
1827	Duke of Richmond	Link Boy	F. Boyce
1828	Duke of Richmond	Miss Craven	F. Boyce
1829	Mr. D. Radcliffe	Fleur-de-lis	Robinson
1830	Mr. D. Radcliffe	Fleur-de-lis	G. Nelson
1831	Lord Chesterfield	Priam	Connelly
1832	Lord Chesterfield	Priam	Connelly
1833	Mr. Kent	Rubini	Boyce
1834	Lord Jersey	Glencoe	Nat
1835	Mr. Theobald	Rockingham	Robinson
1836	Lord Chesterfield	Hermes	W. Scott
1837	Lord Chesterfield	Carew	Nat
1838	Mr. Ferguson	Harkaway	Wakefield
1839	Mr. Ferguson	Harkaway	Calloway
1840	Duke of Orleans	Beggarmen	Robinson
1841	Mr. A. Johnston	Charles XII.	Marson
1842	Mr. A. Johnston	Charles XII.	Robinson
1843	Mr. Lichtwald	Hyllus	Butler
1844	Mr. Salvin	Alice Hawthorn	Templeman
1845	Lord G. Bentinck	Miss Elis	Abdale

#### NOTICE!

### THE SPORTSMAN'S ALMANAC,

will be ready for delivery with NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE; it will contain the whole of the Nominations for the Derby, Oaks, and Leger 1846; revised tables of the duties on horses, dogs, game certificates, &c. A list of principal Jockeys and the colours of their Masters; Public Trainers; Sporting Chronologies for 1846; a really SPORTING Calendar, (which no other Almanac has yet contained) besides a mass of general information equal to other Sheet Almanacs, printed in a style for framing or suspending on a board in public or private rooms.—Price THREEHALFPENCE to Subscribers—SIXPENCE to Non-Subscribers, after the expiry of the week of publication. \* \* \* Observe! the whole of the Back Numbers, and the MONTHLY PARTS, are in Print, and may be had. Office, 42, Holywell-street, Strand.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**SOOTHSAYER.**—We should be happy to hear from you, as heretofore. The description of the Baron, whom we have never seen (except flying past at some distance off for the Oseer-witch), was taken from a paragraph in the *Sunday Times*; our engraving, from a drawing made by an artist who, not only professed to have seen the horse, but sent us a description accompanying his sketch. Our correspondent is a shrewd observer, he says, "in Ireland he was entered as a bay colt, in England as a chestnut colt," &c.; perhaps this very discrepancy contributed to the examination he underwent after the St. Leger, from which he emerged unscathed.

**HALES.**—You will find GOODWOOD CUP winners in the present November, as also those of the DONCASTER FLARE. See this page.

**T. W.**—The usual quantity of shot used in shooting pigeon matches is two ounces, unless an agreement to the contrary is made.

**S. R.**—In cutting cards for a wager, the ace is highest. We cannot, upon anonymous information, publish the atrocity described as having occurred at a large pigeon match, by "C. F. B."

**W. P. A.**—A, being a landlord, a party comes into his house and begins card-playing without the knowledge of A, or any other but their own party, bringing the cards with them; the constables come in and catch them. Is the landlord liable to the penalty or not? We think not.

**S. S. B.**—Blackfriars-road, wishes to know if any "brother trader" can inform him of good pike-fishing within twenty or thirty miles of London?

**A WELLWISHER.**—The INDEX we intend to give with the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE will include the contents of the nine numbers of the SPORTING WORLD. There has been no print published. The proprietors of the SPORTING WORLD abandoned that publication, and sold it off at the sixth number.

**J. R.**—Tom Spring never refused to fight Jem Ward, neither did he resign the Championship to him. The champions will come in, all of them, in chronological order.

**J. BOWDEN, Northampton.**—Bendigo has fought seven times in the P.B. He was not quite twelve stone when he fought Caunt (see our September number, 18). Bendigo forfeited £70 to Tass Parker. His brother is said to have procured his arrest to prevent the fight. The GAMES AND WAGERS BILL contains a clause (the 18th), the which we take it puts Caunt (or rather the parties who prosecute the suit for him) out of court. We have not a particle of predilection for one or the other of the men; we never had a shilling risked on the event, and, if we know ourselves (a difficult knowledge it has been said), have not an atom of prejudice, favour, or affection for one more than the other.

**W. R.**—Jem Wharton (Young Molyneux) weighs hard on 11 stone, fighting weight. He has fought some very good men over his own weight. Hammer Lane, whom he beat June 9, 1840, for £100, in 53 rounds, occupying 72 minutes, was under his weight, but we cannot exactly say how many pounds. He beat Bill Fisher and Harry Panton, drew with Tommy Britton, and beat Rawick twice.

#### OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

**SUNDAY, NOV. 2.—TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.**—All Souls Day. Things to be remembered in November.—Borough councillors elected on the 1st. Mayors and aldermen chosen on the 9th. 11th, St. Martin's Day, or Martinmas, in the Church of England calendar. Popularly, this is one of the most remarkable days of the year, especially in Scotland, where Whitmaside and Martinmas are the two great terms for losses and engagement of servants, the latter being that at which the occupation of farms usually commences. Formerly it was a quarterly term day in England: a payment of corn at

Martimes occurs in the Doomsday Survey. Attorneys and conveyancers' licenses taken out on the 16th.

**MONDAY, 3rd.**—*Michaelmas Term begins.*—This day (1844) a tremendous fog visited Fleet Street. It was, however, confined to the city, being too thick to get through Temple Bar, although it was not then, as in this present year of grace, closed "by order of the lord mayor."—**THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT** subscribe £300, to PUBLIC WASH-HOUSES. A nice bit of "Windsor soap" for the people.

**TUESDAY, 4th.**—*DOMESTIC ECONOMY.*—*Coal Measure (in Lodging-houses.)*  
 1 Coalscuttle makes . . . . . 1 sack.  
 2 sacks . . . . . 1 ton.  
 10 tons . . . . . 50 fires.  
 50 fires . . . . . Firing for landlady all the year round.

The price is very difficult to estimate, as it varies from half-a-crown a scuttle to sixpence for three quarters of one, according to the floor and rent. The higher the rent the dearer the coal, and the higher up stairs the cheaper. In second and third floors it is supposed to be regulated by the "mean temperature," though what that means we don't mean to say.

**WEDNESDAY, 5th.**—*Guy Fawkes Day.*—*How to MAKE A GUY.*—Get a head of long hair turned up at the ends, and put on it a *Chapeau Français*; take a pair of mustachios, an imperial and eye glass; add to these a blue satin scarf, with a gold pin like a beadle's staff, braided coat, crimson waistcoat, ladies' boots, canary kids, a tremendous swagger, and a very small riding-whip. Put these together on a block; turn it into Regent-street about three o'clock, and you will have succeeded in making a perfect Guy.

**THURSDAY, 6th.**—*COOL IMPUDENCE.*—Yesterday an individual of dashing exterior presented a shilling to the toll-keeper of Waterloo Bridge, and sarcastically demanded change.

**FRIDAY, 7th.**—*POSTING-BILLS ILLEGALLY FIXED ON THE WELLINGTON STATUE.* Shame to stick an old soldier who never stuck at anything!

**SATURDAY, 8th.**—Clock 16m. 5sec. slow.—The Lord Mayor elect sworn into office.—Fox hunting in its prime. "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim a hunting moon."

#### THE MOON IN NOVEMBER.

First Quarter, 6th	..	..	..	6	15 aft.
Full Moon, 14th	..	..	..	0	55 morn.
Last Quarter, 22nd	..	..	..	4	26 morn.
New Moon, 30th	..	..	..	11	41 morn.

#### TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High Water at London Bridge.

		morn.	aft.			morn.	aft.
Sunday, Nov. 2nd	..	3 8	3 28	Thursday, 6th	..	6 11	6 43
Monday, 3rd	..	3 50	4 10	Friday, 7th	..	7 14	7 51
Tuesday, 4th	..	4 33	4 56	Saturday, 8th	..	8 30	9 11
Wednesday, 5th	..	5 21	5 46				

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

### GYMNASTICS. NO. III.

#### FENCING.—SECTION II.

MAJOR GORDON'S METHOD.

**I**N the first section we generalised, in this we propose to detail. To enforce the authority of the common system it has been asserted that it was the results of experiments made from nature, as we stated in the previous section. Different peasants being ordered to make their assaults in succession concurred in making their first thrust in *prime*, directing the point high, to the left of their antagonist, with their hands in *pronation*—that is, with the knuckles of the fingers and palm of the hand downwards, and the convexity or back of the hand, or convex side upwards. This is the position of *Prime* marked in figure 3.

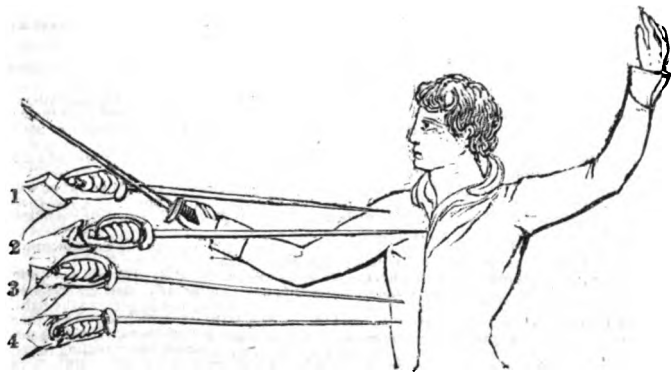


Fig. 3.—THE THRUSTS.

1. Tierce. 2. Prime. 3. Seconde. 4. Quinte.

From this certainly weak position the greater part of the cuts and thrusts of the cavalry sword-exercise are derived.

All the peasants beforementioned also concurred in delivering the second thrust *under* the arm, in *pronation* also, as marked *seconde* in figure 3.

Their third assault was over the adversary's arm, still without varying his mode of holding the sword; see tierce in same figure. Observe this neat excellent position for cutting vertically downwards.

On attempting a fourth delivery, they rotated their hands into *supination*, that is, the nails, knuckles, and palm were turned upwards, and they directed the thrust at the armpit of the opponent. This is the safest and strongest position, and is marked as *quarte* in figure 4.

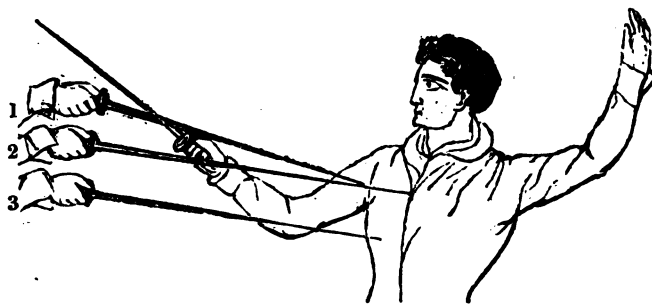


Fig. 4.—THE THRUSTS.

1. Quarte over. 2. Quinte inside. 3. Octave.

The fifth thrust was attempted low, and under the opponent's arm, the hand in *pronation*, and in opposition to the adversary's right. From this position are derived the hanging guard, the inside and outside half-hangers, &c., of which we shall speak in another department of sword exercise. This thrust is termed *Quinte* in figure 3.

The sixth thrust bears the name of the *octave* (see figure 4): the hand is here also in *supination*, and opposed to your right in *quarte* it is opposed to your left. These six are the simple thrusts, and from them every cut and thrust is derived, in all their complex variations.

The six simple guards are named, like the thrusts, as the guards of *quarte*, the guards of *quinte*, and so on.

As the thrusts are either simple or complex, so are the various guards. All cuts, however, are complex motions or combinations of several simple motions. This is the French arrangement of the thrusts, yet, spite of this, it appears, from experience and the muscular construction of the human frame, that *quarte* should be placed first of all thrusts and parades, from the superior power of the hand in opposing the adversary and retaining the weapon in position. Tierce next ranks to *quarte* in this respect, as, in tierce, the hand is *over* the adversary and has the advantage of weight in striking downwards. The *seconde*, *quinte*, and even *prime*, evidently derive from tierce. But the three last-named thrusts, and all the guards and thrusts derived from them—such, we mean, as the hanging guard, the outside and inside half-hangers, the off-side and near-side protects—should be utterly discarded as dangerous complexities to the person who resorts to them. In like manner, all cuts should be rejected except *two*, and all complex thrusts whatsoever: nevertheless, there are a few complex parades (hereafter to be spoken of) which cannot be too sedulously practised.

### SECTION III.

METHOD OF MAJOR GORDON—continued.

*Advantage of the simple thrusts; and reduction of all cuts and thrusts to simple quarte and tierce.*

What is meant by a simple thrust is one direct impulsion made by a single movement with such swiftness as to be home in the least possible space of time. A complex thrust is a combination of two or more simple motions; all cuts, as said above, must necessarily be complex.

Simple thrusts are superior to complex, as appears upon comparison. Feints are usually single or double and, but rarely, treble. The single feint is the least complex of all compound thrusts; it threatens an attack on one point, while it lays open the adversary to a real impulse on another. The French mode, which we will figure in the next week's paper is, in our opinion, erroneous, and when we give the engraving we will explain the reason: for the present therefore we pass it by.

The four simple thrusts, *prime*, *seconde*, *tierce*, and *quinte* agree in being delivered with the hand in *pronation*; they are said to differ, because directed to different parts of the body. The tierce, or cut over and outside of the arm, from its superior direction, conspires with gravity in forcing an opening by the dexterous application of the fort; but in the *prime*, *seconde*, and *quinte*, there are no such advantages.

The last named position of the hand is the weakest species of *pronation*: the fingers opening downwards, are ready to be disarmed by the slightest vertical impulse. The weakness is still greater in the guards derived from these positions: therefore, these might be safely reduced to one class, called tierce.

The three thrusts, *quarte*, *quarte over* the arm, and the *octave*, are excellent, and agree in the circumstance of being impelled by the hand in the strong position of *supination*. The arm, wrist, and fingers, being turned upwards, the fingers open in that direction, and the impulse which it made upward against the gravity, will generally fail in effecting the disarm: these three differing only in their direction to different points of



the body, and in direction of the opposition of the hand, might therefore, be reduced to one class, denominated quarte.

It is clear, that an indefinite number of cuts and thrusts may be directed to the various parts of the body; but if all such were to have distinct names, no dictionary could contain them.

## SECTION IV.

## THE GUARDS OF QUARTE, TIERCE, ETC.

The science of defence is concentrated in the three following particulars:—

1st,—In the graceful command of the body and limbs, and in the acquisition of the particular means which are subservient to this end.

2dly,—In the possession of the proper line of direction, &c., and,

3rdly,—In the proper opposition of the hand, and in the application of the forte to the feeble.

For the purpose of obtaining the first of those essential points, the command of body, you are to be exercised in the three following positions. The first is well known, being the position of a soldier standing on parade, erect, with his heels close, upon a small base. This is a weak attitude, and unfit for defence &c.; therefore, he is to spring from this into the second position, which is martial, and well adapted to defence and attack. The knees are bent, and the more the better, as the force of elastic spring will be in proportion to the contraction of the muscles; the body is balanced on both legs, so that it may rest on both or upon one, and more particularly upon the hinder leg. By this flexibility and command of body, you may be within and out of measure (as it were) at the same moment. Instead of standing square to the front, as in the first position, and presenting the greater diameter of your person, you present your side only, which will be covered by your weapon, and your arm directed in a line before you. The sword is to be grasped by all the fingers, and the thumb extending along the gripe. As the knees are bent, so must the hand be contracted at the elbow.—see Fig. 5.

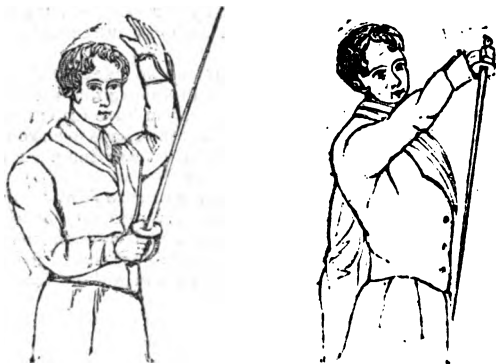


Fig. 5.—ON GUARD IN QUARTE. Fig. 6.—ALLONGE IN QUARTE.

This position is termed on guard. The sword must not be held paral-  
lelled to the horizon, as that position would subject your feeble to his  
fort; and much less should your point be depressed below the horizon,  
for the same reason; therefore, it should be raised thirty degrees above  
the horizon, and directed nearly in the line of his eye. In the second  
position you guard or perry quarte and tierce, and all cuts and thrusts, and  
advance and retire a few paces, facing your adversary.

Parry quarte by your fort in quarte, and tierce by your fort in tierce.  
You cannot be too much practised in advancing, retiring, and parrying  
simple thrusts and cuts in this attitude. Having fully obtained the com-  
mand of your person by this practice, and not before, you are to spring  
from it into your third position, which is that of the allonge.

In the second position you sink on your knees, and have all your powers  
restrained and ready to be exerted; the exertion of these powers will  
place you in the third position, with your feet about thirty-six inches  
asunder, at right angles. This attitude is termed the allonge, and is  
figured in No. 8.

The allonge is to be made with all possible rapidity: this will be better  
accomplished by impressing the ideas of it upon the mind one after  
another. Thus, first form your extension as figure 7; elevate your right  
hand in quarte, as high as the direction of your left eye-brow; lower  
your point in a line with the cavity under the arm of the adversary;  
extend your left hand and left knee; then project the thrust, rolling your  
hand still more in quarte, or supination; throw forward your right foot  
at the same instant, fifteen or sixteen inches, so that your feet may be at  
least thirty-six inches asunder, as in figure 8. The foot should resound  
in striking the ground. Repeat this practice until you can execute it in  
one rapid motion. Examine your attitude in this third position,  
and practise unremittingly in the air, until you acquire a graceful  
precision in the execution.

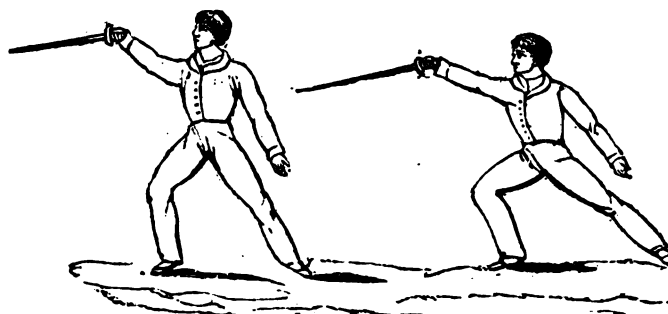


FIG. 7.—PROFILE OF THE EXTENSION. FIG. 8.—PROFILE OF ALLONGE IN QUARTE.

In the last number of the MAGAZINE we gave an engraving of the  
allonge and guard here spoken of, which renders their repetition in this  
place unnecessary. The same may be said of the thrust and cut in quarte;  
on which, though we may have a few words to say, the figure is also  
given.

(To be continued in our next.)

## DOGS AND DOG-TRAINERS.

BY FREDERICK TOLFREY,

Author of "The Sportsman France," and "The Sportsman in Canada."  
(Concluded from page 405.)

William Burnell, who has removed his stock of animals from Wo-  
burn Mews to more airy premises in Maiden Lane, near Battle Bridge,  
King's Cross, has a few first-rate dogs. He is an honest man, and can  
be depended on—a rare merit in one of his vocation; but we have good  
grounds for stating that he will never deceive a customer, and it is there-  
fore under this conviction that we confidently as well as conscientiously  
recommend our cockney friends who may not have the time to scour  
the country in search of a quadruped, and who may want a good dog on  
a short notice, to visit Burnell's establishment. The very hot weather  
in the early part of last month must have tried the stamina and  
bottom of some of the setters; they must have felt severely the want  
of water: and for this reason, although for general purposes we prefer  
the setter, we give the preference to the pointer for September shooting;  
not that his powers of endurance are greater than those of the setter,  
but simply because the pointer can work better and for a longer period  
without craving for moisture and slaking his thirst. The Russian setter,  
however, may be taken as an exception to this rule. Strange to say,  
though sprung of a race indigenous to the coldest climate, he stands  
the heat better than our more delicate breed; and is, taken altogether, the  
best dog a sportsman can possess. The nose of the Russian setter is  
beyond comparison superior to that of English origin, and he will de-  
cidedly stand more work. Dog-breakers too have far less difficulty and  
trouble with the *Rossians*, as they call them; for an erudite game-  
keeper told us in confidence not very long ago that they are "quicker at  
larning" than our highly-bred dogs, more tractable, and endowed with  
greater sagacity. Mr. Lang, of the Haymarket, has some of the best  
Russian setters in her Majesty's dominions, and they are worth any  
money. We have seen some splendid dogs from a cross between the  
English and Russian setter, and we look forward to the day when we  
shall have established in this country an invaluable breed. A thorough-  
bred Russian setter will do the work of four dogs: no gorse, furze, or  
hedge-row is too thick for him, and he will invariably retrieve his game.  
We hope to see this description of dog in more general use, for a little  
Russian blood will materially improve our English kennels. We do not  
mean to infer that we have no good blood of our own: on the contrary,  
we have too much of it: what we would urge is, that it requires  
intermingling. We are too fond of breeding in and in, and sticking to  
one family; and the animals so begotten from generation to generation  
dwindle down into little, puny, fine-drawn specimens, which can never  
live out a long day. We speak from experience, having paid consider-  
able attention and bestowed no little time and trouble on breeding and  
crossing setters. Our labour has not been thrown away, for we can  
boast of possessing as good dogs as ever went into a field, and to their  
surpassing excellence do we attribute the admixture of a little Russian  
blood.

Some four years ago, on our return from France, we pitched our tent  
in the South-eastern corner of Devonshire, on the confines of its neigh-  
bouring county, Dorsetshire. It came to pass that being in want of an  
useful dog for the marshes, and one that would retrieve snipe and wild-  
fowl, we wrote to an old friend in the neighbourhood of Dorchester on  
the subject, and he most kindly sent us over from his beautiful seat  
"Came," near that town, a Russian setter worth his weight in gold.  
We have seen and owned some few dogs in our day, but never did we  
shoot over so extraordinary an animal as "Don." For nose, speed, cou-

rage, and sagacity we never beheld his equal: he would do the work of a whole kennel: no day was too long for him; his powers of scent were absolutely astonishing, and wo to the winged bird if it once touched *terra firma*: Don cared not for distance or impediments; have it he would, and have it he did; for, with every qualification a dog should be master of, he combined the art of retrieving his game. In short Don was a paragon of perfection. We shot to him a whole season, and before we returned him to Colonel D— D— we put him (not the Colonel, but Don) to a very handsome, clever setter-bitch, the property of a neighbouring country Squire, and the produce turned out, as we expected, superlatively good puppies. We sent one to our old and talented friend, Mr. Archer Croft, of Greenham Lodge, near Newbury, and Don junior is not only the handsomest but the best dog the Berkshire Squire has in his kennel, and a hundred guineas would not buy him. From this cross we have established an undeniably good stock to breed from. The whole of the litter turned out well: at six months old they stood, backed, and retrieved without any further tutoring than tying a wounded bird to a stake on the lawn, and teaching the young ones to fetch and carry a ball. Gamekeepers, strange to say, set their faces against this cross of the Russian with the English setter, why we are at a loss to imagine: but then every one knows that gamekeepers are the most bigoted and self-opinioned race of functionaries we have: they have a fixed standard of excellence in their own conceited minds, from which it is difficult, if not altogether impossible, to make them depart.

One of their grounds of objection is that the produce from this cross are self-willed, and can never be kept from chase. We cannot admit that there is the slightest foundation for this assertion; at least we have tried the experiment ourselves, and known others who have followed our example, and we have never known the half-Russian half-English progeny pig-headed or untractable during their noviciate. We all know that some dogs give more trouble than others, for high breeding and high courage go together, to say nothing of tempers which vary in the canine race as well as with us bipeds of the *genus homo*. The Irish setter is, after the fashion of the Sons of Erin, a rather unruly animal, and it will sometimes take as much time to bring him to a proper degree of subjection as it would to tame the great "Dan" himself. As far as our experience enables us to give an opinion on the subject, we should say the admixture of Russian blood with that of our own breed of setters is not attended with the disagreeable consequences alleged by these grumbling gamekeepers. They one and all acknowledge that the Russian setter *per se* is the most tractable as well as most efficient ally they have in the field: then the question naturally arises, on which side is the fault? and to which animal are we to lay the charge of perverseness and self-will? We rather think the "contrariness," as they term it emanates from the old English blood, in spite of the dog-ged opinion entertained to the contrary. Mr. Lang can enlighten our readers on the subject, if they will take the trouble to ask him a few questions on his return from the moors.

With very few exceptions gamekeepers are not good dog-breakers: they have neither the talent nor the temper for the undertaking. They know what a dog ought to be, and can work him *secundum artem* in the field; but nine times out of ten these very knowing gentlemen are utterly ignorant of the *ars docendi*, and not by any means qualified to instruct a puppy, and convey, with the necessary exercise of patience, the first rudiments of its education.

For example: a first-rate classical scholar—Sir Robert Peel we will say—must make but an indifferent schoolmaster, and be incompetent to instruct a posse of little urchins. We all understand Latin and Greek, although we may not have the knack of imparting our knowledge through the medium of birch-rod into the brains of striplings. A man may know a great deal, but still be unequal to the task of instilling that knowledge into the minds of others. This is a business, a calling of itself, and we therefore, under this conviction, earnestly advise all those possessed of juvenile pointers and setters to send them to a professed dog-breaker for the completion of their field duties. A proficient in this difficult art will complete a puppy's education (as many a pedagogue has done before him) in half the time, and much more effectually than the best amateur sportsman though he be, that ever pulled a trigger. Mr. Brailsford, as we have already said, is by far the best dog-breaker of the present day. With great experience and a thorough knowledge of his business, he combines extraordinary patience and coolness of temper, to which he adds an almost intuitive judgment of the extent of an animal's mental capabilities.—*Sporting Magazine for October.*

#### THE SPORTING BARONET v. THE PUGILISTIC JARVEY.

The following anecdote, well authenticated, shows that some members of the aristocracy in England are not only fond of true courage, but of supporting it in their own persons. A turn up took place at the Italian Opera house door, between the late Sir Godfrey Webster, and Wood, under the following circumstances. Wood was a first-rate coachman in the hackney line, and could drive to an inch, and gave great offence as it is termed, by cutting in to the regular line of carriages to put down his company. The footman and coachman of Sir Godfrey struck Wood

in order to prevent him from hindering the baronet's coach gaining the door. Sir Godfrey was rather an irritable man, when he jumped out of his carriage, and told Wood that he ought to be thrashed for his improper conduct. Wood laughed at him, and used language not of the most decent description, and asked sneeringly, "who was to do it?" "I will," said the baronet; "leave your box, and I'll thrash you to your heart's content."

"You shan't wait for a customer long," replied Wood, leaving his box, and putting himself in a pugilistic attitude.

Sir Godfrey, *sans ceremonie*, gave Wood a tremendous blow in the face, when the latter returned hit for hit as quick as lightning; and a round or two took place before they parted. Sir Godfrey was compelled against his will, to give up the Opera for that night, and drove home to repair his face, and also his dress, the claret running down his cheeks; he had been sadly knocked about. "He must have been a prize boxer," was the soliloquy of Sir Godfrey, "by the style he used his fists," the baronet being rather an adept with the gloves. The number of the hackney coach led to the discovery that Bill Wood, the boxer, was the driver of it.

Sir Godfrey was most anxious to see the man who had thus knocked him about so severely. He sent for Mr. Jackson, and said, "I wish you would call on Wood, the coachman, and tell him I wish to see him at my house in St. James's square." The request of the baronet was complied with, but Wood was frightened, on the first intimation, that a warrant was issued out against him for an assault; being assured of his safety by Mr. Jackson, he went, hat in hand, and appeared quite as humble and sanctified as if butter would not melt in his mouth, stroking his hair over his forehead, and appeared quite chop-fallen. Sir Godfrey was lying on a sofa, in a terrible bruised state, and could scarcely move. "Sit down, coachee," said he; "you had the whip hand of me the other night, and I am satisfied, perfectly satisfied—nay, more than satisfied,—that you can hit very hard, and are also a brave man."

"Upon my soul, sir," replied Wood, "if I had have knowed who you was—you a baronet, and such a heavy swell—so help me G—, I would not have hit you at all; I would have taken twenty, and gave no return."

"That would have been wrong," answered Sir Godfrey; "a real Englishman will never put up with a blow: I do not find fault with you in that respect. I struck the first blow."

"But, sir, there's a vast difference between a hackney coachman and a baronet; and I should not have been long in finding that ere out if you had pulled me up before the beaks; however, you have made me remember the row and feel the effects of it too. My jaws have been so sore ever since, that I have not been able scarcely to eat anything. I hope Sir Godfrey, you will forgive me; if I had knowed"—

"Never mind, coachee, I know that you are a brave fellow, Wood; and there's a guinea for you to drink my health; also go down into the kitchen, and tell the cook to let you have some refreshment, and the butler a glass of grog before you go. I suppose next time I feel inclined to go to the Opera House, I shall be able to get in without having a fight for it. Ha! ha! ha!"

"If any fellow, or ten ruffians, should attempt to stop your carriage, and I am on the spot, I'll floor them, you may depend upon it," replied Wood. Bill then made his bow to the baronet, when the latter gave him his hand; and Wood did not forget to pay a visit to the kitchen. Whether the butler was afraid of him or not, he helped Bill to some of the richest things in the larder, and filled his glass several times, without being asked to do so, till Wood was on the reeling system before he left Sir Godfrey's mansion.

"This has been a glorious turn-up for me," observed Wood to one of his pals, whom he met with shortly afterwards; "a goldfinch (a guinea) and plenty of bab and grab; but, nevertheless, the baronet was a troublesome customer to me, from his being well-fed, and plenty of black-strap in him. I hate to go to that b— Uppear,—there's always some row; for if you don't quarrel with the nob, the knights of the rainbow (foot-men), those lick-plates are so d—d impudent and insolent that I can hardly sit on my box with anything like patience; but I have, in my time, whopped a few of them and charged them nuthen for it—a parcel of warmint do-nothing chaps—much better fed than taught, I know."

Sir Godfrey, over his wine, used to laugh heartily at the above adventure, as he related it to his sporting visitors, observing, "there is nothing like Old England for its spirit of independence amongst all classes of society."

[This sort of casual skirmishes frequently occurred in the gay days (at Vauxhall and Ranelagh) of the late Major Topham, the celebrated author of the "Memoirs of Elwes the Miser," and also the proprietor of the fashionable newspaper, *The World*, Lords Barrymore, Bate, Dudley, &c., who were anxious to exhibit their superior knowledge of the science, over what was then designated yokel ruffianism.]

A NICE POINT.—The Bishop of Exeter has given it as his opinion that a clergyman speculating in railways comes under the statute against "dealing for gain or profit." As the statute only says dealing—and railway speculation involves rather shuffling than dealing—some of the reverend Stags maintain that they do not violate the act of Parliament.—*Punch.*

## THE GAMECOCK.

(Continued from page 390)

## SECTION VIII.

## GENERAL REMARKS.



THE close of the last section we quoted from Mr. Sketchley his observations on the evil effects of inferior crosses, and the great care required to cross with advantage; we resume this important subject, for we see notwithstanding every excellence, if there is not that uniformity and corresponding character in the hens, or cock, it is more than high odds if the produce is equal to either originals. If they, like many others, had been properly kept to themselves, like the Cheshire Piles, they might and would have fought their way into admiration. Adverting to the stately vivacity of these birds, it has frequently occurred to me, in a variety of instances, what a wonderful difference there is in brothers in respect to that outward and pleasing liveliness, from those that have been at hand-fed walks, and those from well-furnished walks: the former become stationary to the spot, without action, motion, or employment: he appears oppressed and heavy, and his nourishment brings on a contracted aversion to action: nature, as it were, preys upon itself. How necessary, indeed, is action and exercise to the body, may be judged by the difference we find between those cocks who labour in plenty, and those who are in the predicament alluded to. And how much superior is the complexion and constitution which labour creates, in comparison with that habit of body we see consequent to an indulgent state of indigence and rest. Several of my cocks that are hand-fed, which are at proper distances from contiguous annoyance are never fed by those who walk them, but invariably have their corn given them twice a day at a distance from the house, spread upon chaff; at other times upon short straw, that they may labour to obtain it. By this method they are generally upon the alert, are seldom or never near the house, and are no way inferior to the others.

If a breeder has the convenience I would recommend the mode adopted by Mr. Sketchley in the following extract. "The places should be equidistant, not more than three to four hundred yards, some two or three inclosures intersecting each place: two of these are fixed under a high covert hedge in the form of a dog-kennel, and are well secured; the hen has a small apartment divided from the part they roost in, to lay and hatch. At each of these places I have only one hen or pullet with a cock; these are selected from sisters whose shapes, feather, &c., pre-eminently distinguish them from the rest. Each of these situations is only a small distance from running springs: they have well-sheltered edges, and a fine dry carpet. It is not the situation only which contributes to this promising mode, but a chance of deriving a greater probability of success, by having no other hen to interfere—they are the choice of your whole stud; and if any failure should follow, there will be no difficulty in ascertaining from which it originates, as a fair trial of the cock would determine: for, if satisfied with him, it must rest with the hen. When several sisters are breeding from, the greater difficulty you have in finding from which the failure proceeds—but from this mode you have a short reference. At a sufficient early period the produce was about one hundred chickens. This trial consists of two stags which are brothers, with each a two year-old hen, which are sisters—they have not a deviating character, consistent with the most approved choice for crossing; the other two cocks are two years old, and also brothers to the stags, with each a pullet, sisters to the two-year old hens, which were with the stags. By this arrangement you are breeding a great number of brothers in blood; and I never yet saw a produce so regular in feather, and every appertaining quality as they are from this systematic mode of selection; and I have a pleasure of anticipating a fortunate result. A greater number may be produced than from such an allotted few if you have the command of a sufficient number of blood hens—to sit in due season, which may be done by taking the eggs, as they are laid and the nest egg when inclined to sit."

It may be said that from four sisters and one cock may be had as many birds as devoting four cocks and stags to four hens and pullets. Admitted—but you have the advantage of four cocks to one in the mode recommended; for, notwithstanding every due attention is had to select a single cock, free from every apparent fault, yet we have frequently found ourselves disappointed either from a change in constitution, or some other cause. On the other hand, you have the best calculated chance to succeed. I have before observed, under the head of breeding, that sisters may so essentially differ in health, &c. and the difficulty of attending the prevention of laying to each other is scarcely to be accomplished, of course you cannot distinguish each from the other, and if any defect takes place, you are at a loss from which of the sisters it originated. It has many other claims to preference, which the cock and the hen must be benefitted by thus pairing, and the reference in case of failure much easier detected, that I flatter myself that whoever makes the trial will find the advantages so materially in favour of this mode, that he will in future adopt it with facility.

It has been a matter of astonishment to me since I have resided in

Nottinghamshire, that so few good cocks are to be met with. Amongst a number of breeders to whom I have a friendly access, few are sufficiently cautious in the crosses, so essentially necessary to produce a regular set of good cocks; but there is a prevailing partiality amongst cockers which is not easily to be done away, and probably must be the work of time. We are frequently disappointed in our best endeavours, and even at a time when our hopes and expectations have run high, grounded upon the idea that our selection comprised every rare qualification to warrant success:—for I may yet venture to add, without partiality, that if they possessed every essential character that could possibly constitute a proper cross, still some heterogeneous mixture might lurk inherent to disappoint all the practical attention and wary caution, to render the cross complete, and to establish a regular set of cocks. Is it, then, to be wondered at, the failure of those who breed without any of those nice regards, either to similarity of feather, &c. and those congenial attributes to form a complete whole?

Still I flatter myself, that the professed amateurs of this noble bird are more alive to the improvement, from the well-known superiority of cocks bred by those eminently distinguished for their abilities in every sporting department of the leading pre-eminent character they have supported must awaken the efforts of those who would profit from such enlightened precedents. The colts of the late Lord Derby may be quoted as proofs of my assertions: their successful prowess marked the nice discriminating care ever attendant upon whatever his lordship pursued in the sporting line. His cocks were more regular and undeviating than most cocks within my knowledge, a certain criterion of that well-regulated system his lordship so long and successfully pursued; and I will hazard an opinion, that, were breeders to adhere to the mode recommended, few occurrences out of the ordinary course of breeding would be less rare, and would tend to establish a race of cocks infinitely superior to the present. It is astonishing to see how wedded some amateurs are, so every way dissonant to the true principles of breeding—and my endeavours to remove such obsolete practice has ever been an Herculean task. It avails not your setting forth the impropriety of crossing contrary feathers, &c.—they are satisfied with the idea that they were both undeniable of the sort. If they are not equal to the originals, they are totally at a loss how to account for their deviation, reconciling themselves by advancing some pretext totally incompatible with the true cause—and they will even venture upon the same fowls another year. Still involved in error, they seek out for such as in their estimation will bid defiance to any possible disappointment—breed on without regard to what constitutes any congruent principle, and they become tired by their own infatuation. There are others who have enjoyed a more extensive opportunity, by mixing with their superiors, through feeders introducing their cocks approved by them;—thus benefitted by repeated intercourse, have bred with considerable success. Sant, well known to the gentlemen of the sod, and one of the busiest patrons of the ring in its palmy days, who resided in Derbyshire, was in the habit of breeding as good cocks as most men in the kingdom; he adhered closely to every requisite for judicious crossing, and keeping them properly together, and for many years no man fought with greater success; and I know of no cocks that were more generally sought after—a convincing proof of his attention. He had the advantage, too, of residing amongst a numerous set of men who have long been in the habit of breeding; and in the interval of his rapid success no country was in such general esteem, and any number could be procured. He was a ruling satellite over those hardy set of colliers who are invariably cockers wherever they reside; they are unwearied in their endeavours to procure such as are first in estimation; and whatever he judged superior, they were always at his command—and Sant reciprocally assisted them from his more numerous produce. He was deservedly high in Beastall's favour; who, during Sant's celebrity, was generally esteemed in his profession. Beastall had great privileges from his employers, and whatever cocks he thought would promote or add improvement to those of Sant, he was never sparing, and they were duly appreciated by him. Under these singular advantages we need not wonder that Sant should, for so many years, enjoy the well-earned encomiums of the amateurs of the sod. Beastall bought and fed many of his cocks, and several fought in mains in which I was engaged. They were a very dark black-red, striped, uncommonly black upon the neck, black beak, black legs, very lofty, and fought high weights; they were favourites with Beastall, and in his hands became favourites with the public.

The high estimation these cocks were held in, caused such repeated applications to breed from, that Sant found no difficulty in obtaining sometimes very exorbitant considerations for those he chose to part with; but the difficulty of getting any hens from him, from which you could derive the most essential advantages, were next to a prohibition amongst the parties concerned in these birds. Mr. Sketchley says, "I bred from several of the cocks, and the first of my trials was with some very favourite hens from Leicester, bred by a Mr. Needham there, but they proved only second rates: the hens were as well descended as the cocks, but the produce varied as much from the originals as possible. They were the choice of Beastall, who was well and long acquainted with both sorts—and such was their strong affinity, and selected by a man so every way qualified to judge of their proper essential characters, to mingle those similarities, so as to form and stamp their like—that I had high expectations from every



cross I made." But I repeat such is the difficulty of crossing to advantage, that an amateur should be possessed of some persevering degree of patience to sustain the frequent disappointments which extensive practice will ever make him heir to. All feeders are not breeders: and one ability is perhaps coequal with the other, where all do not excel. Cocking, like all other sporting pursuits, has its ups and downs, with all their attendant disappointments—and whatever is most predominant in our pursuits, is more or less followed with avidity and with various success. I am aware, too, that no scope of practice, however great, will make some professors go beyond the line of mediocrity. The advantages sometimes derived from those callings must arise with those who were initiated with men of known abilities, and if fortunately aided by other requisites, they are frequently known to tread close upon the heel of their employers. Thompson's abilities as a feeder and a setter ranked him one of the first of his country; and as far as my judgment could decide, few men exhibited a cock upon the pit in higher style. Whether he fought a 'cock of high or low weights, they were conspicuously alive to that degree of perfection Thompson was capable of giving. His mode of reducing great weights was singularly effective; equally fortunate was he in lifting them up to their proper standard with every vigour and fire. It is much to be regretted that men of rare abilities in their profession should have some reigning foible to throw a cloud over their otherwise meritorious actions. If any modern feeder or setter is in possession of the mode above alluded to, all the other routine of practice could not escape him. I have been well informed that Thompson enjoyed this secret for several years, without its being known to any other feeder; and Harry, who was his valuable assistant, was perhaps not quite without it.

(To be continued.)

### THE FISHER'S CREEL.

DEAR SIR.—I some little time ago promised you an article on a day's fishing at "Foot's Cray" here it is.—Those who do not know this place may be aware that it is in Kent, in the neighbourhood of Bexley, Orpington, Chislehurst &c. about 12 miles from London and is to be reached by coach, particulars of which they can learn on enquiry at one of the Inns in the Boro'. If they wish for good sport they should sleep at the village overnight so as to have a day before them, and they should take care to be there before 9 o'clock or they will stand a poor chance of sleeping in a bed that night. The Fishery belongs to the "Seven Stars" and those only who put up at that house are entitled to fish. But at this place they make you pay for what you have.—The best time for fishing is in the months of May or July, but not later than August after which time the fish are let out by opening the gates of a water mill where they are preserved till next season. The baits are worms and minnows, which latter are an excellent bait and can be procured out of the river about half a mile up with little trouble. Flies may be used with great success when all other means fail, (which is seldom the case). The lines should be leaded so as to keep them from being carried away by the current. With a little cunning the angler may secure his dozen brace of trout weighing from  $\frac{3}{4}$  lbs. to 2 lbs. Let me advise those who go to go in the season and at an early time.

J. CULL.

[Our correspondent has annexed a small drawing of a leaded line which however we have not thought of sufficient importance to engrave.—ED.]

### A FEW WORDS ON ANGLING.

As a recreation for those who are condemned to toil, and who seek in some such pursuit a renewal of existence, or as a recourse for those, who lacking an occupation make pleasure their business, nothing can be compared to it. It is equally enjoyed by the chubby urchin, when

"Wi' hazel rod, a bit of thread  
And crooked pin for hook  
Shunning each noisy wrangler  
He fish'd the murmuring brook,"

as by the regal prince in a gilded and canopied shallop with all the costly and elegant appointments that art can supply.

"I in these flowery meads would be;  
The crystal streams should solace me  
By whose harmonious bubbling noise,  
I with my angle would rejoice,"

sung honest old Isaac, and so thinks every lover of the art, who, having been long kept from his favourite amusement, at last gets freed and wends his way to "the old spot" to hold converse with Nature and admire Nature's works, and listening to hear

"The murmuring brooklet tell its tale,  
Like a sweet under-song,"

or pondering within his mind the havoc he is to make amongst the

finny tribe. The most sparkling visions of success, however, often end in bitter disappointment, and the angler has frequently to experience a tolerable share of vexation: now watching the gaily painted float as it rides gently upon the rippling surface of the water obedient to all its influences, without having the satisfaction of seeing it disappear for an instant; now observing risings in all parts of the stream but where the bait holds out its delusive temptation; now being warmed through by the sun, and anon as comfortably cooled by a smart shower of rain, he waits—a complete personification of patience, until his hours of relaxation have almost waned away; yet even this accumulated load of petty miseries disappears when a throw proves successful, and the pleasure attending it wonderfully enhances the beautiful shape and silvery colours of the prize.

In Angling the "Contemplative Man" finds his "Recreation"; and the philosopher disdains not

"To lure with gaudy bait the glittering brood."

### CAPTAIN BARCLAY.

This gentleman, in preventing the "Old English Sports" from running to decay, must be considered as the most distinguished fancier in the sporting world; as a thorough-bred sportsman, he stands pre-eminently high. Whether he be viewed in partaking of the diversions of the chase, or paying attention to improve the system of agriculture; or in displaying his extraordinary feats of pedestrianism; or exercising his judgment in training men to succeed in foot races and pugilistic combats, Captain Barclay decidedly takes the lead. His knowledge of the capabilities of the human frame is complete, and his researches and practical experiments to ascertain the physical powers of man would have reflected credit on our most enlightened and persevering anatomists. The sporting pursuits of Captain Barclay are completely scientific, and his plans so well matured, that his judgment generally proves successful.

Robert Barclay Allardice, Esq. of Ury, succeeded his father in the eighteenth year of his age. He was born in August 1779; and, at eight years of age, was sent to England to receive his education. He remained four years at Richmond school, and three years at Brixton Causeway. His academical studies were completed at Cambridge.

The Captain's favourite pursuits have ever been the art of agriculture as the serious business of his life, and the manly sports as his amusement. The improvement of his estates has occupied much of his attention, and, by pursuing the plan adopted by his immediate predecessor, the value of his property has been greatly augmented. His love of athletic exercises may proceed from the strong conformation of his body, and great muscular strength. His usual rate of travelling on foot is six miles an hour, and to walk from twenty to thirty miles before breakfast is a favourite amusement. His style of walking is to bend forward the body and throw its weight on the knees. His step is short, and his feet are raised only a few inches from the ground. Any person trying this plan will find his pace quickened, that he will walk with more ease to himself, and be better able to endure the fatigue of a long journey than by walking perfectly erect, which throws too much of the weight of the body on the ankle-joints. He always uses thick-soled shoes and lambs' wool stockings, which preserve the feet from injury. In his arms, the Captain possesses uncommon strength. In April 1806, while in Suffolk with the 23d regiment, he offered a bet of one thousand guineas that he would lift from the ground the weight of half a ton. He tried the experiment, and lifted twenty-one half hundred weights. He afterwards, with a straight arm, threw a half-hundred weight the distance of eight yards, and over his head the same weight a distance of five yards.

The following list contains the most prominent public and private pedestrian exploits performed by Captain Barclay.

The Captain, when only seventeen years of age, entered into a match with a gentleman in London, in the month of August, 1796, to walk six miles within an hour, fair toe and heel for 100 guineas, which he accomplished on the Croydon road.

In 1798, he performed the distance of 70 miles in 14 hours beating Furgusson, the celebrated walking clerk, by several miles.

In December 1799, he accomplished 150 miles in two days, having walked from Fenchurch-street, in London, to Birmingham round by Cambridge.

The captain walked 64 miles in 12 hours, including the time for refreshment, in November 1800, as a sort of preparatory trial to a match of walking 90 miles in 21 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours, for a bet of 500 guineas with Mr Fletcher of Ballingshoe. In training, the Captain caught cold, and gave up the bet. In 1801, he renewed the above match for 2000 guineas. He accomplished 67 miles in 13 hours, but having drank some brandy, he became instantly sick, and unable to proceed. He consequently gave up the bet, and the umpire retired: but, after two hours' rest, he was so far recovered, that he had time enough left to have performed his task.

Captain Barclay felt so confident that he could walk 90 miles in 21 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours, that he again matched himself for 5000 guineas. In his training to perform this feat, he went one hundred and ten miles in nineteen hours, notwithstanding it rained nearly the whole of the time. This performance may be deemed the greatest on record, being at the rate of upwards of 135 miles in 24 hours.

On the 10th November, 1801 he started to perform the above match, between York and Hull. The space of ground was a measured mile; and on each side of the road a number of lamps were placed. The Captain was dressed in a flannel shirt, flannel trousers, and 'night cap, lambs' wool stockings, and thick-soled leather shoes. He proceeded till he had gone 70 miles, scarcely varying in regularly performing each round of two miles in 25½ minutes, taking refreshment at different periods. The Captain commenced at 12 o'clock at night, and performed the whole distance by 22 minutes 4 seconds past eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, being one hour, seven minutes, and fifty-six seconds within the specified time. He could have continued for several hours longer, if necessary.

In December, the Captain did 100 miles in 19 hours, over the worst road in the kingdom. Exclusive of stoppages, the distance was performed in 17 hours and a half, or at the rate of about five miles and three quarters each hour on the average.

As an additional instance of the Captain's strength, he performed a most laborious undertaking, merely for his amusement, in August 1808. Having gone to Colonel Murray Farquharson's house in Aberdeenshire, he went out at five in the morning to enjoy the sport of grouse shooting, where he travelled at least 30 miles. He returned to the Colonel's house by five in the afternoon, and after dinner set off for Ury, a distance of 60 miles, which he walked in 11 hours, without stopping once to refresh. He attended to his ordinary business at home, and in the afternoon walked to Laurencekirk, 16 miles, where he danced at a ball during the night, and returned to Ury by seven in the morning. He did not yet return to bed, but occupied the day in partridge shooting. He had thus travelled not less than 130 miles, supposing him to have gone only eight miles in the course of the day's shooting at home, and also danced at Laurencekirk, without sleeping, or having been in a bed for two nights and nearly three days.

In October 1808, Captain Barclay made a match with Mr. Webster, a gentleman of great celebrity in the sporting world; by which Captain Barclay engaged himself to go, on foot, a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours, at the rate of a mile in each and every hour, for a bet of one thousand guineas, to be performed at Newmarket-heath, and to start on the following first of June. In the intermediate time, the Captain was in training by Mr. Smith, of Owston, in Yorkshire. To enter into a detail of his matchless performance would be tiresome to our readers; suffice to say, he started at twelve o'clock at night on Thursday, the 1st of June, in good health and high spirits. His dress from the commencement varied with the weather. Sometimes he wore a flannel jacket, sometimes a loose great coat, with strong shoes, and two pair of coarse stockings, the outer pair boot-sockings, without feet, to keep his legs dry. He walked in a sort of lounging gait, without any apparent extraordinary exertion, scarcely raising his feet two inches above the ground. During a great part of the time the weather was very rainy, but he felt no inconvenience from it; indeed, wet weather was favourable to his exertions; as, during dry weather, he found it necessary to have a water-cart, to go over the ground to keep it cool, and prevent it becoming too hard. Towards the conclusion of the performance, it was said, the Captain suffered much from the spasmodic affection of his legs, so that he could not walk a mile in less than twenty minutes; he, however, ate and drank well, and bets were two to one and five to two on his completing his journey within the time prescribed. About eight days before he finished, the sinews of his right leg became much better, and he continued to pursue his task in high spirits, and consequently bets were ten to one in his favour, in London, at Tattersall's, and other sporting circles.

On Wednesday, July the 12th, Captain Barclay completed his arduous undertaking. He had till four P. M. to finish his task, but he performed the last mile by a quarter of an hour after three in perfect ease and great spirit, amidst an immense crowd of spectators. The influx of company had so much increased on Sunday, it was recommended that the ground should be roped in. To this, however, Captain Barclay objected, saying he did not like such parade. The crowd, however, became so great on Monday, and he had experienced so much interruption, that he was prevailed upon to allow this precaution to be taken. For the last two days he appeared in higher spirits, and performed his last mile with apparently more ease, and in a shorter time than he had done for some days past.

With the change of weather he had thrown off his loose great coat, which he wore during the rainy period, and walked in a flannel jacket. He also put on shoes thicker than any which he had used in any previous part of his performance. When asked how he meant to act after he had finished his feat, he said he should that night take a good sound sleep, but that he must have himself awaked twice or thrice in the night to avoid the danger of a too sudden transition from almost constant exertion to a state of long repose. One hundred guineas to one, and, indeed, any odds whatever, were offered on Wednesday morning; but so strong was the confidence in his success, that no bets could be obtained. The multitude who resorted to the scene of action, in the course of the concluding days, was unprecedented. Not a bed could be procured on Tuesday night at Newmarket, Cambridge, Bury, or any of the towns or villages in the vicinity, and every horse and vehicle were engaged. Among the nobility and gentry who witnessed the conclusion of this extraordinary performance, were the Dukes of Argyle and St. Alban's;

Earls Grosvenor, Beesborough, and Jersey; Lords Foley and Somerville; Sir John Lade, Sir F. Standish, &c. &c. The aggregate of the bets is supposed to have amount to 100,000*l*. Upon the whole, Captain Barclay must be viewed as a most extraordinary man, and shows the extent of vigour that the human frame derives from exercise.—*Pierre Egan*.

[Notwithstanding the severity of the above feats, the Captain is still enjoying a green old age at his seat at Ury, near Stonehaven in the county of Kincardine, respected as much for his kind and gentlemanly demeanour in private, as he is celebrated for his sporting exploits in public.—Ed. S. M.]

**THE HERO OF A HUNDRED RAZZIAS.**—There is a report that Bugaud is to leave Africa. His successor, whoever he may be, will have a difficult task in wielding the torch and sabre after him. Only think of the Marshal's noble achievements! On the smallest computation he has conquered 3000 camels, put to the sword 10,000 cocks and hens, captured at least a million sheep, and taken Abd-el-Kader prisoner no less than 272 times. What more can his successor do? unless, perchance, he has the good fortune to kill Abd-el-Kader twice as often. We look forward with the strongest interest to his first bulletin.

**THE EX-LORD MAYOR "DON'T DANCE."**—At the last entertainment at the Mansion House, Gibbs was asked to take part in a quadrille. His Lordship declined, remarking he had forgotten his steps, and was by no means perfect in his figures.

**CURIOSITIES OF NEWSPAPER LITERATURE.**—Among the advertisements of the last week, we find the following remarkable announcements of facts, which fairly come under the head of phenomena. We are told in one place that there may be had "An airy bed-room for a gentleman twenty-two feet long by fourteen feet wide." The bed-room ought, indeed, to be airy to accommodate a gentleman of these dimensions. Again, we read of "A house for a family in good repair," which is advertised to be let with immediate possession. A family in good repair, means, no doubt, one in which none of the members are at all cracked. The last oddity to which we shall call attention, is an announcement of there being now vacant "A delightful gentleman's residence." The "delightful gentleman" must be rather proud of his delightful qualities, to allow himself to be thus strangely advertised.

**BLACK COCK NEAR ESTHWAYTE LAKE.**—We stated a few weeks ago that some birds of this species had been killed here, and that four more were still left. We hear now that seven of these birds have lately been seen. The hilly and woody district around Esthwaite is well suited to the habits of the black cock, and, as every means are being taken for the preservation of those still left, hopes are entertained that the black cock may not only be a permanent resident, but that it may spread in other districts of the lakes.—*Carlisle Journal*.

**EARLY APPEARANCE OF WOODCOCKS.**—A remarkably fine woodcock was shot by the Earl of Stamford, on the 9th Oct. in the preserves of Dunham Massey, Cheshire.

**A GIANT AT LAST.**—The *Madison Banner* states, on the most reliable authority, that a person in Franklin country, Tennessee, while digging a well a few weeks since, found a human skeleton, at the depth of fifty feet, which measures eighteen feet in length! The immense frame was entire, with an unimportant exception in one of the extremities. It has been visited by several of the principal members of the medical faculty in Nashville, and pronounced unequivocally by all, the skeleton of a huge man. The bone of the thigh measured five feet; and it was computed that the height of the living man, making the proper allowances for muscles, must have been at least twenty feet. The finder had been offered eight thousand dollars for it, but had determined not to sell it at any price until first exhibiting it for twelve months. He is now having the different parts wired together for that purpose. These unwritten records of the men and animals of other ages, that are from time to time dug out of the bowels of the earth, put conjecture to confusion, and almost surpass imagination itself. Seeing is believing.

**GOLDEN PLOVER.**—Within the last four days the downs in the vicinity of Andover have been visited by several strong flocks of that highly esteemed bird, the golden plover. Whenever these migratory visitors make their appearance on our sheep-walks, we may be certain that the October frosts are close at hand. In the company of these wanderers have been noticed a sprinkling of dotterel, a very rare bird in these parts, which is greatly prized by the sportsman. We shall figure the dotterel in an early number of our series of BRITISH BIRDS. The GREY PLOVER and GOLDEN PLOVER will be found in Nos. 19 and 20 of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE.

**DON'T HE ANSWER THE DESCRIPTION?**—A gentleman advertised for a clerk, who could "bear confinement," and who "had been some years in his last place." He was answered by a person who had spent five years at the hulks.

**IT SHOULDN'T BE WASTED.**—Two female villagers met together the other day, in the south of England, one of them carrying a sickly child in her arms. "Have you given it anything?" said her friend. "O, yes," replied the mother; "I have given it plenty of physic; it has had more than half of the bottles its grandfather left when he died."

# ADVERTISEMENTS.

## CAUNT versus BENDIGO.

**A T a RESPECTABLE and NUMEROUS** meeting of gentlemen convened by circular, held at Mr. Cressy's, the Poultry Hotel, Nottingham, for the purpose of adopting the best means of defending Bendigo against the dishonourable attempts that are being made against his person and character, the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to:

1st. That the conduct pursued by a certain portion of the London newspaper press, towards William Thompson, relative to his late fight with Caunt has been unjust, and partial in the extreme, for not only has it, week after week, maligned him in the Editorial remarks, but has readily inserted letters from various parties to the same effect, while it refused a short space for his (Thompson's) reply, and this meeting is of opinion that if conduct like this be allowed to pass without some mark of Public censure there is no knowing to what extent a portion of the press may in future cases proceed, and thus place the sporting world under the tyranny of interested capricious editors.

2nd. That an action having been commenced by Caunt to recover his share of the stakes in his late fight with Thompson, a committee of five be now appointed (with power to add to their number) for the purpose of raising subscriptions, and otherwise assisting these two gentlemen who signed the undertaking given to the shareholders, in defending the said action to the uttermost length the law will allow.

Subscriptions were then made, particulars of which, and of the houses where such will be received, will appear in future announcements.

E. BARKER, Secretary.

All communications to be addressed to the Poultry Hotel Nottingham.

**WATER is a REMEDY** preferable to any other for those who are subject to indigestion, costiveness, &c., being the most agreeable aperient in the world. But to ensure its application with ease and privacy, and produce its best effects in relieving the stomach and bowels, it must be applied with the new invention called the **Aperitive Vase**, which is sold (with suitable directions for its use) by W. FINE, 369, Strand, the third house from Exeter Hall. Also Sonifera, for restoring hearing to the deaf on an unfailing principle. Descriptions sent post free on receipt of two letter stamps.

**BILE! BILE! BILE! -- WORBOYS' VEGETABLE PILLS** safely and speedily remove sick head-ache, heartburn, loss of appetite, fluttering of the stomach, flatulency, habitual costiveness, with other symptoms of indigestion and torpid liver. With each box is enclosed a concise essay on diet by an eminent London Physician. Sold in boxes, 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d., each, by W. S. Worboys, 76, New Cut, Lambeth; Barclay and Sons, Farringdon-street, and by all respectable medicine vendors.

N.B.—A dose sent gratuitously to persons enclosing a penny stamp, or a box for the amount in stamps.

## UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

**DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.**—The truly wonderful Cures of Asthma, Consumptions, Coughs, Colds, &c., which are everywhere performed by this Invaluable Medicine, have now established it as the most certain and perfect remedy in existence for all disorders of the breath and lungs.

IMPORTANT TO ALL WHO SING.—Read the following letter, just received from S. PEARSELL, Esq., of Her Majesty's Concerts, and Vicar Choral of Lichfield Cathedral.

Dated Lichfield, July 10, 1845.

Gentlemen,—A lady of distinction having pointed out to me the qualities of DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS, I was induced to make trial of a box, and I find that by allowing a few of the wafers (taken in the course of the day) to dissolve, my voice becomes bright and clear, and the tone full and distinct. They are decidedly the most efficacious of any I have ever used.

SAMUEL PEARSELL.

Cure of Ruptured Blood Vessels of the lungs. From H. Huntley, Esq., 15, Albion-terrace, Old Tiverton-road, Exeter. March 20, 1845.

"Sir—I ruptured a blood vessel of the lungs, about three months since, which, being partially recovered from, a most troublesome cough succeeded. I tried everything that my surgeon, friends, and self could think of, but without alleviation. It was at length suggested that your wafers might be useful. I tried them, and very soon their good effects were apparent; a single wafer taken when the fit of coughing was about to commence, never once failed of giving it a complete and instantaneous check."

A lady also, a friend of mine, and who, by the bye, is in her 86th year, is, or rather was, troubled with a hard distressing cough. The good effects I derived from the wafers recommended them to her; she has used them, and wonderful was the relief she experienced.

"HENRY HUNTLEY."

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CAUTION.—To protect the public from spurious Imitations, Her Majesty's Honourable Commissioners have caused to be printed on the stamp outside each box, the words DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS in white letters on a red ground.

If purchasers will attend to this caution, they will be sure to get the genuine article. Sold by all Medicine Vendors.

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Subs. 1st. 2nd. 3rd.  
59 at 5s. 0d. £10 0s. £3 0s. £1 10s.  
59 at 2s. 6d. 5 0s. 1 10s. 0 15s.  
(To be drawn on Tuesday and Thursday next.  
DERBY, 1845.

Subs. 1st. 2nd. 3rd. Start.  
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180 at 2s. 6d. 14 10s. 3 15s. 1 5s. 2s. 6d.  
To be drawn Tuesday, the 25th of Nov. 1845, nearly full.

Prizes paid as the judge places, Five per cent less. Post-office orders attended to. Tickets sent to any part of the country as soon as drawn.

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180 at 20s. 100. 35. 15. 30.  
180 at 10s. 50. 20. 8. 12.  
180 at 5s. 25. 10. 4. 6.  
180 at 2s. 6d. 12. 7. 3.  
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5s. and 2s. 6d. Sweeps for the Newport Pagnell Steeple Chase drawn Monday, Nov. 10th. The 2s. 6d. Derby is fast filling, drawn as soon as full. All Money divided, less Five per cent. Post-office orders to Mr. JOHN BATHE punctually attended to.

## TO SPORTSMEN.

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## PRICE AND GOSNELL'S PERFUMERY.

NOTICE.—Executors of the late John Gosnell v. Rees Price, Perfumer, 28, Lombard-street, trading under the firm of Price and Co., and previously under the assumed name of "Napoleon Price and Co." The Judges in the Court of Exchequer in this day decided in favour of the plaintiff in this case. The defendant, Rees Price, had disposed of his interest in the Perfumery and other trades carried on by the late firm of Price and Gosnell, to the late Mr. John Gosnell (father of the parties now carrying on business under the firm of John Gosnell and Co., 12, Three King-court, Lombard-street), and bound himself, under forfeiture of £5,000, not to commence business within the Cities of London or Westminster, or within the distance of 600 miles from the same, and notwithstanding this, had carried on business. This action was brought to recover liquidated damages for such breach of contract.—12, Three King-court, Lombard-street, Jan. 27, 1845.

## THE EARL OF ALDBOROUGH CURED BY HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

The Earl of Aldborough cured of a Liver and Stomach Complaint.

Extract of a Letter from the Earl of Aldborough, dated Villa Messina, Leghorn, 21st Feb. 1845.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.—Sir,—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thanking you before this time, for your politeness in sending me your pills as you did. I now take this opportunity of sending an order for the amount, and, at the same time, to add that your Pills have effected a cure of a disorder in my liver and stomach, which all the most eminent of the Faculty at home, and all over the Continent, had not been able to effect; nay, not even the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad. I wish to have another Box and a Pot of Ointment, in case of any of my family should ever require either.

Your most obliged and obedient servant, (Signed) ALDBOROUGH.

A Wonderful Cure of Dropsy of Five Years' standing. Copy of a Letter from Mr. Thomas Taylor, Chemist, Stockton, Durham, 17th April, 1845.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.—Sir—I think it my duty to inform you that Mrs. Clough, wife of Mr. John Clough, a respectable farmer of Acklam, within four miles of this place, had been suffering from Dropsy for five years, and had had the best medical advice without receiving any relief. Hearing of your Pills and Ointment, she used them with such surprising benefit, that, in fact, she has now given them up, being so well and quite able to attend to her household duties as formerly, which she never expected to do again. I had almost forgotten to state that she was given up by the Faculty as incurable. When she used to get up in the morning, it was impossible to discover a feature in her face, being in such a fearful state. This cure is entirely by the use of your medicines.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c. (Signed) THOMAS TAYLOR.

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on the Infirmities of the Generative System in both sexes; and on the loss of reproductive powers, with means of restoration. The baneful effects of solitary Indulgence, neglected Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Strictures, Secondary Symptoms, &c., are fully pointed out. Illustrated by engravings; followed by observations on Marriage, with plain directions for the removal of certain disqualifications. By R. and T. PERRY and Co., Consulting Surgeons, London. Published by the Authors, and may be had at their residence, 19, BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET.

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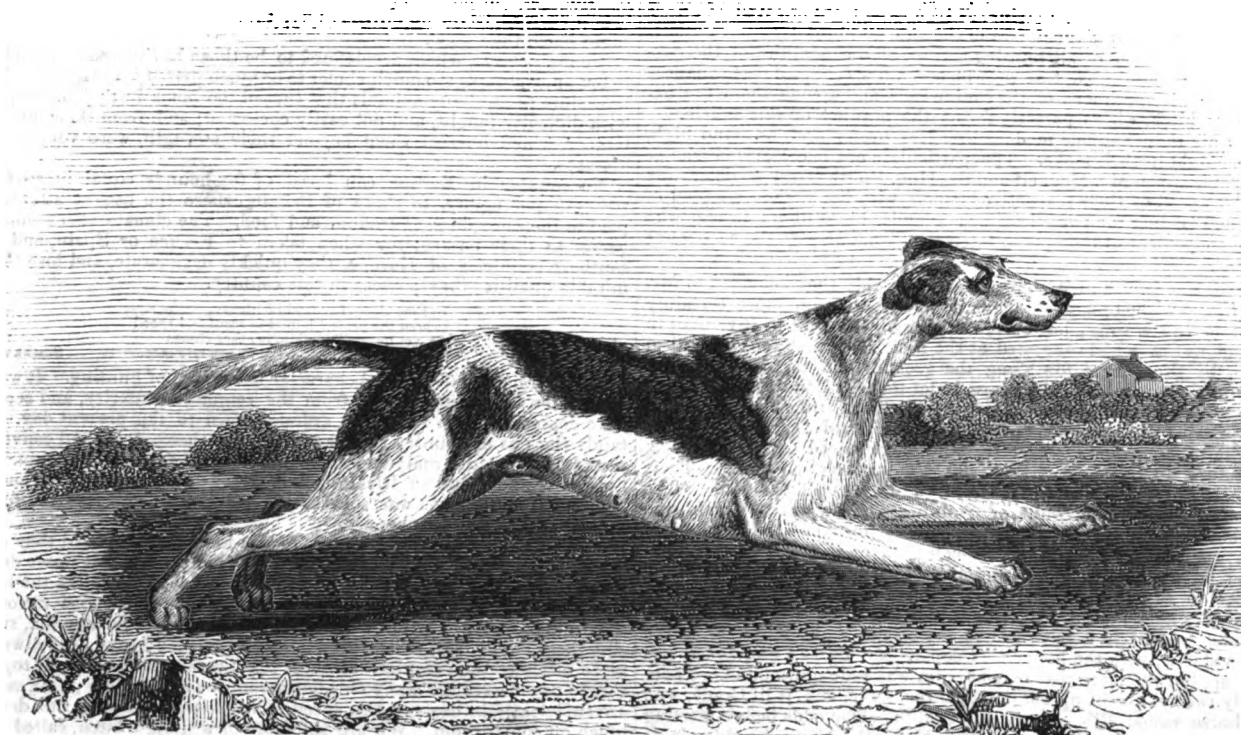


# THE Sportsman's Magazine

No. 26. FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 15, 1845. THREE HALF-PENCE.

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LIFE IN LONDON



## SPORTING DOGS.—NO. IV.—THE FOXHOUND.

AS an exemplar of the true form of the Foxhound, albeit Sportsmen of the modern time do breed something lighter, faster, and more of the harrier form, we are sure we cannot do better than "try back" to the portrait of the celebrated bitch "Merkin," from the graver of the unrivalled Scott.

"There are necessary points," says Beckford, his hunting textbook, "in the shape of a hound, which should never be lost sight of by a Sportsman; for if he be not of a perfect symmetry, he will neither run fast nor far; he has much to undergo, and should have strength proportioned to it. Let his legs be straight as arrows; his feet round, and not too large; his shoulders back; his breast rather wide than narrow; his chest deep; his back broad; his head small; his neck thin; his tail thick and bushy; if he carry it well, so much the better. This last point, however trifling it may appear to you, gave raise to a very odd question: A gentleman, (not much acquainted with hounds) as we were hunting together the other day, said, "I observe, Sir, that some of your dogs' tails stand up, and some hang down; pray which do you reckon the best hounds?"—Such young hounds as are out at the elbows, and such as are weak from the knee to the foot, should never taken into the pack.

"I find that I have mentioned a small head, as one of the necessary requisites of a hound; but you will understand it as relative to beauty only; for as to goodness, I believe large-headed hounds are in no wise inferior. Somerville, in his description of a perfect hound, makes no mention of the head, leaving the size of it to Phidias to determine; he therefore must have thought it of little consequence. I send you his words.—

— — — "See there with countenance blithe,  
And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound  
Salutes thee cowering, his wide-op'ning nose  
Upwards he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes  
Melt in soft blandishments, and humble joy;  
His glossy skin or yellow-pied, or blue,  
In lights or shades by nature's pencil drawn,  
Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs  
Fleckt here and there in gay enamel'd pride,  
Rival the speckled pard; his rush-grown tail  
O'er his broad back bends in ample arch;  
On shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands;  
His round cat foot, straight arms, and wide-spread thighs,  
And his low dropping chest, confess his speed,  
His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill,  
Or far extended plain; in every part  
So well proportion'd that the nicer skill  
Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice.  
Of such compose thy pack.—

"The colour, I think of little moment; and am of opinion, with our friend Foote, respecting his negro friend, that a good dog, like a good candidate, cannot be of a bad colour."

"Men are too apt to be prejudiced by the sort of hounds they themselves have been most accustomed to. Those who have been used to the sharp-nosed fox-hound, will hardly allow a large-headed hound to be a fox-hound; yet they both equally are. Speed and beauty are the chief excellencies

of the one; whilst stoutness and tenderness of nose in hunting, are characteristic of the other. I could tell you, that I have seen very good sport with very unsuitable packs, consisting of hounds of various sizes, differing from one another as much in shape and look, as in their colour; nor could there be traced the least sign of consanguinity amongst them: considered separately, the hounds were good; as a pack of hounds they were not to be commended; nor would you be satisfied with any thing that looks so very incomplete.—You will find nothing so essential to your sport, as that your hounds should run well together; nor can this end be better attained, than by confining yourself, as near as you can, to those of the same sort, size, and shape.

"A great excellence in a pack of hounds is the head they carry; and that pack may be said to go the fastest, that can run ten miles the soonest; notwithstanding the hounds, separately, may not run so fast as many others. A pack of hounds, considered in a collective body, go fast in proportion to the excellence of their noses, and the head they carry; as that traveller generally gets soonest to his journey's end, who stops least upon the road.—Some hounds that I have hunted with, would creep all through the same hole, though they might have leapt the hedge, and would follow one another in a string, as true as a team of cart-horses.—I had rather see them, like the horses of the sun, all abreast."

Thus far the Father of all hunting scribes on the qualities of the fox-hound. To his admirable text we will add a few collected performances of these valuable specimens of the canine race, and among them the exploits of the bitch, whose portrait forms the heading of this article.

In choosing these animals modern breeders prefer such as stand high, and appear light in their make. The particulars of the celebrated trial at Newmarket between Mr. Meynell and the Hon. Smith Barry, to determine the relative speed of their respective kennels, with the method adopted of training and feeding the two victorious hounds, by William Crane, who had the management of them, is so interesting, that we give the account at length:—

"Bluecap was four, and Wanton three years old; they belonged to Mr. Barry. Crane wished for young hounds, who would with more certainty be taught to run a drag; however, the hounds were sent to Rivenhall in Essex, and, as Crane had suggested, at the first trials, they took no notice; at length, by dragging a fox along the ground, and then crossing the hounds upon the scent, taking care to let them kill, they became more handy, and took their exercise regularly three times a week, on Tiptree Heath; the ground chosen was turf, and the distance was from eight to ten miles. The training commenced August 1, 1763, and continued to Sept. 28; Sept. 30, the match was run. Their food consisted of oatmeal and milk, and sheep's trotters. The drag was drawn (on account of running up the wind, which was brisk) from the rubbing-house at Newmarket town end to the rubbing-house at the starting post of the Beacon Course: the four hounds were then laid on the scent. Mr. Barry's Bluecap came in first; Wanton very close to Bluecap, second; Mr. Meynell's Richmond was beaten by upwards of one hundred yards, and the bitch did not run in. The ground was crossed in a few seconds more than eight minutes. Sixty horsemen started with the hounds. Cooper, Mr. Barry's huntsman, was the first up, but the mare that carried him was rode quite blind.—There were only twelve horses up out of the three score, and Will Crane, who rode a horse called Rib, was in the twelfth. The odds before starting were seven to four in favour of Mr. Meynell, whose hounds, it is said, were fed, during the period of training, entirely with legs of mutton. The match was for 500 guineas.

"The speed of MERKIN, a bitch belonging to Col. Thornton, was still superior: she was challenged to run any bound of her year five miles over Newmarket, giving 220 yards, for 10,000 gs., or to give Madcap 100 yards, and run the same distance for 5,000 gs. Merkin had run a trail of four miles, and performed it in seven minutes and half a second. This bitch was sold in 1798 for four hogheads of claret, and the seller to have two couple of her whelps.

"Madcap at two years old, challenged all England for 500 guineas. Lounger, brother to Madcap, did the same at four years old; the challenge was accepted, and a bet made for 200 gs. to run Mr. Meynell's Pillager: the parties were also allowed by Colonel Thornton to start any other hound of Mr. Meynell's, and Lounger was to beat both; but upon Lounger being shown at Tattersall's, his bone and form were pronounced so capital by the first sportsmen, that it was deemed prudent to pay forfeit, which was done, by giving Colonel Thornton a pair of gold couples."

To these authorities, facts, and records, we shall take the liberty of adding our own ideas on the shape and colour of a good fox-hound.

The muzzle of the foxhound should be rather long, and his head small in proportion to his body: his ears long and pendulous, though not so much as those of the blood-hound or stag-hound. His legs should be very straight, his feet round and not too large, his chest deep, and breast wide, his back broad, his neck thin, his shoulders lie well back, his tail thick and bushy, and carried high when in the chase. His colour generally white, variously patched with black in different parts of the body.

Most sportsmen have their prejudices as to the colour of their dogs. In an old distich it is said,

"So many men, so many minds,  
So many hounds, so many kinds."

and the choice of hounds in former times, as to colour and other points, is no bad commentary upon it; for we are gravely told, that white coloured dogs, especially those that were pupped without any spot upon them, although not generally good for all sorts of game, were excellent for the stag; that people from experience valued them, because of their natural instinct, being curious hunters, with admirable noses, and very good at stratagems; and, moreover, that they were less subject to diseases, by reason of a predominancy of phlegm which gave them a good temperament of body!

Black hounds were not to be rejected, especially when marked with white and not red spots, the whiteness proceeding from the phlegmatic constitution, which was supposed to ensure memory. They were at the same time more obedient, and were said to be good hunters, and not frightened at water and so hardy as seldom to require the doctor.

Grey coloured hounds (supposing all suspicion of mongrelism to be removed) were to be coveted, on account of their cunning, never faltering, nor being discouraged in their quest. It is allowed that their noses were not the best, but being indefatigable, they pushed themselves forward; and it is presumed, from the above failing, that nine times out of ten they did more harm than good.

Yellow hounds, which are defined to be those having red hair, inclining to brown, "possess too much choler to be much prized;" were too giddy and irresolute to hunt any animals that turned too much in their chase; were with difficulty taught, and not easily corrected; and, from their impatient temper, which hurried them beyond their strength, were very liable to diseases.

No country in Europe can boast of fox-hounds equal in swiftness, strength and agility, to those of Britain, where the utmost attention is paid to their breeding, education, and food. The climate also seems congenial to their nature; for when taken to France or Spain, and other southern countries of Europe, they quickly degenerate, and lose the admirable qualities they possess in this country.

In these alone, fair land of liberty,  
Is bred the perfect hound in scent and speed  
As yet unrivalled, while in other climes  
Their virtue falls,—a weak degenerate race.

SOMERVILLE.

It is a trait in our national character to be fond of hunting. It was the occupation of our forefathers from the remotest posterity, and seems to have descended, with increased ardour, down to the present day. Certainly there is no country that can boast of such expensive and convenient receptacles for the maintenance of fox-hounds as Great Britain. The kennel of the Duke of Richmond, at Goodwood, cost 19,000*l.*, and Mr. Noel's pack of hounds was sold to Sir William Lowther, Bart., for the large sum of 1,000 guineas.

The chief excellence in a pack of fox-hounds is the head they carry, taken collectively; and on this and the fineness of their noses depend their speed. Mr. Beckford says, "that hounds should go, like the horses of the sun, all abreast." Five and twenty couple are a sufficient force at any time to be taken into the field; they are a match for any fox, supposing them steady, and their speed nearly equal: too heavy dogs always do more mischief than service. Hounds that are meant to run well together should never have too many old ones amongst them. Five or six seasons are sufficiently to destroy the speed of most dogs, although this depends much on constitution. We are informed of a spayed bitch, called Lilly, which ran at the head of Mr. Paxton's harriers at Newmarket, for five seasons: a singular instance of undiminished speed.

NEWS FOR ANGLERS.—Considerable dismay prevails amongst anglers, and especially, we understand, amongst the Waltonians in the north, in consequence of statements having been put forth that an act had passed during the last session making it unlawful to angle for fresh-water fish after the 13th of November, and subjecting parties to a penalty for having in their possession at any time trout under seven inches in length. No such act passed during last session; in fact, we believe no act at all respecting fishing in English rivers. The only fisheries acts passed were, first, "An act for the amendment of an act of the sixth year of her present Majesty, for regulating the Irish fisheries;" and, secondly, "An act to prevent fishing for trout or other fresh-water fish by nets in the rivers and waters in Scotland." The statute rendering the use of nets illegal was, we believe, so far as regards England, in previous operation.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.—Now, since the corn crops are tolerably well cleared off in Cumberland and Westmoreland, sportsmen have lately been busily engaged in partridge shooting, many of whom have enjoyed fine sport, and pretty good success, considering that the covies have so long been sheltered in the corn, and are now fine strong wild birds, which give the sportsmen long and severe breathings are they make a good day's work. A few days ago H. Lowther, Esq., of the Guards, in the vicinity of Melkintorpe, Westmoreland, brought down 16½ brace within five hours.

THINGS TO BE DOUBTED.—Don't believe that hot whisky punch cures a cold—that editors are ever rich—that wine cures the gout—that love ever killed a man—that an old bachelor is happy—that widows dislike a second marriage—or that a lady means "yes" when she says "no."

## BRITISH BIRDS. NO. XI



THE COMMON SNIBE.

**I**N the list of the snipe family we place the common snipe, intending here to say a little about shooting this by no means rare little tit-bit. But first to begin with the beginning we'll describe him and his habits. With respect to the JACKSNIBE, figured in our last, and the SOLITARY or GREAT SNIBE, a few suggestions will be found in the letter of a correspondent printed in this present number.

The common snipe when seen on the ground, from the mode in which it carries its head, presents a handsome appearance; though its long bill, compared with its size, seems out of proportion. In some parts of Ireland they are found in great abundance; in fact, snipes are met with in nearly all parts of the world. The snipe weighs about four ounces; on the approach of November, they become fat, have a rich flavour, and, like the woodcock, are cooked with the entrails.

Of all their enemies, perhaps the snipe has none more destructive than the blue hawk, which, says Mr. Daniel, "beat over a marsh or bog with great exactness, until they find the snipe, who through fear crouches as close to the ground as possible, and which they instantly seize." A young rabbit, or a rabbit's skin stuffed, placed on the bridge of a trap, and the trap carefully covered with moss if set in a bog, or with grass if in a marsh, will generally prove successful, especially as, whichever way they fly in a morning, they are sure to return by the same course in the afternoon; and, if not disturbed, will continue the same beat for four or five successive days. This will sufficiently intimate where to place the trap so as most probably to engage their attention.

During winter, snipes usually inhabit marshy and wet grounds, where they shelter themselves among the rushes. In frosty, and more particularly in snowy weather, they resort in great numbers to warm springs where the rills continue open. In summer, they are found in the midst of the highest mountains as well as on the meors; their nests are formed of dry grass; they lay four eggs of a dirty olive colour, marked with dusky spots. Notwithstanding that the snipe is a migratory bird, it may be doubted whether they ever entirely quit our shores. When disturbed, particularly in the breeding season, they soar to a great height, making a peculiar bleating noise; and when they descend, dart down with vast rapidity. Although the snipe resembles the woodcock in appearance, and their food is the same, yet their habits are very dissimilar.

Having made the reader pretty familiar with the look and behaviour of the snipe we will next turn our attention to securing him, for he is somewhat difficult to knock down, for certain reasons, which we now proceed to show.

SNIBE SHOOTING requires much practice and discrimination. The object is so small, that, unless a very correct aim be taken, the bird is almost certain to escape. The zig-zag flight peculiar to these birds operates very much against success in bringing them down; independent of which, there is a very great diversity in the manner in which different birds will fly; indeed, I have noticed that the same bird will fly very differently on one occasion from what he does on another: this is readily proved in cases where a snipe, having been missed and marked down, upon being raised again an attentive observer will detect the deviation. It is no doubt to be accounted for in various ways; for instance, the increased alarm of the bird on the second occasion is very likely to operate forcibly on his movements, and cause him to resort to manoeuvres with which all living creatures are by instinct gifted when their lives are in danger. The position of the wind, if it be at all violent, is another

cause by which this change of tactics may be influenced. If flying down wind, the bird having risen to a certain height begins as it were to waver in his progress; if up wind, he appears to flutter against it, and with a side wind assumes a zig-zag course, when he becomes very difficult to kill.

For snipe-shooting I have no hesitation in giving the preference to a steady old setter. In the first place, he will encounter the water better than the pointer; and as it is frequently the case that brushwood is found in the haunts of the snipe, he will be more *au fait* in finding his birds in such situations. Some persons consider a dog unnecessary for this pursuit; but to that I cannot consent. Much ground must be uselessly travelled over if they are to be walked up, and they are very capricious in their manner: at times they are very wild; on other occasions they will lie as dead as stones. When in the former mood it matters little what course is adopted, for as soon as one rises nearly all the others will follow the example, and the only chance is to mark them down, and then walk up to the spot with the dog at heel. This usually happens when these birds have taken to some spot not commonly frequented by them. When they are found in the rushes and long grass of the marshes, which are their usual places of shelter, they for the most part lie close, and as they do not run, require a fine-nosed dog to find them in such situations. The immediate spots will in most cases be influenced by the rise and fall of the water.

It is a general rule not to beat down wind for snipes, and an equally general assertion that when sprung down wind they will go some distance with great rapidity before they turn. This I do not believe to be correct, especially if the wind be high, as the snipe does not like it to be in his tail. A side-wind is decidedly the most desirable, as it is generally the means of the bird presenting himself for a cross-shot; but the importance of these observations principally depends upon the force with which the wind blows. On a calm day I believe it is of very little consequence what direction you beat in.

Marking snipe usually devolves upon the shooter himself, and is a duty which he can perform in general without an assistant, unless great numbers rise at once, when to mark them all would be impossible; but as their haunts are on bogs and marshes, which are generally open tracts, the operation is in general not a difficult one.

We here take leave of this little family of longbills, with the observation that we shall feel happy to receive—and, if of sufficient interest to insert—communications containing the thoughts, experiences, suggestions, and observations of sportsmen generally, on any subject within the scope of THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SPORTING.

## THE FISHER'S CREEL.

## FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.

"Trout fishing is trout fishing," all the world over,—as my friend Linsey Woolsey said of the portraits of Cotherstone, Coronation, Corunna, and Co., in the pictorial papers. "They may be like them," said he, "for a horse is a horse, all the world over,"—and therefore, I shall not describe it, but proceed to give you an anecdote or two growing out of that 'philosophical sport.' And let me secure the good opinion of yourself and readers, and by that means, your ready belief of what I am going to relate, by suggesting that my informant was, is, and will continue to be, a trout-fisher "of the first water," and of course a gentleman, and therefore a man of truth. He had been quite successful in hooking trout, one fine day a few years since, and had placed a tub or bucket under a small stream of water that issued from a bored log; in this tub he put his trout as he caught them, with the intention of keeping them alive and fresh. The log conducted water from a small dam built across the little stream a short distance above, and the end from which the water issued was three or four feet above the tub, so that the jet resembled the pouring from the spout of a tea-kettle, except in size—the jet or stream being an inch or more in diameter. Well, now for the story. After he had caught and placed several fine trout in the tub, and returned from a short range down the run, he went to look at them, but they were gone! He at once concluded that some poacher had been there and taken them, and, much chagrined, went to work again and soon caught several even finer ones than the first, and placed them also in the tub—taking care to keep one eye upon the tub, while the other was attending to the fly, to make sure this time of his game. Having succeeded in taking as many as he thought would do for one mess, he unhung his tackle, went to the tub, and found his fish were gone again. "Well," says he, "what can this mean—no person has been here this time, and yet my trout have disappeared. They could not get through the bottom nor the sides of the tub, nor have they wings to fly out of it from the top—how have they got out?" He resolved to catch at least one more, and keep his eye upon him; so in a few minutes he had another trout in the tub. This fish played about the sides of the tub for a few minutes; examined the cracks and crevices, and kicked up his heels in delight at having escaped the hook; now playing near the surface of the water, now nosing the bottom. Presently, he descended to the bottom and ceased to move, but turned a sidling glance towards



the surface where the jet of water was pouring into the tub. In a moment he moved gently round, placing himself in front of the jet, elevated his head, and thus placed his body in a line with the curve of the jet, his head pointing directly into the end of it as it entered the water, and in the twinkling of an eye, he passed through the jet into the log, and thence into the stream—his native country. This explained the loss of all the former fish, and the gentleman soon removed the tub from the jet of water, caught another mess of fine trout, saved them, ate them for his supper the same evening, and yet lives to tell the tale and laugh at the trick the trout served him. I will not pretend to philosophise on this story. How the trout could pass up so small and so rapid a stream—I only tell the story as it was told to me, and let others give, if they can, the why and because.

I am particularly fond of angling when the fish will bite freely, but detest the dull sport that only furnishes you with a nibble an hour, and that only that of a gudgeon. Don't tell me of the philosophy of him that can stand such sport. It is neither philosophy nor patience, but downright indolence. Expressing these opinions one day to an old friend in Accomac county, Virginia, on the Eastern Shore, he suggested that I might go a fishing without hook or line, or seine, but with gun, powder and shot! "Go a fishing with a shot gun," says I, "how—where, pray?" "Follow me," says he. So out we went, well accoutred with long duck guns, shot bags, and powder flask, to an old field near the sea shore, wherein were a number of very tall trees that had been killed by girdling. "Now," says he, "get behind this tree, load your gun, and watch those fish-hawks yonder. You will presently see one rise from the water with a fish in his claws under him like the car of a balloon. If you observe the hawk has a fine large one, crack away at him, and he will either give you the fish to let him off or come down with it; but don't disturb him if the fish is not worth the shot." I followed his instructions, and in a short time I observed a hawk rising from the water with a fish as long as himself in his claws. I allowed him to approach as near as I could with patience, when I sent him an invitation in the form of an ounce of duck shot, to let me have the fish—which he very politely did, excusing himself, however, from holding any further talk with me. For several hours I amused myself in this way, and got half a dozen very fine good sized fish, wounding and killing several of the hawks—which I regretted, but could not afford to forego the pleasure of this new kind of fishing to avoid. They say on the Eastern Shore, that these fish-hawks catch fish for the eagles; but I rather guess they catch them for themselves, and only yield them to the eagles for force.—*American Turf Register.*

## NOTICE!

## THE SPORTSMAN'S ALMANAC,

will be ready for delivery with NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE; it will contain the whole of the Nominations for the Derby, Oaks, and Leger 1846; revised tables of the duties on horses, dogs, game certificates, &c. A list of principal Jockeys and the colours of their Masters; Public Trainers; Sporting Chronologies for 1846; a really SPORTING Calendar, (which no other Almanac has yet contained) besides a mass of general information equal to other Sheet Almanacs, printed in a style for framing or suspending on a board in public or private rooms.—Price THREE-HALF-PENCE to Subscribers—SIX-PENCE to Non-Subscribers, after the expiry of the week of publication. \*\*\* Observe! the whole of the Back Numbers, and the MONTHLY PARTS, are in Print, and may be had. Office, 42, Holywell-street, Strand.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- A. Z.—We shall complete volume one of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE with its fifty-second number, and give a TITLE and INDEX; the reason of this is, that one thick volume will be more cheaply bound and look better than two thin ones. We shall feel obliged by your recommendation as you have so favourable an opinion of the work.
- S. R., Wandsworth.—Having some shares allotted to me in a line of railroad, I wish to know if I sell the scrip and the party who buys it cannot or will not pay the call made afterwards, whether the shares are forfeited to me and become my property, if I pay them all. Also, can any shares be legally transferred before the passing of the act?—If you sign the deed you are responsible; if the shares are legally transferred you are not. The legal transfer is after the passing of the act. If you do not sign, but sell the *letter*, you are not responsible; you are then "a stag."
- A. WELLISHER.—The Almanac will be a **SECRET ALMANAC**, the same size as the "Stationers' Almanac." It will contain the Nominations for the Derby, Oaks, and Leger, 1846. The fight of Norley and Gill is postponed to the 24th of November. We shall report it in the Stamped Edition of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE.
- R. E., Liverpool.—The paper is procurable. Send us the name of the news-vendor who says it is not, and we will print it and also tell him what we think of his veracity. We have ALWAYS PUBLISHED before Saturday; for some months past we have been out on THURSDAYS. He is a humbug and the truth is not in him. Cannon beat Josh. Hudson twice. You will hear of Johnny Hannan, at Jem Burn's, the Queen's Head, Windmill-street; he gives lessons.
- R. WATSON.—Three months ago I had a house dog for a few weeks only, I have paid six months' duty, being the time I have occupied the house, and the collector tells me I shall have to pay eighteen months' more duty on the same dog. Am I bound to pay the eighteen months' duty?—You are bound to pay a twelvemonth's tax.

A. SUBSCRIBER.—We wish you would adopt another signature, (we have just counted five with no other distinctive mark received on the 26th and 27th of October). A horse that does not start cannot possibly be "placed." The placing merely signifies the judge's decision on the position the animal held at the time the first horse passed the winning-post. It is not usual for the judge to place more than three, though the newspaper reporters often give the places of almost all the starters in their descriptions of the race. B. unquestionably wins. The number is not given by the judge, it is previously assigned to each horse; thus 13, 17, or 26, may be up at the telegraph as No. 1, or first horse. The 1, 2, 3 in the papers merely denote the order of their coming in.

J. FLAMBEAU.—Wagon horses in many stables have sometimes an itchiness in the heels and legs which makes them injure themselves in endeavouring to rub or scratch the part with their own feet. It is called "*trécula*." Try the following:—White hellebore, powdered, one ounce; flowers of sulphur, one pound; oil of tar, half a pound; to be well mixed together, and thoroughly rubbed into the part affected, which the following day should be washed with soap and water, and the application repeated as before. This method to be pursued until this troublesome and infectious disease is eradicated. Boiled turnips mashed up in their own water, that is the water not pressed off, and mixed with linseed meal or oatmeal, make an excellent emollient poultice in case of grease. *Leses* or *vices* is a swelling of the parotid gland, situated just under the ear.

A. CONSTANT READER (Bristol postmark).—You are a "Constant Reader," and no mistake. Firstly, how often are we to say this signature is no distinction; and secondly, our very last number answers your questions as to *when, how, where*, and for *what sum* Captain Barclay walked his 1000 miles in 1000 hours. Another "Constant Reader," wishes to know "whether John Gully, the pugilist, is the race-horse proprietor?" Heaven preserve us from such constancy!

EDWARD B.—There is no doubt of it in our own mind. We shall feel obliged if you will carry out your declared intention at the earliest opportunity, and so will many readers.

A. SUBSCRIBER, Hammersmith.—We are sorry to say that we know of no work specially devoted to SEA ANGLING. There were, however, a number of papers in the *Sporting Review*, about two years since, under the title of "Observations on the Wrasse Tribe," by PISCATOR, which we remember reading, and which contained much information on the subject. Next week, under FISHER'S CREEK, we will give you a scrap of information as to the fish most commonly caught, and the mode of taking them.

THE ANGLER IN WALES.—Barker, in his "Art of Angling," so long ago as 1651, speaks of salmon-roe as a bait for a trout. The following we believe to be the Scottish method of preparing it; if we are incorrect in any trifling detail, doubtless some Scottish correspondent will set us right. Boil the spawn (September or October are the months), about a quarter of an hour, wash away all blood, and pick out the pieces of membrane; put about one ounce of salt, and a quarter of an ounce of saltpetre to each pound of roe, and mix all together in a mortar; place it in a small jar, or wide-mouthed glass vessels, carefully covered, and it will keep for months. Another recipe recommends its preservation by pouring over it mutton-suet melted, and covering the jar with a bladder. Mr. Chatham says, simply "wash the spawn carefully, laying a little wool at the bottom of the jar, then sprinkle it carefully with salt, then another layer of wool, another of spawn, and another of salt, alternately till the little pot is filled."

R. DOBBIE, Wakefield.—Caunt's fight with Brassy of Bradford was not a fight for the Championship of England, inasmuch as Brassy had no claim to the distinction. 2. You must observe that we wish to give *authentic* portraits of the pugilists, accordingly we copy from contemporary *pictures* or *authentic engravings* known to be likenesses. *Inventing* whole length figures would save us a great deal of trouble, but then they would not be *portraits of the men*. When we get down to more modern times, we will give some whole lengths—where such have been published—and are admitted resemblances. It has cost us some cash and trouble to get authentic pictures to copy from. The stamped edition will be sent regularly by our publisher, from the office, upon receipt of an order from the shop at Wakefield. All back numbers are to be had—see advertisement in last page. We will cast our eyes at the "Fisheries Act," but fear it is of unwieldy length, like most Acts of Parliament.

H. C. Woodside.—"WRINKLES FOR THE GROOM" are a series of desultory fragments and extracts from the notebook of a writer on Horses, the Turf, and the veterinary art. Hence the slight discrepancy; they have suffered tremendous "cutting-down" at our hands, for there are enough of them for a thick volume. We will give you, under FEEDING, the information you desire. The following is the English of the Latin in the prescription in No. 24.—*Est. Colocynthis*. (Extract of Colocynthis, colocynth, or bitter apple); *Hydrag. Submur.* (Submuriate of mercury); *Ol. Carui* (Oil of Caraway); *Pulv. Scammonia* (Powdered Scammony).

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

- SUNDAY, Nov. 9th.—TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.—Prince of Wales born 1841.
- MONDAY, 10th.—Captain Barclay walked 90 miles in 20 hours, 1861; he subsequently did 100 miles in 19 hours.—Yesterday was Lord Mayor's day, but as it was Sun-day, and the civic anniversary always held in fog, it was properly postponed in honour of a more watery planet.  
Fog will have sway, and weave a dingy yoke,  
And chokes and blinds us, sure tis time we broke it:  
Alas! we can't—the atmosphere is smoke,  
And our joke nothing, reader, till you smoke it!
- TUESDAY, 11th.—The Earl of Egremont died, 1837.—Mehemet Ali announces his attention of restoring the Turkish fleet, on hearing of the taking of Acre by Sir Charles Napier, 1840.
- WEDNESDAY, 12th.—Cambridge term div. midnight.—ST. MARTIN; supposed to be related to Betty of the same name; his admirers addressing him with "oh mâté beate Martine!" which some heretic was tortured into "Oh my eye, Betty Martin!"
- THURSDAY, 13th.—A vein of pure oil discovered in Kentucky while boring for water (1846); Tippy Cooke says he has often heard of that same happening in W(h)aleys, Caedion to *Tradescantia*.—Never excoite orders for men with mustachios, unless accompanied by the tip.—It was declared (1837) that there were not sufficient assets to pay one shilling in the pound of the Duke of York's debts: whereon a wag observed that the creditors having, during life, administered to the Duke's will, were now cut off with a shilling.
- FRIDAY, 14th.—Stamford bull-running; suppressed in 1842, by a strong body of police from London.—Clock slow, 15m. 25sec.—The Law clerks and writers lay their case before the public (1844) by advertisement, and appeal for sympathy in their efforts for shorter hours; they deserve it, for there are few of them who have not at one time or other done their best to "*serve*" a fellow creature in distress.
- SATURDAY, 15th.—Day breaks at 5h. 20m., says the Stationers' Almanac. Look out for him in next Tuesday's Gazette: dye think he'll pay a dividend. He's running short daily.—Alderman Harner resigned the civic gown, 1840.—300 duns calculated to have been fought during the reign of George III.—One fool makes many.—*Alchemist's* certificates expire: what a pity the whole race of holders don't follow the example!—All the Almanacs put "*Saint Macthew*" opposite this day: *Saint May-shoot-us!* what sort of a shot was he? we object to the operation by saint or sinner.

## THE MOON IN NOVEMBER.

First Quarter, 6th .. .. .	6 15 aft.
Full Moon, 14th .. .. .	0 55 morn.
Last Quarter, 22nd .. .. .	4 26 morn.
New Moon, 30th .. .. .	11 41 morn.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High Water at London Bridge.							
		morn.	aft.			morn.	aft.
Sunday, Nov. 9th .. .. .	9 47	10 26	Thursday, 13th .. .. .	1 13	1 34	1 13	1 34
Monday, 10th .. .. .	11 3	11 34	Friday, 14th .. .. .	1 54	2 15	1 54	2 15
Tuesday, 11th .. .. .	—	0 3	Saturday, 15th .. .. .	2 34	2 54	2 34	2 54
Wednesday, 12th .. .. .	0 26	0 49					

# The Sportsman's Magazine.

CAUNT AND BENDIGO.—MORE LAST WORDS.—LORD DRUMLANRIG'S LETTER.

**H**AVING, since the very week when this much-wrangled subject first set men's tongues wagging in parlour, coffee, and tap-room, ceased to bestow on it more than a hasty scratch of the pen, in answer to some inquisitive correspondent, we opined that we might as well let the matter die a natural death; but a letter addressed to the Editor of *Bell's Life in London*, which we subjoin, seems to us so right-thinking, so straightforward, and (with the exception of one point) so commendable, that we cannot resist breaking our self-imposed silence.

The reader will see that the noble writer has had no opportunity, owing to his absence from England *audire alteram partem*. What, then, would be his feelings had he had the opportunity—had he heard the unprecedented observations, the wriggings, the shiftings, the misrepresentations, the broad assertions, the narrowminded slanders, maintained, propagated, ventured on, and cast at, all who fairly, honestly, unprejudicedly, and impartially declared or wrote their candid opinions of the fight and its sequences?

The good, easy public takes these things on trust. A vast deal of trash was first poured forth about "Nottingham roughs" and "intimidation;" from this it was an easy step to declare that the referee was intimidated, "and if intimidated," quoth the logical impugnors of his decision, "his judgment should be reversed," by which they meant reversed. Their premises were bad, and hence their conclusions nought. There might have been "Nottingham roughs" on the ground; but if there were, dare any, even the hardest opponent of the referee's decision, say, (and some of them seem to have a forty-bail-power of asseveration) that they or any one interfered with the combatants by act or deed from the commencement of the contest to its close? No! Beaten from this point they proceed to the "intimidation" consequent on a knowledge of their formidable presence. This the referee, a gentleman of advanced years and of true sporting spirit, emphatically denies. *Hinc illa lachrymæ*, the referee is firm; he is neither to be cajoled or bullied, and he coolly crushes the attempt of a letter-writer, to fix upon him even an inconsistency. What impartial man can hesitate between Squire Osbaldeston and that individual? Yet is the falsehood of the Squire's denial assumed by a leading journal, which returns to the charge by saying, "Coupling this with the Squire's declaration at Wolverhampton," &c. Why he has repudiated it *in toto*, and it rests on the unsupported testimony of Mr. Saunders. We will now add that the writer of this heard the Squire himself, in commenting on the conclusion of the battle, make use of these words—words he could not have uttered had the 93rd round been unseen by him, "I never saw a big man sit down more curiously." Words said in haste are not infrequently ill-chosen; for none but the prejudiced can suspect Caunt of the white feather. What the Squire meant was clearly that it was an unmistakable and palpable get down.

Then comes another Protean plea, that "Caunt considered the round finished, as Bendigo was down." Bendigo was not down; and the whole affair resolves itself into this: Caunt, after two hours' hard fighting, had all the worst of the punishment; his adversary, weak in the middle of the fight, was getting better; the severity of the body blow in the 92nd round induced him to desire to close the round; he sat down under a false impression, "his wish being father to the thought;" and thus was the battle lost. But your shifty impugnors and non-payers of bets have yet another plea—Bendigo struck Caunt foul in round 92. This cannot be argued: 1, because the umpires made no appeal; 2, because the men's coming up again cured all errors in previous proceedings; while we may add, what sort of seconds had Caunt in the wily and experienced Jem Turner and Wharton, that they did not claim the fight! Will any body pretend, that if convinced of the fact—which we, who looked on with all our eyes, (as well as the referee, and a noblethane, a backer of Caunt, who stood by us), could not perceive—that Wharton and Turner would not have emphatically claimed the victory? Verily the shifts of this party are multitudinous as

"The leaves which strew the glades in Vallombrosa,"

and their very variety is to us a proof of their worthlessness. As a *dernier ressource* they pretend that the umpires did not differ, and therefore the referee's functions had not commenced. To this we reply—We heard, and can be confirmed by half-a-dozen persons, including the gentleman addressed, that both Turner and Hannan declared to the referee (for the umpires were mysteriously distant, being half the diameter of the ring off) that the umpires were at variance—and then only did the Squire give his decision. The last squeak seems to be the threatened action at law; but this too lacks the truth of vitality, as the following clause from the "GAMES AND WAGERS BILL," passed in the last session of parliament, will sufficiently show:—

SECTION 18.—And be it enacted that all contracts or agreements, whether by

parole or in writing, by way of gaming or wagering, shall be null and void; and that no suit shall be brought or maintained in any court of law or equity for recovering any sum of money or valuable thing alleged to be won upon any wager, or which shall have been deposited in the hands of any person to abide the event on which any wager shall have been made: provided always that this enactment shall not be deemed to apply to any subscription or contribution, or agreement to subscribe or contribute, for or toward any plate, prize, or sum of money to be awarded to the winner or winners of any lawful game, sport, pastime, or exercise.

This exhibits, we should say, the absurdity of supposing any court would entertain the suit, should Caunt or his abettors proceed therein. His lordship's observations on the subject of this mode of settling the contests of the Ring are too much to the purpose to reader further comment necessary. We give the letter entire:—

To the Editor of *Bell's Life in London*.

SIR,—On my return here from the East a few days ago I found four or five *Bell's Lifes* awaiting me, giving a full and detailed account of the late fight between, and the subsequent correspondence concerning Bendigo and Caunt, the whole of which I have read through with equal interest and disappointment. I regret much that so exciting an event should have ended in so unsatisfactory a manner. As a sincere friend to the principle of the ring, and as one who a short while ago was often liable to be placed in the same situation as has been the lot of the "Ould Squire" lately, viz., as referee, I cannot resist writing you a few lines on the subject. I have not seen or read a word concerning the fight except from the columns of *Bell's Life*, not having even seen the *Era*. I will, therefore, argue entirely from what I find in your paper, and will admit that everything took place, word for word, as there described. I will also state that I know Caunt, and have always found him a civil, well-behaved person. I saw him fight once with Nick Ward. I certainly did not admire his style of fighting then; indeed, it seemed to me that he had no knowledge of the art at all. Bendigo I have seen but twice: of his flaccid accomplishments I cannot speak, never having seen him strip. Out of the ring he appeared to me a noisy, amusing, well-made fellow. My whole acquaintance and interest in the two, men I have here stated; it can hardly amount on either side to any sufficient cause for either partiality or the reverse to either party. Had I on the 9th of September been present, and had I been asked—as I have often been before asked—to be the referee, I should not have hesitated about accepting the office. I will, therefore, suppose myself in the "Ould Squire's" place, and will proceed to say that, after having read the whole account of the fight, as detailed in your paper, and admitting that it was there detailed word for word as it all took place, I beg leave to say that I should have acted exactly in the same way, and have given exactly the same decision, and have adhered exactly to my decision, as Mr. O., the referee, has already done. If the Nottingham "roughs" were numerous and disagreeable, and acted in a concerted plan, why did not the London men do the same, and so mar their plot? Your paper complains that Bendigo did not fight fair, and got down in a curish manner. This the referee denies. But, even suppose Bendigo's fighting to be actually unfair, for the sake of argument we will admit it to have been so, I maintain that, from every line describing the fight, Caunt's manner of fighting is proved to have been as unfair and as un-English as it was possible to be. Perhaps from sheer inability to do better; but that does not alter the case. He seems to forget that hugging, squeezing, and pulling alone must necessarily disgust every unbiased spectator or reader. He complains that Bendigo was always getting down. Why, if he objected to his (Bendigo's) way of getting down, why did he not, during the whole two hours he stood before him, once send him down in a different manner? When Broome and Hannan were fighting, Jem Burn asked the latter, somewhat anxiously, how he felt? "Very hill," was the reply; "I see two on them." "Well, d—n their eyes," said Burn, "knock one on them down, can't you?" So might it be said to Caunt, it seems. "He is always getting down, Spring." "Well, d—n thine eyes, knock him down next time, can't you?" But, says your paper, over and over again, did Bendigo, after delivering the most smashing hits, drop to avoid a return? My answer is, that if a man standing 6ft 2in. cannot hit with, or counter, a man of 5ft 10in, he must be a muf; and, whatever else he be fit for, he is quite unfit for a fighting man. I suspect that Bendigo did not drop to avoid the return—a proceeding he seems clever enough to be able to turn to good account—but that he dropped because Caunt, instead of fighting, attempted only to close, and so by his superior brute weight to the out and crush his opponent. Spring says, "I say, that Caunt must have won because he was still fresh, and that Bendigo, on the contrary, was becoming very weak." If this was the case, why, in this memorable last round, did Caunt, a fresh man, 6ft 3in, 14st, sit down before Bendigo, a weak and beaten man, 5ft 10in, not 12st? Why was Caunt, the strong winning man, so anxious that the round should be at an end (allowing it might fairly have been so), and Bendigo, the beaten man, the one anxious to prolong it. Either Spring has made some mistake, or Caunt must be a cur, which I should not have suspected him to have been. It is strange that Spring, so good a judge in general of the qualities of fighting men, should so often make mistakes about big ones. In this instance he seems to have stumbled on a second edition of Brown of Bridgnorth. Where so much money and so much party spirit is pending, there will be conflicting and numerous opinions enough, some of them, I fear, not quite disinterested. But, as one who has always stood up for the spirit and principle of the Prize Ring, and who at a distance still takes an interest in its proceedings, I ask you to insert this letter in your paper; I do so because I wish to show what is the opinion of the merits and demerits of the two men from one who could have at first had no bias or predilection for either party; whose subsequent opinion and bias have entirely arisen from the actual account recorded in your paper, and because I think your observations in a later paper very unjust on Bendigo who appears to me to have fought his way honourably up to the top of the tree, and because I think that his fractured knee and his being 83 years old, are, under existing circumstances, rather a feather in his cap.

I have just seen *Bell's Life* of the 12th inst, in which there is inserted a fresh challenge from Caunt to Bendigo, as also a letter from Spring; if Bendigo

means to retain the belt and the title of Champion, of course he must accept Caunt's challenge, but also, of course, the referee's late decision must be respected as final and decisive, or else Bendigo's fighting again would be but absurd—a case of "heads I lose, tails I don't win."

With respect to Spring's letter, I cannot say how surprised I am at its contents; that he, of all men in the world, should give such advice, and tell his friends to appeal against the decision of the referee, appears to me monstrous. If his and Caunt's intentions on this are carried out, the whole thing is at an end for ever; all confidence is at an end, and the Prize Ring may be considered as not a dying, but a dead body. I have been a very strenuous and disinterested friend to the Ring and its members, winners or losers, old or young, but if such proceedings as this are attempted I can assure you I should strain every nerve to put an end at once to any possibility of such a thing being ever again attempted. I shall be in England again very soon, and if Caunt, Spring, or others connected with the Ring, go to law for the purpose of recovering their money after Mr. O.'s decision (the referee they all fixed upon), I give full notice that if ever either Caunt, or any man from his house, or from Spring's house, or from any other fighting-man's house, whoever he may be, who acts in this way, be backed to fight again, I will go immediately to the first magistrate of the district and personally request that Caunt, or whoever it may be, be bound over to keep the peace. I give free notice that I will make a regular system of this week after week, and that I will spare no trouble or pains to put an entire ending to all fighting, which, if the referee's decision is not to be respected, I care not under what circumstances, must be nothing else than a downright robbery. To show you that I am in earnest I give you my name and address in full.

Florence, October 23.

DRUMLANRIG.

The perusal of this manly, straightforward, and right-thinking epistle, as well as that penned some weeks since by the veteran referee, are sources of hearty congratulation to ourselves. They justify to the titlle the integrity of our reports, the correctness of our views, and the impartiality of our conclusions. And here, in taking leave of this much-vexed question, we have only to observe, that in all future affairs our aim shall be to adopt "that policy," which the proverb has declared "the best." The public may rely, under all circumstances, on a candid and truthful report; and that in all sporting affairs, while we "nothing extenuate, nor ought set down in malice," we will never lend ourselves to trickery and special-pleading, but expose all shufflers; and finally, taking the plain common sense view of "things as they are," give our readers without the colouring of partiality, or the distortion of prejudice a fair account of "facts," which, as Robbie Burns has it,—

"Are things which wunna ding,  
And munna be disputed."

### GYMNASTICS. NO. III.

#### FENCING.—SECTION IV.

##### THE CUTS AND ASSAULTS.



HERE are only two good cuts, and these have been scarcely noticed by the French, and their admirers and followers. The first is the cut made vertically downwards in quarte, the second is thrown vertically downwards in tierce.

The vertical cut in quarte is thus made: raise your point vertically, and oppose your identical forte (that is that point of your sword which is in contact with the shell) to the very extremity of the adversary's sword; contract your arm; and having thus secured his foible (see fig. top of col. 2, page 400), strike in this vertical cut on the quarte, or inside of your adversary; terminate this cut in a thrust, and recover, using the round parade of quarte with all celerity.

In cutting, the hand is to be in the most natural position, that is, neither entirely in supination or in pronation; but it is to be turned into complete supination when you end your cut in a thrust. The best mode of parrying this cut is by the point volante; that is, by contracting the arm, and opposing the forte of the weapon, which must be raised perpendicularly to extricate the foible. By this parade (see figures 8 and 9) he opposes his forte to your foible.

It must be borne in mind that the terms fort and foible are relative, and intended merely to mark the different powers of impulsion or resistance possessed by different parts of the weapon. That part of the weapon held by the hand is the fort; and the powers of its other parts vary in the following proportions: that is, the power of any point of the weapon decreases as its distance from the fort increases, and *vice versa*. The extreme point of the weapon is weaker laterally or perpendicularly in resistance than any point between the extremity and the forte; the forte of the instrument is, however, the foible in regard to the power of the elbow. In the application of the fort, and the command of the body, is concentrated the art of self-defence.

The guard, cut and thrust of tierce, are formed by turning the forearm, wrist, and hand into pronation. As in the guard of quarte the hand is to be less in pronation than when delivering the thrust. Besides this pronation, the hand is to describe an arc of about eight inches, from the guard of quarte to that of tierce, from the left to the right.

The delivery of the thrust and cut in tierce, is similar in principle to that of quarte, in justly applying your fort. The formation of the extension and the allonge are the same in all thrusts; but your opposition

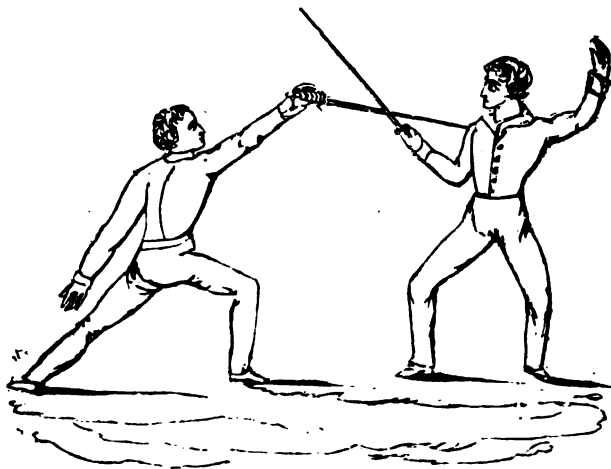


Fig. 8: POINT VOLANTE IN TIERCE. Fig. 9: POINT VOLANTE IN QUARTE. In tierce, and in quarte over the arm, is to your right.—The annexed figures, 10 and 11, will explain the text.

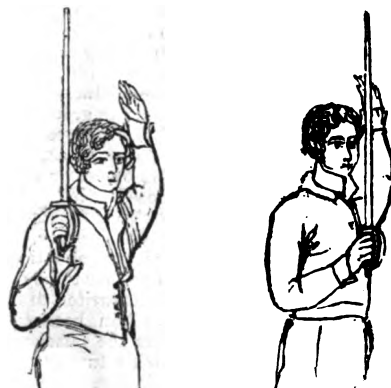


Fig. 10: ALLONGE IN TIERCE. Fig. 11: GUARD OF TIERCE BY THE FORT.

Feel your adversary's blade constantly, but do not press it, as you will be exposed to his time-thrust by your relinquishing the point of contact; therefore, in disengaging from quarte to tierce, move your point closely, within a hair's breadth of his blade, so quickly, that your change shall be imperceptible, your hand being in supination, as it was before, for if you roll your hand into pronation as you change your point, your motion will be wide. Roll your hand into pronation as you project the thrust along his blade, in the point indented in it, as it were in a nick, to direct your course. Oppose your hand high, and over his blade, to your right. Direct your point into the cavity under his arm. His effort to parry this thrust (if you have seized his foible), by his parade in tierce, will materially serve you, as it will be a fulcrum assisting your thrust, unless your sword hips or bends.

In the next number we will give a figure of the tierce planted home, after the fashion here described, but the non-arrival of the block from the engraver, prevents its present insertion, and compulsorily brings this section to a close.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO SELL GAME WITHOUT A LICENSE.—It is stated in the London, and some of the local papers, that the Duke of Buckingham has given to his tenants on the Avington estate, near this city, the right to kill game on their respective farms. Our cotemporaries, when heralding forth his grace's excessive liberality, should not forget to mention that an increased rent is charged for the game boon. However much the tenants may gain by the permission to kill the game they feed, his grace can be no loser. Suppose that his estate at Avington and Easton consists of two thousand acres of land, which is let to four farmers—and that every farmer pays an additional rent of 20*l.* each for the permission to shoot over his farm. His grace would thus receive 80*l.* per annum for his game on these four farms, a sum much more than he could have obtained under the old system of keeping hired keepers, and supplying licensed dealers in game—to say nothing of the expense of keepers and the occasional prosecution of a poacher. The Duke of Buckingham has made a good bargain, and sells his game to much greater advantage than heretofore.—*Hampshire Independent.*



## GALLERY OF SPORTING CELEBRITIES—NO. IV.



THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

**I**LMROD in one of his immortal articles on the chase has said of the spirited English nobleman whose living likeness caps this column, "as a fox-hunter, the noble earl is an out-and-outer, when he likes his horse; it must indeed be a good man that can beat him; and who has been better horsed than Lord Chesterfield?" His lordship although a "Chesterfield" is a right trueborn Englishman; he thinks nothing of riding sixty or seventy miles between breakfast and dinner; and recently, by way of setting an example even "to the high Roman fashion," carried a pack of fox-hounds to Italy, where to the great scandal of His Holiness and the astonishment of the degenerate Italians he made the Campagna of old Rome echo to the inspiring sounds of "Hark forward! yoicks! tally-ho!"

The noble earl was born on the 23rd of May, 1805, and was educated

at Eton, where he was placed under the charge of a private tutor and an old family servant. This faithful domestic we have often seen driving the youthful lord to his studies, and going round to the various pastrycooks in the college, threatening them with the vengeance of the trustees of his young master, should they indulge too freely his appetite for sweets. From Eton to Christchurch his transition was natural, but we do not know whether he took a degree there for his acquirements in mathematics and classical literature. When at Oxford too his lordship earned high fame in the hunting field as a constant attendant on Sir Thomas Mostyn's and the Duke of Beaufort's packs; subsequently to which he put the finishing touch to his accomplishments as a member of the equestrian order, by several seasons' hard practice with the hounds in Leicestershire.

The Earl of Chesterfield entered at an early age upon his sporting career, and, as he was of an ardent, generous, and unsuspecting disposition, he quickly attracted the attention of those cool, calculating escamoteurs, with whom sporting is a matter of business, who live with systematic temperance in order to keep their heads clear, and who make their calculations so deliberately, and watch their opportunities so warily, that the man of warm impulses, who bets or plays with mere love of excitement, is certain to lose when opposed to them, at any game of chance. Of late years, his lordship has been more fortunate, and has partially retrieved, by maturer skill, the severe losses he sustained in the early portion of his life.

His handsome lordship—for that he is a handsome man, although somewhat inclined, in these later days, to *embonpoint*, few will be disposed to dispute—is here represented rather as a Turfite than a Foxhunter. We have him, in his usual careless easy attitude, standing before the clubroom at Newmarket, inquiring "the odds about the favourite."

His lordship's "first appearance" on the turf, where he has been more successful than on "the board of green cloth," was in 1836, when, with a cocktail called Raven, (no croaker of ill-omen), he won the Witherley Stakes at the Anson Hurst Meeting, on the Lichfield Course: soon after, we find the following good, bad, and indifferent nags figuring off under his colours—red jacket with blue sleeves—Jerry, Teasdale, Heathen, Negro, Zingabee (winner of the Cup at Ascot, in 1829), Carthusian, Splendour, Sarsenet, Rufus, Massaroni, Titania, Olga, Squirrel, Kittums, Non Compos, Weeper, Dirce, Whiskey, Uncle Bob, Blanche of Devon, Elvaston, Brother to Nessus, Golden Egg, Felix, Amphitrite, Theban, Fanny Gray, Tourist, La Bayadère, and the immortal Priam, winner of the Riddlesworth, the Column Stakes, the Derby, the 100 sovs. Sweepstakes at Ascot, the walk over for the Gascoigne, and receiver of no end of forfeits, in 1830; the winner of the Port, the vanquisher of Lucetta, the winner of the Goodwood cup, the receiver of another filled with guineas at Heaton-park, and vanquisher of Augustus, after giving him 16lb., in 1831; the winner of the King's Plate in the first spring meeting, of the Eclipse Foot at Ascot, and the Cup at Goodwood, in 1832; a horse, in fact, the possession of which is sufficient to confer immortality on any man that ever lived.

Since that period, with the appliance of an ample fortune and an excellent trainer—almost all the "good things," as Buckle, used to term them, have fallen to his lot. In 1836, he won the fastest St. Leger ever run, with Don John, and the Oaks with Industry. His nomination for the Derby, the following year, Bloomsbury, also, it will be remembered, won in a snow-storm. The sideboards of Chesterfield-house and at Bretby, groan beneath the weight of turf trophies. Among them may be mentioned no less than five Goodwood gold cups.

Of the chase, his lordship has ever been a most constant patron; and, certainly, when he was Master of the Royal Stag Hounds, he imparted a life and impetus to the whole thing, such as had never been shown before by any of his predecessors. Breakfast was laid out every hunting morning, at Chesterfield-house, for fourteen; and the party driven to cover in the drag by his lordship, and probably nearly all mounted by him also. On these occasions, the Duke of Beaufort generally worked the team back. On his retirement, he presented Mr. Davis, the huntsman, with a magnificent piece of plate. He afterwards took the Pytchley country, which he hunted in a style of princely magnificence, such as will long be remembered. His stud of hunters then amounted to seventy, all of which were in splendid condition; and he frequently had six servants in the field, in addition to the whips. Northampton and its neighbourhood have deeply benefited by him.

He also gratified, a winter or two since, the inhabitants of the Eternal City with some splendid runs, with a pack of hounds he had sent out to hunt for their amusement, and his name will long be remembered by all classes of society.

Lord Chesterfield has displayed his partiality for the road, by being the chief proprietor of the celebrated Tagliani, which was driven from London to Windsor, a distance of twenty-two miles, in two hours to a minute. His lordship is a first-rate coachman, and president of the Richmond Driving Club.

In the green-room his lordship is well known. He has a box at almost every theatre, and is a constant attendant at them. The Earl of Chesterfield married, in 1830, the Hon. Anne Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Lord Forester, by whom he has two children, who, from such a cross, cannot fail to be of the right sort. Her ladyship is as passion-

stately fond of the turf as her husband, attends, regularly, every meeting at Newmarket, and, whatever may be the severity of the weather, is always visible on the Heath. It has long been a source of wonder to his friends, how Lord Chesterfield has managed to maintain his position in society, after the vast inroads which have been made upon his patrimony; but when we tell them that the late Mr. Arkwright was his sincere friend, and assisted him with his purse, their astonishment will cease.

Among his private circle of friends Lord Chesterfield is much liked, on account of his kindness of heart, liberal hospitality, and generous disposition.

## WRINKLES FOR THE GROOM—NO. VI.

### UNSOUNDNESS.

**I**N these desultory papers of facts, thoughts, hints, and wrinkles our object is rather matter than method; and perhaps we cannot devote a column to a less understood hint than that of unsoundness. In doing this we shall resort to the authority of Nimrod's work "The Horse and the Hound," under the supposition that many who purchase this low-priced miscellany have not the means to procure, or the leisure to read expensive, and comparatively extensive works.—We will now proceed to the important consideration on what constitutes a sound, and what an unsound horse. Mr. Stewart, Veterinary Surgeon, and Professor of Veterinary Surgery in the Andersonian University, Glasgow, says ('Advice to Purchasers of Horses,' p. 16), 'At first view, it seems easy enough to define a sound horse. It may be said a horse is sound when every part of him is in perfect health; but, upon further consideration, it will appear that such a definition would be of little or no practical utility, for scarcely a seven-years-old in the kingdom could be fairly said to answer to it. The most trifling splent, or even a wart, no matter how small, or where placed, are deviations from health, and would make a horse unfit to be warranted, if such a definition of the term 'sound' were to be adopted. It must, therefore, be qualified in order to be useful, and that buyer and seller may be placed upon something like an equal footing. This, however, is not so easily done, for a horse is liable to several trifling diseases, which do not in the least incapacitate him; and yet it is difficult, I think I may almost say impossible to define soundness in such a way as to admit those, without, at the same time, admitting others of greater consequence; and, on the other hand, it is as difficult to define unsoundness, so as to embrace all those diseases or faults which deteriorate the animal, without likewise including many that do not. Under such circumstances, a middle course is the most advisable; and though there must be some outstanding points, yet they are so seldom met with, that they may be left to the decision of the lawyer or the veterinary surgeon, according to circumstances. It is evident, however, that natural defects in the conformation, temper, or action of the animal, must not be considered as unsoundness. There is difference of opinion and strife enough in horse-dealing already; and to introduce the doctrine that a natural defect is an unsoundness, would not diminish it. Nothing but the existence of disease of one kind or another can in justice be so considered. I think the definition most likely to be generally useful, and most impartial to buyer and seller, is this:—A horse is sound when there is no disease about any part of him that renders, or is likely, in future, to render, him less useful than he would be without it; and, of course, a horse must be unsound when he has any disease about him that renders, or is likely, in future, to render, him less useful than he would be without it.'

"On the question, What do you consider constitutes a sound horse? being put to Mr. Mavor, of New Bend Street, London, veterinary surgeon of great practical experience (see 'Horseman's Manual,' p. 9), his answer was, 'I consider a horse to be sound which is perfect in structure, and perfect in function.'

"I also consider a horse to be sound, though with alteration in the structure, provided he has never been either lame or incapacitated (and is not likely to become lame and incapacitated) from performing the ordinary duties to which he may be subjected in consequence of such alteration, and can perform them with equal facility as if there had been no such alteration of structure."

Unsoundness is a term, the exact limits of which are not very clearly defined. For example, crib-biting, in its incipient state, has been held to be no unsoundness; but when inveterate, and interfering with the health of the animal, which it does by impairing his digestion, it then has been held to fall within the meaning of the term. But how many thousand first-rate hunters and race-horses have been and are crib-biters; and, with the common precaution of the neck-strap, not in the least the worse for it. Thus it appears that the doctrine laid down by Lord Ellenborough is right—namely, 'that any infirmity which renders a horse less fit for present use or convenience, is an unsoundness;' to which we may add, in the spirit of controversy, that any infirmity which does not render a horse less fit for present use or convenience, is not an unsoundness. Nevertheless, we think it is not justifiable in a person to sell a horse which is a

crib-biter, how good soever he may be, without previously mentioning the fact to the buyer, although the act is generally self-evident, from the mark made on the neck by the preventive strap.

How many thousand first-rate hunters (and it was frequently the case with race-horses when they were kept in training for any considerable time beyond the period of their usefulness) are subject to chronic cough! Now, chronic cough does not render a horse 'less fit for present use and convenience;' and yet, in the case of *Shilline v. Claridge*, it was held by Lord Ellenborough to be unsoundness, although the buyer was told that the horse in question had a cough, and there was no evidence of any mismanagement by the buyer. 'If it had a cough,' said his Lordship, 'and it was of a permanent nature, I have always held that it was a breach of warranty; and such has, I believe, been the understanding both in the profession and among veterinary surgeons. On that understanding I have always acted, and think it quite right. Knowledge makes no difference. There was a case before Mr. J. Lawrence, in which it was held, and it was there said, that the plaintiff might rely upon the warranty only, and not choose to trust to his own knowledge. I have always understood that a cough is an unsoundness. The horse was then unsound when he was bought; and there is no proof of any discontinuance of that unsoundness, or that he would have got well if he had not been hunted.' Now as it is held that 'no length of time elapsed after the sale will alter the nature of a contract originally false,' it would appear that a person purchasing a hunter's with chronic cough, warranted sound, may have his season's hunting out of him, and then return him as unsound.

It appears to be going great lengths in warranting the temper and abilities of any animal; nevertheless, the warranty of 'free from vice' in a horse we know nothing of, is by no means an unnecessary precaution; for we know that, in the London Repositories, horses are sold over and over again (which is called, amongst the fraternity of low horse-dealers, 'going round the mill'), which will neither draw nor carry, and are consequently perfectly unserviceable.

Although anatomical knowledge would be wanting to discover the various causes of diseases in the following various parts of a horse, still the following directions for examining the seat of them, as given by Professor Stewart, may be very useful to a purchaser:—

"*The head.* For the eyes; for cataract, glass-eyes, and specks. The nostrils for glanders, tumours, and cold. The glands between the brooches of the lower jaw, for enlargement. The throat; for mark of crib-biting strap, and the tenderness which accompanies cold. The teeth; for the age, and marks of crib-biting. The veins of the neck; to see that both are sound.

"*The fore-leg and shoulder.* The seat of the collar; for tumours. The point of the elbow; for tumours. The knee; for blemishes and stiffness of that joint. The shank; for speedy-cut, splent, and strain. The fetlock-joint; for enlargement, windgalls, unnerving and marks of cutting. The pastern; for ring-bone.

"*The foot;* for side-bones, sandcrack, contraction, thrush, corns, and flatsoles. The shoe; for signs of cutting.

"*The trunk quarters.* Each side of the chest; for marks of blisters and rowels. The space between the fore-legs; for the same. The stifle; for enlargement. The groin; for rupture.

"*The hock;* for capped hock, curb, thorough-pin bone spavin, and bog spavin (no blood spavin). Then the horse should be mounted, and ridden a few hundred yards at a gallop, in order to quicken his breathing, and thereby display the presence or absence of roaring, thick-wind, or broken-wind.

"This brief summary will assist the memory, bringing, as it does, the seat and causes of unsoundness into one point of view. It includes, however, some objectionables, which, properly speaking, do not constitute unsoundness; such as windgalls, thorough-pin, capped hock, and string halt. The first two are objectionable, indicating, that the horse has been severely exerted, and may be otherwise more seriously injured. The two last are sore-eyes, and only to be avoided as such."

"We will remark on a few of the points here specified, which relate to fraud and warranty. The eye is a point difficult to decide upon, and often a subject for fraud, particularly amongst the lower order of dealers, who used formerly to have very bright white walls, against which they showed their horses, when the reflection concealed cataracts, which are in themselves white. But this important organ is difficult to judge of even in its healthy state, by reason, of the varieties in its organization; and still more so to detect the extent of disease which may have, at some time or another, attached to it. Even the best judges of horseflesh have purchased horses without having detected deeply-seated cataracts, which shows the necessity of caution; and the best security is the inspection of a professional man, who is alone equal to form a correct opinion on the subject, which will be at once apparent on perusal of Mr. Perovsk's sixty-first lecture 'on the eye.' Part III., p. 131.

"The foot is now so generally understood, that it may be needless to say more than to remind the buyer of the proverb—'No foot, no horse.' 'The hock' is the most complicated, therefore most difficult joint for the uninitiated to form a judgment upon. It is not in every person's power to detect the absolute presence of disease in this part, still more so to foretell the probability of it in future; but there is a certain conformation

of this joint which almost ensures disease, and consequently it should be most minutely examined as to its shape, substance, &c.

"Broken wind is easily discoverable; and it is only amongst the most disreputable of the fraternity that it is ever attempted to be concealed, which can be done for a few hours, by administering a certain quantity of lead, which, by its pressure, checks the violent action of the abdominal muscles, or what is called heaving of the flanks. But 'roaring,' 'wheezing,' and 'thick wind,' are by no means always discoverable in a common trial of a horse, such as a dealer is disposed to give, on a good sound road. Nothing but a gallop over soft ground, or against a hill, can be depended upon in certain stages and degrees of either of these complaints.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### SPORTING IMITATORS.

SIR,—My Lord Bacon has the following sentence:—"Many men have a manner (after other great men) of shaking their heads. Sir Lionel Cranfield would say 'it was as men shake a bottle, to see if there were anything in it.'" The bribe-taking Chancellor was right; there are many men who strive to ape (for it at the best is only *apeing*) the manners of a class in which they have no valid claim to rank. Their emptiness, however soon, exhibits itself, for it is a mere momentary effervescence, and when the false spirit escapes they are left totally at the mercy of circumstances. Among these, the most ridiculous pretenders, when found out, are the sporting imitators, and for this reason, that mortification accompanies the galling *exposé*. Sporting has in it as many exploits as either soldiering or sailing, and it would be utterly ridiculous for any man to exclaim before a company who knew it to be otherwise "I am a soldier, and I have performed many brave things in the Peninsular campaign," or "I am a sailor, and did multitudes of brave actions on board the *Victory* at Trafalgar."

In such a case the man would be at once set down as a liar, or a fool. And so it is with mock sportsmen (we mean those that *buy* their spoils, and set them down as the result of their prowess) while we would bet a thousand to one, that if a gun were presented to the pretender he would be quite abroad as to whether he should place the butt against his right or left shoulder, his breast, or his eye.

A very amusing series of papers were published a few years since in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, on the detection of imposters, in which in the case of a mock sailor an appeal to his geography was the test; and a very good appeal it was, for the sailor answered that in sailing from Galway, in Ireland, to Plymouth, they went into Calais, and touched at the Cape of Good Hope! The same would result from an appeal to the topographical knowledge of these sportsmen. And if this were invariably done, the company which these pretenders annoy would have the satisfaction of getting rid of an *infliction* for the evening, or the day as the case may be; besides having a well-earned laugh at the vain pretensions of these would-be poachers on the legitimate sportsman's ground.

Yours,  
E. B.—N.

### SNIPES AND SNIPER SHOOTING.

SIR,—Your papers on the Snipe induce me to take up the pen to ask what some may think a simple question: namely, where does the Jack-snipe breed? Bewick says in the same places as the common or larger snipe; but upon inquiries, and from concurrent circumstances, it is somewhat doubtful whether he is correct. Last season a sporting friend, who is in possession of a bog where the snipes propagate, made it a particular point to inquire, having a man constantly employed on his moor. This man knows the snipe and its habits well, and has a natural attachment to them; and he informed me that he never saw a Jack-snipe during the breeding season in those swamps. When I was sporting over them in the middle of last November, and killed several Jacks among other snipes, he said they were the first he had seen that season. This was in Surrey: in Essex I had previously killed several Jacks as early as the 1st or 2nd of October. The season before I killed one on the 26th of September. This I consider early, but in the same place I have shot the whole snipe as early as the 22nd of July. They do not breed here, neither is the Jack-snipe often found after the middle of April.

As few birds, if any, give the shooter more sport than the snipe, the Jack-snipe certainly affords his share; for no bird, if missed, elicits again so near the sportsman, with gambols challenging him to another trial of his skill; and as there appears to be a doubt as to where these comical pretty Jack-snipes bring forth their young, some of your Shooting Correspondents, who live near moors and swamps, may give some interesting results of their search and inquiries. The error of one naturalist has frequently been followed by others, until opinion has become general, and that opinion fallacious. A case in point—a few weeks ago a friend visited one of our National Institutions, and there saw the Jack-snipe labelled as the male of the common snipe!

Again:—is not the Solitary Snipe an hybrid between the woodcock and common snipe? What I have seen of them have much more the

appearance of the woodcock than snipe, but not so elegant as the latter, and are generally killed about and seldom later than September. They are sometimes found two together, but this is a rare occurrence. May not a wounded woodcock of either sex, not capable of fitting at the general migration from this country, join one of the nearest affinity to its species, and produce this rare bird? The time of year, the appearance of the bird, the few that are met with (for snipes are a numerous race), strengthen the opinion I entertain. I have shot a great number of snipes, but never yet saw a Solitary Snipe on the wing. I once killed one of the common sort that weighed six and a half ounces, which is the largest I ever shot: this bird was loaded with fat, which occasioned this extra weight, and not from the general form; he flew heavy, and not at all like what a snipe usually does, quick and zig-zag.—Yours, &c.,

October 28, 1845.

LONGBILL.

### Reminiscences of Racing and Racers, in 1845.

BY SOOTHSAYER.

(For the Sportsman's Magazine.)

It is with infinite satisfaction I am able to avoid speaking of "dull November"—a season more delightful in appearance and happy in effect than the present it has not been the lot of most of us to have enjoyed for many years past. Time, however, jogs on, and must soon bring us to that portion of the year when rain, fogs, and wind, render the parlour a lodging place, and deprive us of the pleasures of out-door exercise. It is wise to be prepared to meet this change so depressing to our feelings, and to draw, as near as we can, around us those pleasurable scenes which the "mind's eye" can rescue from the past. To those who enter on them with these feelings it is hoped that these reminiscences of racers, in their modest but original mention "how fields were won," will not prove unacceptable.

The season of 1845, it has been remarked, and justly too, was one of the most brilliant for the turf of any for many years, and unquestionably the sport at Ascot and Goodwood were unequalled. From the Chester Cup engrossing the faculties of the turf-men in so great a degree, there is not much interest in detailing any earlier event; but there are several very good meetings in the months of March and April, and they are worth recording.

At Liverpool (March 5) Jenny Wren ran a very pretty race, beating Master Stapey and three others easily. At the Northampton and Pytchley Hunt Meeting (March 25) Cherokee beat a host of two-year olds, including Malt and Toronto. For the Great Northamptonshire Stakes Discord was placed first, by three lengths, over a field of fifteen, including Queen Mab, Yardley, Napier, Lord Falconer, and Bastion. Down to this time the severity of the weather from the November previous had rendered training a difficult matter; in fact, for weeks together, it had, under ordinary circumstances, been found impossible. The two trainers who defied even the elements were Kent, who trained for Lord George Bentinck and the Duke of Richmond—and at whose disposal was placed a mile of tanned ground for exercise, which enabled him to take his horses out in the hardest and coldest weather—and Wadlow, whose grounds in Shropshire are situated in a most healthy and congenial spot. These two trainers were consequently in great force, and as a friend of mine remarked "Lord George's horses looked as fresh as in June" while others not so fortunate could only afford 'a sorry show,' which the snatches of mild weather had just enabled them to accomplish. Discord and Cherokee are both Lord George's. John o' Gaunt won the Plate, beating Sorella, Coranna, and two others.

The Catterick Bridge (March 26) afforded some good sport. Lord Harry, by Recovery, won a good race with three other two year olds, cleverly. As a specimen of what weight will do, Porto Bello (7st 2lb) beat Trueboy easily (8st 5lb). Trueboy (9st 12lb) beat Porto Bello (8st 10lb), shewing that it is not relative weight only which bears upon a race; but, also, that over a certain weight is a damper. In the last race, Trueboy won by a head, I believe the only victory accorded to him this year, but I shall have occasion to remark upon him hereafter, he has been bought out a great many times and of course is none the better for it. The Croxton Park (April 2) was quite a purse for Lord George, who took away the Granby Handicap of 20 sovs each, and the Gold Cup added to a Handicap of 20 sovs each, with Discord (Captain Pettat). Here the Bat (so called from being totally blind) ran and won. At a Meeting at Abergavenny, (or rather Abergavenny Races,) Tariff, a horse of good provincial character, won the Monmouthshire Cup. At the Warwick Spring, April 7, a horse called Sweetmeat, made his appearance for the first time in this year, he had also run well at a two-year-old. Sweetmeat is a brown horse, compact, and of a good temper and blood; so small as to be called the pony. He was got by Gladiator, out of Lollypop, and thence suppose his name. As a foal, so little was thought of him that he was put among a draft for sale, and fetched as a yearling 25l. He was not nominated either for the Derby or St. Leger, but has run races, which place him, as the victor in them, as one of the best horses in the country. At this meeting he won the Trial Stakes, beating Rodney, Roebuck, and the Attorney, he was trained by Wadlow, and is the property of Mr. A. W. Hill.

(To be continued.)



## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CRIBB.

## CHAPTER X.—continued.

9. The battle had arrived at that doubtful state, and victory seemed not so easy an achievement as was anticipated; and the betters were rather puzzled to know how to proceed. Molineux gave such proofs of gluttony, that four to one now made many tremble who had sported it; still there was strong hope remaining, from the puzzled state in which the Black appeared at the conclusion of the last round. Both the combatants were severely punished; Cribb's head was much swelled on the left side, and Molineux's nob was badly out of repair. Cribb displayed some weakness, the flash side were full of palpitation; Molineux rallied with unexpected spirit, bored in upon Cribb, and by a strong blow, which he planted in the face, through the Champion's guard, brought him down. It would be futile here to attempt to portray the countenances of the interested part of the spectators; they appeared, as it were, panic-struck, and those who were not thoroughly acquainted with the game of the Champion, began hastily to hedge off; others, better informed, still placed their confidence in Cribb, from what they had seen him take in former contests.

10. Molineux now showed symptoms of weakness; yet he fought with and bored his opponent to various parts of the ring. Cribb kept pinning him about the nob, but he seemed to disregard it, and kept close to his man till they both went down. The Champion now perceived what sort of a customer he had to deal with, and that to win, judgment and caution must be called in; he therefore adopted his favourite and successful system of milling on the retreat.

11. The sable hero, still partial to rallying, planted several blows, but they appeared feeble and ineffective; he nevertheless gave Cribb a heavy fall.

12. Molineux, immediately on setting to, commenced another rally, when the Champion put in a severe body blow, but Molineux, treated it with indifference, and in return not only milled his head, but in closing threw him.

13. Molineux, in boring upon his adversary, received a severe facer; but Cribb went down from the force of his own blow. [To show the fluctuation of the betting, we may state, that the odds had changed six to four on the Black, to the no small chagrin of those who had sported their money, that Molineux would not become the favourite any time during the fight.]

14. The Black went furiously in, and ran down Cribb without striking a blow, or without the latter being able to return one; however, on disengaging, the Champion was certainly down.

15. Cribb, on setting to, planted a blow over the guard of the Negro, which occasioned a most determined rally, and those persons who were fond of viewing milling witnessed in perfection; no shifting, but giving and taking were displayed on both sides, till Molineux was knocked down from a severe hit in the throat.

16. Bustling fighting and rattling milling still prominent; Molineux went down through fatigue; Cribb appearing to advantage and the odds changed till they became even, and finally a trifle on that the Champion would win.

17. Both the combatants, determined to do their best, entered most spiritedly into another sharp encounter; they closed, and Molineux not only gave Cribb a desperate fall, but fell upon him. [Betting very shy, if any, it appearing to be anybody's battle.]

18. The Champion made play, and planted with his right a severe body blow; Molineux returned by a hit on the Champion's head, but the latter hit the African clean off his legs by a straight blow in the forehead, falling from the force of his own blow. [Both men piping.]

19. To distinguish the combatants by their features would have been utterly impossible, but their difference of colour supplied this defect. It was really astonishing to view the determined manner in which these heroes met—Cribb acting upon the defensive, and retreating from the blows of his antagonist, though endeavouring to put in a hit, was got by Molineux against the ropes, which were in height about five feet, and in three rows. Molineux with both his hands caught hold of the ropes, and held Cribb in such a singular way, that he could neither make a hit or fall down; and while the seconds were discussing the propriety of separating the combatants, (which the umpires thought could not be done till one of the men fell down,) about two hundred persons rushed from the outer to the interior ring, and it is asserted, that if one of Molineux's fingers was not broken, it was much injured by some of them at tempting to remove his hand from the ropes: all this time Molineux was gaining his wind by laying his head on Cribb's breast, and refusing to release his victim; the Champion, by a desperate effort to extricate himself from the rude grasp of the Black was at length run down to one corner of the ring, where Molineux, having got his head under his arm, fibbed away most unmercifully, but his strength not seconding his intention Cribb got down. [The bets that Molineux did not fight half an hour were decided; that time having expired during this round.]

20. Molineux made the most of his advantage, and brought his opponent down by boring and hitting.

21. Cribb planted two blows upon the head and body of his opponent, which Molineux returned by a desperate blow in Cribb's face; they closed, and the Champion was thrown. [The well-known bottom of Cribb induced his friends to back him six to four.]

22. Of no importance.

23. The wind of both combatants appearing somewhat impaired, they sparred some time to recruit it, when Cribb put in a blow on the left eye of Molineux, which hitherto had escaped milling. The Black ran in, gave Cribb a severe hit on the body, and threw him heavily.

24. Molineux began this round with considerable spirit, and some hits were exchanged; Cribb was thrown. [The betting tolerably even.]

25. The effects of the last fall operated in some degree upon the feelings of

Cribb; yet the Champion endavoured to remove this impression by making play, and striving (as in the former round) to put in a hit on Molineux's left eye; but the Nigger, aware of the intent, warded it off, and in return knocked Cribb down.

26. Both the combatants trying to recruit their wind and strength by manoeuvring and sparring. The Champion now endavoured to hit Molineux over the right eye, the left having been darkened for some time; but the African stopped Cribb's blows with agility and neatness, although he went down from a trifling hit.

27. Weakness evident on both sides; after some pulling and hauling, both fell.

28. Cribb received a leveller in consequence of his distance being incorrect.

29. Molineux was running in with spirit, but the Champion stopped his career by planting a hit upon his right eye, which materially damaged his peeper, and, from its severe effects, he went down. The fate of the battle might be said to be decided by this round.

30. If any thing could reflect credit upon the skill and game of Cribb, it was never more manifest than in this contest, when we reflect what a resolute and determined hero he had to vanquish. Molineux, in spite of every disadvantage, with unequalled courage and determination, superior to punishment, he hustled his adversary with as much resolution as at the commencement of the fight, his nob defying all milling; hitting appeared to have no decisive effect upon it, and he contended nobly with Cribb right and left, knocking him away by his hits, and gallantly concluded the round by closing and throwing the Champion. [The African champion seemed convinced that, if he did win, he must do it off hand, as his sight was much impaired.]

31. The exertion of the last round operated strongly upon Molineux, and he appeared much distressed on quitting his second; he was soon floored by a blow in the throat, which Cribb put in very neatly.

32. It was almost who should—strength was fast leaving both the combatants—they staggered against each other, and fell without anything like an effective blow.

33. To the astonishment of every spectator, Molineux rallied with strength enough to bore his man down; but these hits were of more show than effect.

34. This was the last round that might be termed fighting, and Molineux had materially the worst of it; but the battle was continued to the 39th, when Cribb evidently appeared the best man, and, at the conclusion, Molineux for the first time declared that "he could fight no more!" but his seconds, who viewed the nicety of the point, persuaded him to try the chance of another round, to which request he acquiesced, when he fell from weakness, reflecting additional credit on the manhood of his brave conqueror, Tom Cribb.

## REMARKS.

Great events are generally judged of by comparison; and, however severe the conflict might have been between Johnson and Big Ben, this battle betwixt Cribb and Molineux was not only more formidable in its nature, but more determined and sanguinary. Fifty-five minutes of unprecedented milling, before the African champion thought he had had enough!

If anything had been wanting to establish the fame of Cribb, the above contest completely decided his just pretensions to the Championship of England. With a coolness and confidence almost his own, and with skill and judgment so truly rare, that he beat his men with more certainty than any of the professors of the gymnastic art, he was called upon to protect the honour of his country, and the reputation of English Boxing. And let it be remembered also, that, however partial to his favourite system of milling on the retreat, he never resorted to its scientific effects till the necessity of the moment compelled him not to throw away the chance; and that, for the first ten rounds of this contest, he was the offensive pugilist, and, notwithstanding his game had always been well known, his courage in this instance astonished all the spectators, who expressed their admiration at his being ever ready at the mark, fighting his man.

It is but candid to admit, from the excellent qualities exhibited by Molineux in his contest with the Champion, he was considered deserving of another trial. The plea, moreover, on which he grounded his fresh challenge, "the weather being so unfavourable," and the hope that "being of a different colour would not operate to his prejudice," was a strong appeal to the liberality of Englishmen, and could not be passed over with indifference by Cribb, who, although he had publicly declined fighting, accepted the challenge.

Thiselton Gap, in the county of Rutland, a few miles from Grantham, and contiguous to three counties, was the spot, and Saturday, the 28th of September, 1811, the day selected for this ever-memorable combat. Never was the sporting world so much interested; for twenty miles round the rendezvous not a bed could be obtained on the preceding night; and by six o'clock the next morning, hundreds were in motion to get a good place near the stage, which even at that early period proved a difficult task. It is supposed that nearly 20,000 persons witnessed this tremendous mill, and that one fourth of them were of the higher ranks, including some of the principal Corinthians of the State. Victory hung so long doubtful in the former combat, that the man of colour was by no means an unworthy rival even in the eyes of the Champion's friends.

It was rather remarkable that neither man weighed so much as in the

last fight by a stone; and Captain Barclay, whose knowledge of the capability of the human frame may be judged by an article which we inserted in the last number of this miscellany, took the Champion under his immediate eye, and trained him upon a system peculiar to himself, reducing Cribb from upwards of fifteen stone to about thirteen stone six pounds with improved stamina. From such patronage and protection the bets were three to one on the Champion, and six to four that he gave the first knock-down blow.

A few minutes after twelve o'clock they mounted the stage, which was 25 feet in diameter: Cribb springing upon it with great confidence and bowing to the spectators: his appearance was the signal for deafening applause. The sable champion followed, jumping over the railing with considerable spirit, and was greeted with tokens of approbation, though not of so general a nature. Both men seemed in high condition, and Molineux, for a man of colour, might be termed good-looking. Cribb appeared to have the longest arms. The Negro seemed disturbed, and walked the stage with hasty steps. As the men stood up stripped, the anxiety of the multitude was indescribable. The combatants were soon brought to the scratch by their seconds, Gully and Joe Ward for Cribb, and Richardson and Bill Gibbons for Molineux.

#### THE FIGHT.

1. A minute elapsed in sparring, when the Champion made play right and left, and popped his right-handed blow on the body of the Negro, who returned a short hit on his opponent's nob. A rally now commenced, in which a few blows were exchanged, and Molineux received a hit in his throat, which sent him to the ground, though not considered a knock-down.

2. The claret was perceived to issue first from the mouth of Cribb, on commencing this round. A terrible rally took place by mutual consent, when the Champion planted with his right hand a severe body hit, which was returned on the head by Molineux with his left flush. They both fought at half-arm's-length for superiority, and, in a trial of strength, Cribb was thrown. [Five to two on the Champion.]

3. In the last rally, the right eye of Cribb was almost darkened; and another equally fierce now commenced; the men broke away, after sparring to obtain wind, in which it was perceived the African was defective, the Champion put in a most tremendous doubler in the body of Molineux; but the latter, notwithstanding he was hit away, to the astonishment of every one, renewed the rally in so determined a manner, as to create considerable agitation amongst those persons who had betted the odds. [There was a marked difference in their method of fighting; Cribb hit right and left: as the head and body, while Molineux aimed at the nob alone, and with much judgment planted several dexterous flush hits, which impaired the eye-sight of Cribb, and his mouth bled considerably.] This rally continued a minute and a half, and the Champion received a heavy fall in closing. The superiority of the Negro's strength was evinced by his grasping the body of Cribb with one hand, and supporting himself by the other resting on the stage, and in this situation threw Cribb completely over upon the stage, by the force of a cross-buttock. [To those not flash, the appearance of things was in favour of the man of colour; but the fortitude of the Champion stayed his friends, although the betting got down to seven to four.]

4. Molineux's wind could not be depended upon. The head of Cribb was much disfigured, but although he was bleeding freely, he smiled with confidence, and rallied in manly style. A number of good blows were exchanged, Cribb milling away at the body, Molineux punishing the head. Cribb went down from a trifling blow, and betrayed symptoms of weakness. [No variation in the betting.]

5. Molineux forced the fighting; the punishment was dreadful on both sides; but the Black had the best of it; the Champion fell from a hit, and received another in the act of falling, which occasioned some difference of opinion; but the umpires decided it to be correct, as the hands of Cribb were at liberty.

(To be continued.)

#### THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER.

The first Monday in November is understood as the commencement of the hunting season generally throughout the kingdom, for fox hounds; harriers are taken out as soon as the crops are cut, and it not unfrequently happens that fox hounds take the field, in what may be called a regular manner, towards the close of October, though the fixtures are seldom announced for an earlier period than that mentioned above.—When Lord Southampton had the management of the Quorndon establishment (the year before his lordship removed it to Leicester) I met these hounds at Ragdale a few days before the expiration of October; the fixture was in a most beautiful part of the Leicestershire country (situated between Loughborough and Milton), and the weather was equally propitious: "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaims a hunting morning." A large field was not to be expected; yet above a score appeared at the place of meeting, including Sir Harry Goodricke and Mr. William Cradock, two keen sportsmen, though differing very much indeed in their manner of crossing a country: the former, it is well known, was "a first rate workman;" or, in the words of the poet

"A more able sportsman ne'er buckled on spurs,  
To rule a rash horse, or to make a screw stir."

Mr. Cradock cherished no fancy for jumping; yet, possessing a thorough knowledge of the country, and also of the running of the foxes, he contrived to make his way in a manner consonant to his feelings, and was seldom thrown completely out; Mr. Cradock did not stand alone in this respect; Sir R. Puleston, who kept a pack of fox hounds for many

years and hunted them himself, always avoided jumping—many other similar instances might be mentioned. Sir H. Goodricke and Mr. Cradock alas have been some years numbered with the dead.

The month of November may be regarded as the zenith of the season for the sports of the field; or at least for those diversions which come under the demonstration of the chase: all kinds of game may now be pursued; it is true, grouse are no longer approachable (by those means at least to which the genuine sportsman would resort) while partridges will be warily on the watch, and will lie only in strong turnips or where driven into cover: however, the more sluggish pheasant will await the approach of the dog, and, if the pointer or setter be used, will continue to lie under the very noise of the dog—requiring at times to be pushed out, or roused from its hiding place, by the sportsman's toe.

November constitutes the cream of the woodcock season, particularly from the early part of the middle of the month. Battue shooting now commences, when the pheasants, woodcocks, hares, rabbits, &c. are driven, pell-mell, from the cover, and have to run the gauntlet before a host of shooters. Much noise and rattle attends this wholesale mode of pursuing game, and it therefore imparts or produces a considerable degree of animation; yet the writer, though he has many times made one of a party of battue shooters, could scarcely reconcile himself to this un-English manner of slaughter: it has none of that nationality which characterises ranging the mountains for red grouse or the noble black cock—it sinks into insignificance, in fact, compared with the pursuit of the partridge, to say nothing of cover-shooting with spaniels.

As this is the period for the battue, it must necessarily be that also for cover-shooting with spaniels—a charming amusement. The best spaniels the writer ever possessed or which ever fell under his observation, were chocolate-colored, with short legs, strong and hardy: a good team of such animals enliven the plantation or cover with their busy working, their cheering whimper, their animating open as the game rises before them!—NIMROD.

#### A FEW HINTS TO SHOOTERS.

The following sporting precepts may be serviceable to inexperienced shooters:—

1. If you or your dog should, at any time, get a severe blow, let the wounded part be instantly fomented with water, as hot as can be borne, for at least half an hour, and you will thereby reduce your suffering, or impediment from sport, to at least half its duration.

2. If you burn yourself in shooting, or otherwise, wrap the part affected immediately in cotton, the application of which, it has been proved, acts like magic on a burn.

3. If you should take cold, bathe your feet in hot water; if a little salt or bran is, or both are, added, so much the better. Get into a bed warmed, with a little brown sugar sprinkled on the coals, and take some whey, or whatever you can get to promote perspiration.

4. Never fast too long, and avoid, whenever you can, fagging too hard.

5. Never go out with quite an empty stomach, to wait for wild fowls particularly in the morning. Should you wish to start before any one is up, you might always have left for you over night, a crust of bread, or a biscuit, with a glass of milk, which, with a little sugar, nutmeg, ginger, and the yolk of an egg, may be good in a moment, and this is better than what is called a "doctor" (rum and milk), because you then dispense with taking spirit in a morning, the very bad habit of which should always be avoided, except in a country where the chances of ague might justify your taking a little purg.

6. Never sit down with wet feet, or with wet clothes on any part of your body; but if a change is not at hand, keep in motion, or go to bed, till one can be procured. Or, if you want to start again, when refreshed, first wet your feet with spirits or essence of mustard, and then be as quick as possible in taking your refreshment. Many people prefer applying the spirit to the inside instead. This is not so well, because spirit alone always flies to the head, while strong beer, on the contrary, would warm the body. I shall here conclude, under this head, with the *multum in parvo* advice of the great Dr. Boerhaave; keep the body open, the head cool, and the feet warm.

A POSER.—When the Prince Bishop of Liege was riding to battle at the head of a fine body of troops, he was asked by a spectator, how he, a minister of religion, could engage in the iniquities of war? "I wage war," replied the prelate, "in my character of prince, not of archbishop." "And pray," continued the interrogator, "when the devil carries off the prince, what will become of the archbishop?"

PREPARATION FOR WAR.—A foot-race lately came off at Hounslow, between the Blues and 2nd Life Guards, in reference to which a newspaper paragraph states, that, "for some time a great spirit of rivalry has existed between those distinguished regiments, as to which of them could produce the fleetest runner." To run, has not, hitherto, been the ambition of the British soldier; and we hope this kind of emulation between the Life Guards and the Blues has not arisen in anticipation of war.—Punch.

# NOTICE TO COUNTRY DEALERS AND THE PUBLIC

IT having come to the knowledge of the Proprietors of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE that many of our Subscribers and the Country Dealers have not only experienced considerable difficulty in procuring the Back Numbers of this paper, but on many occasions have been disappointed in receiving the CURRENT WEEKLY NUMBERS; this is to give notice that all back numbers and parts are in print, and that the current number is published every Thursday at the OFFICE, 42, HOLYWELL-STREET, STRAND.

The Stamped Editions of Nos. 18 and 22, containing the reports of THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP, and that of PHELPS and BARNABY, are still on sale.

N.B. In No. 29 will be contained a full report of the Important Fight between GILL of Coventry, and NORLEY of Manchester.

Observe, this will be published on Thursday, Nov. 27th, two days after the battle.

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I remain gentlemen, yours, &c. JAMES HEYWOOD.

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TO SPORTSMEN.

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Deer-stalking Knives. J. B. DURHAM, Manufacturing Cutler, respectfully invites the attention of Sportsmen to his Immense Stock, which includes all the Newest Patterns and latest improvements, and all warranted of the best quality. Knives of every description made to order on the shortest notice. Old knives, &c., polished and repaired. 261, Regent-street, near the Polytechnic Institution.

**PRICE AND GOSNELL'S**  
PERFUMERY.—NOTICE.—Executors of the late John Gosnell v. Rees Price, Perfumer, 28, Lombard-street, trading under the firm of Price and Co., and previously under the assumed name of "Napoleon Price and Co." The Judges in the Court of Exchequer in this day decided in favour of the plaintiff in this case. The defendant, Rees Price, had disposed of his interest in the Perfumery and other trades carried on by the late firm of Price and Gosnell, to the late Mr. John Gosnell (father of the parties now carrying on business under the firm of John Gosnell and Co., 12, Three King-court, Lombard-street), and bound himself, under forfeiture of £5,000, not to commence business within the Cities of London or Westminster, or within the distance of 600 miles from the same, and notwithstanding this, had carried on business. This action was brought to recover liquidated damages for such breach of contract.—12, Three King-court, Lombard-street, Jan. 27, 1845.

**THE EARL OF ALDBOROUGH**  
CURED BY  
**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.**  
The Earl of Aldborough cured of a Liver and Stomach Complaint.  
Extract of a Letter from the Earl of Aldborough, dated Villa Messina, Leghorn, 21st Feb. 1845.  
To Professor HOLLOWAY.—  
SIR,—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thanking you before this time, for your politeness in sending me your pills as you did. I now take this opportunity of sending an order for the amount, and at the same time, to add that your Pills have effected a cure of a disorder in my liver and stomach, which all the most eminent of the Faculty at home, and all over the Continent, had not been able to effect; nay, not even the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad. I wish to have another Box and a Pot of Ointment, in case of any of my family should ever require either.  
Your most obliged and obedient servant,  
(Signed) ALDBOROUGH.  
A Wonderful Cure of Dropsy of Five Years' standing. Copy of a Letter from Mr. Thomas Taylor, Chemist, Stockton, Durham, 17th April, 1845.  
To Professor HOLLOWAY.—  
SIR—I think it my duty to inform you that Mrs. Clough, wife of Mr. John Clough, a respectable farmer of Acklam, within four miles of this place, had been suffering from Dropsy for five years, and had had the best medical advice without receiving any relief. Hearing of your Pills and Ointment, she used them with such surprising benefit, that, in fact, she has now given them up, being so well and quite able to attend to her household duties as formerly, which she never expected to do again. I had almost forgotten to state that she was given up by the Faculty as incurable. When she used to get up in the morning, it was impossible to discover a feature in her face, being in such a fearful state. This cure is entirely by the use of your medicines.  
I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c.  
(Signed) THOMAS TAYLOR.

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LONDON:—Printed by JOHN WORTHAM, of 313, Strand, in the parish of St. Mary-le-Strand; and Published at the Office, 42, Holywell-street, by E. DIPPLE.—Thursday, Oct 16th, 1845.



# THE Sportsman's Magazine

No. 27. FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 22, 1845. THREE HALF-PENCE.

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LIFE IN LONDON



THE WOUNDED PHEASANT.

THE 21st number of the Sportsman's Magazine, contained a picture of a gorgeous variety of the "Colchic Bird," strutting in pride of plumage on his free domain; "basking in the open" where, but for detracting from the distinct boldness of his single and spirited figure, the artist would have drawn the more soberly clad dames of his seraglio. We here present a picture of another kind, the truthfulness of which will be best appreciated by those who best understand the look and attitude of the living subject. The brilliant bird has been winged by a shot, and exerts his failing energies to escape from the eager spaniel whose instinctive ardour, in cruel mercy, must soon cut short his pain. It is as a faithful copy that we claim merit on the score of this engraving; in another place we shall say a few words on the philosophy of Field sports; for the present we turn to the subject of Covert Shooting generally.

Half the interest attendant upon covert shooting is certainly dependent upon the good behaviour of the dogs. What can exceed the satisfaction when the favourite spaniel, the constant companion of his master, his associate in the house, nay, perhaps the pet of his wife, mother, or sisters, throws his tongue on the quest of a woodcock, or raises the gaudy-plumaged pheasant from his resting-place? It produces enthusiasm and delight as he eagerly rushes to the spot from whence the welcome sound proceeds; nor does it end there. How gladly are the properties of the sagacious little animal resounded in the evening, when the indulgence of the easy chair or couch afford a preliminary repose prior to the more substantial rest which is sought for in the nocturnal dormitory! Can the exploits of those who, on the battue system, have had all the work performed by men and boys produce funds for such narrations? Most

certainly not: the utmost they admit of is the boast of so many heads of game having been slaughtered, and perhaps a few jokes passed on the unfortunate or unskilful shots made by some of the party.

Covert-shooting evidently calls forth more quickness and alacrity than that which is followed in the open; all kinds of game have opportunities of momentarily escaping from view, and perhaps not afterwards presenting themselves in a position to allow of their being shot at. Hares and rabbits, in crossing rides, are soon out of sight; when, entering the thickest part of the brushwood, which they usually do, they are seen no more. The manner in which a pheasant rises likewise creates a source of difficulty to many who are excellent shots at other things, taking a nearly perpendicular flight till high enough to clear the trees. It is a very usual circumstance to shoot under them, as can be clearly seen by their flying off with their legs broken: this is an unfortunate accident, because it so frequently happens that they cannot be recovered; and the miserable bird, unable to move about in search of food, dies a wretched death from absolute starvation. The most certain way of bringing them down is by waiting till they have attained the height at which they will strike off from, and then just taking them at the instant they are about to make a horizontal movement. This may be calculated upon by observing the position of the trees among which they are flying. Similar circumstances usually attend the springing of woodcocks; but their quiet, steady flight is very different to the bustle created by the whirring pheasant: as if conscious of his beauty, he seems disposed to attract attention; whereas the gliding, unassuming progress of the long-bill not unfrequently permits him to escape unseen, or at all events, till he has made sufficient progress to be out of reach; but as the are delicate birds, a slight blow will bring



them down, and a man is justified in shooting at them at a great distance, the more so because it does not appear to have any effect in increasing the distance of their flight; and if they are marked down, a second shot may as reasonably be calculated upon as if they were not shot at in the first instance.

Some difference of opinion exists whether a man, having acquired great proficiency in shooting in covert, is equally expert at partridges or other game in the open: this arises from the impression that the former causes him to shoot hastily. I am not quite inclined to subscribe to this, because a person in good practice will very naturally make the distinction; and I think it is less likely to be correct than that a very superior partridge shot shall be equally good in covert. Each requires practice; and to be really good in both departments, it is essential that both be resorted to. Man is so much influenced by habit, that, when constantly shooting at partridges, he may at first be somewhat bothered when hampered by the entanglements and obstacles of a thick and briery wood; but I am inclined to the opinion that when he has had experience in such situations, he will not be much at a loss in turnips and stubble fields.

A good marker is a very essential acquisition in the field, but it is an accomplishment not very readily attained. It is not every clod-hopping clown who may be gifted with a long vision that is of any use for such a purpose: indeed, nine cases out of ten he will direct you wrong, until instruction and habit have given him some idea of his business. Nevertheless it is not an uncommon custom to employ any idle vagabond, who would rather be so engaged than stick to his work. Defend me from such an attendant! I would rather be without any, than be so misled—an event that would often happen. In performing this office at partridges, if obstacles preclude the possibility of the eye following the cover to where it drops the only guide that remains is the inclination taken when last in sight: whichever way the birds turn, that is doubtless the direction to make for; but under such circumstances their exact position is very uncertain; that however, cannot be controlled. But it is a very common thing for birds to bear off at a right angle just before they drop; and if they are not in sight at the moment, it is very difficult to determine where they have gone to. They will likewise very frequently skim along the ground a very considerable distance, and an inexperienced marker will imagine that they have dropped long before they have done so. This may be taken for a general rule, that before they alight they drop their legs. This is very readily distinguished if they are within sight, as they assume a most peculiar appearance by throwing their bodies up, as it were, in a different position to what they previously presented. A person should never deceive himself by supposing he has marked birds down till he has distinctly noticed this action; and even after this, it is no uncommon movement for birds to run or to rise again, especially as the season advances, and they have been frequently disturbed. They will sometimes take a turn from the direction which they at first appeared bent upon, and fly off to a field which has been a favourite resort. It is close attention, when in sight, to their various manoeuvres that will enable a man to become useful in this occupation. Pheasants are yet more difficult to mark than partridges; they very frequently fly further than they appear to do, and very commonly run after they have dropped: they will also skim along by the side of a hedge, so that they can only be seen at intervals; this creates a great impediment to marking them accurately. I am not inclined to think it is a good plan to go up to the place immediately although the bird may be marked down to a yard, as in nine cases out of ten he is sure to set off to run when he hears your approach. It is far better to give him time to settle: he will not be so much on the *qui vive*, and if he should have run, a scent will be left to enable your dog to draw upon him, providing too great a space of time be not lost; besides which, he will not run near so far as he would do if he found you were in immediate pursuit of him.

**THE OMNIBUS DRIVER'S HAND-BOOK TO LONDON.**—We have heard that a little work with the above title will shortly be published, to obviate the difficulty in which the omnibus drivers are placed by the tearing up of the pavement all over the metropolis. The way from Fleet-street to the Strand, instead of being a straight line as heretofore, almost requires the assistance of a cicerone, and I believe that guides are now stationed at the foot of Chancery-lane, like the ticket-porters who stand at the entrance of the desert, to show travellers over it. As a general rule, it may be as well to bear in mind that, instead of going through Temple-bar straight into the Strand, you must take the first to the right, the second to the left, the fifth on the left again, the third on the right, the second to the left, then the sixth to the left, then straight on, then sharp round, then short off, then the fourth to the right, and finally to the left, when you will come into the Strand, in a direct line with the place you started from. A few days ago the distance from Bond-street to the White Horse Cellar, instead of being ten yards, was exactly a mile and three quarters, including the ups and downs of Hay Hill, the ins and outs of Berkeley-square, and other distant localities. We don't know at the present time any better illustration of "link'd sweetness long drawn out" than a six-penny ride in an omnibus.—*Punch*.

## THE FISHER'S CREEL.

### SEA ANGLING.



**S**N pursuance of a promise made in our "Notices to Correspondents" of last week, we insert a few hints and observations on this subject; perhaps some kind contributor will supply the deficiencies of this slight sketch, of which accuracy is the only merit. The angler who has only an opportunity of exercising his art in salt water, may make sure of sport, if he can only discover the haunts of fish, as the sea fish are by no means so timid and shy as those in fresh water.

Near to the mouths of rivers, when the tide is flowing up, several sorts of fish may be taken, such as WHITING, BASS, COAL-FISH, the fry of COD, and HADDOCK, flat fish, EELS, and other sorts.

From piers, or a little way out at sea, may be taken larger WHITING, small COD-FISH, HADDOCK, SMALL TURBOT, large PLAICE, and others, having a long strong rod and line, the line well leaded, a large hook, and a large cork float. Bait for the former with scoured red worms, shrimps, and gentles; for the latter with one or two large well-scoured worms, a raw muscle, the inside of a small raw crab, whipped round the hook, with a little white wool, a bit of whiting or other fish, fishing near or on the bottom, where the water is not too deep; at other times a little more than mid-water, according to the kind of bait that you use.

MACKAREL may be taken from rocks, or other places near the sea, when the tide is in, in parts where they frequent, by baiting with a bit of new scarlet broadcloth, or a small piece of one of their own species, swimming about mid-water, or lower if you can plumb the depth, with a good large cork float. The rocks of Dunleary in Ireland, which are eight or ten miles in length, and the nearest part about five miles eastward of Dublin, are remarkable for this way of fishing.

When you fish for HADDOCK, your line must be deep in the water, and your hook baited with two or three leb-worms, or muscles taken from the shell. Your tackle must be strong, for they struggle, especially if they have arrived to a tolerable growth.

In sea-fishing, when a ship is under sail, your line ought to be sixty fathoms in length, having a large hook affixed to it, and a piece of lead sufficient to keep it as deep under water as possible. Your line must be made of hemp, and fastened to the gunwale of the ship. Cod and large haddocks are the fish usually taken in this way, and sometimes ling; the bait for them is a piece of raw beef, and it is scarcely possible to feel either of them bite, even though you hold the line in your hand, by reason of the continual motion of the ship.

Angling for whittings from a boat affords good sport, and if you have not an experienced fisherman to show you the fishing-banks, you may know where to cast anchor from the gulls, and other sea-birds crowding to the place. At Portsmouth the tradesmen use smelts as baits for this sort of fishing, but muscles or worms are equally good. A paternoster line, without any rod, with half a dozen hooks, at half a yard distance from each other, may be fastened to the inside of the boat, and by holding this in the hand, it will be easy to feel when the fish bite. I have seen them bite so freely at Largs, in the Frith of Clyde, as to take two or three at a haul as fast as I could pull them up.

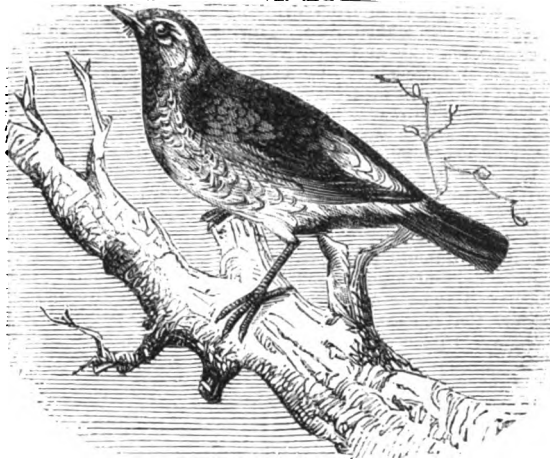
The whiting POLLACK, is often caught in rock-fishing, and from his struggling hard he affords good sport. The best baits are smelts, shrimps, muscles, cockles, or worms. The line from the boat may be sixty yards long, with three or four hooks at some distance apart, and about half a pound of lead above the highest. The line ought to be coiled up in the hand, and then the lead thrown to a distance into the sea, as is done in night-line-fishing for trouts in rivers.

**GREAT FLIGHT OF BIRDS.**—The Mary, Captain Small, from Rotten-dam, which arrived at Leith a few days ago, encountered a severe gale off the land on her passage home; and during its continuance, an immense number of small birds boarded the vessel, covering the rigging and uttering wild cries, as evidently glad of the shelter from the great wind which had driven them so far to sea. Safe from one disaster, they soon were overtaken by another in the shape of a large hawk, that pounced upon the timid songsters, and killed several of them before he could be secured. A number have been brought home, dead and alive, consisting of nearly all the variety of our European songsters. The hawk is perfectly tame, and a great favourite with the crew of the Mary.—*Edinburgh Journal*.

**A NOVEL HUNT.**—A few days ago, a hare that was hard pressed bent its course into Carnarvon, with hounds and huntsman at its heels, and speeding its way through streets, lanes, and alleys, made to the quay, where, finding a hound close upon her, she jumped into the river, and was boldly and successfully making for the opposite bank, when a dog that was hung in after her seized poor puss to the deep regret of the spectators, who thought that the poor thing after such a gallant run might have been allowed to escape with her life.

**RATHER FAST.**—"Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young fellow to a brisk brunette. "Just let me have your hand, if you please." "La! Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well—go and ask my father." Amiable simplicity!

## BRITISH BIRDS. NO. XX.



THE FIELDFARE.

**I**F the thrush species, the Fieldfare forms the connecting link between the ouzels or blackbirds, and the missel thrush and redwing. In some districts it is called the chestnut-backed thrush; slight variations, however, occur in the markings of different individuals. In the collection of Mr. Stevenson, of Edinburgh, is a cream-coloured fieldfare with pale red markings on its under parts. The ordinary bird has the head, cheeks, and hinder part of its neck ash-grey, the forehead slightly tinged with brown, and most of the feathers of the upper part of the head with a central dusky streak. The upper half of the back and wing-coverts are chestnut-brown, hence its local name, the posterior half shaded into ash-grey. The tail feathers are black, with the lateral feathers greyish towards the end. The breast is a light, yellowish, red, with triangular brown-black spots. The middle of the breast and belly grey-white, tinged with red, the under side of the tail white and dusky on each side. The lower wing-coverts and pin-feathers are pure white underneath, and easily observed when the bird is on the wing. This minute description of the plumage of the fieldfare will, we trust, prevent its being confounded with many of its nearly allied congeners. The bird arrives in this country in its full plumage, and departs before any particular variation has taken place, except the wearing of the tips of the feathers.

The Fieldfare appears in Britain about the end of October, sometimes in the beginning of November, in the northern and eastern parts of Britain, where some of them remain all the winter and spring, while others disperse over the country. In the wooded parts they seem to rest at night on tall trees, at least I have seen them so roosted after sunset; but Montagu affirms that they repose on the ground, which may be the case, and certainly they must sleep there or on rocks in the Hebrides, where they are met with during the cold season. You see them at early dawn flying off to the fields in a loose body, or meet them there even in the dim twilight; but it seems improbable that they remain at night in the open fields, as they are never observed to crouch in the manner of the larks, pipits, and other birds that repose on the ground. Their flight, which is easy and rather slow, is performed with little undulation, by quickly repeated flaps of the wings, the bird spreading out those organs, making about twelve short flaps, and as it were intermitting one or more. In this manner they proceed, uttering a kind of chuckling chirp, until they arrive over a field on which they have a mind to settle, when they perform several circling evolutions, and at length alight. After settling, each is seen to stand still with its wings close, but a little drooping, its tail slightly declined, and its head elevated. It then hops rapidly a few steps forward, stops, picks up a seed, an insect, or other article of food, and again proceeds. They generally move in the same direction, always facing the wind if it be high, and those in the rear, especially if left far behind, fly up to the front. When alarmed, they all stand still for a short time, some utter a low scream, and presently all fly off to a distance, or alight on the tall trees in the neighbourhood. There they sit gracefully on the twigs, with their tails declined, and generally with their heads all directed one way, unless they have settled for the purpose of resting or amusing themselves after procuring a sufficiency of food. In fine weather they often enact a concert of long duration, which, although their song is neither loud nor very melodious is very pleasant. When they are upon trees their attitudes resemble those of the Blackbird; but they do not frequent bushy places, woods, or gardens, for the purpose of picking up snails, worms, or larvae, but repair to the open fields and meadows, where it is amusing to see them in calm weather hopping about in all directions, stopping now and then

to pick up their food, or to look around them. In this respect they resemble the Song Thrush, as well as the Redwing and Missel Thrush, with the two latter of which they often temporarily associate. They are very shy, seldom allowing a person to approach within a hundred yards in an open field, although when on trees they are somewhat less suspicious. In the former situation they keep at a distance from the hedges or walls, and fly off in a body; but in the latter several individuals frequently remain behind the main body, and may sometimes be shot. Of the three species the Redwing seems to be the least shy, and the Missel Thrush the most so, but all are very easily alarmed. The Song Thrush is the tamest of the genus, and next to it the Blackbird, but these species are not gregarious, even in severe weather. When the ground is covered with snow the Fieldfares betake themselves to marshy meadows, where they are often shot in great numbers; for, although repeatedly annoyed, they return at short intervals, and persons stationed here and there along the hedges are sure of obtaining many chances. The irrigated meadows to the west of Edinburgh are a favourite place of resort to all Thrushes in frosty weather. On the 19th January, 1835, I there shot ten Fieldfares, five Redwings, four Song Thrushes, and four Blackbirds. Should the pools and brooks be frozen, they repair to the woods and hedges, where they obtain a supply of hawthorn, holly, and other berries.

The food of the fieldfare during winter and spring consists of berries of various kinds, worms, larvae, pupae, and insects, as well as seeds of cereal and other plants. I have never seen it in corn yards, however, even in the most severe weather, but it frequently enters gardens in time of snow to eat the holly berries. It employs a small quantity of fragments of quartz and other hard substances to aid the trituration of its food.

If the weather be fine, they generally disappear about the middle of April; but I have several times met with flocks in May. Thus, on Friday, the 6th May, 1836, I saw a flock of about twenty fieldfares in East Lothian, about half way between Salton and Tranent. Mr. Edward Lambert, in the *Linnean Transactions*, Vol. III, p. 12, states that the latest fieldfare he "ever saw was on the 1st of May in Dorsetshire, and the earliest on the 29th of December." The Rev. Messrs. Sheppard and Whitear, in the fifteenth volume of the same work, have the following note on the same subject, "In backward seasons the fieldfare is late before it leaves this country: it has been killed in the neighbourhood of Cromar the first week of June. On the 5th of May, 1812, we saw fieldfares in prodigious numbers, flying very high, and steering due north. They were probably migrating at that time, as none were afterwards seen. We observed a very large flock of those birds on the 3rd of May, 1820; they were extremely tame, and suffered us to approach within a few yards. They were observed again on the following day in the morning, but were all gone in the afternoon." According to various writers, they retire in summer to the northern parts of the continent of Europe, where they breed, forming their nests on the pine trees.

[The fieldfare has been celebrated as an article of food, or rather as a luxury, and it has not been undeservingly praised in this respect. The flesh is tender and rapid, and there is generally a great accumulation of fat in the cavity of the abdomen and under the skin. It is this species that is supposed to have been the "Turdus," so highly esteemed by the Romans, and which was fattened with a paste composed of figs and flour. Great numbers are sold in the London markets, and in those of other cities, but beyond the metropolis, the species seems to be little regarded; and in Edinburgh, redwings and blackbirds are as often seen in the market as fieldfares, these and other small land birds going under the general name of thrushes and larks, while small marsh birds are called snipes.]

Several instances of the fieldfare's breeding in this country have been mentioned, and it is not improbable that they may yet become more numerous, as has certainly been the case with the missel thrush. Perhaps it may in some cases have been mistaken for it, as happened to a person who two years ago brought me the eggs of the missel thrush for those of the fieldfare.

## WRINKLES FOR THE GROOM—NO. VI.

## THE PHYSICAL DISPOSITION AND CAPABILITIES OF HORSES FOR LABOUR.



**O** decide by the outward appearance of a horse, on the latent qualities he may possess, and what he will prove in continual exercise, is a perfection of judgment scarcely in experience to confer; appearances are so deceitful, that those most skilful in the subject will find themselves occasionally mistaken, and even after the best advice, much must be left to the operation of chance.

I take the above lines for my text; they are the commencing observations of an introduction to a very clever and amusing pamphlet, published in India by Lieut. J. P. Piggot, of the Honourable East India Company's Service. I was fortunate in obtaining one of them, previous to my leaving that country; and although my veterinary professional duties were but short, being compelled to resign from ill health, it was sufficient to enable me to confirm his remarks. In it he gives the



peculiarities of fourteen different casts of horses, with other instructive, and, to the horseman, highly entertaining information; the book is small, consisting only of thirty-seven pages; and, with your permission, I should be happy occasionally to furnish you with extracts from it.

The willingness of a horse for labour, with the physical capability of doing that which his energetic mind suggests, must be allowed to be the two great essentials to make a good horse,—and these two states must exist in all horses that have performed extraordinary feats,—and all horses must be very indifferent animals that do not possess these requisites, namely, the will and the power!

There is an observation, common even among horsemen, that it is all nonsense about the make and shape of horses; for, say they, the best horse I ever possessed was the worst shaped horse; but, on inquiry, you will find that he possessed in a great degree the will and the power—they must accompany each other—the one is of little use without the other. What avails it if he is willing without the power, or if he has the power, and is not willing?

How often do we see in the field a horse of fifteen hands, with thirteen or fourteen stone on his back, at the close of a long day fresh and in a condition for continued labour; while the horse of sixteen hands, and of twice his bulk, with ten or twelve stone on his back, is beaten before the day is half over. How essential, then, is this capability for labour. It exists, technically speaking, just in proportion to the degree of nervous excitability of that part of the brain and nervous system which influences the muscles of locomotion; and in all cases when this peculiar nervous excitability exists in a great degree, there will be found accompanying it a peculiar formation. The peculiarity is not easily described, but must be learnt by attentive practical observation. In such a horse, however, the muscular and tendinous structure will be beautifully developed; in horseman's language, he is called a wiry horse, the term is a good one; and in every case accompanying this formation, in a greater or less degree, you have a choleric disposition or temper, or, in horseman's language, he is a horse of high courage. Opposed to this, you have the horse of the dull phlegmatic temperament, whose external formation has totally contrary character; his muscular and tendinous structure will be found ill defined; he puts on a soft, faulty, pulpy appearance, like a horse-skin stuffed with wool. From such a description of horses no one should expect extraordinary doings,—his muscular powers are exceedingly limited,—his temper is inactive,—and he tires on slight exertion.

Some persons, though accustomed to horses all their lives, and anxious to become judges, never can select from appearances; while these differently gifted can swear to a good one, to a considerable extent, the instant they behold him. And the questions that suggest themselves to a judge on purchasing the first description of horse, are,—if he can ride him? if he will not prove too much for him? if he will be sufficiently under his control with bounds? if his energetic disposition will suffer the trammels of harness?

How essential a consideration is this subject to the breeder; that he should not be wholly taken up with the make and shape of either his stallion or mare, but should direct, in a great degree, his best attention on both sides to the bottom, or in other words, to the state of nervous excitability of that part of the brain and nervous system which influences the muscles of locomotion,—for 'tis this power that moves the machinery!

If it were possible to mould a horse in perfectly symmetrical form, in every way formed for speed,—still, without that great essential, that peculiar nervous excitability, he would at best prove but an indifferent animal.

Reflect on the extraordinary powers and beautiful form of Eclips; but if he had been deficient in this point, he could not possibly have obtained such high renown.

Could the best judge, on looking at Eclips, have foretold his capabilities? Certainly not; all he could say was, that his blood and appearance were in his favour.

Does any one suppose, that the reason why we have not had his equal in speed is owing to not having had his equal in shape and make? If they do, they are undoubtedly in error,—for, doubtless, we have had many horses whose animal-machinery indicated speed as well as that of Eclips—but if they were equal in form, they wanted that great essential.

A gentleman of great mechanical genius, and who has devoted considerable attention to the construction of locomotive carriages, once said, while conversing on horse matters, to a friend versed in the subject, "Oh, I can always select the fastest horse, for I knew that a fast horse must have great length of muscle, with long levers!" He was properly answered,—"Then go to the next St. Leger, and return with immense wealth." To a certain degree he was right, as far as the mechanism of the horse was concerned; but he never thought of the hidden propelling power,—How the steam stood.

#### FEEDING.—QUANTITY OF HAY, OATS, &c.

Many diseases of the stomach of the Horse are brought on by over-feeding with hay. When young horses are kept much in a stable, with a rack full of hay before them, they eat merely for employment, and thus gradually stretch their stomachs, and acquire a proportionate increase of

appetite, which after a time becomes craving or voracious, and in that case it always loses its natural delicacy, and becomes more or less depraved; such an appetite is always accompanied with thirst. I have known such a horse drink from a barrel of pig's wash after being kept without water for a few hours; and a collier's horse was once brought to me with his mouth very sore and inflamed from drinking some whitewash that had been just prepared from slaked lime. Horses require a relish for human urine, even when stale and offensive; I know a farmer who is in the constant practice, and has been so for many years, of giving his horses all the urine of the family with their corn; and I was informed by a person whose veracity I have no reason to doubt, that he saw a horse drink stale urine with avidity, which was served for the purpose in a cask, when it was so offensive upon being stirred, that he could not bear to come within several yards of it. The trash a horse eats when the appetite is vitiated not only disorders the stomach and breeds worms in the bowels, but injures the wind also, and debilitates the whole muscular and nervous system. Hence arise a great variety of symptoms, so numerous and so diversified that it is difficult perhaps impossible, to arrange them under distinct heads or denominations; and the best way of considering them is as disorders depending on a morbid condition of the digestive organs or digestive system, that is to say, of the stomach, bowels, and liver,—probably the spleen and pancreas should be included also,—brought on by improper feeding. This view of the subject leads us both to the cure and the means of prevention.

I have seen horses kept in the best condition, and fit for any work, upon eight pounds of hay in the day and night. I have known others that have eaten from twenty to thirty pounds in that time, and have been scarcely fit for any work, being generally more or less asthmatic, sluggish, and weak. A horse's appetite is too often considered a sufficient criterion for determining the quantity as well as the quality of the hay that is most fit for him; but it should always be recollected that many horses will eat three times more than will do them good, without any regard to the quality, and if kept short of hay will eat the filthiest litter. Young horses should not be suffered to acquire this morbid appetite; they should be kept at graz, and worked accordingly, till they are five years old. When kept in a stable they should have regular employment. Idleness is the ruin of young horses in every way; it makes them mischievous, and unwilling to work when wanted. If left much in a stable without having something to eat, by way of employment, they will get a habit of playing with the rack and manger, and at length become crib-biters; so that the only way of keeping them from bad habits, and from injuring their stomachs, is to work them regularly, and in a degree suitable to their age and strength, or to keep them at grass.

#### Reminiscences of Racing and Racers, in 1845.

(For the Sportsman's Magazine.)

BY SOOTHSAYER.

(Continued from page 427.)

The only other feature of importance, (to resume my subject from No. 26), at the Warwick Spring Meeting, April 7, was the debut of Salopian, also the property of Mr. A. W. Hill, and his Derby nag, who won the Warwickshire Handicap, beating Veluti and some others; but, it cannot be termed anything of a performance. Of the Hampton Spring, April 8, I cannot say much; Lord Glamis mounted his Belshazzar, and won the Barrack Stakes. The Free Handicap Hurdle Stakes of 10 sov., 20 added, were carried off by Whalebone, rode by Mr. Simmonds. There was a dispute as to Mr. Simmonds being a member of any club or hunt. At the Burton Constable Races, April 9, very little happened of interest. A novelty was introduced as a prize, being a silver tea-pot the gift of E. H. Reynard, Esq., to be run for; it was won by Mr. Baxter's mare Legacy. Montgomerie started for the Drawing Room Stakes, but was beaten, and by those who watched events, put out of the betting for the Derby; his running there, which I shall speak of in its turn, justified their judgment. There was nothing at the Bibury Spring Meeting of any consequence, excepting that Naworth beat New Forest Deer. The Newmarket Craven Meeting, April 14, presented the racing world with an infinity of puzzling results, and unquestionably rendered the betting on the Derby a matter requiring much sagacity. To digress for a minute, it is always with a thrilling interest you tread the turf at Newmarket. The nucleus of all that is pure in blood and distinguished. Aristocratic in every sense of the word, Newmarket bears the highest character in the sporting world. Epson is more popular. Goodwood is not wanting in sylvan scenery, and in associations in some respects more pleasing if not superior. Ascot can boast of Royalty, now deserted, but until lately accorded to Newmarket; yet no place in the world can claim such lordly gatherings, such magnificent arrivals, such scenes as Newmarket can. High in her station, she has preserved that character now for 200 years, and long may she continue to do so! On Newmarket Heath the greatest trials, and the heaviest matches have been decided, and taking the year through, more money is spent there in racing than any other two meetings in the kingdom. To resume; for the Renewal Stakes, Lady Wildair was

placed one, Tunick two, and a match following, our old friend the Ugly Buck was beaten by Minotaur; he carried 6lb more, and gave Minotaur a year. The match was for 300 sovs. a side. The Riddlesworth was won by Winchilsea having as a competitor Ratafia only, and he won easily. Kedger, walked over for the Belgrave Square Stakes, without however finding many admirers. April 15, brought out some colts and fillies for the 100 sov. Sweepstakes in which Fickle Wild Rose, beating Scaramento, that colt lost his friends for the Derby. A splendid race for the Newmarket Handicap resulted in favour of Vol-au-Vent, (6st. 6lb.) "well in" as they say, beating I-am-not-aware, (7st. 8lb.) Knight of the Whistle, Ma Mie, and some ten others all pretty well weighted. Croton Oil was fourth. Winchilsea contended for the Tuesday's Riddlesworth with the Cobweb Colt, and beat him, and so over went Cobby for the Derby. In a match Oakley beat Discord by a neck. Nat rode Discord, Robinson, the other. Idas, 'the observed of all observers' next came out to walk over for the 100 sov. Sweepstakes, but the other, Sister to Ma Mie, withdrawing the stake, nothing was done. The Duke of Bedford's Captain Phœbus won a sweepstakes, beating three others; April 16, Khorassan, then Mr. Howe's, but formerly Sir Gilbert's, won the Subscription Plate, beating a good field, All-round-my-hat, Carolina, Celia, and Delapre. Winchilsea won the Column, beating Hersey, Adrianople, Javelin, and Duc an Durras, and again the field lost. I shall resume the subject of these reminiscences with the sport on Thursday, April 17, when Idas first made a figure in the world.

(To be continued.)

## NOTICE!

## THE SPORTSMAN'S ALMANAC,

will be ready for delivery with NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE; it will contain the whole of the Nominations for the Derby, Oaks, and Leger 1846; revised tables of the duties on horses, dogs, game certificates, &c. A list of principal Jockeys and the colours of their Masters; Public Trainers; Sporting Chronologies for 1846; a really SPORTING Calendar, (which no other Almanac has yet contained) besides a mass of general information equal to other Sheet Almanacs, printed in a style for framing or suspending on a board in public or private rooms.—Price THREE-HALFPENCE to Subscribers—SIXPENCE to Non-Subscribers, after the expiry of the week of publication. \* \* \* Observe! the whole of the Back Numbers, and the MONTHLY PARTS, are in Print, and may be had. Office, 42, Holywell-street, Strand.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. CARTER.—The matter would be entirely unsuited to a Sporting miscellany. A country paper, or one of the pictorial broadsheets, would be the proper place for "Necks and Corners." Bendigo cannot remain Champion of England, if he refuses to fight Caunt, as the very title implies a readiness to meet all comers. The bet on Caunt ought to have been paid long ago by the loser.

J. SANDERSON.—Your letter is a tissue of absurdities. You proceed upon the hypothesis that the umpire, at the fight of Caunt and Bendigo, did not disagree; you are building a pretty structure on the sands, after the fashion of a correspondent of *Bell's Life*, of Sunday last, who, under the signature of "A Barrister," delivers a *chaîm* of pompous truisms, all of which are not worth a rush, because the first link which should attach them to the rock of truth is wanting. The umpires disagreed, (we will vouch for that, so far as the assertions of both Hamman and Wharton, addressed to the referee himself, in our hearing were concerned); the Squire asked if the umpires disagreed; he was vociferously answered they did, he then said, "Caunt has lost the fight," and Jem Ward elbowed his way off to Bendigo's corner, whether Hamman (being inside the ropes and obstructed) ran more quickly. It may be very amusing to twist a rope of sand, but it will never serve to bind together a bundle of silly and incoherent assertions. The fact is, those who were on the spot, and saw and heard the doings and sayings of the actors and spectators in the scene, are alone capable of giving evidence; and in the absence of evidence, the special pleading and theorizing, the axioms and dogmas, the "laying down the law," and the equivocating of the crowd of individuals, to whose fitch for scribbling our contemporaries so freely lend their columns, is merely "five blue beans in a bladder, rattle, rattle, rattle!"

ESTELLA.—We do not know: address your question to the *Legal Observer*.

ROS ROY.—Ned Stockman. There are sixteen battles attributed to Ned Stockman in *FANTANA* (the best authority you can have); he certainly drew two, one with Cavemash and one with Bill Fisher; perhaps R. C. relies on this when he bets "there are not *Afene fights*" against his name. R. C. loses; they were *fights*, the men fought, though victory does not alter the fact of the men having fought.

D. J.—Another Caunt and Bendigo correspondent! "A thousand words will not fill a bushel," friend D. J. The truth would open sores, and revive or give birth to unpleasant feelings. The stakes have been given up—bets go with the battle—money—and honourable men will pay them. Bendigo won the fight; "good men and true" may be misled when they rely on information at second hand. There is much "virtuous indignation" wasted on the "roughs," &c. They never influenced either umpires or referees, nor did they interfere with the progress or result of the battle. With the exception of one well-known and respected public character, (and that one a friend and backer of Caunt), no living soul entered the ring from the moment the men were in attitude until the declaration of the result, save the combatants and their seconds. What then becomes of your theory "that the men had not fair play from the pressure of the roughs!" It is on a par with the gratuitous assumption of "The Barrister" already commented on.

Newman Notes, Manchester.—

"What, will the line stretch out the crack o' doom?  
I'll see no more!"

Your question is answered above. To the second; there was no appeal at all in the 32nd round; there was one in the 33rd, and it was adjudicated upon. Had the blow in 33 been "as palpable a hit" as Hamlet's, as the "play went on," there could be no re-opening of the question.

MIGRATION.—Under this signature an intelligent correspondent requests some information on the game of Canada and of the East Indies; one or both.

R. H., Nottingham.—The number (13) is not out of print. Give us the name of the agent or newsdealer at Nottingham, or send us three postage stamps, and the post-free edition shall be forwarded to your own address.

C. R. and J. B. are playing at cribbage; the former has in crib two deuces, a four, and a seven; he counts six for these cards, J. B. says he can only count four. Which is right? J. B. is right?

ENDERBY.—We cannot immediately lay our hands on the particulars of the race. Hambletonian was bred by Mr. Hutchinson, of Skipton, near York, foaled in 1792. Sir King Fergus, dam by Highflyer. He then became Sir C. Turner's property, subsequently Sir Harry Tempest Vane's. His race with Diamond (immortalized in song) was over the Beacon Course at Newmarket, the Monday in the Craven Meeting, 1799, for 3000 guineas. Mr. Cookson, the owner of Diamond, challenged another trial, which was declined. Hambletonian won by three quarters of a length only.

S. ROBSON.—A hand is four inches; it is so called from the supposed breadth of the human hand. Three hands are consequently equal to a foot. In "give and take plates" the horses are measured by a standard.

TO A NORTH COUNTRYMAN, we answer "Aye!"

E. N. J.—Captain Clegg's Book on Gymnastics, will be found to contain what you require to know respecting the exercises; it contains figures and plates of the poles, platforms, ladders, and other apparatus.

BENJAMIN BOLUS.—Look to our "WRINKLES FOR THE GROOM."

AN EDINBURGH CORRESPONDENT'S intentions and good wishes are fully appreciated. Can he forward us some of the information he promises at once? We should like to use it at the present season. His Ornithological papers we shall be glad, from time to time, to press into our service.

E. S., Maldstone.—Burns is praising whiskey (not ale) when he says—

"When neebors anger at a plea,  
An' just as wud as wud can be,  
How easy can the barley bres  
Cement the quarrel!"

"P." of Swaffham, is heartily thanked—the earlier he lays us under another obligation the better.

E. B. WATSON.—It will be tried at Westminster, if tried at all; but, as yet it is not on the cause-paper, and most likely never will be; the 18th clause of the GAMES & WAGERS BILL, passed last session, will settle the question we should say. See our leader of last week.

CAR, Manchester.—The disease of the penis is more common with dogs than generally supposed. It is rather a case for surgery than medicine; we fancy we could cure it, if under our own care and eye, but that is impossible. Try the following wash as a lotion, used with a small bit of sponge:—

Sulphate of Copper (blue vitriol) ..... 1 oz.

Water ..... 8 oz.

and give the animal a mild mercurial purgative every other day for six days, then intermit, and resume the dose after four or five days, unless progressive cure is very evident.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

SUNDAY, Nov. 16th.—TWENTY-SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.—Westminster Bridge opened, 1750.—A "Rough Rider's" Hints to Young Postmen.—There are three points to be observed in riding to hounds; the first a quick eye—the next a light hand—and the next a good seat. A quick eye will always have the hounds in view, and whenever the fox shows the tip of his nose in the open, he's sure to be seen; and as you are going across a country at best pace, a quick eye will always avoid blind fences, sand-pits, stone-quiries, and bogs, all of which are more or less dangerous to man and horse. A light hand is another quality in a good rider, that can't be done without. Always feel your horse's mouth as he goes along, but don't check him, and in taking a leap, just hold him tight enough to keep his head straight; but if, at this particular time, you begin to turn, and twichia, and twistin, you and the animal will soon be together at loggerheads and all-four. A good seat is a blessing to the horse. Some men ride like sacks of wool, bump, bump, bump, upon the animal's back, as if they'd got no legs or feet. Why, the stirrup is the place to catch your weight, and if you throw it into the stirrup, instead of the back part of your middle, your horse will have the benefit of dividing twelve stone between four legs instead of two.

MONDAY, 17th.—WORKINGTON COURSE MEETING (Two days).—Lotteries abolished by Act of Parliament, 1833.—Distinction of Heads.—Rum, when in hog's-heads, is capable of doing but little mischief, but when it gets into men's-heads, then look out.

TUESDAY, 18th.—ASHDOWN PARK COURSE MEETING.—Cardington Course Meeting, 18, 19, and 20.—Smith's distillery found to have illicit pipes under-ground, 1844; the excise officers "call spirits from the vasty deep," and they come.

WEDNESDAY, 19th.—BEGGAR COURSE MEETING.—Leam Steeplechases (19th and 20th).—A great hurricane, 1824; it raged with such fury in London, that it actually blew a son of Calcutta back to his native country.—Blackfriars Bridge opened, 1760.—Battle of Navarino, 1827.—"Go it Ned!"

THURSDAY, 20th.—Newport Pagnet Steeplechases (two); Aristocratic and another.—Hornby Park Course Meeting.—Return of General Fane, 1816; he had been driven out of Europe for many years.—Fleet Market opened, 1836; very likely to be turned into a Railway Terminus, by 1844.

FRIDAY, 21st.—Newport Pagnet Steeplechases (two); Annual, and All Horses.—Ribblesdale (Yorkshire) Course Meeting, 20 and 21.—Princess Royal born, 1840.—

The happy schoolboy, whom the swollen streams,  
Perilous to wight so small, give holiday,  
Forth roaming, now wild berries pull, now paints,  
Artless, his rosy cheek with purple hue;  
Now wonders that the nest, hung in leafless thorn,  
So full in view, escap'd erewhile his search;  
On tiptoe rais'd,—ah, disappointment dire!  
His eager hand finds nought but wither'd leaves.

SATURDAY, 22nd.—A cargo of American candles imported. When will Pennsylvania send her composition—and how much to the pound?

## THE MOON IN NOVEMBER.

First Quarter, 6th .. .. .	6 15 aft.
Full Moon, 14th .. .. .	0 55 morn.
Last Quarter, 22nd .. .. .	4 26 morn.
New Moon, 29th .. .. .	11 41 morn.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High Water at London Bridge.		morn.		aft.	
Sunday, Nov. 16th .. .. .	3 11	3 9	Thursday, 20th .. .. .	5 31	5 39
Monday, 17th .. .. .	3 45	4 1	Friday, 21st .. .. .	6 13	6 36
Tuesday, 18th .. .. .	4 18	4 35	Saturday, 22nd .. .. .	7 0	7 28
Wednesday, 19th .. .. .	4 53	5 12			

# The Sportsman's Magazine.

## GYMNASTICS. NO. III.

### FENCING.—SECTION IV.

THE CUTS AND ASSAULTS—continued.

**F**ORCED to apologise owing to an absent wood-block, we resume on its arrival the thread of our discourse, touching the method of planting the tierce; preferring, as we have already said, the figure which addresses itself to the eye to the mere verbal description, which, without that illustration, is seldom easily understood by the tyro.

The following outline (fig. 12) represents



FIG. 12.—TIERCE PLANTED HOME.

We resume our concise instructions. If, engaged in quarte, you find a direct thrust or cut difficult or impracticable, but not otherwise, raise the point of your weapon vertically; then apply your forte to his point in tierce, and cut down vertically and forcibly, merging the last portion of your cut into a thrust. Now for the best mode of foiling or guarding against this thrust. Give the point volante in tierce. And here let us correct an awful and serious error made by our printer by misplacing two direction lines under the engravings in the last number. It is this: the two figures at top of column page 424, are respectively—the left hand one, the ALLONGE IN TIERCE; the right, the GUARD OF TIERCE BY THE FORT: while the two lower ones are—the left one, POINT VOLANTE IN TIERCE; the right, POINT VOLANTE IN QUARTE. The error, though rendering our description apparently absurd, will be easily rectified, and as easily accounted for by those who are conversant with the mechanical details of printing—the blunder consisting in the transposition of the two lines in the process of making up. This explained, we proceed. Give point volante in tierce, and thus extricate your foible by raising your point vertically keeping your hand in tierce. By this mode, your will find, if you perform it slowly with a fellow pupil, his foible must come to your forte.

The seconde differs from the tierce in its direction (see p. 412) which is under the arm. It is ordinarily returned after you have parried the quarte over, or the tierce.

The thrust of prime may be returned after the parade in prime.



Fig. 13.—PRIME.

The guard of prime is unquestionably the weakest, if we except the modern guards derived from it, such as the right and left protects, and

only. Namely, when guarding off a forcible quarte over the arm; for, observe, if he has succeeded in seizing your foible by pushing your quarte over, you cannot parry his thrust by the parade of tierce: so far from it, your resistance in tierce will serve him as a fulcrum, and his sword will be [a powerful lever. His sword, which was a lever of the third, or weakest and worst, kind, before he had pushed it into its present situation under your arm, now becomes a lever of the first, or best, kind. In this position, therefore, instead of fruitless resistance, yield point, and contract your hand in prime, as represented in fig. 13. As a general rule, however, we would recommend, as the better mode of parrying, the point volante in tierce. See p. 424, figure 8 (erroneously numbered figure 10).

The quinte, or hanging guard, so mightily boasted by backsword and other complexities which serve to perplex both the reader and the practitioner. It is, however, useful in one case, and in our opinion in that cudgel players, is unworthy of the fencer's notice. As it is, however, much talked of, and figures in all fencing systems, we give a figure of it.

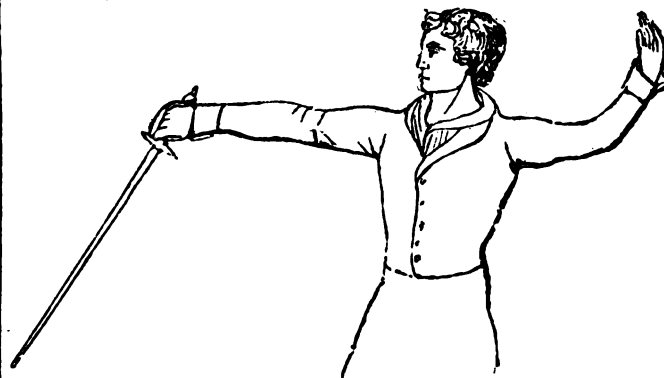


Fig. 14.—QUINTE, OR HANGING GUARD.

The quinte over the arm is executed by disengaging your pointe closely. Spring your forte to his point, and throw your thrust into the cavity under his arm, turning your hand into complete supination. Your opposition is to your right, as in tierce. The octave is a good return.

The octave is a good return, directed under his arm, after you have parried quarte over, or tierce. After you parry quarte over, or tierce, return tierce; if you see no opening for tierce, return the octave, that is, quarte under his arm instead of the seconde; you may, however, slide in tierce, and instantly dart in seconde, which is tierce directed under his arm; recover quickly, upon all occasions using your round parade of quarte. (See figure 15.)

### SECTION VI.

#### OF THE COMPOUND THRUSTS, CUTS, PARADES, &c.

An idea of the simple thrusts, and the project of compressing them, having been previously submitted; in this section will be offered a sketch of the complex thrusts, &c.

The weakness of the prime, seconde, and quinte, has been already remarked: if these are radically bad in their simple state, all modifications and combinations of them, in feints, glissades, circles, and round parades, are still worse, and therefore should be rejected.

The seconde should not be parried by the half-circle, but by a little impulse of your forte in quarte, which will probably disarm him. If you throw in the octave at the instant he pushes seconde, you will both parry and hit him at the same moment, as his foible will come against your forte, but your round parade of quarte will break all such returns. Parry his quarte over with your round parade of quarte, and return quarte, or quarte over, or a vertical cut, which, if he parries, dart in quarte under his arm as you are in the act of recovering.

The glissade, or glizard, is a sliding movement along his blade, intended to draw him from the line, and to expose him to a thrust or cut. The glissade is dangerous, as he may hit you on the first movement by his simple thrust, having two to one in his favour. The glissades in simple quarte and tierce are dangerous; but the glissades of seconde, prime, and quinte, are still more useless.

The flaconnade is a thrust directed to the lateral part of the belly: make use of it as a return from your round parade of quarte, by pressing down his point with your forte; the resistance of his point will assist the direction of your flaconnade. If he submit his point to your force, and comes to the second position in quarte, your foible will come to his forte; that is, he will parry, and perhaps hit you, in quarte. The mode of executing these little thrusts, &c. will be better illustrated by the example and living voice of a master, than by this detail.

Notwithstanding the danger generally resulting from the use of all cuts and compound thrusts, and more particularly from any combinations of the guards of prime, seconde, &c., yet the complex guards, termed the



round parades of quarte, of tierce, and of the half circle, cannot be sufficiently practised. These guards counteract and confound the projects of the adversary. The round parade of quarte circled twice round with celerity, and combined with the half circle annexed; or the rapid rotation, twice, or thrice, of the half circle, with the round parade immediately annexed, or any combination of the round parade of quarte with the round parade of tierce, terminated by simple quarte and tierce, form a shield sufficient to guard off all cuts and thrusts whatever.

The round parade in quarte to which allusion has so often been made, is thus executed. With the point of your sword describe the circle in the direction of the arrow (which circle is the base of the conical surface



Fig. 15: ROUND PARADE IN QUARTE.

described by your weapon); feel his blade, by adhering to the point of contact as you circle; protrude his blade with dexterity, so as to bring it round to your former position of quarte; finish your parade with a degree of energy. If he circles twice, or oftener, repeat this parade, immediately annexing the half circle, whereby you will cross his sword, and perhaps disarm him; or you may annex to this parade your round parade of tierce, which will either disarm or drive him from the line. Dexterity, in the combination of these parades, will enable you, although blindfolded, to parry all superior cuts and thrusts.

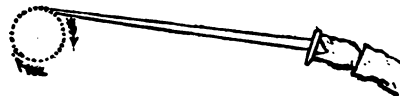
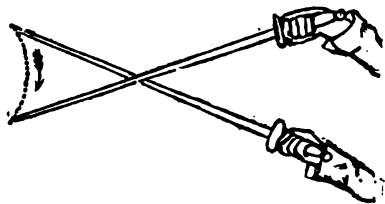


Fig. 16: ROUND PARADE IN TIERCE.

The round parade of tierce is thus formed. With the point describe a circle in the direction of the arrow, from your right towards your left; adhere closely, as if the swords were tied in the point of contact; finish this circle with a degree of force, in or near to the point of its commencement. If he circles, repeat this parade, and unite to it the round parade of quarte, or simple quarte and tierce. The tierce, the quarte over, the quarte under the arm, and the vertical cut, hurled down along his blade, are all excellent returns immediately after this parade.

The half circle (fig. 17,) is formed thus. By a rapid twirl of your



1st POSITION OF QUARTE.

2nd Position: PARADE OF THE DEMICIRCLE.

hand, with your point describe the segment or arc of the circle in the direction of the arrow. The point is depressed, and the hand raised as high as your left eyebrow. Take care that in all parades whatever, you bend, and do not extend, your right arm.

The repetition of this parade forms circles; it combines all thrusts and low cuts; and when combined with the octave, it is a complete shield for defence; if he feint, parry with the half circle, unless you choose to time him, or to break all his projects with your round parade of quarte. If he deceive your half circle, only extend your hand in octave, and he must fall on your point, &c.

(To be continued.)

**SINGULAR CURE FOR HEADACHE.**—I had a violent headache, which the captain undertook to cure; and he certainly succeeded. He made me sit down, seized hold of my caput, and, placing a thumb on each of my temporal arteries, pressed them in such a way as almost to stop the whole circulation of my blood. He then directed me to heave as long a sigh as I could, and I walked into dinner completely cured. I have seen ladies in this country, whilst suffering under such malady, appear with a wafer stuck on each temple, which, I presume, was rather a milder way than my friend the captain employed of driving off this tormentor.—COL. MAXWELL.

A person said to his friend, who was learning to take snuff, that it was wrong to teach one's nose a bad habit, as a man generally followed his nose.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### A FEW WORDS ON STUD FARMS, BREEDING, &c.

SIR,—The extent to which the breeding of race horses has arrived in this country—the immense capital which is devoted to the purpose, its importance in a commercial point of view, and its wonderful influence, in connexion with the turf, the field, and the road, on our national character, are subjects which afford interesting speculation as well to the political economist as to the sportsman. The amusements of hunting and racing appear to have formed part of our national pastimes from a very early period of our history. The title at the head of this letter (which has not often been referred to by writers on sporting subjects), affords me an opportunity of throwing in a few observations and recollections which may not be “out of season,” at the present moment. Although great attention was paid to the breeding of the race horse, particularly in the selection of the blood, and also, though in a less degree, in bringing up young stock, in the days of O’Kelly, Lords Grosvenor and Clermont, Sir C. Bunbury, &c., yet as the progress of time, in a country like this, must extend our stock of knowledge, and from the immense increase in the value of the stakes to be contended for, and the great demand for blood horses both at home and abroad, it must be allowed that of late years rapid strides have been made to the perfection of the art. In fact, there is little left to desire but a greater attention to stout blood, and the soundness of the mares intended to breed from, and the total extermination of two-year old racing. It seems indeed a nice question whether the discontinuance of three and even four mile racing counterbalances the evils of two-year old training. The great advantages which have attended the system, strongly sanctioned by the example of some of our most successful and experienced supporters of the turf, of not bringing out their two-year olds, has been so frequently and forcibly exemplified, that if it were not for the sake of the valuable prizes which they contend for, it would appear extraordinary that it is not more generally adopted. The circumstance of several of the fastest and best races for the Derby having been won by horses which were not brought out until they were three years old, affords strong proof of the advantage of the practice. Another great advantage which attends the present mode of management of the young stock, is in the excellent keep of yearlings, foals, &c., and particularly as regards the adoption of the plan recommended in the late Nimrod’s admirable “Letters on Condition.” Indeed, the breeders of first-rate hunters, calculated for our fast countries have now begun to pay some attention to the condition of their young horses, and there is every probability of its paying them as well or better than any other sort of stock. The risks and drawbacks are certainly considerable, and therefore I cannot speak of the speculation in such energetic terms as Nimrod, yet I doubt not that with good management a well bred mare, say with three crosses of blood, and good bone, would leave good profits either to a spirited farmer or an amateur. It may be said, that in this cross there would be too much blood, but if the mare bred them with good strength, he must be a bad judge indeed who would find fault with the excess of blood. It is desirable to have the mares particularly well bred, not only because otherwise it would be impossible to have hunters for our best countries, but because this sort of stock is now in considerable demand by foreigners, as also for many of the hunt meetings, which are now bidding fair to become popular. The numerous pieces of rascality which have been at different times practised on the public in half-bred stakes, have caused them to be viewed with great suspicion by many honourable sportsmen, whose prejudice against them is so violent, that in their opinions there cannot be races for half-bred stakes without roguery. It is to be hoped, that from the circumstance of many of these races, particularly those recently established, being conducted by highly respectable clubs, composed entirely of gentlemen, that nothing inconsistent with a sense of what is due to that character, will be tolerated. Those who attempt it at the present day, will be sure to be overwhelmed with perpetual disgrace.

After all, however, the breeding of race-horses, in the proper sense of the word, from the prices that are to be obtained for them at all ages, and the prizes that are established at the different meetings, will always be a grand inducement in these times, nearly as much to the speculator as to the sportsman. The well known adage that “like begets like,” was never more strongly exemplified than in the breeding of racers, the produce of a race horse inheriting the virtues and bad qualities of his sire, in a most remarkable degree. If we look through the Racing Calendar, from the commencement to the present time, we shall hardly find an example of a horse who had not in some degree distinguished himself on the turf getting race horses. Although this does not apply so much to hunters and half-bred stock, it is always desirable (*ceteris paribus*) to put a half-bred mare to a horse who has shown stoutness on the turf, one for instance who has carried off a few of the old fashioned four mile King’s plates, rather than to a horse of mediocre performances, or who, in common parlance, could not (or did not) win a saddle. It is astonishing the difference in gameness, to use a significant term, which even a common hack pony, got by some good old horse, will exhibit over another whose sire came under the denomination of “Crabs.” Many examples of this kind will doubtless present themselves to your readers.

One great point to be attended to in breeding, particularly as respects the mares, is in the selection of their blood. It is really astonishing what blood will do! How many shabby-looking mares, with hardly one good point about them except their pedigree, have bred race-horses,—as well in shape and appearance, as in speed and performance,—pre-eminently distinguished on the turf? The late Mr. Orde's Ardrossan mare, the dam of so many good runners, of which it may be sufficient to enumerate Emancipation, Tomboy, and Beeswing, was only a long hollow-backed plain looking mare.

Another most important point, the advantage of which I have before adverted to, and which is so clearly established in Nimrod's interesting Letters on Condition, is in paying great attention to the keep of brood mares, foals, yearlings, &c., until they go into training. The effects of good keep, like those of good blood, oftentimes work miracles in the race horse; and if the owner of a good sized colt, would keep it well until five years old, without training, or in fact doing anything but the most gentle work, it would always get strength and size enough to carry 12st. in the hunting field, unquestionably better every way than any half bred one of the same age.

This would pay better than "training on" many of the poor things we see on the turf, which some people blindly persist in doing. The word "good keep," I do not use in the same meaning as some breeders, who calculate it according to the goodness or badness of the pasture or grass in which their young stock is kept; observing such a colt is fat, it would be money thrown away to give him corn, not reflecting that when a horse comes to severe work, either on the training ground or hunting field, the grass will be found merely to have swelled him out with so much dirt, and not to have put any sound, firm, good flesh, and consequently strength and substance on him. How often do we see a rubbishy thorough-bred two year old (not able to race) sent to the stud farm, turn out as powerful and fine a mare, at four or five years old, as it is possible to see. In fact, it is a good speculation to purchase a two year old thorough-bred filly, with two or three crosses of blood (trying for the Stamford or Orville blood, either in the dam or grandam), which may often be done for 20l. or so, and keep it well till three years old, in a loose box in winter, with three good feeds, and perhaps let out for two hours a day, and to put her to some celebrated stallion in the ensuing spring. If the stock turned out well, it would probably be thought advisable to keep it on for breeding; if otherwise, the mare at five years old might be used as a hack or perhaps as a hunter, and no man who has once ridden blood horses either in the hunting field, or on the road (if at all up to his weight), would wish to return back to half bred ones. They are greatly superior to any other sort of horse in two important particulars, one is in being so much more game and lasting, never "giving in" however hard pressed; the other in being, generally speaking, so much more quiet and temperate on the road, and in the field. Another plan, which has been adopted with great success by several very celebrated sportsmen in Leicestershire, Sir F. H. Goodricke for one, and which might be followed with profit, in the present remarkable scarcity of hunters, is that of purchasing a good sized strength colt (too heavy to run) at three years old, which might probably be done for somewhere about 50l. run him off at grass (with two or three feeds a day of good oats) till he is six years old, and with previous gentle work to hounds, so as to give him an insight into the business, when he would always fetch a good price. One thing is certain, that from the immense number of horses of almost every description which have been taken out of this country, for the last few years, breeding, whether for the turf or field, will afford good profits to the speculator, and if encouraged and persevered with, this branch of our commerce, for so it may correctly be termed, which has given us so much celebrity, and which, as I before observed, is so intimately connected with our national character, will thus be continued, for at least some years to come, with undiminished energy. To our aristocracy, when pursued, as it ought to be, for the real interests of the turf, it is a source of commendable gratification; to our farmers, one of the most profitable modes of laying out their capital; and in its results, whether as applied to the race-course, the hunting field, or the road (in spite of all the railways which speculators can invent) it has gained us (may it continue to do so!) an imperishable renown in every civilized nation in the world.

Pieskin.

#### A SPANISH BULL FIGHT IN 1845.

(From a Correspondent of the Morning Herald.)

[The following excellent sketch of the refined recreations of one of "the continental nations, where the brutality of British boxing is unknown" (we quote the words of the Editor of the *Sporting Review*.) will interest the reader; and when he rises from its perusal, we would ask him whether that man is not a humping of the first water, who, after the "German deerstaying" exhibited at a recent royal gathering, and this specimen of the popular recreations of "chivalric Spain," can talk of the "brutality of a fair stand-up fight, as 'unknown among the more polished people of the continent of Europe?'"—ED. S. MAG.]

The plaza de Toros is to the left of the fine gate of Alcala. It is an enormous amphitheatre, of a circular form, presenting no remarkable architectural feature. The interior walls are plainly whitewashed, and the upper tier alone consists of boxes, as in our theatres. Underneath are seats, marked and numbered; and as each person is obliged to

purchase his ticket beforehand, which contains on it the number and side of the house, there is no confusion on entering or taking places. Every one at Madrid enters without difficulty, and each person takes his seat according to his number. Around the arena, which is of Roman extent and magnitude, there is a circular barrier, six feet high, ledged round, at two feet from the ground, with a frame of timber work, which serves as a means to enable the chulos and bandilleros to bound over the barrier when hotly pressed by the bull. Beyond this is a second barrier of greater height and extent, and it is above this that the seats of the spectators rise, as in the amphitheatres of Ancient Rome. Above all are raised the boxes, which run round the amphitheatre to the number of 110. Each of these boxes is capable of containing twenty persons, and are generally filled by the *elite* of the city, including the members of the diplomatic corps. The box of the Queen is placed in the middle of the amphitheatre, and is as large as four of the ordinary boxes. It projects out three feet beyond the bend of the building, is encased by glass windows, and richly decorated with silk and curtains. By the side of this box is the box of the *Ayuntamiento*. The circus would contain 15,000 spectators at a push, but 12,000 or 13,000 may be seated with perfect ease and convenience. There were more than 13,000 spectators present on Monday, and such as could not on that occasion procure places in the shade, chose their position in the burning sun rather than not witness the spectacle. On entering to take my place, about a quarter past three, I found the amphitheatre nearly filled. The burning blaze of a vertical sun fell on the mass that sat opposite to me, whilst from my early precaution of procuring a place *a la sombra*, I enjoyed the broad blue light of a cloudless sky. No one who has not sat in an amphitheatre, with heaven for a canopy, can fancy the whole effect of a full flood of light and a free current of air. This is a luxury denied to the inhabitant of a northern climate, and reserved for the sojourner under a summer sky, and more genial temperature. Thousands of fans, of all colours and sizes, now fluttered before me, and the light, the air, the costume, the vivacity of gesture, attitude and look, gave the scene an unlooked for interest. At half-past-three, to a moment, a trumpet sounded, and a picquet of guards on horseback, preceded by two alguazils, in costume, with hats and feathers *a la Henri Quatre*, cleared the arena of all idle idlers. This done, the alguazils called for the picadores, chulos, bandilleros, &c. The picadores soon vaulted into the albardones, or saddles, raised about a foot before and behind, in a triangular shape. The stirrups were, in every sense, remarkable. They may be described as iron boxes, affording a purchase to the whole length of the foot. The costume of the picadore is most picturesque. It is composed of gaudy colours, embroidered in gold and silver; of leathern doublets, fantastically made; and of boots, not unlike those worn by the old postillions of France. The head is covered by an enormous hat, ornamented with gay ribbons, and the picadore is armed with a lance long and heavy, with a three-cornered point of steel, three inches in length. This serves to prick and irritate the bull, and to turn him off from man and horse, but is not calculated to do him any material injury. The horses of the picadores are wretched go-cart beasts, only fit for the knackers, bought for a few dollars, part of which is recovered when the skin is sold. The horsemen, when mounted, make their bow to the president, when the key of the *toril*, or bull-house, is delivered to them. The bugles now sounded, and, amidst a storm of applause, the first bull rushed into the amphitheatre. This was a white and red-coloured bull of the Duke de Veriguas, lively and agile enough, but his flesh did not appear firm. He ran first at the picadore Romero, who pierced him twice in the nape of the neck without drawing blood. He next attacked Gallardo, who pierced him four times; but on the last occasion the bull, maddened by the stroke, regained fresh fury, and plunged his horn into the bowels of the horse, whose entrails were soon seen trailing along the ground. In vain did the picadore spur the wounded and jaded beast, for, before his rider could again come to the attack, the animal fell dead on the floor. The picadore Trigo had advanced but in the twinkling of an eye the horn of the bull had pierced the breast of the animal he rode, and the poor horse fell weltering in his blood, before the rider could disengage himself. The sight was horrible as the poor animal raised his dying head, as it were to reproach his rider. The dead carcass was removed by three mules, gaily caparisoned; and now the bandilleros, Pando and Gallego, advanced and struck their bandilleros or darts into the neck of the animal. They were followed by Guillér and Lucháres, two most celebrated bandilleros, and lastly by the pride and glory of Madrid, the Obidiasero, who put an end to the sufferings of the bull by a single stroke.

The carcass of the animal being removed by three mules, the second bull entered. This was a small, strong, black bull, belonging to Don Francisco Javier de Andrade. Romero wounded him six times, but in essaying a seventh he was unhorsed, and his beast killed. Gallardo now took the place of Romero, and after pricking the bull six times he, too, was unhorsed, and wounded. Trigo now came to the rescue of his companions, but in a few moments the belly of his horse was ripped open, and not merely the entrails but the liver of the animal was exposed to public view. Loud applause followed this scene, and as the horse staggered, with his eyes glaring and his tongue protruding, I thought the vociferation would have rent the building in twain. The poor beast still kept on his legs, and as the stable boys found he could not be quickly enough moved off, they lashed and struck him with redoubled

fury in order to quicken his paces. Cuchares now essayed to vanquish this bull, but in vain; and at length Bero and Capo were successful in transfixing him with bandilleros, and he was ultimately dispatched at one stroke by the Childanero. The third was a black and white bull, with enormous horns, and of equal agility and strength. He had not been in the amphitheatre two seconds before he hotly pursued the chulos who trailed the scarf before him, and, bounding over the barrier with the agility of a cat, followed his tormentors into the corridor. A thousand sticks now assailed him; and the door being opened, he was again driven into the arena. Here the best picadores of Madrid attacked him in turn. The combat lasted for fifty-five minutes, and at the end of that time the bull had killed or desperately wounded six horses and injured two of the riders without receiving himself any material injury. The women were furious in their applause of this bull; and one paralytic man, when he saw the maddened animal had done, cried "Bravo, bravo!" "bueno bueno!" The arena was now strewn with entrails, blood, and dying and dead horses. The very air smelt of carrion and butchery yet the women kept their places and smiled applause in the faces of the men who accompanied them—nay, from the palcos and aristocratic balconies there waved forth, held by tapering fingers, embroidered and perfumed handkerchiefs! This was the crack bull of the day, and as it took some time to remove the dying and dead horses the multitude became impatient, as there was only one team of mules. The stable boys now resorted to manual force, and while the limbs of the tortured horses were yet quivering, caused them to move towards the door by the application of bit, whip, spur, and spear. This was rewarded with applause, and the stage was cleared; the bandilleros entered, and the bull was soon killed by Cuchares. The fourth was a white bull, which was soon dispatched. The fifth was a black and heavy bull, sulky and cowardly. In vain did the picadores prick him. He would not come to the scratch, and the eager and ferocious multitude now called for dogs—"perros, perros!" Three couple of dogs were now let loose, but the bull made minced meat of them, tossing them in the air repeatedly. One he wounded desperately, and though the tossings in the air were received with applause, yet the some of enthusiasm was reserved for the wounding of the dog. The cowardly bull being still the conqueror, three other couple of dogs were called for, and set on him, with the five still able to attack him. But one, however, of the dogs was game. He fastened on the throat of the bull, and held on like an English bull-dog. Meanwhile the other dogs followed the same suit, and soon the cowardly bull was on the point of choking, when the executioner put an end to him by dividing the spine. The sixth, seventh, and eighth bulls presented nothing remarkable. When the eighth bull entered the arena it was half-past five o'clock, and the day was beginning to wane, yet such was the intense anxiety of the women to see everything, that they set fire to their paper fans, and, by the aid of these domestic and self-prepared torches, witnessed the last struggle of the expiring animal. At six o'clock all was over, and the 13,000 or 14,000 persons who were present, among whom were at least 4,000 beauties of Madrid, retired to their homes, repeating to their fathers, brothers, husbands, and lovers each episode of this drama. The crowd was composed of persons of all classes and of all parties—of Absolutists, Moderados, and Progressives; and each one of these thought infinitely more of the spectacle for days and days before, than of the tariff, the Trapani marriage, the new system of taxation, the municipal elections, or the meeting of the Cortes.

Madrid, Nov. 2, 1845.

### SHOOTING WRINKLES.—NO. I.

You have started, your dog precedes you, a bird gets up unawares: do not fire; you will miss it; and a repetition of such events will disgust your dog, who may possibly leave you.

One of my friends, inexperienced as he was, begged me one day to lend him a dog. Now you should lend neither your wife, your horse, nor your dog; but I, who am blessed with a greatness of soul quite uncommon, exhibited my magnanimity to the extent of entrusting Medora to his care; the illustrious Medora, the best of dogs.

Quo non prestantior alter,

to range, point, and bring fur or feather. My friend started; an hour elapsed, when Medora returned alone to his kennel. Soon afterwards my Sportsman arrived. "Your dog left me."—"I am aware of it; he told me you missed five or six shots running."—"It is true."—"By heaven I was certain of it. A dog hunts for his pleasure far more so than for yours. Amuse him then, if you desire he should return the compliment."

I have not forgotten that as yet you have never shot either hares or partridges: wait till your dog stands; it will not be long first. Let him alone; do not talk to him; follow him in silence—he knows more than you do. He is here, there, sinks, then raises his nose to seize the scent which the wind conveys: he stops, his position becomes serious; your game is not far off. The dog reflects, calculates, advances with precaution; he chooses the spot, so as to place his feet without noise, extends himself, and points.

When you have had some experience, you will ascertain from the position of your dog the species of game to which he stands. For a hare, the tail of the dog is generally very stiff and slightly curved towards the end; inclined and straight for a rabbit; a slight degree elevated and straight

for a quail; lastly, when very stiff, very straight, parallel with the horizon, it is a partridge. For birds found in the marshes, such as snipes and rails, the tail of the dog makes slight to left, movements from right which may be said to infer uncertainty.

Your heart beats with violence; your breast heaves; you breathe with pain; do not choke, be calm; the weather is hot; the game will hold to the point; you have plenty of time; assure yourself in this manner: "The game is very near me: in order that my shot may be effectual, I should fire at thirty paces; I have then time to prepare and to take good aim." Recollect, if you fire at fifteen paces, you have less chance than at twenty-five or thirty, it is only at such a distance your shot can have good effect: nearer it will be too much balled. If you kill, you destroy your bird, and moreover you must take much better aim to touch it; whereas at thirty paces, should you fire below or even on the side, the bird will probably fall.

All this thought over, reasoned on, calculated on, place yourself in such a position as to prevent the sun shining in your eyes; when this precaution is not taken, two disagreeable results are sure to follow: the one, you invariably miss, or you hit by chance; added to which your eyes become so dazzled it requires some time to recover yourself. All appears red or blue, and the trees seem to dance before you. A partridge takes the colours of a parrot, and, without doubting your aim, you fire three paces from it.

Good! Now you have turned your back on the sun, advanced a foot, then two, the game rises. Be prepared, place your gun firm to the shoulder, take a steady aim, and touch not your trigger till the bird is in a straight line with your eye and the sight. But, above all, do not be in a hurry; you have far more time than is required: rather let it fly ten paces further than fire by chance; you have missed your first shot; increase your hope of the second by a better aim.

Nothing falls; the game is off, unharmed save by fear: your dog looks at you and recommences his work. You missed both shots because you were in too great a hurry: your gun was not sufficiently firm to the shoulder, which causes two serious inconveniences; it vibrates, and causes an uncertain shot, sent by chance through the air; added to which, the recoil gives you an unpleasant blow. I perceive also that your right cheek is a little red, which, is disagreeable; but it does not dishonour you.

Recollect, in order to be well prepared, you should elevate your right arm as much as possible without inconvenience, the elbow being more elevated than the shoulder; the result is that the hollow or the but of the gun rests there, finding a better support than were the elbow lower. For one shot which you miss from having fired too late, they are twenty so missed from firing too soon. Shots are also often missed from a desire to see too much of your game; that is to say, you obtain too good a sight, and fire above it. You should aim at the centre of your, and never see more than half of it when you pull the trigger.

Walk on: commence again; recollect your lesson, and if you follow it only once, a fine partridge will repay you.

I did not deceive myself: down goes one; you are all alive; your dog runs for it. "Bring," ought to be your only call, your only word. He well knows that his business is to bring it; but in order that he should not forget his duty remind him always. At the same time mark down the rest of the covey; we must look for them.

### THE EXILED LONDONER.

I roam beneath a foreign sky,  
That sky is cloudless, warm and clear;  
And ev'ry thing is glad but I;—  
But ha! my heart is far from here.

They bid me look on forests green,  
And boundless prairies stretching far;  
But I rejoice not in their sheen,  
And longing turn to Temple Bar.

They bid me list the torrent's roar,  
In all its foaming, bounding pride;  
But I, I only think the more  
On living torrents in Chesapeake!

They bid me mark the mighty stream,  
Which Mississippi rolls to sea;  
But then I sink in pensive dream,  
And turn my thoughts, dear Thames, to thee!

They bid me note the mountains high,  
Whose snow-capp'd peaks my prospect end;  
I only have a secret sigh—  
To Ludgate Hill my wishes tend.

They taunt me with our dancer air,  
And fogs so thick you scarce can see;  
Then, yellow fog, I will declare,  
Though strange to say, I long for thee.

And everything in this bright clime  
But serves to turn my thoughts to thee!  
Thou, London, of an earlier time,  
Oh! when shall I return to thee?



# THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME. PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CRIBB.

CHAPTER X.—*continued.*

6. Molineux, from want of wind, lunged right and left, but gained nothing by it, and stopped the right hand of the Champion with neatness. Cribb gave Molineux so severe a blow in the body with his right hand, that it appeared to roll him up, as if it had completely knocked the wind out of him; he was literally gasping for breath. On renewing the rally, he seemed frantic with pain and passion. Fearful of his opponent's punishment, he capered about, in an extravagant manner, hit short and was quite abroad. The Champion pursued him round the stage with great success, and concluded the round by a full length hit, which laid him prostrate. [Five to one on Cribb.]

7. Molineux ran furiously in, forced an intemperate rally, and gained a trifling advantage; but Cribb punished him severely about the neck and jugular: after the expiration of a minute, Molineux fell from weakness.

8. Molineux, still desperate, rallied, but his blows were too short; Cribb nobbed him in fine style, and fished him dreadfully till he fell, the Champion having got his head under his arm. [All betters.]

9. It was now fully evident which way the battle would now terminate, Molineux, running in furiously, received a tremendous left-handed blow flush in the mouth, which is said to have broken his jaw; its force was such that Molineux fell as if shot, and did not come to his time by full half a minute, but Cribb wished that the spectators should fully witness his superiority by giving away this chance, dancing about the stage when he ought to have been proclaimed the conqueror: and went in again, knocking him nearly down, and then up again, and levelled him.

10. It was with the utmost difficulty that Molineux could be brought from his second's knee, and then it was only to add to the severe mulling he had received; the sable hero, however, still game, made a desperate though unsuccessful effort, and fell greatly distressed.

11. Cribb had given another chance away respecting time, but Molineux was in a state of stupor, his senses having been completely milled out of him; and upon receiving a floorer, he was unable to get up. Victory was announced in a sort of a Scotch reel by Gully and Cribb, elated with success, followed by tumultuous applause.

—Such a noise arose,  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest  
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,  
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces  
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
I never saw before.

It appeared in this second battle, that the Negro had acquired science equal to the Champion, and was deemed as good an in-fighter. Remarkably quick and weighty with his left hand, he returned on his opponent's head, whenever he received in the body: but no question now remains concerning the equality of the combatants. Cribb having won a main, and beat the Negro in nineteen minutes and ten seconds, when the former battle continued thrice as long. This may be accounted for by the fact that Cribb was too full of flesh, and not in good condition; and though Molineux had improved in science, he had deteriorated in stamina. The hardest frame could not resist the blows of the Champion; and it is astonishing the Negro stood them so long. He was taken out of the ring senseless, and could not articulate; "it was thought upon the first examination that his jaw-bone and two of his ribs were fractured," says a contemporary reporter. On the contrary Cribb scarcely, received a body blow, though his head was much out of shape.

All the towns upon the North road gained considerably by this contest, particularly those of Grantham and Stamford. No interruption was offered to the mill; and it is said, that the Corporations of some of the principal towns in the North solicited that the battle might be fought on their own domains, as did several of the nobility in residing that part of the country. Among the company who witnessed the battle, were the Marquis of Queensberry, Sir Henry Smith, Lord Yarmouth, the Hon. Berkeley Craven, Major Mellish, Captain Barclay, General Grosvenor, Lord Pomfret, Sir Francis Bayntun, Sir Charles Alton, Thomas Goddard, Esq., Mr. Gore, &c., &c., and most of the sporting amateurs and professors in the kingdom.

So much interest was felt in London concerning the issue of this contest, that we cannot pass it over without notice. On Saturday night an immense crowd assembled in the front of Richmond's house, the Prad and Swimmer, St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square, to inquire the particulars, and so completely blocked up the street, that the house was shut up at an early hour. The next morning they re-assembled and gained access, and although some additional rooms were opened, half the people could not be accommodated; Bob's chop-house, the Castle, in Holborn, was so crowded on the Sunday evening, that several peace-officers were obliged to attend to preserve order.

On the Champion's return home in a barouche and four horses, decorated with blue ribbons, on the Monday following, accompanied by an amateur of distinction and Joe Ward, he was cheered through all the towns he passed, after the manner of an officer bearing despatches of a victory. And upon approaching his house in White-lion-street, Seven Dials, the crowd had assembled in such numbers as to render it impos-

able; the multitude greeting Cribb with loud and animating plaudits, worthy of the Champion of England.

It was reported that Cribb gained 400*l.* by this set-to, and his patron, Captain Barclay, 10,000*l.*; and that a baker in the Borough sported all his blunt, personal property, together with the lease of his house, &c., amounting to 1700*l.*, upon the Champion. A curious bet was also made between two sporting characters, the winner to get a complete suit of clothes, shirt, &c., &c., with a walking-stick, gloves, and a guinea in his pocket. Through the kind interference of Mr. Jackson, a collection of near 50*l.* was made for Molineux.

It should seem that Cribb was peculiarly indebted to Capt. Barclay for his excellent condition: having spent three months previously to the battle, at his country-seat in Scotland, living entirely by rules laid down by the Captain, and adhering to the strictest regimen and discipline. Cribb, it appears, would most willingly at times have relaxed from this mode of life, had not his patron pointed out the great advantages resulting from such training. Nothing is more obvious than this or a comparison of the trained man with one who cannot feel or submit to the utility of it; the flesh of the former does not so soon turn black, or become inflamed with the effect of blows; while, on the contrary, the untrained would become blind from hits which the pugilist in good condition would not even show the marks of. Notwithstanding, it is said of Cribb, that he declared he would sooner fight Molineux any time, than undergo another such training!

In consequence of the hard-earned victories of the Champion, a splendid dinner was given at Gregson's by a large party of amateurs: but more especially in honour of his second triumph over Molineux, Cribb was placed in the chair. His conduct, as president, was unassuming and pleasant, receiving the approbation of the patrons of distinction by whom he was surrounded. Harmony prevailed, and several excellent songs written for the occasion, full of point, were most rapturously received, particularly one of Bob Gregson's, which was applauded to the echo, and loudly encored. The company did not depart till they unanimously voted the Champion—

## A SILVER CUP, valued Fifty Guineas,

as a memorial of the high opinion which the *Sporting World*, in particular, held of his uniform courage in his pugilistic combats; also for his having voluntarily entered the ring (after positively declining pugilism in general) on the score of nationality, his own individual fame, and to prevent a foreigner from triumphing over the heroes of England.

The subscriptions for this purpose proving ample, the sum was increased, and a silver cup of eighty guineas value was presented to the Champion, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on Monday, the 2nd of December, 1811, at a dinner appointed for that purpose, Tom Cribb in the chair, supported by one of the most numerous and respectable assemblages of the fancy ever witnessed. After the cloth was removed, and the usual loyal toasts given, Mr. Emery (of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden), who had at a previous meeting been unanimously voted to present the Plate, was now called upon to fulfil the wishes of the company. The cup was produced, the son of Thespis rose, and after drinking to

## "CRIBB—the Champion of England!"

addressed the chairman to the following effect:

"Thomas Cribb, I have the honour this day of being the representative of a numerous and most respectable body of your friends; and though I am by no means qualified to attempt the undertaking which has devolved on me by a vote of the subscribers, yet the cause will, I am confident, prove a sufficient excuse for my want of ability. You are requested to accept this cup, as a tribute of respect, for the uniform valour and integrity you have shewn in your several combats, but most particularly for the additional proofs of native skill and manly intrepidity displayed by your last memorable battle, when the cause rested not merely upon individual fame, but for the pugilistic reputation of your country, in contending with a formidable foreign antagonist. In that combat you gave proof that the hand of a foreigner, when lifted against a son of Britannia, must not only be aided by the strength of a lion, but the heart also.

"The fame you have so well earned has been by manly and upright conduct; and such conduct, I have no doubt, will ever mark your very creditable retirement from the ring, or stage of pugilism. However intoxicated the cup or its contents may at any future period make you, I am sufficiently persuaded the gentlemen present, and the sons of John Bull in general, will never consider you have a cup to much."

The cup, filled with wine, having gone round, the Champion thus briefly addressed his patrons, "Gentlemen, for the honour you have done me in presenting this cup, I most respectfully beg of you to accept my warmest thanks."

Harmony reigned throughout, and the Champion, impressed with

gratitude to his leading patrons, Sir Henry Smyth, Bart., Capt. Barclay, Shirlwall Harrison, Esq., &c., &c., drank their healths with marked animation and respect; and the cup, in being put round, upon its arrival into the hands of Mr. Jackson, Gully, Grogson, and the veteran Joe Ward (who acted as Vice), the company, as a mark of esteem for their past services, loudly cheered those celebrated heroes of the fist.

Cribb now underwent the usual metamorphosis from a pugilist to a publican, and opened a house at the Golden Lion in the Borough, but finding his position too far eastward for his numerous aristocratic patrons, "honest Tom" moved his quarters to the King's Arms, the corner of Duke-street and King-street, St. James's, and subsequently to the Union Arms, at the corner of Pantom-street, Haymarket.

Our sketch of the Champion would be imperfect, were we not to observe, that in disposition he is placid, condescending, and obliging, possessing a forbearance of temper that cannot be more strikingly illustrated than by the following circumstance, which took place a few days after the last fight. Cribb, in passing through Fore-street, Cripplegate, was most grossly insulted by a Jew of the name of Simmonds, who, valuing himself upon his manhood, and not knowing whom he was in contact with, endeavoured to give our hero a facer. The Champion, with the utmost composure, seized hold of this mere apology, (in his hands,) yet disdained to inflict that sort of punishment which, had he given way to passion, from his well-known strength and science, must in all probability nearly annihilated this presuming Israelite. Instead of which, however, Tom instantly compelled Mordecai to go before the Lord Mayor to answer for the assault. His Lordship, on hearing the case, was struck with the magnanimity displayed by Cribb on this occasion, and highly praised him for his manliness of temper,—at the same time reprimanding the Jew severely for his improper behaviour. The Jew was, however, discharged on paying the costs, upon the Champion good naturedly interposing to prevent a fine.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### RACING IN HINDOSTAN.

A large quantity of Arabian and other foreign horses are annually imported into Hindostan. About the month of July and August, merchants march across the peninsula of India from Bombay, at which place they arrive by sea, with strings or batches, as they are sometimes called, of Arabs, and from these the Anglo-Indian officers make their selection. It is amusing to remark the sensation occasioned at a station by the arrival of Shaick Ibrim, or Ibn Hassan, with a batch of horses. No time is lost, whatever the weather may be, but vehicles, hacks, and tass, are indiscriminately put in requisition to visit and examine the new arrivals. Now it is that the knowing ones look high; steal visits at unusual hours, in order that they may pursue their search unmolested; and, when questioned, restrict their replies as much as possible to monosyllable answers. What can be more natural? They feel that they are at a premium, and therefore indulge in their self-complacency at the expense of the uninitiated. At first enormous sums are demanded by the dealer, to which, of course no one thinks of listening. Indeed, the merchant himself never means himself to make his price an ultimatum; like the first parallel in a siege, it is an approach merely. Arab horse-dealers never bargain in the presence of a third person; and they require to be humoured and petted for days, in order to bring down the price to a consistent sum. A first-rate Arab, fit for the turf, cannot be purchased for less than 1,500 rupees, (150*l*.) and rarely at so low a price as that. The nag enters upon his walking exercise some time in September, and from this time, takes daily exercise; the paces being increased as the period of the race draws near, until the arrival of the portentous day itself. Then what flurry and hurry-scurry prevail over the whole station! Young ladies go out with their mammas at peep of dawn, shewing, by their early arrival on the ground, how little sleep they had enjoyed during the previous night; their bright eyes glisten with animation as the racing men, decked out in sporting habiliments, which afford a novel contrast to the usual military garb, dash up and pay their devoirs of compliment and adulation. In another direction, big with the importance of their office, the stewards may be seen bustling and authoritative; each clad in shorts, jockey-boots, a bird's eye oravat, black hat, and slashed coat. The hope of reward sweetens labour; and it is fortunate that the worthies last-mentioned—namely, the stewards—possess the ladies' smiles and the approbation of their own consciences to reward them; for all posts of honour, next to being the manager of a mess, the most thankless is that of a steward of a race-course. Disputes are certain to occur; and, as sure as a decision is arrived at it gives offence to the disappointed party. The most agreeable office, after the amusements are at an end, is that of dispatching gloves and perfumery to the ladies, who are expected to pay their losses in the most *recherché* manner that the station can afford; the value of their contributions being enhanced by the elegant billets which usually accompany them.—

A COURTSHIP.—Uncle Sam's correspondent, Solomon Piper, thus describes a courtship Down East: It seems from that, that arter the

old folks was gone he didn't say nothin', but jest got a spin' and growin' as if he was in great distress, enough to brake the heart of a sun, and Miss Oselia took pity on his sufferings and asked him woddent he take sum peppermint drops, thinkin' he had the kawlic, or may be sumthin' wus. And down he went on his marro' bones and told her it wassent the stummick ake but the heart ake he had, and nobody but she could cure him. And then he swore a dreadful oath that he'd do something desperate if she woddent have him. Wall, what do you think the gal dun?—blushed all manner of kullers and sed she'd konsider on't? or told him she'd no idea of changing her sivation? No such thing. She looks him rite in the fais, and axes him, sez she, "Master Grubb, does your mother know you're out?"

#### A HUNTING SONG.

Come, fill up a bumper! a full one, to grace  
The toast of all toasts, boys—the joys of the Chase!  
We've the ev'ning before us, the praises to sound,  
Of all that delights us, of horse and of hound:  
Dull care comes not near us to mar the delight  
That the sport of the day should secure for the night.  
So as life is uncertain, we send round the bowl,  
And be reason our guide 'mid the flow of the soul.  
To the bard 'twere no difficult matter to trace  
A resemblance betwixt human life and the chase.  
In youth "we throw off," as we "draw" up the "wind,"  
Love or hope will "break cover" and furnish the "find."  
If love meet with crosses, or hope with a wreck,  
Life's chase, like the fox-chase, but meets with a "check;"  
And as nought that is perfect exists 'neath the sun,  
And a check may occur in the very best run.  
Some old comrade, perchance, when my spirit has fled,  
Will give the "who whoop!" for the hunter in red;  
The oak of the forest its branches shall wave,  
And teh breeze sigh a requiem over my grave:—  
For let us be "no where" or let us be first,  
Grim Death will be found at the end of the burst.  
And the truth 'tis, if tardy or quick be the pace,  
That death gives a zest to the joys of the chase!

JONATHAN OUTRIVALLED.—The inhabitants of the eastern part of the Isle of Wight have long been celebrated for their sagacity, and the natives of St. Helen's have recently discovered a successful method of catching rabbits in the night, which certainly by no means diminishes their previously acquired celebrity. It appears that, having secured a number of the crustacean species, which are vulgarly denominated in the island "King Crabs," they affix about an inch of candle to their backs, and send them crawling into the rabbits' burrows; the animals being alarmed at the appearance of their enlightened visitors, make a speedy exit, and are immediately captured by the invaders. The plan is far preferable to the old method which is practised on the southern coast. The Nitton gentlemen scatter a quantity of snuff at the mouth of their holes, covering it with green parsley, of which the game is remarkably fond. On partaking of the delicious herbage, they are seized with such a fit of sneezing, that they invariably beat their brains out against the rocks, but are by these violent means rendered unfit for market.—*Hampshire Telegraph*.

AN AUTUMNAL APPEARANCE.—(From a Hampshire correspondent.)—Within the last few days our coast has been visited by several flights of widgeon, which wears an autumnal appearance. These birds generally precede the arrival of the brent goose about a week; the latter, in the dead months, quite darken our waters, and when they are on the wing, sailing over the Solent, their sonorous noise, at a long distance off, resembles a pack of hounds in full cry. Colonel Hawker annually visits Keyhaven, which is about a mile from Hurst-castle, and his gunnery punts are so classically constructed in form and size, that six of them, of different sizes, fit into each other, and the last, which is the smallest, contains all the necessary apparatus for prosecuting the sport of wild-fowl shooting. The punts, thus arranged, are sustained on axles and wheels, similar to a van, and, the same being drawn by two horses, can be conveyed from one dart of the country to another with the greatest facility.

OH, THIS LOVE.—The editor of the *Buffalonian* says he would as soon try to go to sea on a shingle, make a ladder of fog, chase a stream of lightning through a crab-apple orchard, swim the rapids of Niagara, or set Lake Erie on fire with lucifer matches, as to think of stopping two young people from getting married when they take it in their heads to do so.

"If," asks a Yankee editor, "a man gets too lazy to draw his last breath can he die?"

Which is the longest letter in the alphabet?—An ell.

LETTING 'EM OUT.—An Irish tailor, making a gentleman's coat (and vest too small, was ordered to take them home and let them out. Some days after, the gentleman enquiring for his garments, was told by the ninth part of an Irishman that the clothes happening to fit a country-man of his, he had let them out at a shilling per week.

# ADVERTISEMENTS.

## NOTICE TO COUNTRY DEALERS AND THE PUBLIC

I, having come to the knowledge of the Proprietors of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE that many of our Subscribers and the Country Dealers have not only experienced considerable difficulty in procuring the Back Numbers of this paper, but on many occasions have been disappointed in receiving the CURRENT WEEKLY NUMBERS; this is to give notice that all back numbers and parts are in print, and that the current number is published every Thursday at the OFFICE, 42, HOLYWELL-STREET, STRAND.

The Stamped Editions of Nos. 18 and 22, containing the reports of THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP, and that of PERKINS and BARNARD are still on sale.

With No. 28 will be presented "THE SPORTSMAN'S ALMANACK, for 1846."

Price of the Paper and Almanack THREEPENCE.

N.B. In No. 29 will be contained a full report of the Important Fight between GILL of Coventry, and NORLEY of Manchester.

Observe, this will be published on Thursday, Nov. 27th, two days after the battle.

GIVE YOUR ORDERS EARLY.

SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE OFFICE, 42, HOLYWELL-STREET, STRAND.

### TO SPORTSMEN.

**SHOOTING, HUNTING, FISHING, and Deer-stalking Knives.** J. B. DURHAM, Manufacturer, respectfully invites the attention of Sportsmen to his Immense Stock, which includes all the Newest Patterns and latest improvements, and all warranted of the best quality. Knives of every description made to order on the shortest notice. Old knives, &c., polished and repaired. 261, Regent-street, near the Polytechnic Institution.

### PARISH'S SWEEPS NOW OPEN.

White Horse, Fann-street, Aldersgate-street, City. NEWPORT PAGNELL STEEPLE CHASE.

Subs.	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	Start.
59 at 5s. 0d.	£10 0s.	£3 0s.	£1 10s.	£1 10s.
59 at 2s. 6d.	5 0s.	1 10s.	0 10s.	0 10s.

To be drawn on Tuesday and Thursday next. DERBY, 1846.

Subs.	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	Start.
189 at £1.	£118.	£30.	£10.	£1 0s.
189 at 10s.	59.	15.	5.	0 10s.
189 at 5s.	29 10s.	7 10s.	2 10s.	0 5s.
189 at 2s. 6d.	14 10s.	3 15s.	1 5s.	2s. 6d.

A draw every afternoon and evening. Sweeps open for the Newport Pagnell, including the acceptance only. Prizes paid as the judge places, Five per cent less. Post-office Orders attended to. Tickets sent to any part of the country as soon as drawn. Chances disposed of by raffle every evening.

### NO MEDICINE for the CURE of ASTHMA

and Consumption, Coughs, &c., was ever attended by speedy and unfailing success as DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS. In every newspaper and publication throughout the kingdom may be seen testimonials of their wonderful powers.

MORE CURES OF ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, &c., IN CHESTER.

Read the following from Messrs. Platt and Son, 13, Forgeate street, Chester.

Sir,—Your invaluable Wafers continue to perform wonders here; since our last we could send you dozens of cases of the most astonishing cures.

One gentleman, who has had a bad cough for years, bought one box, and was cured before using the whole of it; he gave the rest away, and they were equally beneficial.

A medical gentleman here is so convinced of their value, that besides readily recommending them to his patients, he had some a few days since for one of his children, for the whooping-cough. One of our clergymen also, who laboured under an asthma many years, has received such extraordinary benefit himself, that he now gives many boxes away every week among the poor.

Persons who have laboured under asthma, asthmatic coughs, consumption, &c., call upon us almost daily, to thank us for having recommended them this "instant cure, &c."

M. PLATT and SON.  
DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS give instant relief, and a rapid cure of asthma, consumption, coughs, colds, and all disorders of the breath and lungs.

TO SINGERS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS they are invaluable as in a few hours they remove all hoarseness, and increase the power and flexibility of the voice. They have a most pleasant taste.

Price 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box: or sent free by post for 1s. 3d., 3s., or 11s. 6d., by DA SILVA & Co., 1, Bridge-street, Fleet-street, London.

CAUTION.—To protect the public from spurious Imitations, Her Majesty's Honourable Commissioners have caused to be printed on the stamp outside each box, the words DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS in white letters on a red ground.

If purchasers will attend to this caution, they will be sure to get the genuine article. Sold by all Medicine Vendors.



QUEEN'S HEAD, QUEEN'S HEAD COURT, WIND-MILL-STREET, HAYMARKET.

**JEM BURN** Respectfully Announces to the patrons of the Good Old English Art of Self-defence, that he has re-opened his great room, where the illustration, exhibition, and practice of Sparring will take place every Monday evening during the winter-months. Master of the Ceremonies, and Gentleman-usher of the Bunch-of-fives, Uncle Ben. Johnny Hannan, and several topswayers, will put on the muffers, and "teach the young idea how to shoot."

The snugger affords an admirable retreat for the Cerinthians, the club-room is commodious for the commonalty, the champagne celestial, the port potent, the brandy without any admixture of B.B., and the malt of all sorts miraculous.

God Save the Queen! (and sustainer HEAD.)

### BATHE'S DERBY SWEEPS,

Green Dragon, Fleet Street, City.

Subs.	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	Starters.
180 at £6.	£500.	£300.	£80.	£120.
180 at 20s.	100.	35.	15.	30.
180 at 10s.	50.	20.	8.	12.
180 at 5s.	22.	10.	6.	7.
180 at 2s. 6d.	12.	7.	3.	

### NEWPORT PAGNELL STEEPLE CHASE.

Sub.	1st.	2nd.	3rd.
59 at 5s.	£9 0s.	£4 0s.	£1 15s.
59 at 2s. 6d.	4 10s.	2 0s.	0 17s.

5s. and 2s. 6d. Sweeps for the Newport Pagnell Steeple Chase drawn Monday, Nov. 17th. The 2s. 6d. Derby is fast filling, drawn as soon as full. All Money divided, less Five per cent. Post-office orders to Mr. JOHN BATHS punctually attended to.

### PRICE AND GOSNELL'S

PERFUMERY.—NOTICE.—Executors of the late John Gosnell v. Rees Price, Perfumer, 28, Lombard-street, trading under the firm of Price and Co., and previously under the assumed name of "Napoleon Price and Co." The Judges in the Court of Exchequer in this day decided in favour of the plaintiff in this case. The defendant, Rees Price, had disposed of his interest in the Perfumery and other trades carried on by the late firm of Price and Gosnell, to the late Mr. John Gosnell (father of the parties now carrying on business under the firm of John Gosnell and Co., 12, Three King-court, Lombard-street), and bound himself, under forfeiture of £5,000, not to commence business within the Cities of London or Westminster, or within the distance of 800 miles from the same, and notwithstanding this, had carried on business. This action was brought to recover liquidated damages for such breach of contract.—12, Three King-court, Lombard-street, Jan. 27, 1845.

### DERBY SWEEPS for 1846, at WM. TURPIN'S, Old Essex Serpent, King-street, Covent-garden.

Sub.	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	Start.
186 at 42s. 0d.	£230.	£70.	£50.	£30.
186 at 25s. 0d.	130.	40.	30.	24.
186 at 12s. 6d.	65.	20.	15.	12.
186 at 5s. 6d.	30.	10.	5.	4.
186 at 3s. 0d.	16.	5.	3.	3.

\* These sweeps may be paid by weekly instalments of not less than 2s. 6d. The secretary will be in attendance every evening from 8 to 10 to receive payments.

The following Sweeps (two horses each) will be Drawn Weekly:—

93 at 12s. 6d.	32.	10.	8.	6.
93 at 5s. 6d.	15.	5.	2.	2.
93 at 3s. 0d.	8.	2.	1.	1.

All dead and disqualified horses will be omitted in the draws, and the chances less than 100 deducted. The above sums paid less 5 per cent. WM. WRIGHT, Secretary.

A 5s. 6d. Derby Sweep will be drawn on Thursday next.—21s, 12s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 3s. Sweeps open for the Newport Pagnell Steeple Chase.

Post Office orders, payable at Charing-cross, punctually attended to.

### CAUTION TO THE TRADE.

EVERETT'S PREMIER BLACKING.

WH EREAS an Injunction has been this day granted by the Vice-Chancellor of England, to restrain Samuel Allin and others from selling or disposing of any Blacking or Composition under the name of, or as, or for, or described as, or purporting to be the same Blacking as was made and sold by William Everett in his lifetime, and which is now manufactured solely by us, and sold under the name of EVERETT'S PREMIER BLACKING; all Parties are hereby cautioned against purchasing, selling, or exposing for sale any blacking having affixed thereto, labels in any way similar to those used by us, or any other labels or cards, so contrived or expressed as, by colourable imitations or otherwise, to represent the Blacking to be the same as that manufactured and sold by the late William Everett, and now manufactured only by us, as legal proceedings will be immediately taken against any person who, after this notice, shall in any way infringe on the terms of the said Injunction.

EVERETT and Co.,

August 19th, 1845. 51, Fetter-lane, London

\* Vide Times and Herald, 20th August, 1845.

### BILE! BILE! BILE! — WORBOY'S

VEGETABLE PILLS safely and speedily remove sick head-ache, heartburn, loss of appetite, fluttering of the stomach, flatulency, habitual constiveness, with other symptoms of indigestion and torpid liver. With each box is enclosed a concise essay on diet by an eminent London Physician. Sold in boxes, 1s. 1d., and 2s. 9d., each, by W. S. Worboys, 76, New Cut, Lambeth; Barclay and Sons, Farringdon-street, and by all respectable medicine vendors.

N.B.—A dose sent gratuitously to persons enclosing a penny stamp, or a box for the amount in stamps.

Just Published, price 2s. 6d. Free by Post (in a sealed envelope,) 3s. 6d., a new and improved edition of

### THE SILENT FRIEND; a Medical Work

on the infirmities of the Generative System in both sexes; and on the loss of reproductive powers, with means of restoration. The beneficial effects of solitary indulgence, neglected Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Strictures, Secondary Syphilis, &c., are fully pointed out. Illustrated by engravings, followed by observations on Marriage, with plain directions for the removal of certain disqualifications. By R. and I. PERRY and Co., Consulting Surgeons, London. Published by the Authors, and may be had at their residence, 18, BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET.

Sold by Strange, Paternoster-row; Hannay and Co., 63, Oxford-street; Gordon, 146, Leadenhall-street; Parkins, Compton street, Soho, and all Booksellers.

The CORDIAL BALM OF SYRIACUM is exclusively directed to the cure of nervous and sexual debility; obstinate gleet, irregularity, weakness, impotency, barrenness, loss of appetite, indigestion, consumptive habits, and debilities arising from venereal excesses, &c. In bottles, price 11s. 12 for the quantity of four in one bottle for 33s., by which 11s. are saved. The Five-pound cases may be had as usual.

The CONCENTRATED DETERGENT ESSENCE. An anti-syphilitic remedy for searching out and purifying the blood from venereal contamination, scurvy, blotches on the head, face, and body, ulcerations, and those painful affections arising from improper treatment, or the effects of mercury, removing eruptions of the skin, Secondary Symptoms.

PERRY'S PURIFYING SPECIFIC PILLS, price 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. per box, are the most effectual remedy for Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Strictures, Inflammations, Irritation of the Bladder, &c. without hindrance to business.

Consultation fee, (if by letter,) £1. A minute detail of cases is necessary.

Messrs. Perry are in daily attendance, for Consultation, at their residence, 18, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, from 9 to 11, and 5 till 8. On Sundays, from 10 to 12. One personal visit only is necessary to effect a permanent cure. Fourteenth Edition of the "SILENT FRIEND" on Human Frailty, with coloured engravings.

Just Published, the SIXTEENTH EDITION, illustrated with cases and Full-length Engravings, price 2s. 6d. in a Sealed Envelope, and sent Free to any part of the Kingdom on the receipt of a Post Office order for 3s. 6d.

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Work on Nervous Debility and the concealed causes of the decline of Physical Strength and the loss of Mental Capacity, with remarks on the effects of Solitary Indulgence, neglected Gonorrhoea, Syphilis, Secondary Symptoms, &c. and Mode of Treatment; followed by observations on Marriage, with proper directions for the removal of all disqualifications. Illustrated with Engravings, showing the evils arising from the use of Mercury, and its influence on the body. By R. J. BRODIE and Co., Consulting Surgeons, 27, Montague-street, Russell-square, near the British Museum London.

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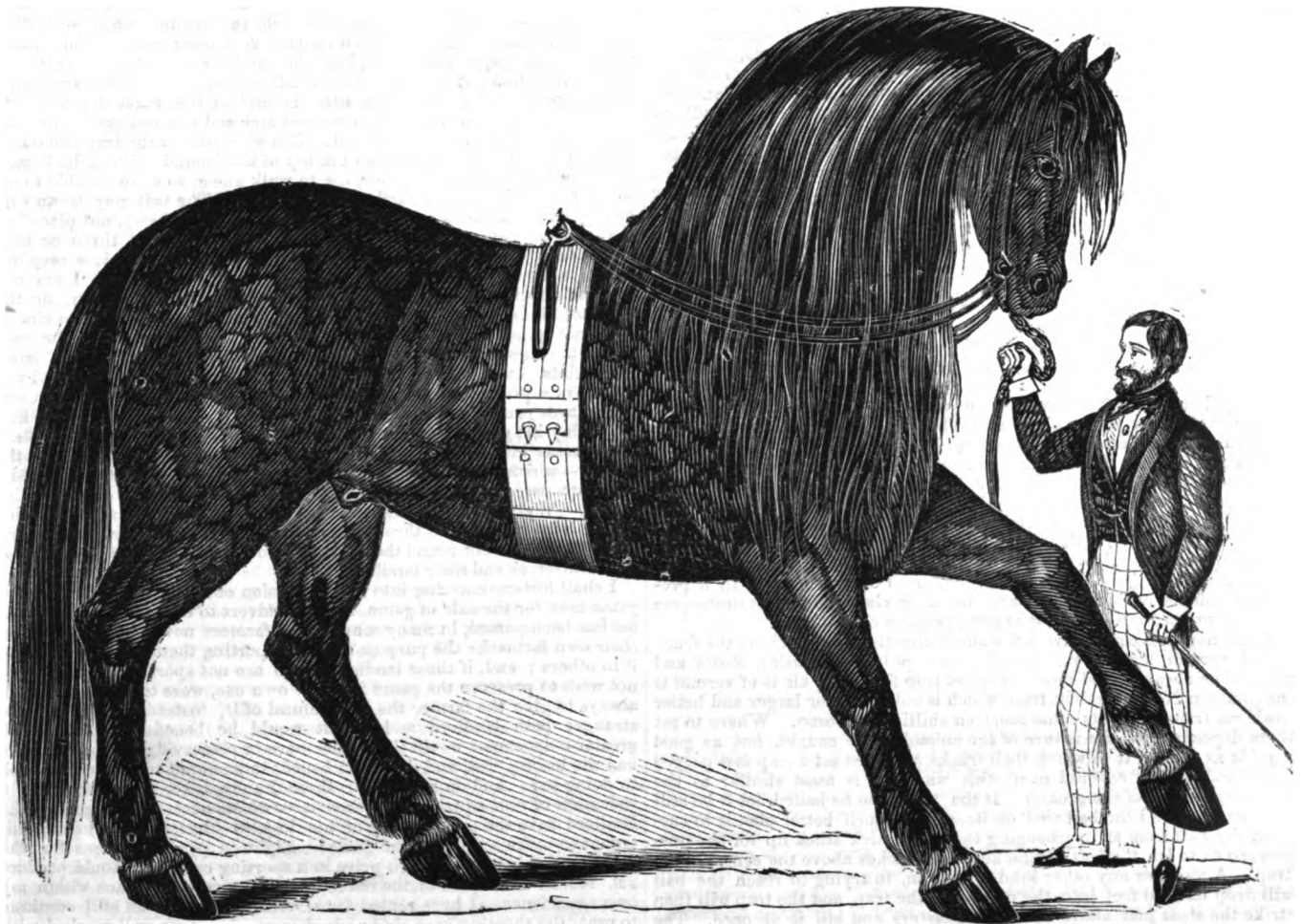
# THE Sportsman's Magazine

No. 28. FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 29, 1845.

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LIFE IN LONDON

THREE HALF-PENCE.



THE MAMMOTH HORSE. GENERAL WASHINGTON.—[THE PROPERTY OF MR. CARTER, THE LION KING.]

**W**HETHER this gigantic specimen of Northamptonshire breeding is aptly named we will not take upon ourselves to say. Certes the Liberator of America was a great man and this equine prodigy is a great horse, and so far there is congruity in the matter. America, however, though it may produce great men certainly does not produce great horses. We need not tell the reader that the New World, previous to the introduction of the horse and cow by the Spaniard, possessed neither of those useful quadrupeds; but and the wild races of the Pampas, though hardy, swift, and enduring are of small dimensions. But it is not with the horses of the Southern States, we have to do. The North from imported blood of Europe has racers, and other horses, equal in build, bone and symmetry to the countries of the Old Continent; nevertheless the average stature and bulk of the American horse, is far below that of the cross of the Old Cleveland and the Flanders, which we take the animal before us to be descended from. The reader has perhaps seen a lithograph of the animal, and a copy thereof in one of the pictorial papers; if so he will doubtless at once see a marked difference between the animal our artist has depicted, and that engraving. A remark or two will set this right: the animal in the lithograph is not so nearly allied to the heavy German war-horse of the middle ages, the slow but large-

bone *destrier*, as it is to "Elephant, a dray-horse, the property of Messrs. Meux and Co.," which we remember to have seen (with different markings it is true) depicted in the days of our boyhood. This is not the fault of the horse but the artist: the animal, so far from being clumsy, is, considering his enormous weight (25 cwt, or a *ton and a quarter*) a grand, a graceful, and an noble beast. His height is twenty hands (or six feet eight inches, from the toe to the point of the withers); what he measures from the setting on of the tail to between the ears we know not, but he certainly, as the spectator stands behind him on a chair and looks down on his back, seems as long as a ship's barge, and proportionate breath. In our drawing he appears somewhat foreshortened, and in the act (a very customary one with him) of pawing playfully with the forefoot; hence the muscular breadth of his mighty and expansive chest is partially shown. To those curious in living cats' meat, we would say—if you do not embrace the opportunity of dropping in at the Egyptian Hall, and scanning the proportions of this splendid specimen of a stupendous steed, during the period of his "seeing company," you will lose an interesting treat to the admirer of natural wonders, the connoisseur in animal beauty, and the curious in horsemanship.—We shall have a word or two to say on the crossings of breeds which produce this sort (not size, for he is a freak of nature) of animal in our proposed series of illustrated articles on the Horse

## HINTS FOR THE PRESERVATION OF GAME, AND TRAPPING VERMIN.

There are few objects in these eventful times more worthy of attention than those pursuits which tend to induce landed proprietors to reside on their estates, or which entice the wealthy citizen to spend a part of his time and riches in the country. The expenditure of a gentleman's family and establishment during six or seven months residence in the country, and the consequent interchange of good feeling and respect which is produced by it amongst the tenantry and poorer classes, are matters I conceive of no small national importance. And as hunting, shooting, fishing, and planting are the chief inducements for relinquishing the pleasures of a town life, or the seductions of a foreign kingdom, how much does it behove those who have it so easily in their power, to exert every means to increase these attractions, rather than heedlessly permit them to be destroyed or curtailed,—with what ease might not the farmer and his labourers add to these inducements, if they would but show a little attention in protecting the plantations and preserving the game of their landlords? They would find the benefit not only in having a readier market and getting a higher price for their hay, oats, and other produce, but in obtaining their farms on more advantageous terms than they could possibly expect to do from the agents of an absentee landlord. The industrious cottager too would come in for his share of the advantages. He would have the repairs of his cottage done, when necessary, his children sent to the Sunday school, and his wife assisted and attended to in times of illness and distress, and often a son or a daughter taken into the service and family of the landlord. Other benefits might be pointed out, but need more be said to show the beneficial effects arising from a landlord residing on his estate, by which alone can be produced that feeling which ever ought to exist between him and his dependants.—a feeling conducive to the best interests of each, and which while it attracts the rich from the excitements of a town life, to enjoy in lieu of them the spirit-stirring, healthy, and innocent recreations of the country, gives to the poorer classes a habit of respect and deference towards their superiors in rank, and makes them anxious to obtain their good opinion, sure of deriving a suitable reward in return.

The pole-cat or fitchet is a voracious animal, killing much more than it can consume, for the sake of the blood. It is also bold, cunning, and powerful, and not easily caught except by a good trapper who knows its haunts and habits. The weasle and stoat are familiar to every resident in the country, and well known for their activity and destructive propensities. I have frequently seen hares and rabbits perfectly paralyzed at the sight of them, and so horror-struck as not to be able to escape or move, long before their enemy was near enough to seize them. The common rat is also another deadly enemy to the eggs and young of all kinds of game. The hedgehog, as I have observed in a preceding number of this work, cannot be fairly classed amongst destroyers of game, neither the badger, excepting perhaps occasionally.

I will now proceed to give a few short directions for catching the four-footed vermin already mentioned,—cats, polecats, weasles, stoats and rats. The cheapest and most easily set trap for those kinds of vermin is the common Norfolk rabbit trap, which is only a rather larger and better made rat trap, and costs some fourteen shillings a dozen. Where to set these depends upon the nature of the animal to be caught, but as good a guide as can be, is to watch their tracks, and then set a trap fast pegged down, and slightly covered over with whatever is most similar to the adjoining surface of the ground. If the trap is to be baited, let it be still covered over, and the bait tied on it;—but a much better plan is to suspend the bait from an overhanging twig, or a stick stuck up for the purpose, so as to let the bait dangle about six inches above the centre of the trap. A stoat, or any other kind of vermin, in trying to reach the bait will drop its hind feet into the middle of the trap, and the trap will then strike the stoat just above the hind quarters and kill it at once. The bait should be of the young of anything which is then coming into season a young rabbit or wood-pigeon, though any small bird so hung up, or even a rat, is a very good bait. In setting a steel trap remember never to set it in a mouse, or near one, for it is not unlikely that some kind of game may come through first, and then you are destroying your own sport,—or perhaps a travelling fox may be caught, in which case, in the opinion of every fox-hunter, it were far better that you yourself were in the middle of the strongest trap that ever was set. It is this inconsiderate plan of setting traps in mouse-traps that causes so many pheasants, partridges, and hares to be found maimed, and it is a practice that cannot be too severely reprimanded either in a keeper or a farmer. The common cat and polecat are best caught in hutch or live traps, unbaited, taking care that they are made long enough;—set them with each end wide open, so that the light may fully appear through the trap, and put them at the mouth of a drain, under a gateway, or at the bottom of a dry ditch, or elsewhere, exactly in the track of the vermin sought to be taken, but placed so that they cannot pass by it. This is easily prevented by placing a little furze, a few bushes, or some clods, on each side of the trap, so as to make it the only way through which the animal can proceed in that direction. The proper hutch or live trap costs about eight to ten shillings, and will last a long time. It should be made with

a spring, so that when once closed it may not be opened till the spring is touched, which few persons know how to do, though perfectly simple in itself. Oak and elm are the best woods for making this kind of trap, which should be painted over, but quite free from the smell of paint before being used. When set, if the trapper will trail a rabbit or any other game about the place and through the trap, he will find it of great effect.

For hawks, owls, and winged vermin, the steel trap is the best. If a hawk is seen passing near a cover, or over any particular field, at the close of evening, rest assured if alive it will come the same way the next, and every subsequent evening, as regularly as possible as to time and place. Set your steel trap on the top of a gate-post, or on the stump of a tree, or other exposed and elevated place, cover it over carefully with moss or any thing which does not seem unlike the place it is fixed on, and tie a young rabbit, or a pigeon, or rat upon it, first plucking some fur or feathers off, and strewing it about the spot; in one or two evenings you will be sure to find the hawk is caught. Owls may be taken in the same way, but it is generally thought the common white owl does but little harm, though the brown owl is very destructive. For crows, magpies and jays, the best plan, though they are often caught like hawks, is to find out a splash of water after rain, or at the margin of a shallow pool, and there raise a little mound in the water on which to place the trap, about two inches under water and covered over with light turf or mud or whatever is around. The wide part of the trap should be furthest in the water, resting on the top of the mound, with a little path just broad enough for the crow, &c. to walk along, so as to be able to get to the end of the mound farthest in the water. The bait may be an egg, or egg shell (a hen's or a pigeon's, being white, is best), not placed on the trap as before described, but fixed on a stick about three or four inches from the extremity of the trap in the water. This is a very destructive trap for old as well as young crows, magpies, &c. I am not here attempting to describe all the plans for destroying vermin, or the different kinds of traps, but merely pointing out a few of the most simple and least expensive methods, and such as are within every farmer's power to command and adopt. I also avoid saying anything as to snaring rabbits, except that it never should be allowed to be done but by a keeper or a proper warrenor; there is a good deal of tact required in setting snares properly for rabbits, and unless a person understands how low to lay his snares,—where the rabbits jump is, across which to place it,—whether in a windy night (always the best)—how often to repeat the setting—which side of a cover to begin on, and other matters requisite to insure success, he will find everything but what he ought in his snares. Were these few suggestions for the preservation of game which I have here ventured to throw out, only put into practice by farmers and bailiffs as they went round their farms,—how much game might be saved for themselves and their landlords.

I shall forbear entering into any discussion of the clause in the present game laws for the sale of game, but only advert to the fact, that since the act has been passed, in many counties the farmers now rent the game on their own farms for the purpose of either sporting themselves or reletting it to others; and, if those landlords who are not sportsmen, or who do not wish to preserve the game for their own use, were to make it a rule always to give the farmer the first refusal of it, instead of letting it to a stranger both landlord and tenant would be benefited. How much greater inducement would the farmer have in preserving the game if he had the letting of it, and derived a benefit tantamount to the care he took in doing so? And on a farm of three hundred acres, suppose that a reduction of rent equal to ten per cent, or 30*l.* is necessary, might not the landlord save the greater part of his loss to himself by allowing his tenant to make a profit of the game? Eighteen pence an acre for the game (and this is not a high price in a sporting country) would produce 22*l.* 10*s.* no small part of the reduction. To give an instance within my own experience.—I have rented for several years past, and still continue to rent; the shooting over six hundred acres of land, as well stocked with game as any sportsman can wish to have, and for this I pay 45*l.* a year, the tenant renting the game from his landlord (who lives at a distance), for a much less sum, and profiting by the difference. I believe this farmer now has the game in lieu of a reduction of rent, and he thus gets his farm for 45*l.* a year less rent, while his landlord loses nothing. Before I made this arrangement with him he wished all the game on his farm destroyed, but now, having a benefit in preserving it, he thinks he cannot have too much. I repeat, then, that where the game is to be let, landlords should always give their own tenantry the preference, and allow of their letting it or retaining it on their own account. I may appear perhaps to speak somewhat authoritatively on this point, but I have tried each plan myself, and have often known it tried by others, and the result has always been that notwithstanding every liberality shown towards the tenantry, they felt that where the game was let to a stranger, they were paying a full rent for their farms, while the landlords was making a second additional rent of from eighteen pence to two shillings an acre out of the farmer's produce; and consequently there was a direct motive for them to feel discontented, and destroy, rather than preserve, the game.

Yours.—

A SHROPSHIRE SPORTSMAN.

## NATURAL HISTORY OF SPORTING.



THE BLACK SQUIRREL

**E** are not, within our own experience, aware whether the pretty specimen of Squirrel, from which the figure before us was drawn is, strictly speaking, a native of this island. True we have seen squirrels of various tints, grey, foxy red, nearly black, and in the Northern part of Hampshire (the writer's native county) many of the squirrel have white tails; yet although assured by a London dealer that the animal in question was bred here, we suspect him to be of Yankee parentage, as black squirrels are very numerous in the New World. Dr. Bachman of Charlestown, S. Carolina, has written upon the subject of the squirrel, and from him, as better acquainted with the black and grey squirrel, we condense the following.

These elegant animals are distributed throughout every quarter of the world, Australia excepted. The general characters of the true squirrels (as exhibited by our well-known British species,) are familiar to all: its fine full eyes, its light contour, activity, its deep soft fur, and long bushy tail, have contributed to render it a general favourite. They are furnished with proper clavicles, or collar-bones, and possess the use of the fore-arm and paws in a high degree of perfection; the toes are four, with the rudiment of a thumb, on the feet; five on the hind five; the claws are sharp and hooked. Ears often tufted with a pencil of long hairs. In feeding, these animals sit up on the haunches, and hold their food (nuts, &c.) not between the fingers of their joined fore-paws, but between the rudimentary thumbs, while they work at it with their teeth.

According to the author above mentioned, several species of black squirrels exist, totally distinct from each other, and of these some are mere varieties. Of the genuine species he notices the large Louisiana black squirrel, the black squirrel, and the dusky squirrel. There is a black variety of the fox squirrel, and a black variety of the Northern grey squirrel which we take to be the sort delineated in our cut. The grey squirrels are numerous, and perplexing to the naturalist. The Northern grey squirrel has been, for instance, confounded with the Carolina grey squirrel, from which it is distinct. The Northern grey and black squirrel is a very common species, and exceedingly active and sprightly. It is spread through the Northern and Middle States: it is abundant in New York and in the mountainous parts of Pennsylvania, and extends as far north as Hudson's Bay: southwards, it occurs in Virginia, and perhaps still farther south.

## THE GREY SQUIRREL.

Like all the true squirrels, this species is arboreal in its habits, quick, and alert:—it rises with the sun, and continues industriously engaged in search of food during four or five hours in the morning, running over logs ascending trees and playfully coursing from limb to limb. During the warm weather of spring it prepares its cradle or nest on the branch of a tree, constructing it of dried sticks which it breaks off, or, if these are not at hand, of green twigs as thick as a finger, which it gnaws from the boughs. These it lays in the fork of a tree or of some large branch so as to make a framework: it then lines this framework with leaves; and over these again spreads a layer of moss. In the preparation of this nest, a pair is usually engaged for an hour in the morning, during several successive days, and the noise they make in cutting the branches and dragging the leaves may be heard at some distance. In winter they reside entirely in holes of trees, where their young in most instances are brought forth. The young are from four to six in number; and in a few weeks are sufficiently advanced to leave their nest. It is generally believed that this squirrel lays up a great hoard of food as a winter supply.

Further on the Dr. states that these which inhabit the southern portion of the United States, where the ground is seldom covered with snow, de-

rive in winter a precarious subsistence from seeds, insects, and worms, which are scratched up among the leaves: we may here observe that, singular enough, no one has noticed the fact, except Mr. C. Coward ("Mag. Nat. Hist." New Series, June, 1839, p. 311), of our common British squirrel being carnivorous as well as frugivorous; such is, however, the case: it attacks young birds, and greedily devours them; nor is the wood-pigeon safe from its assaults. The Northern grey squirrel feeds on nuts, and various seeds, but it seems to prefer the shell-bark, and the several species of hickory, to any other food. Green corn and young wheat suffer greatly from its depredations, and hence war of wholesale destruction is everywhere waged against it. In Pennsylvania an old law existed offering threepence a head for every squirrel destroyed; and in 1749 the enormous sum of 8,000*l.* was paid out of the treasury for the destruction of these depredators. The extensive migrations which are undertaken by this species, either from a scarcity of food, or from some other inexplicable cause, have often excited not only wonder, but apprehension. They generally take place in Autumn, but by no means with regularity. It would appear that in the far north-west multitudes congregate in different districts, forming scattered troops, which all bend their way instinctively in an eastern direction, collecting into larger bodies as they proceed: neither mountains nor rivers stop their progress; onward they come, a devouring army, laying waste the corn and wheat fields of the farmer; and as their numbers are thinned by the gun, others fill up the ranks; few, perhaps none, ever return westwardly; those that escape the carnage take up their abode in the forests of their newly-explored country. The grey squirrel has many enemies; the fox, the lynx, the weasel, hawks, and owls, are all eager to seize it: when attacked by the red-tailed hawk, its most formidable foe, it is amusing to see the skill and dexterity exercised by both, in the attack, and in the defence; often, indeed, the squirrel, by dodging and twisting round the branches and large limbs of the tree, foils and wears out his antagonist; when, however, a pair of hawks combine, the squirrel has no chance. As we propose, in Number 29, to give a figure of the Common SQUIRREL, we shall postpone a few anecdotes and particulars of our native, lively, and pretty specimen of the "tree rat," the only one of the rat species (except white and China mice) that has attained the privilege of a domestic favourite.

## Reminiscences of Racing and Racers, in 1845.

(For the Sportsman's Magazine.)

BY SOOTHSAYER.

(Continued from page 435.)

After a race for the Subscription Plate carried off by Little Finch, and a match between Prologue and Energy which was won by the former, a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, seven subscribers, came off. The only horses brought to the post were Idas and Wood Pigeon; the betting was four to one on Idas, who won easily; the distance was about a mile—There cannot be a doubt but that the appearance of Idas, after the late severe weather, was most creditable to his trainers, and it elicited warm applause; he became a decided favourite for the 2,000 Guinea Stakes, and mended his position very much for the Derby. For the Claret Stakes the Cure beat Antler easily.—Cowl won the Stanhope Stakes, and Red Deer the Port. For a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. Queen Mab was placed first; this mare, formerly called Eliza, used to be hacked about at the East Surrey, &c., but was bought by Mr. Payne, whose property she now is, who gave her a new name, and has found her a profitable investment. This closes the Craven Meeting.

It is not without some difficulty I make my selection of reminiscences; I am anxious not to neglect the provincials, yet find, at the same time, that there is sufficient food for contemplation in the large and more notorious meetings. I trust therefore that your readers will not feel disappointed though some races of local interest may not appear to have received their due; their own reminiscences, I doubt not, amply supply what mine do not afford.

With this feeling I shall mention merely that at the Durham races, April 17, Beaufront, who ran in the Derby in Orlando's year with very indifferent success, won two races very cleverly.

At the Bath and Somerset Meeting, April 22, Worthless won the Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, and ran a mile very fast. It was this race which got him friends for the 2,000 Guineas, and the Derby.

I must now draw the attention of your readers to the few observations I shall take occasion to add on any race of two-years-olds; for it is probable, that if had in remembrance, with reference to the coming Derby and Oaks, their own reminiscences, should they be so lucky as to win, will be equally if not more agreeable to them than the perusal of mine. For the Weston Stakes, at the same meeting, 15 sovs. each, Princess Alice was first, by a head; Astonishment, second; Madcap, third. The two first are fillies and are both in the Oaks for 1846. Sweetmeat took away the Somersetshire Stakes from Young Lochinvar, St. Lawrence, and a lot more, by a length. The City Cup fell to Lord George who won with Plenitude. The Durham Park Stakes were won by Worthless, beating Miss Ellis and some others. At the Epsom Spring Meeting, April 25, Sir Gilbert was second with Gwallor for the Trial Stakes, and first with the Shirine Colt for a Sweepstakes. Mr. Mack's



filly Camel out of Chance, lost all chance for the Derby by his running here.

The Newmarket First Spring Meeting, April 28, was very well attended, and had of course, a great influence on the Derby. In a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, Paultons beat Lyons and Scarmantado, and gave a finishing blow to the latter for the Derby. In another Sweepstakes for the same amount Maynooth beat Tunick, and was three or four points, in consequence, better for the Derby. April 29, the Coffee Room Stakes brought three to the post, which, after a waiting race with the two last, was won by Lyons, beating Prologue and Refraction. This race was taken by some, who only look at one, two, three, as deciding the fate of Refraction for the Oaks, but I cannot help dropping a word of advice to your readers who take an interest in these matters. In all cases let them read the account of a race or hear from an eye-witness, which is better, *how* a race is run. For instance in this race, Prologue and Refraction waited too long; and, Lyons, having S. Mann on his back, won by a head, the other not quite reaching him on the post. The next event was one of the most important of the year. I need hardly say I allude to the 2,000 Guineas. A large concourse of people assembled to see the horses saddled and cantered, the universal opinion being in favour of Idas whose form and condition were as much bepraised as they had been at the Craven Meeting. The post saw Idas, Wood Pigeon, Paultons, Worthless and Winchilea, ready for the start, and off they went—they had scarcely cleared away ere the victor was apparent; Idas, amid great shouts, winning by two lengths. His portrait appeared in *Bell's Life* and in your journal, No. 9, "SPORTING WORLD," and he became first favourite for the Derby. Idas however was not, in many eyes, a Derby horse; his heavy shoulders, springy pasterns and low heels being great defects; he was also pronounced "leggy." The 1,000 Guinea Stakes were won by Pie-Nic (by Glaucus) beating Pug, Heatherbell, Topaz, and two or three others; she is a little gay animal, a bad bay, with black legs but somewhat speedy. For the Newmarket Stakes Idas walked over.

The topic of the result of the 2000 Guinea Stakes at Newmarket, soon subsided, for that more important subject, the Chester Cup, which had indeed, been one of the most absorbing for a long time past in the sporting circles.

On May 6th, the Chester Races opened with the Grosvenor Stakes, for which A-la-mode, (Mr. Mostyn's,) beat Coranna, Poussin, and another. For the Produce Stakes, 50 sovs. each, Queen Pomare beat her only other competitor, Lena. For the Plate 100 guineas, Alice Hawthorn beat Naworth—her last triumph of any moment. A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, 50 added, brought a middling lot to the post. Freeman beat Psalmisger after a sharp contest, Mainstay, and a good lot more. For the Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, (2 year old) Princess Alice was first, The Traveller second, Curiosity third—Sotenus and Brutus, and a colt by Stockport Manila, beaten off. The race for the Cup took place in a shower of rain, with Kitchener on Fittallen, who got a regular soaking, as did the others; but such a "little one" could not assist his horse much, if at all, in the last half mile, however he got a place. Intrepid, a horse entitled to be entered as half-bred, was first, St. Lawrence second, Milton third. Intrepid, in point of fact, is as near thorough-bred as seven-eighths can make him. The Bat ran a match with Agriculture, and beat him, fulfilling the old adage, "none so blind as those who won't see." The Members' Plate was won by Dog Billy. The Marquis of Westminster's, by Milton. For the Dee Stakes, Coranna beat A-la-mode, and three others. Libel won the Chester St. Leger in a very fast race, beating Hope, Miss Ellis, and several others; he immediately became quoted for the Derby, and in my judgment, very properly and fairly so. His running before and after the Derby (shows him to be a good horse; how it happened that he was last for the Derby, I leave to a fair explanation, if it can be given; I doubt it. There were some other races at Chester I have not immediately in recollection. Ould Ireland, an importation from the Emerald Isle, and a failure for the Cup, beat a good field for a Free Handicap of 10 sovs. 50 added; he and Semiseria ran head and head for half-a-mile, but Ould Ireland put his nose in a front in spite of Nat, who rode Semiseria, and was declared on the post a winner by "half-a-head." Malt and Andrew Brandy, (2 year old,) ran in a 3 and 2 years old Stake, and were beaten; Hope first, The Hermit, another Irishman, second. For the beaten horses, Cour de Lion got a shave in the shape of 40 sovs.

The New market second spring, May 13, brought out nothing new; but I will just remark, that the Duke of Bedford and Lord Exeter made up a match between Prologue and Lyons; and, with reference to my remarks on the race between the same horses at the First Spring, it is as well to observe, that Prologue beat Lyons by three lengths easily. Queen Mab, 7st. 3lb. won the Suffolk Stakes, beating a good field; among them Alice Hawthorn, 9st. 9lb. rode by J. Day, jun.

Manchester Races, May 13th, brought out a fair field for the Cup, which was carried off by The Best of Three. Lord Harry, by Recovery, won the Victoria Stakes easily; he is a two year old. Cour de Lion, beat Trueboy, over 3 miles and a distance. The Broughton Stakes were won by Best of Three beating Montpomerie and others. Queen of Tyne beating David, Trueboy, and Dr. Husband, won 100 sov. specie, (Cup,) added to 15 sovs. each.

In my next communication, I may probably reach and dispose of the Derby for 1845.

## WRINKLES FOR THE GROOM—NO. VII.

### STABLE OPERATIONS IN WINTER.



N this season of mountain skies and low temperature, we feel sure that a few practical observations on this important subject, by the neglect of which more horses are lost than by serious accidents, will be acceptable in the cento of facts and scraps which we have collected under the above head. And first, of—

#### REMOVING THE MUD.

There are two ways of removing the mud. One may be termed the dry, and another the wet mode. The first is performed by means of the scraper and the currycomb, or a kind of brush made of whalebone, which answers much better than the currycomb. In most of the well-regulated coaching stables, the strappers are never allowed to apply water to a horse that has come off the road. The usual practice is to strip off the mud and loose water by the sweat knife; to walk the horse for about ten minutes, if he be warm or wet, and the weather fair, otherwise he stands a little in his stall, or in an open shed; then the man begins with the drier of those that have come in together. Much of the surface mud which the scraper has left about the legs is removed by a straw wisp, or a small birch broom, or the whalebone brush; the wisp likewise helps to dry the horse. The whalebone brush is a very useful article when the coat is long. That, and the currycomb, with the aid of a wisp, are almost the only implements coaching strappers require in the winter season. It clears away the mud, and separates the hairs, but it does not polish them. A gloss, such as the coat of these horses requires, is given by the wisp. The whalebone brush is sometimes too coarse, and many horses cannot bear it at any time, while others can suffer it only in winter. After the mud has been removed with this brush, the matted hair parted by the currycomb, and the horse dusted all over with the wisp, his feet are washed, the soles picked, the shoes examined, the legs and heels well rubbed, partly by the hand, and partly by the wisp, and the main and tail combed. In the best stables he is well dressed with the bristle brush before he goes to work. In other stables the usual mode of removing mud is by—

#### WASHING.

When the horse is very dirty he is usually washed outside the stable; his belly is scraped, and the remainder of the mud is washed off at once by the application of water. Some clean the body before they wash the legs, but that is only when there is not much mud about the horse. They do so that he may go into the stable quite clean. He soils his feet and legs by stamping the ground when his body has been cleaned. It matters little whether the dressing commence with the body or with the legs; but when the legs are washed the last thing, they are generally left undried. In washing, a sponge and a water brush are employed. Some use a mop, and this is called a lazy method; it is truly the trick of a careless sloven; it wets the legs, but does not clean them. The brush goes to the roots of the hair, and removes the sand and mud, without doing which, it is worse than useless to apply water. The sponge is employed for drying the hair, for soaking up and wiping away the loose water. Afterwards, the legs, and all the parts that have been washed, are rendered completely dry by rubbing with a straw wisp, the rubber, and the hand. Among valuable horses this is always done; wherever the legs have little hair about them, and that little cannot be properly dried after washing, no washing should take place.

#### WET LEGS.

It is a very common practice, because it is easy, to wash the legs: but none, save the best of stable-men, will be at the trouble of drying them; they are allowed to dry of themselves, and they become excessively cold. Evaporation commences; after a time a process is set up for producing heat sufficient to carry on evaporation and to maintain the temperature of the skin. Before this process can be fully established, the water has all evaporated; then the heat accumulates; inflammation succeeds, and often runs so far as to produce mortification. When the inflammation is slight and transient, the skin is soon completely restored to health, and no one knows that it had ever been inflamed. When the process runs higher, there is a slight oozing from the skin, which constitutes what is termed grease, or a spot of grease, for when this disease is spread over a large surface, it is the result of repeated neglect. When the inflammation has been still more severe, mortification ensues; the horse is lame, the leg swollen, and in a day or two a crack is visible across the pastern, generally at that part where the motion is greatest. This crack is sometimes a mere rupture of the tanned skin, but very often it is produced by a dead portion of the skin having fallen out; what is called a core in the heel arises from the same cause; it differs from the crack only in being deeper and wider. The reason why cold produces such local injury of the skin covering the legs, and not of that covering any other part, is sufficiently plain. The legs, in proportion to their size, have a very extensive surface exposed to evaporation, and the cold becomes more intense than it can ever become on the body. To avoid these evils, the legs must either be dried after washing, or they must not be wet.

The subject of our next wrinkle, will be clothing a wet horse.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- S. R. T., Manchester.—What makes you think so? We hope that "suspicion," which Shakespeare says "doth ever haunt the guilty mind," does not prompt you to think evil of others. Prove your assertion (for at present it is mere assertion), and we will insert your communication.
- E. M.—He is a pot-house sportsman, and prates on points beyond his purlied ken. The *Railway Director* has communicated the earliest information to the public upon two or three great racing events, owing to the exertions of Mr. J. K. C.—As to his account of the fight of Cant and Bendigo, the writer of this was the only reporter who reached London on the night of the fight in time for a report, the first of which appeared in the *Morning Advertiser* of September 10th, whence it was copied into the evening papers of the same day. The fight was over about three minutes past six, nobody started from Wolverton till the nine o'clock up-train; and we saw the only reporter who could have supplied the information left belated, by his own consent, as no object (for his establishment), could be attained in hurrying on after a fatiguing day. Ignorance is always positive; and the murky half-light of the Adelphi is likely to breed nought but sporting ows.
- W. W.—It is "Badminton."
- HALIENS.—Assuredly not. A whale is not a fish: there are certain peculiarities (branchies, or gills, cold blood, the absence of a heart, generation by spawn, or ova, the absence of mamma, or breasts, &c.) which go to forming a fish, all of which are not present in the whale; it is, therefore, not a fish, but one of the mammalia.
- A. SUSCRIBER, Cambridge.—In the "Life Guards" and "Blues," which are mounted grenadiers, six feet is the understood standard; but fine grown healthy young men a trifle below that height are taken. There is no "first royal Hussars." All the Hussar regiments are "light dragons," and five feet eight-inch men are not refused, if otherwise eligible; though five feet nine inches are preferred. The age is regulated by the call or demand for men, and other considerations. Under twenty-five, we should say.
- A. YOUNG SPORSMAN, Devon.—Certainly, the whole of the parties, save and except the "lord of the soil," and his servants duly authorized, are liable to an action; but where is the churl who would bring it, or the jury that would award damages? even the second-named are liable in law to pay for any damage they may do in pursuing their diversion.
- A. SNOR.—In tossing, "Victoria" is now head, and the reverse, tail. The quibble is almost unworthy an answer.
- THE RIVE.—Cannon and Ned Neal fought for 100*l.* at Warfield, Berks. The latter was the winner. Jack Randall fought Ned Turner but once, he fought Martin twice.—Ward fought Cannon on the 19th July, 1835.—Dear Burke did not kill Simon Byrne—according to the verdict of a jury.
- R. N.—In answer to the question from "Beeth Ferry," the stakeholder was perfectly justified in giving up the money he held to B; but B cannot recover the remaining 1*l.* from C, the money down being his only forfeit.
- BELLARS.—W. S.—The striker is 40; a game of 50, he makes a white hazard, but, in withdrawing his cue, touches the red ball—is it a foul stroke?—Yes.
- A. GROOM.—Center is a bastard gallop, and not one of the natural paces of a horse.
- R. ENDBELL, Liverpool.—Try your luck—don't say we banished you—but the chances are against you, as 10 to 9.
- SYNTAX.—A literary gentleman of vast experience once said "The labour of an editor by no means consists in what he has to write, but in what he has to read." The lengthy communication of Syntax must have cost him much pains, and for the instant we thank him. But we can lay our hands upon all his information, in a vastly better form in printed books. There is not even a spice of novelty in his "facts."
- SOUTHERNER.—Many thanks for your punctuality and promptitude.
- A. NORTHERNER.—Why should we repeat the answer? Widdemere is in Lancashire.—We know nothing of the Memorial Laws of Troutbeck, Westmoreland.
- C.—If I find a hare or rabbit with my bagpipes, my own ground, can I follow it off my land, without my gun, for the purpose of getting my dogs back, without being deemed a trespasser, having leave of the farmer?—Yes.
- QUESTIONER.—It is Madeira, and not Sherry, which is improved by a voyage to the East Indies. Sherry comes direct from Spain, at least it ought to do so.
- T. B.—CRIBBAGE.—In cutting for partners at Cribbage, the King, and Queen, and the Knave, and Ten, are all tenth cards, and the parties must cut again. Three threes and two aces count eighteen at Cribbage.
- F. R. S.—B must pay the penalty of his own carelessness.
- E. C. R., Coventry.—We shall report the fight of Gill and Norley in the Stamped Edition of No. 28. The Gamecock began in No. 17, and has been continued with a few intermissions, to No. 26. All back numbers are in print.
- ENIGMA.—Write to the Editor of the *Erra*; he will answer you, doubtless.
- E. C. S.—The leading rabbi with many others, is a *fast* horse head. Bet him next time he obstinately offers it; it is not a bubble but a fair and legitimate wager.
- H. B., Derby.—See No. 12 of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE.
- AN EAST-ENDER.—You cannot go to a better house for Sporting information, or a jolly straightforward boniface, than Tom Parish's, the White Horse, in Fann-street, Aldersgate.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST.

- SUNDAY, NOV. 23rd.—TWENTY-SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.  
We know it is good that old winter should come,  
Roving awhile from his Lapland home;  
'Tis fitting that we should hear the sound  
Of his reindeer sledge on the slippery ground.  
For his wide and glittery cloak of snow  
Protects the seeds of life below;  
Beneath his mantle are nurtured and born  
The roots of the flowers, and germs of the corn;  
And the whistling tones of his pure strong breath  
Blow purging the vapours of pestilential death.
- MONDAY, 24th.—Baldock Champion Coursing Meeting.—Treaty with China, 1842.—Peace concluded with U. S. of America, 1814.
- TUESDAY, 25th.—Gill (of Coventry), and Norley of Manchester—see our report on the 27th.—Michaelmas Term ends.—Haddiscoe Steeplechase.—Lytham Champion Coursing Meeting.
- WEDNESDAY, 26th.—Lancashire Coursing Meeting.—Great Storm of 1703 began.—Sir James Graham recommends the abolition of the evening sittings at the Old Bailey, 1844, that criminals may not be sent across the sea while their judges are "half-dead over."
- THURSDAY, 27th.—Remember our Stamped Edition with report of both the *Fights* of Tuesday 26th, can be had by order.—Brompton Coursing Meeting.—Great eruption of Vesuvius, 1786: a great many unfortunate people in the neighbourhood took a drop too much of the crater on this day.
- FRIDAY, 28th.—Morpoth Coursing Meeting (and 27th).—Facetious *Fancies* for the *Gloomy Week*.—Gardening.—On rainy nights get in late *bananas* and supply cad with chaff. If full take up sixteenth inside and shake down for elbows. Turn down courts to avoid creditors, add turn up everywhere to avoid lawyers. Bills should be taken up as soon as they fall due, and when a crop of coins has been once raised from paper, care must be taken not to exhaust the ground. This is the usual season for dressing Guys, which, when carried, may be garnished with lantern and matches as usual.—*Notes of a Naturalist*.—The late Lord Mayor now begins to migrate, and the turtle which arrives about the month is the welcome harbinger of a succesor. Tradesmen, field-larks, snipes and managers, now present their long winter bills to our notice, and very few beauty spots are seen on the face of nature.
- SATURDAY, 29th.—Polish Revolution, 1831.—Annual Ball at Mansion House.—Oliver Goldsmith born, 1730.—Cool *Impudence*.—Yesterday an individual of dashing exterior presented a shilling to the toll-keeper of Waterloo Bridge, and sarcastically demanded change. The toll-keeper's nose turned blue with indignation, or the north-east wind it is not clearly ascertained which.—Last Day's sale of our ALMANAC with No. 28 of the MAGAZINE.

## A RHYMED APPEAL THAT WAS MEANT FOR PROSE.



HALL we, or shall we not? Such was the question we asked ourselves. "Good wine needs no bush," said Vanity; "you have been long enough before the public." "But," said Modesty, a safer and more useful prompter (save with railway directors, stage, incompetent engineers, sham surveyors, *et hoc genus omne*), "your quality is known; you are proved, tried, and the commendations of the judicious should prevent self-praise." "True," said moneyed Prudence; "yet there are other things in this working-day world to think of. You start a publication, but will the trade sell you? will they supply your customers if you are not of them and with them—the property of one or other of the publishers?" We know not and care not. Let every purchaser (and we know of many) who finds any difficulty in procuring either current or back numbers write to our office, 42, Helywell-street (forwarding the name of the vendor in the town), and we will take care to communicate directly with him. Thus much of prose.

The printer's proof of our Almanac lies before us. Why is it we asked the question—Shall we, or shall we not? Because,—

"E'en now, while looking on this sheet of paper—

This transformed rag, which lies beneath our nose,

Our meek, internal spirit cut aasper,

Yet why or wherefore heaven only knows!

Doubtless 'twas for that, by our midnight taper,

Th' ALMANAC we've promised finds its close;

We care not (save the friends we seek to please)

If almanacs were gone to — take their ease.

We've not quite cursed—altho' in verse Byronic,

We've told you how we feel. Come, chat awhile,

But pritheo do not think our strain ironic,

Because we lighten labour with a smile.

We don't believe in soft soap as a tonic

So take "French leave" to speak plain truth in style

Of a plain friend, who started in plain prose

But's got poetical—and so, "here goes!"

For numbers TWENTY-SEVEN we've been amusing

With turf-exploits, with Mills, Regattas, Races,

With Angling Oddments, "Wrinkles," "Hints," and Bruising,

Chronologies and Chants, Fast-trotting, Steeplechases,

The GUN, the Bow, the SWORD—not choosing

'E'en to forget "the Stick;"—with cuts of Sporting Faces;

The Badger too we've "drawn," and eke the Dog;

Still going, in sporting matters, "the whole hog."

SONG-BIRDS—the GAMECOCK, too, we've "handled,"

What yet remains to do, we'll cheerily meet,

So that, for Pleasure's trip, or toll, we're sandalled,

And thus or rough or smooth we'll gaily greet,

And though we've not the GRAYHOUND puppy "dandled,"

We'll show you how to breed the "long tails" fleet;

So at each Coursing Meet you'll scarce be seen

Without a copy of our MAGAZINE.

The HORSE too, noble brute, shall be our care,

Not canting, whining, o'er his fancied woes,

But doing still our best to teach whate'er

Experience, or sound practice clearly shows

To be the best. And here, regardless of false friends, or foes,

We'll tell, as sure as the 'eating proves the puddin',

How he who reads may learn to choose "a good 'un."

Then, as the pictorial—Don't you think,

We've done our best to keep it up with any

Who in the line of Sport have shed their ink,

To give you aye a penn'orth for your penny?

Of bird, or beast, or fish, we've made no mystery,

But given you, each week, their "Natural History."

Suggest, good CORRESPONDENTS, pray suggest,

Wherein you think our Magazine deficient;

Your promptings you shall find, among the rest,

Shall be to us as a command efficient;

Give us the hint, and although first you move it

It shall go hard if we do not improve it.

Then, as to this same number, worthy buyer—

'Tis you we look to—for as "length of days

Attend the good," so even, by his hire,

Must the poor penman live; and empty praise

'Gainst solid pudding still doth kick the beam,

So by his sale he fain must judge of your esteem.

"Farewell! a word that has been and must be,"

Try short or long—a week or rolling years—

You've spent your threepence—doth it anger thee?

Tr then a sixpenceworth with our compeers,

And if they beat our Almanac, disown it;

"Our head shall still go bare till merit crown it!"

Almanac Day, Nov. 20, 1845.

## GALLERY OF SPORTING CELEBRITIES—NO V.



GEORGE OSBALDESTON, ESQ.



HE "Old Squire"—old in years but green in spirit—here stands before us. When Dan O'Connell boasted himself as "the best abused man in all Europe," he did not foresee the "ballyraggin," that would fall to the share of the subject of our sketch, because he kindly consented to accept the office of "referee," on the occasion of an important pugilistic contest, when other gentlemen declined the thankless appointment. However, the "old Squire" has energy mental and bodily to laugh at his assailants and impugnors. He did his duty faithfully and fearlessly, in an unpleasant and unenviable position, and the "mens conscia recti" supports him, in his indifference to aspersion and slander. Losers will grumble, it is their privilege, and it must be left them.

Whether we regard Mr. Osbaldeston as an accomplished shot, a follower of the chase, the turf, or the road, he has few equals. It has been jocosely said of him, that he must be "copper bottomed," or he could never have stood all his work in the saddle—we allude to his celebrated feat at Newmarket, of riding two hundred miles in eight hours and

forty-two minutes. But we wish to give him no super-human advantages. He is (in point of labours) a sort of modern Hercules, and his name will live when those of prouder title are forgotten.

As a true British sportsman, Mr. Osbaldeston stands unrivalled; and no matter what the game is, he is sure to be at it. With him no season is too long, nor does any pass away in anxious expectation of the next. "Carpe diem," seems to be his motto and in "summer's heat and winter's cold" he is ever in active employment. What a life of exertion he has led! having hunted all the best countries in England—Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, Northamptonshire, part of Warwickshire, and had a turn in the rural Hambledon country in Hampshire. By hunting a country we do not mean finding the "wherewithal," and being simply the "magnus Apollo" of the field, like many masters of hounds—but we mean the actual physical labour of hunting a pack of fox-hounds, an attempt which many have made and but few succeeded in—and in this department no days have ever been too long for him, nor have they come too close together. "Good stuff," they say, is put up in small "bundles;" and this is the case with Squire Osbaldeston, who, under the middle stature, has the strength and pluck of two single gentlemen rolled into one;—and long may he enjoy it.

## THE FISHER'S CREEL.

## SEA ANGLING.

SIR,—Seeing in your Magazine of last week in answer to a subscriber, Hammersmith, that you know of no work devoted to sea angling, I beg to mention, that if he can obtain "Brooks's Angler," he will find all he wishes to know. It is an old book. Being an angler myself, I would wish to furnish others with information, where it lies in my power. In No. 22 you proposed "to speak more fully on trolling;" I have anxiously looked for it, but have not seen anything of it. As Jack fishing is now in its prime, I do not think you will find a more fit time for the subject, Yours, A JACK FISHER.

Præd-street, Paddington, Nov. 12, 1845.

[The "Jack Fisher" shall find we have not forgotten trolling. Pressure of matter has delayed the article. Has he Numbers 4 and 5 of this Magazine? He will there find a few illustrative cuts, as well as a say on the subject.—Ed.]

## PIKE FISHING.

SIR,—In answer to the inquiry of a correspondent, as to when he may get some good pike fishing within twenty-five miles of London, I beg to inform him, that from my own experience, I can safely recommend him to try the river Wye, which goes through the Broad Mead at Woking, in Surrey. Let him go by rail (Southampton), and a half-hour's gentle walk from the station will take him to the village. I would advise him to call on Joe Groves, a good tempered fellow, and a constant troller thereabout, who will cheerfully put him *fly* to every angle where he is likely to find good sport; and will most likely take a cast with him. He will find three hostels in the village, but I should recommend the "Crown and Anchor," as being nearest the water, and possessing the most civil host.

There are here three waters, viz.—the Wye, the Canal, and the Old Water, in the latter of which it is necessary to ask for permission to fish, which, however, is never refused by its liberal owner, Captain B—.

Wishing your correspondent good sport, I am, yours, &c.

NED RUB.

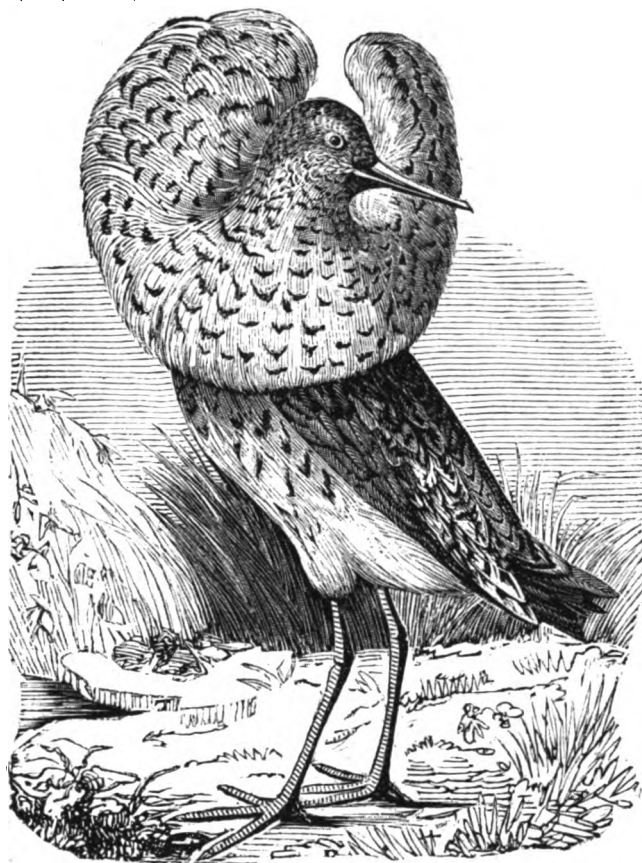
BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—Bleeding at the nose, if it be ever so violent or protracted, may be permanently stopped by the individual using some salted dried beef, which has been grated fine with a nutmeg grater, in the same manner as he would take snuff. Two or three pinches are said to be sufficient to stop any fit of bleeding.

SPECIMENS OF FINE WRITING.—Mild is the vapour of the choice cigar, but the voice of woman is drawn milder still. Sweet are the accents of a young and lovely girl tremblingly yielding the responsive "yes"—sweet as the first fond breathings of May morn—but, oh, how harsh to the reflective mind is the upptone of the landlady, who desires the settlement of her six weeks' rent. The first is as the lake which incloses its beauty in its placid silence; the last as the cataract which roars louder as it descends.

NIAGARA.—I visited the Falls quite unprepared for the startling effect I should experience. Whish, whash, whush—squish, squash, squash—whiz, wang, whang! These and a thousand other similar sounds vibrated in my ears. I looked upwards—sky, sea, and air. I looked downwards—air, sea, and sky. And then there was a rush—and a gurgling—and a splash—as if the mighty Ontario had got a sore throat, and was having a gigantic gargle. It was a terrific scene—a magnificent affair altogether—the sort of thing that would astonish a fellow in Piccadilly; but here, where all is grand, great, and glorious, it is a mere matter-of-fact—a dash of common-place. On quitting the Horse-shoe Fall, it began to rain hard, and as the setting sun scattered its last rays on the folds of my umbrella, I could have wished that a Patent cab could have been returning to Saratoga, and that there had been just room for one inside,—*Lyall's North America*.



## BRITISH BIRDS NO. XXI.



THE RUFF.

**T**HIS pretty and pugnacious bird, the female of which is termed a REEVE, is a bird of passage. In times of yore, ere improved drainage had diminished their haunts these pretty little birds were innumerable plentiful. The Ruffs and Reeves arrive in the fens of Lincolnshire, the Isle of Ely, and the East Riding of Yorkshire, in the spring, in great numbers. In the course of a single morning there have been above six dozen caught in one net, and a fowler has been known to catch between forty and fifty dozen in one season.

The ruff is scarcely so large as the common snipe, with a bill about an inch long. The face is covered with yellow pimples, and the back part of the head and neck are furnished with long feathers, standing out somewhat like the ruff worn by our ancestors: a few of these feathers stand up over each eye, and appear not unlike ears. The colours of the ruff are in no two birds alike: in general they are brownish and barred with black, though some have been seen that were altogether white. The lower parts of the belly and the tail coverts are white. The tail is longer than in the snipe, having the four middle feathers barred with black; the others are pale brown. The legs are of a greenish yellow, and the claws black. The female is smaller than the male, of a light brown colour, and destitute of the ruff on the neck. The male bird does not acquire his ruff till the second season, being till that time, in this respect, like the female, as he is also from the end of June till the pairing season, when Nature clothes him with the ruff, and the red pimples break out on his face; but, after the time of incubation the long feathers fall off, and the carbuncles shrink in under the skin, so as not to be discerned.

There are two passions which seem to determine the movements of all animated existence, and these are, the appetite for food and love. All other considerations yield to these, which exercise over the animal nature a powerful and enduring mastery. It is difficult to say which of these is the stronger, but perhaps the necessity of existence is that which operates most continuously, and is therefore entitled to the first place. But the other passion, that of love, is not less remarkable. The changes it produces in the very form of the animal are truly wonderful. In this season of the affections, the animal puts on his noblest aspect, the bird its brightest plumage. The creature, which before started at the quivering of the aspen leaf, becomes energetic, courageous, and even void of fear. The changes in the plumage of birds are in no case more remarkable than in this which visits our shores about this period of the year,

and which may be seen somewhat plentiful in the markets at that time. This bird, which belongs to the tribe of sandpipers, is known in the male as the Ruff, and in the female as the Reeve. The distinguishing name is given to the male bird on account of the peculiarity of his head gear at this season. Like all other sparks who "go a courting," he is arrayed in his very best suit of Sunday, or more properly, summer clothes. Round his neck he wears a ruff, somewhat similar in shape to that worn by the virgin queen of England, Elizabeth, of vast size compared with his own bulk, and altogether a very singular addendum to his ordinary clothing. In addition to this, a space round the eyes, which is void of feathers, becomes at this same period of a bright red colour and covered with small tubercles. And when to this imposing mien you add the pugnacity of his disposition, he is altogether as gallant a lover as the days of chivalry could ever boast. Linnaeus was happy in his nomenclature when he called this little fighter *Tringa pugnax*, or the pugnacious sandpiper.

According to the accounts of those who have written on the subject, the ruffs are much more numerous than the reeves; and on this account, severe contests frequently ensue between the males. The ruff chooses a stand on some dry bank, near a splash of water, round which he runs so often as to make a bare circular path. The moment a female comes in sight, all the males within a certain distance commence a general battle, placing their bills to the ground, spreading their ruffs, and using the same action as a cock; and this opportunity is seized by the fowlers, who, in the confusion, catch them by means of nets in great numbers.

These birds are sometimes kept in a state of confinement, and fattened for the table with bread and milk, hemp-seed, and sometimes boiled wheat; but if expedition is required, sugar is added, which in a fortnight makes them a lump of fat. A remarkable trait in their character is, that they feed most greedily the moment they are taken; food placed before them is instantly contended for. Great nicety is requisite to kill them in the highest state of perfection: if the precise period be suffered to pass, the birds are apt to fall away. The method of killing them is by cutting off the head with a pair of scissors, and the quantity of blood that issues, considering the size of the bird, is very great. Like woodcocks, they are dressed with their intestines; and, when killed at the critical time, epicures declare them to be the most delicious of all morsels.

When in a state of confinement, it seems each ruff takes its stand in the room in the same manner as it would in the open fen; if another invades its circle, an attack is made, a battle ensues, and a whole room may be set into fierce contests by compelling them to move their stations. If the trough out of which they feed be not sufficiently large so as to admit the birds without touching each other, fierce contests immediately ensue; but it is not requisite that each bird should have a separate trough, or that they should be fed in the dark—motions which were for some time entertained respecting these birds.

Ruffs assume such a variety of colours that it is scarcely possible to find two alike; but the great length of the feathers on the neck, from which they take their name, at once distinguishes them from all other birds. This tuft and the feathers of the ruff are frequently of different colours in the same bird, while the ruff itself is of an infinite variety of dyes. Latham observes, that "of whatever hue the ruff may be, the breast differs very little, and the transverse markings on the upper parts of its plumage somewhat correspond, the ground tint being mostly brown." The tuft in the male is not a warlike ornament only, but a sort of defensive armour, which wards off the blows by the length, stiffness, and closeness of the feathers: they bristle in a threatening manner when the bird makes an attack, and their colours form the chief distinction between the individuals. It is not known with certainty where these birds pass the winter: they leave this country about Michaelmas.

For a detail of the curious method of taking these luscious titbits, we are indebted to Colonel Montague, whose statements in his Ornithological Dictionary is as follows.

The female, in the beginning of May, makes her nest in a dry tuft of grass in the fens, and lays four white eggs, marked with rusty spots. These birds are common in the summer season in the fens of Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, and are also found in other more northern regions, even as far as Iceland.

The trade of catching ruffs is confined to a very few persons. They live in obscure places on the verge of the fens, and are found out with difficulty; for few, if any birds, are ever bought, but by those who make a trade of fattening them for the table; and they sedulously conceal the abode of the fowlers; so much so, that by no art could we obtain from any of them where they resided; and in order to deceive us, after evading our entreaties, they gave us instructions that led us in quite a contrary direction. The reason of all this was obvious; for after much labour and search in the most obscure places (for neither the innkeepers, nor other inhabitants of the towns, could give any information, and many did not know such a bird was peculiar to their fens), we found out a very civil and intelligent fowler, who resided close to Spalding, at Fengate, by name William Burton (we feel a pleasure in recording his name, not only from his obliging nature, but for the use of others in similar pursuits); and, strange to say, that although this man had constantly sold ruffs to

Mr. Towns, a noted feeder, hereafter more particularly noticed, as also to another feeder at Cowbit, by the name of Weeks, neither of those persons could be induced to inform us even of the name of this fowler. The reason, however, was evident, and justly remarked by Burton, for he obtained no more than ten shillings per dozen, whereas Weeks demanded thirty shillings for the like number he had the same day bought of Burton. The season was far advanced, and we were obliged to buy some at that price of Weeks, for Burton could not then catch us as many as we required.

At this time we were shown into a room where there were about seven dozen males and a dozen females, and of the former there were not two alike. This intrusion to choose our birds, drove them from their stands, and compelled some to trespass upon the premises of others, produced many battles.

By this feeder we learned, that two guineas a dozen were now the price for fattened ruffs; and he never remembered the price under thirty shillings, when fit for table.

Mr. Towns, the noted feeder at Spalding, assured us his family had been a hundred years in the trade, and boasted they had served George the Second, and many noble families in the kingdom. He undertook, at the desire of the late Marquess of Townsend, when that nobleman was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to take some ruffs to that country, and actually set off with twenty seven dozen from Lincolnshire; left seven dozen at the Duke of Devonshire's, at Chatsworth; continued his route across the kingdom, to Holyhead; and delivered seventeen dozen alive in Ireland; having lost only three dozen in so long a journey, confined and greatly crowded as they were in baskets, which were carried upon two horses.

The manner of taking these birds is somewhat different in the two seasons; in the spring, the ruff "skill," as it is termed; that is, they assemble upon a rising spot of ground, contiguous to where the reeves propose to deposit their eggs; there they take their stand, at a small distance from each other, and contend for the females; the nature of polygamous birds. This hill, or place of resort for love and battle, is sought for by the fowler, who, from habit, discovers it by the birds having trodden the turf somewhat bare, though not in an exact circle as usually described.

When a hill has been discovered, the fowler repairs to the spot before the break of day, spreads his net, places his decoy birds, and takes his stand at the distance of about one hundred and forty yards or more, according to the shyness of the birds.

As we propose in next number to give an engraving of the female of this curious fen-bird, we shall conclude this article next week.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### ON EXERCISE.

"Neque enim ulla alia re homines propius ad Deos accedunt quam salutem hominibus dando."—CICERO.

Sir,—Frederick the Great observed, that when he considered the physical structure of the human frame, it appeared to him as if "nature had formed us rather to be postillions than sedentary men of letters," which expression, though no doubt strong, is in a great measure borne out by the evident adaptation of our bodies for activity and exertion; and it is a curious and remarkable fact, and one that easily can be tested by all who choose to try the experiment, that any particular parts of the body that are made use of more than others, become by use more thick, muscular, and more capable of bearing long-continued exertion than they were before,—for example, the very powerful arms of our blacksmiths and sailors, and the extraordinary muscular development in the legs of opera dancers and others who exhibit feats of agility in public, and which I attribute entirely to the constant practice, and severe exercise to which they subject themselves, by which the muscles of the arms of the former, and of the legs of the latter are brought into play. Need I call to mind the difference in muscular power between the human right and left arm in support of my argument? which difference of strength in favour of the right arm is occasioned by the constant use from infancy upwards of the right hand and arm on almost all occasions, in preference to the left: for I consider the superior muscular power of the right arm to be the result of education, for when a child is not taught by his parents or nurse to use his right hand always, in preference to his left, he perchance uses his left hand on most occasions and hence becomes left-handed; or perhaps he becomes "ambidexter" from not using either in preference. These cases appear to prove that in infancy our arms are both equally strong, but that by education and practice either becomes nearly as strong again as the other. On joining a gymnastic class, in the course of the first month's practice the arm between the shoulder and elbow joints (the place of the biceps muscle), will increase from three quarters of an inch to fully an inch above its previous circumference, owing to the muscle being brought into full action; but it will not increase in the same ratio afterwards, as the nearer it approaches its full development the less will be the progressive

proportional change in size, but it will get much more firm. Again, if the usual quantum of exercise be diminished or left wholly off, the decrease in the firmness of the muscle will take place in an equal degree, though the size of the arm itself will not be much lessened. When commencing the practice of gymnastics the lungs soon become oppressed, the body perspires violently, unless care is taken to begin with the more gentle kinds; and the muscles over the whole body, for a few days at first, become stiff and sore, especially those of the arms, which are principally brought into play; but after a short period, if the exercise be persevered in daily, these symptoms almost entirely disappear, and he, who lately was fatigued with five minutes' practice, will, at the end of a month, be able to undergo the most violent kinds of exercise for hours; and if close attention to diet be observed at the same time, his skin will become beautifully clear and elastic, and totally free from all pustules or eruptions; and the hand of a man in good condition admits of the light of a candle being seen through it when held up between the eye and flame: his bones will become more tough and less likely to be injured by violence or accident, his chest will be expanded, and the size of the abdomen reduced, so as very much to improve the appearance and figure; but one of the most important consequences of regular practice at gymnastics, or other systematic exercise, is the improvement of the "wind" as without free respiration neither man, nor any other animal, can make long continued and violent exertion, without complete exhaustion.

There is not any nation that is so much addicted to exercise in its various modifications as the British, to which our naturally active dispositions, combined with the variableness of the climate, neither enervating the body by its extreme heat, nor chilling the blood by excess of cold, are chiefly conducive. It is generally observed that in cold climates so long as the people are uncontaminated by luxurious habits, voluntary exercise, even to fatigue, is customary; but when luxury, by enervating the body, renders it less capable of undergoing fatigue, the habit of taking regular exercise is left off, and thus the frame becomes less able to resist the attacks of disease. We are also most partial to exercise in the open air, with the healthy winds of heaven playing around, and invigorating us with their genial influence, which of itself I hold to be of infinite importance, as I am of opinion that a man derives more benefit from one hour spent in exercise in the open air, than from treble the quantity under cover. The various kinds of exercise, too, which are most usually practised in this country are, with very few exceptions, taken "sub dio"—and these most worthy of mention are: 1. Hunting, 2. Shooting, 3. Fishing, 4. what may be termed Simple Equestrian exercise in contradistinction, to its more violent twin brother "Hunting," 5. Walking, 6. Running, 7. Quoits, 8. Cricket, 9. Golf, 10. Skating, 11. Curling, 12. Rowing, 13. Swimming. I can only call to mind four varieties that are worthy of being practised by a man in-door, viz., Fencing, Dancing, Gymnastics, and Billiards, which last variety is particularly adapted for persons in delicate health, as it brings into play a large proportion of the muscles of the body, and engages the attention in an agreeable manner, while it does not distress by its violence as many others do. Exercise prevents disease, or rather perhaps fortifies the body against it. If good health were a commodity that could be bought like a box of "Morrison's or Parr's Pills, or other health-conferring nostrums, who is there that would not hurry to the mart and purchase eagerly, even though they were obliged to swallow the box as well as its contents at one unsavoury mouthful? But exercise, which would certainly produce the desired result in many cases, is despised and neglected, and people allow themselves to drag on a comparatively miserable "vegetable existence," and to drop into a premature grave, because they will not be at the trouble of taking the exercise that would assuredly lead to the enjoyment of a green old age; for, as Dryden says,

"The wise for health on exercise depend;  
God never made his work for man to mend."

By Chase our long-lived fathers earned their food,  
Toil strung their nerves and purified their blood."

A gentleman mentioned to me the other day, that the late celebrated Doctor Gregory, in the course of one of his lectures in the college of Edinburgh, stated, in his presence, "that a man cannot stand perfectly motionless, for half an hour; and that he (Dr. G.) had once tried it, and had fainted at the end of twenty minutes, for that the blood requires the aid of motion from the body in order to retain its full circulating power."

We read occasionally in the public prints of some person or other, who has arrived at a very advanced age, walking a considerable distance or perhaps reading very small print; and most assuredly we are to attribute the power of doing to the daily systematic exercise and, generally speaking, temperate habits of life to which that person was accustomed, and which had not only enabled him to reach his advanced age, but had preserved to him his faculties, and the power of continuing that exercise from which he derived so much benefit. Old Parr of Salop, who lived to the great age of 152 years, and Henry Jenkins of Yorkshire, who lived to the surprising age of 169 years, were both distinguished for their active and temperate mode of living. We read that in the early history of mankind disease was hardly known. And why was disease

and its attendant consequences so little known in those days? Because men were then more dependant on active exertion for their daily bread, and other necessities of life; the body by labour, i. e. exercise, was maintained in a healthy state; the pores were kept free, the proper circulation of the blood was maintained; the body itself was hardened by almost constant exposure to the open air, the digestive powers were strengthened, and all noxious humours dissipated by perspiration, which when retained in the system occasions a large proportion of "the ills that flesh is heir to." I shall now hasten to conclude, or you will be thinking that I have no occasion to take that exercise to improve my wind: take exercise at least once a day, so as to excite the natural heat, and other functions of the body; take that exercise which has the most general effect upon the system, and which induces you to be in the open air; be regular in taking exercise; do not take much exercise after a hearty meal; and when you do eat you may be assured that exercise adds more relish to your food than "the King of Oude's Sauce" or any other condiment of that description that ever was invented.

ACTIVITAS.

## HINTS ON PURCHASING HORSES FROM DEALERS.

"Let a thing be ever so simple, it is as well to use care and discretion about it as if it was of great import."—BACON.

SIR.—If the following remarks, in which utility rather than originality is aimed at, you are welcome to insert them.

In times of yore, before Mr. Rascal came to be noted in this part of the globe terrestrial, bargains in horseflesh were conducted with good faith by both buyer and seller. It never occurs in the law reports of two centuries back of a glandered horse being sold as a whole one; nor of wall-eyed Dobbin as a *sure-seer*. Oh no, our ancestors had more respect for their characters than to tamper with them; but with the rapid strides of improvement came roguery. First it began in small ways, then did it enlarge its-If until, at the present time, it has become an unconquerable giant—unconquerable, but not uneludeable, and the art of eluding it is what I propose to teach the innocent. Albeit, I shall not do this voluminously, but succinctly and clearly, as I am able. Lord Lennox has given an example of the "changing" swindler, but as that will be found a few numbers back, it would be supererogation to repeat it here.

In setting out to purchase a horse, either a hunter or general, it would be as well to resolve on a fixed price, from which you must resolve not to deviate easily. The following prices I should say would about fit.

An hunter of the very best description (counting the circumstance of its being in a dealer's possession) say:

A hack, strong and likely, (counting, &c.) 150*l*. [The odd fifty more or less, as the horse seems worth it.

A general (when I say general, I mean a horse that would be fit to take the field or harness when required.) 40*l*. to 50*l*. [But give no more. You can always get good ones at that price.

A general (when I say general, I mean a horse that would be fit to take the field or harness when required.) 60*l*. to 70*l*. [This is as nearly as we can guess about the price, though it may be a little more or a little less.

In purchasing a horse, it is very necessary that particular attention should be paid to the *points*; a description of which we shall quote from the admirable little treatise of H. R. Hershberger, Esq., which work we should recommend to the amateur, as containing a vast amount of information in a small compass.

SHOULDERS.—The oblique or slanting shoulder is indispensable in the horse from which action and speed are required; but this is not so lasting as the upright shoulder, which has more muscle. Horses of action, therefore, have slanting shoulders; those for draught, upright and muscular ones.

ARMS.—A horse with a short arm will be found deficient in stride.

NOSTRILS.—As the horse breathes only through the nostril, it should be wide and expanded. This is a very striking feature in the thoroughbred horse. The nostril should be thin and elastic, so that it may more readily yield when the necessity of the animal requires a greater supply of air.

THE LIPS.—The lips should be thin without wrinkle, for if thick and hanging, they are almost insensible to the bit.

THE MOUTH.—A long and narrow mouth is desirable, as it indicates sensitive ears.

UNDER JAW.—A wide under jaw shows a capacious windpipe, so essential to the respiratory powers of the horse.

THE EYE.—The eye should be large and somewhat prominent, and the eyelid thin and delicate. If much of the white be seen it is objectionable.

THE NECK.—A long neck is preferable to a short one, for there are few horses of extraordinary speed that have not a long and slender neck.

These are the essential points of the horse, and if they are properly looked to, the purchaser can hardly be taken in in his bargain.

In purchasing a horse of which you have doubts, but cannot arrive at a conclusion, it is best to take Father North's advice, and "set jockey against jockey."

Never trust to a dealer's *counting* from memory; you are pretty sure to be done if you do.

If you go carefully to work, you may stand a chance of getting a really good horse at a moderate price.

Never go to a commission agent, except one who is known to be respectable.

Never answer an advertisement in the *Times*—"rogue: all—rogues all!" If you follow these rules implicitly, you cannot be taken in easily. Nov. 15, 1845. F. B. T.

## THE ASSAILANTS OF HUNTING.

Sir.—The "morality press" have of late indulged in numberless critiques not "couched in phrase polite" against this noble sport. Having been beaten out of their strong morality position, they have taken to the economy of the thing, and ventured to occupy the ground of its damage to the farmer and landholder. One of these papers has gone so far as to particularise the *locals* of the damaged party, and says, that "more mischief is done by the hunter than the hunted." We wish in as succinct a manner as we possibly can, to expose the falsehood of these charges; viz., the damage done to crops out and in seed. Not by assertion merely but by incontrovertible demonstration. It is a well-known fact that no huntsman would be wilfully guilty of riding through or over a field on which any destructible plant was growing, let alone a field of wheat, which these morality-mongers assert to be the case; and even in riding over a "seed ground" can any person imagine that any man would be such a jackass as to ride across a field at every step through which his horse would sink up to his hocks. Can it be thought that a man would wantonly knock up his own animal (perhaps lame him) do mischief to the farmer, and get the hounds an ill name in the country, and himself a good many more in the field? The idea is absurd. The fact of the case, is this and this only. In many counties the land is chiefly let to tenants so poor that they are cut out of all possibility of themselves riding a good colt, and enjoying the sport in a rational manner. These fellows always keep pot-hunting dogs, which are whistled together three or four times a week, when their masters and their *hopefuls* scour the whole country in pursuit of a hare; and this is why the "morality press" attacks the sport of hunting.—VENATOR.

THE SUPPLY AND PRESERVATION OF FOXES.—To recruit the waste of Foxes, they are sometimes imported from the Continent, but the foreign fox does not show equal sport with our own. It has also been proposed to procure them from Scotland, and the northern foxes would prove game ones, and could be very well spared from thence; indeed, any method of procuration would be preferable to the illicit traffic now kept up; when nothing is more common than the foxes of one country being caught and sold to the hunts of another. This robbery is particularly practised with cubs, which are dug out of the earths and brought up by hand, until a customer is found for them. Hunting four or five days a week even would not beget a scarcity on any locality where the covers were extensive, if no other means of destruction were employed but those of fair hunting.—*Blaine's Encyclopædia of Rural Sports*.

GERMAN BATTLE.—The following is an extract of a letter from Count Veltheim, written to a friend in this country, descriptive of a *battle*, or wholesale slaughter of game, which he describes as being very fashionable in Germany:—"I assisted (says the count) even during the coldest weather, in a shooting party of six following days, from morning to evening, without any detriment to my health, though several partakers of the sport had their noses, ears, and fingers frozen. We had last season, in this part of Germany, an uncommon quantity of game of all kinds; of course our shooting parties were very successful. I assisted at one of Baron Asseburg's, near the mountains of the Harg; where a company of a dozen shots killed, in three days, 13 deer, 56 roes, 10 foxes, and 327 hares. We could have killed, at the same time, a dozen wild boars, if the proprietor of the estate had not wished them to have been spared till the next season. Two friends of mine, General Count Kielmansegg and Baron Herzule, were, a fortnight since, at a shooting party in the rich plain near Magdeburg, where there were killed in four days 2,400 hares. But I do not like such feats, which are more like a massacre than a sport, partly because I am of opinion that there should be at all sports some chance and skill; and partly because I like shooting the best where different kinds of game are expected, although not in such immense quantities." When the late King of Naples, the greatest sportsman in Europe, was in Germany, about the year 1792, it was said in the German papers that in the different times he had been shooting in Austria, Bohemia, and Moravia, he had killed 5 bears, 1,820 wild boars, 1,968 stags, 13 wolves, 354 foxes, 15,350 pheasants, 1,121 rabbits, 16,354 hares, 1,625 she goats; 1,625 roebucks, and 12,435 partridges.

The following is an account of the destruction of game in Bohemia by a hunting party, of which the King of France made one, in 1755. There were twenty-three persons in the party, three of whom were ladies: the Princess Charlotte of Lorraine was one of them. The chase lasted eighteen days, and during that time they killed 47,950 head of game and wild deer, of which 19 were stags, 10 foxes, 18,243 hares, 19,545 partridges, 9,499 pheasants, 114 larks, 353 quails, and 454 other birds. The Emperor fired 1,798 shots, and the Princess Charlotte 9,010: in all there were 16,209 shots fired.



## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CRIBB.

## CHAPTER X.

TOM CRIBB, CHAMPION.—continued.



UR hero's life, with one slight interruption, is henceforth of a peaceful character. In 1814 he had the honour of exhibiting before the distinguished foreign Potentates then in this country; and his athletic proportions and manly bearing in the mimic fight attracted the particular notice of Marshal Blücher. An anecdote or two exemplifying the forbearance, goodness of heart and integrity of purpose of the patriarch of the Ring will not be here out of place as a conclusion to his biography. They are principally given upon the authority of Pierce Egan.

A navigator, from Lancashire, as big and as rough an article as can be imagined, prompted, it is supposed, by the great pugilistic success of Carter, took a turn, on Thursday evening, November 7, 1816, in the neighbourhood of Westminster, and suddenly pounced on the Champion of England and Tom Oliver, in the friendly act of blowing a cloud together. Without waiting for the formality of an introduction to those heroes of the fist, he boasted of his milling pretensions, and, sans cérémonie, challenged Oliver for a turn-up. The coat of Oliver, was half-way off to resent this unprovoked attack upon his prowess, but Cribb forbade it—observing, that the navigator was too heavy; and that he should be more fitted to accommodate this hasty customer, having no doubt but he should quickly alter his opinion of his own capabilities. The parties retired to a large shed at the back of the house, when a turn up commenced without farther delay. The navigator ran in like a bull, head foremost, and endeavoured to bring the Champion down after the Lancashire method, by seizing hold of his thighs, but he failed in his attempts most woefully, for in five minutes he was so punished that he cried out—"I yield." Cribb left him to reflect on his folly, but, in the course of a few minutes, he came in and again insisted upon having another set-to with "the Stout 'un." This was agreed to, but the navigator soon adopted his former phrase of "I yield!" Cribb now retired, supposing he had given complete satisfaction; but it was not long before he was compelled to renew the combat for the third time with this dissatisfied brute. The navigator resorted to urring, and endeavoured to effect a conquest by hugging; but Cribb clattered him in all directions, and marked his body so severely, that he now could scarcely articulate the provincial—"I yield!" The only regret expressed by the Champion was, that, during an attack of twenty minutes, he could not put in a straight blow, as the navigator never stood up like a man, merely attempting by foul means to throw, or disable his man. Cribb returned home without a scratch, while the man of mud received an important lesson on the advantages of science.

*The importance of Training.*—Without any disparagement to the pugilistic prowess of Tom Cribb, it will appear, from the following statement, from a work on Pedestrianism, revised by Captain Barclay, that the result might not have proved so favourable to the Champion, on the 29th of September, 1811, had he not been taken such care of by a scientific person during his training. It is well worthy the notice of all sporting men; and pugilists will do well to peruse it with attention.

"The Champion arrived at Ury on the 7th of July of that year. He weighed sixteen stone; and from his mode of living in London, and the confinement of a crowded city, he had become corpulent, big-bellied, full of gross humours, and short-breathed; and it was with difficulty he could walk ten miles. He first went through a course of physic, which consisted of three doses; but for two weeks he walked about as he pleased, and generally traversed the woods and plantations with a fowling-piece in his hand; the reports of his musket resounded every where through the groves and the hollows of that delightful place, to the great terror of the magpies and wood-pigeons.

"After amusing himself in this way for about a fortnight, he then commenced his regular walking exercise, which at first was about ten or twelve miles a day. It was soon after increased to eighteen or twenty; and he ran regularly, morning and evening, a quarter of a mile at the top of his speed. In consequence of his physic and exercise, his weight was reduced, in the course of five weeks, from sixteen stone to fourteen and nine pounds. At this period he commenced his sweats, and took three during the month he remained at Ury afterwards; and his weight was gradually reduced to thirteen stone and five pounds, which was ascertained to be his pitch of condition, as he would not reduce farther without weakening.

"During the course of his training, the Champion went twice to the Highlands, and took strong exercise. He walked to Mar-lodge, which is about sixty miles distant from Ury, where he arrived to dinner on the second day, being now able to go thirty miles a day with ease, and probably he could have walked twice as far if it had been necessary. He remained in the Highlands about a week each time, and amused himself with shooting. The principal advantage which he derived from these expeditions was the severe exercise he was obliged to undergo in following Captain Barclay. He improved more in strength and wind by his journeys to the Highlands than by any other part of the training process.

"His diet and drink were the same as used in the pedestrian regimen, and

in other respects, the rules previously laid down were generally applied to him. That he was brought to his ultimate pitch of condition was evident, from the high state of health and strength in which he appeared when he mounted the stage to contend with Molineux, who has since confessed, that when he saw his fine condition, he totally despaired of gaining the battle.

"Cribb was altogether about eleven weeks under training, but he remained only nine weeks at Ury. Besides his regular exercise, he was occasionally employed in sparring at Stonehaven, where he gave lessons in the pugilistic art. He was not allowed much rest, but was constantly occupied in some active employment. He enjoyed good spirits, being at the time fully convinced that he should beat his antagonist. He was managed, however, with great address, and the result corresponded with the wishes of his friends.

"It would be, perhaps, improper, while speaking of Cribb, to omit mentioning, that, during his residence in the north of Scotland, he conducted himself in all respects with much propriety. He showed traits of a feeling, humane, and charitable disposition, on various occasions. While walking along Union street, in Aberdeen, he was accosted by a woman apparently in great distress. Her story affected him, and the emotions of his heart became evident in the muscles of his face. He gave her all the silver he had in his pocket. 'God bless your honour,' she said, 'ye are surely not an ordinary man!' This circumstance is mentioned with the more pleasure, as it affords one instance, at least in opposition to the mistaken opinion that professional pugilists are ferocious, and totally destitute of the better propensities of mankind. The illustrious Mr. Windham entertained juster sentiments of the pugilistic art, as evinced by a print he presented to Mr. Jackson, as a mark of his esteem. In one compartment an Italian, darting his stiletto at his victim, is represented; and, in the other, the combat of two Englishmen in a ring. For this celebrated genius was always of opinion, that nothing tended more to preserve among the English peasantry those sentiments of good faith and honour, which have ever distinguished them from the natives of Italy and Spain, than the frequent practice of fair and open boxing."

The next anecdote will corroborate the opinion above expressed.

*Tom Cribb and the Pig.*—During the time Tom was in training, previous to his match with Gregson, as he was taking his morning's exercise through a country village, accompanied by his friend Gully, dressed in long smock frocks, they observed an overgrown fellow beating a pig in a very cruel manner. Upon inquiry, they found the animal belonged to a neighbour, and civilly begged him to desist from such cruelty. The fellow abused them for their interfering, and, relying on his strength, threatened to give them both a good hiding, assisted by three or four hawbucks, who had joined the squabble. Without farther ceremony the fellow put himself in an offensive attitude, and made a violent blow at Cribb, which the latter stopped with the utmost sang-froid, not forgetting to put in his one-two so tremendously, the effects of which floored this unfeeling brute in a twinkling. His nob was materially shook, and the claret tapped in a masterly style. This small taste of Cribb's quality had the desired effect. The fight was instantly taken out of the chaw-bacon, who went off, growling to himself, from the scene of his cruelty and impertinence; but not, however, before receiving an admonition from the Champion to be more temperate in his language, and humane in his conduct in future. Gully, smiling to himself, now wished another of these Johnny Raws, who had been also very busy and impudent, to try what he could do with him, observing, "that he might have better luck than his fellow servant!" But in vain, the milling specimen exhibited by Cribb had completely terrified all their boasted valour into submission. It was soon afterwards learned in the village, that the row in question had been with Gully and Cribb.

The Champion of England was blowing a cloud one evening (in 1817), among some of his friends, at a sporting house in the vicinity of Tottenham-court-road, when his capabilities as a boxer were not only much undervalued by a limb of the law who was present, but his courage treated with the most sovereign contempt. Tom, who had already faced so many brave men in the ring without dismay, merely smiled, and most stoically bore this unmerited attack; well knowing the slightest movement of his mawley against the man of red tape would be so twisted to his disadvantage that he must ultimately be floored. With much good judgment, therefore, Tom retired in silence. The Champion, however, determined to see what sort of pluck this *soi-disant* "gentleman" of the law possessed, provided himself with a pair of pistols, and called on him the next day that he might give his insulting opponent an honourable opportunity of meeting him upon equal terms. After much bustle, explanation, and discussion, it turned out exactly after the adage, "that great talkers do the least;" in brief, Latitat was returned *non est inventus*. This circumstance occasioned immense fun in the sporting circles, and the good temper and extraordinary coolness of this first of boxers received its due meed of praise.

"Time! time!"—Cribb, one evening, in October, 1817, in conversation with Belcher, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, was suddenly attacked with a sort of apoplectic fit, and dropped his head upon a table near him. Upon being raised, his tongue was protruding from his mouth, his eyes open, but fixed, and he appeared insensible to all around him. Belcher, much alarmed, instantly took off his handkerchief, opened his waist-

coat and shirt-collar, and sluiced his face with cold water, loudly calling out "Time! time!" The expedient had the desired effect; the Champion immediately rose up, as if in the ring, saying, rather indistinctly, "I'm ready!" but, looking confusedly around him, again relapsed into his former state of stupor. Painter assisted Beleher in shaking Cribb about, in order to restore animation; and from the application of more cold water sharply sluiced in his face, in the course of a few minutes they succeeded in restoring the Champion to the possession of himself, who gratefully acknowledged the exertions of his friends towards him.

The Champion was not easily put off his guard, though often provoked by a number of designing fellows who wished to make a property of him, as the following fact exemplifies:—One Jacquot, a hackney coachman, perceiving Cribb walking with a gentleman, on Jan. 19, 1816, in order to ridicule his calling, and to bring Tom, if possible, into contempt, went close up to him, and kept calling out, "Coals—coals, do you want any coals?" with other insolent expressions. But Cribb was not to be moved by this silly fellow's conduct, and took the proper mode of convincing him of his error, by summoning him before the Commissioners of Hackney Coaches, who, without hesitation, upon hearing the charge, fined him ten shillings.

At the Fives Court on the occasion of Scroggins's benefit on Tuesday March 23rd, 1819, CARTER who then aspired to the Championship, made his appearance on the stage; and a glove being thrown up as a sort of defiance, the Champion of England presented himself, to answer the challenge; but upon Gregson ascending platform to spar, Cribb was about to retire, when "Cribb, Cribb!" was vociferated from from all parts of the court. The anxiety was so great, that the disturbance was hardly appeased until Cribb appeared ready for the combat. Cribb looked well and kept his position like a rock; he could neither be drawn nor stepped in upon, and the skirmishing tactics of the Lancashire hero could make no impression on the veteran of the ring. At infighting Cribb also decidedly took the lead; Carter put in one or two facers with much dexterity; but upon the milling system the black diamond proved that he was still a diamond, and instead of losing any of his former brilliancy, he shone with increased lustre and effect. It was a most interesting set-to, and the amateurs appeared to relish it with the highest taste of the art.

From this period Carter seems to have fancied a shy at Cribb, and on his return from Ireland on Tuesday, February 1, 1820, he challenged the tremendous man of colour, Sutton, for 100 guineas a side. While this match was on, Carter called in at a sporting house, at the west end of the town; and, in consequence of his not being admitted into a private party, then assembled, he intemperately addressed a note to the chairman as "Mr. Swell." He was, however, admitted, when he had the bad taste to begin flourishing about his repeated conquests over the dark part of the creation; also sneering at the Champion, saying, he had left off fighting, because fighting had left him off; but he (Carter) had come to fight somebody, and indeed he would fight *anybody*! This sort of chaffing was attempted to be checked by a person present, when the Lancashire brute, *sans ceremonie*, threw the contents of a glass of wine in his face, part of which alighted on Tom Cribb. This insult was not to be borne, and the Champion of England exclaimed "it was wrong!" Carter hereon defied him: little parley ensued, ere the lion of the ring, although rather worse for the juice of the grape, grappled his enemy. In fact, he held up the Lancashire hero, with the utmost ease, with one hand, in the Randall style, and Carter's frontispiece received such repeated quiltings from the fist of Cribb, that it was like a fashionable footman paying away at a knocker. It was close quarters—in fact, yard-arm to yard-arm; but the heavy shot of the first rate, although long laid up in ordinary, and nearly invalided, told heavily on the mug of his opponent. It was an up and down contest, and the Champion made such good use of his time, that his opponent was quite satisfied he had enough, and begged, in a piteous manner, that some person would take Cribb away from him, or else he should be killed! This entreaty was at length complied with; and upon the fallen hero getting upon his pins, the lads of the fancy buffed it, from his altered appearance, that it was meeting an old friend with a new face. This severe thrashing scarcely occupied Cribb one minute! He did not receive a hurt in the slightest degree. Carter upon feeling his mouth, declared that part of his railway had departed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LANDRAIL.—This very delicious eating bird (for a figure and description of which see the Second No. of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE.) has been somewhat plentiful in Hampshire this year, and a few brace were killed on 25th of last month. They were one lump of fat, and came to the table in prime order. They eat like no other game bird, for they partake of a mild richness which singularly characterises their species. I do not remember ever to have seen one of these birds, among the extensive and varied collection of the London poulterers, nor is it by any means a common bird in this country. It is in this neighbourhood (Miford) called the corn crake, and it migrates, as soon as the October frosts set in, to Spain, where it enjoys more lenient winters than our island affords, whereas, the water-rail, its congener, stays with us all the year round, and may be met with in most of the marshy districts. Pheasants are plentiful in our neighbourhood.—[From a Hampshire Correspondent.]

## THE HUNT.

"Oh! give me a place in the stirring chase,  
A dull sky and a southern breeze."

Hark! hark! I hear the huntsman's horn,  
And the southern breezes blow,  
I hear the cry of the ready pack,  
As they forth to the covert go.

Up, up, for who could a sluggard be,  
When that glad note is ringing:  
Up, up, for now the bonny lark  
To the rising sun is singing.

"Halloo! halloo!" the wild halloo  
On Echo's wing is borne back,  
"Hark forward"—there—away they fly  
Through the green-woods beaten track.

Away, away, through the green copse glen,  
The hounds in full cry burst at once,  
And as the din of voices came,  
The hollow rock gave wild response.

O'er hill and dale, and mountain dell,  
His rapid course old Reynard takes,  
Then dashes through the river's bed,  
And onward to the upland breaks.

And by the lonely churchyard stream,  
The stirring notes of horn and hound,  
Awake the silence of that spot,  
And fill with life the scene around.

Though glad the noisy din was there,  
It cannot wake the silent dead  
It will not reach the cold dull ear,  
That slumbers in the narrow bed.

And there is one in silence now  
Sleeping beneath that old beech tree,  
Whose voice oft mingled with the crowd,  
In loudest and in merriest glee.

His horse was first as the hounds they burst  
In tumult on their rising prey,  
And when all was done and the chase was won,  
The brush adorned his matchless grey.

Nor flood, nor fell, his fearless course  
Could stop, while there was ought to gain,  
For he was trained from childhood's hour,  
To stirrup, whip, and bridle rein.

He sleeps his long unbroken sleep,  
In yonder little churchyard glen,  
Nor bound, nor horn, nor murky morn,  
Can fill his heart with glee again.

Wexford, Ireland.

E. J. G. S.

EPIDEMIC AMONG RABBITS.—I have noticed latterly that the rabbits I have shot are, nine out of ten of them, affected with a vermicular disease, which must prove very distressing and irksome to this class of animals. Indeed I cannot calculate upon the mischievous tendency, of this sore malady. My ground is well for dryness, being on a slope or down near Andover, and where we have a stratum of chalk within four inches of superincumbent earth. There is a tolerably sized patch of furze, which affords shelter to the rabbits, and the same abuts on a field of turnips, upon which sad havoc has been made by these animals. On opening the same after being shot, I have found that the livers as well as the viscera have been completely overwhelmed with a broad white vermin, resembling in their form that of the *hirudo sanguisuga* or medical leech, and that the hepatic surfaces have been excessively corroded by these latent enemies, inasmuch that the rabbits have been quite out of flesh, and wear an emaciated appearance. If this epidemic should find its way into our neighbouring warrens, it will prove a very bad thing for the owners, who depend largely upon the demand created in the London market during the opening of their season, which is in the present month.

## NOTICE!

THE SPORTSMAN'S ALMANAC,  
is delivered with every number of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, Price THREE-HALFPENCE to Subscribers—SIX-PENCE to Non-Subscribers, after the expiry of the week of publication. \* \* \* Observe! the whole of the Back Numbers, and the MONTHLY PARTS, are in Print, and may be had. Office, 42, Holywell-street, Strand.

# ADVERTISEMENTS.

## NOTICE TO COUNTRY DEALERS AND THE PUBLIC

IT having come to the knowledge of the Proprietors of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE that many of our Subscribers and the Country Dealers have not only experienced considerable difficulty in procuring the Back Numbers of this paper, but on many occasions have been disappointed in receiving the CURRENT WEEKLY NUMBERS; this is to give notice that all back numbers and parts are in print, and that the current number is published every Thursday at the OFFICE, 42, HOLYWELL-STREET, STRAND.

The Stamped Editions of Nos. 18 and 22, containing the reports of THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP, and that of PERLPS and BARNASH are still on sale. With the present No. is presented "THE SPORTSMAN'S ALMANACK, for 1846."

N.B. In No. 29 will be contained a full report of the Important Fight between GILL of Coventry, and NOBLEY of Manchester. Observe, this will be published on Thursday, Nov. 27th, two days after the battle.

GIVE YOUR ORDERS EARLY.  
SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE OFFICE, 42, HOLYWELL-STREET, STRAND.



QUEEN'S HEAD, QUEEN'S HEAD COURT, WIND-MILL-STREET, HAYMARKET.

JEM BURN Respectfully Announces to the patrons of the Good Old English Art of Self-defence, that he has re-opened his great room, where the illustration, exhibition, and practice of Sparring will take place every Monday evening during the winter-months. Master of the Ceremonies, and Gentleman-usher of the Bunch-of-fives, Uncle Ben. Johnny Hannan, and several top-sawyers, will put on the muffers, and "teach the young idea how to shoot."

The snugger affords an admirable retreat for the Corinthians, the club-room is commodious for the commonalty, the champagne celestial, the port potent, the brandy without any admixture of B.B., and the malt of all sorts miraculous. God Save the Queen! (and sustain her HEAD.)

### T. PARISH'S SWEEPS NOW OPEN.

White Horse, Fann-street, Aldersgate-street, City.  
Subs. 1st. 2nd. 3rd. Start.  
180 at £1..... £118..... £30..... £10..... £1 0s.  
180 at 10s..... 59..... 15..... 5..... 0 10s.  
180 at 5s..... 29 10s..... 7 10s..... 2 10s..... 0 5s  
180 at 2s 6d..... 14 10s..... 3 10s..... 1 5s..... 2s 6d.  
A draw every afternoon and evening. Prizes paid as the judge places, Five per cent less. Post-office Orders attended to. Tickets sent to any part of the country as soon as drawn. Chances disposed of by raffle every evening.

DERBY SWEEPS FOR 1846, at WM. TURPIN'S, Old Essex Serpent, King-street, Covent garden.  
180 at 4s 6d £230 0..... £70 0..... £30 0..... £30 0  
180 at 2s 6d 130 0..... 40 0..... 30 0..... 24 0  
180 at 12s 6d 65 0..... 20 0..... 15 0..... 12 0  
180 at 5s 6d 30 0..... 10 0..... 5 0..... 4 0  
180 at 3s 6d 16 0..... 5 0..... 3 0..... 3 0

These sweeps may be paid by weekly instalments of not less than 2s. 6d. The secretary will be in attendance every evening from 8 to 10 to receive payments.

The following Sweeps (two horses each) will be Drawn Weekly:—

93 at 12s 6d... 32 0..... 10 0..... 8 0..... 6 0  
53 at 5s 6d... 15 0..... 5 0..... 2 10..... 2 0  
93 at 3s 6d... 8 0..... 2 10..... 1 10..... 1 10

All dead and disqualified horses will be omitted in the draws, and the chances less than 18s deducted. The above sums paid less 5 per cent. WM. WRIGHT, Secretary.

A 5s 6d Derby Sweep will be drawn on Thursday next.—Post Office orders, payable at Charing-cross, punctually attended to.

### BATHE'S DERBY SWEEPS,

Green Dragon, Fleet Street, City.

Subs. 1st. 2nd. 3rd. Starters.  
180 at £5..... £500..... £200..... £80..... £120  
180 at 20s..... 100..... 30..... 15..... 30  
180 at 10s..... 50..... 20..... 8..... 12  
180 at 5s..... 25..... 10..... 4..... 6  
180 at 2s 6d..... 12..... 5..... 2..... 3

The 2s. 6d. Derby is fast falling, drawn as soon as full. All Money divided, less Five per cent. Post-office orders to Mr. JOHN BATHE punctually attended to.

Now ready, the First Number of the new and popular Historical Romance of  
MARGARET OF NAVARRE;

OR,  
THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEWS EVE;

BY M. ALEXANDER DUMAS.

This Work is published uniform in size and price with "Marie Antoinette" (Penny Numbers and Fourpenny Parts), and with the number is presented a beautiful engraving of  
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With the Second Number, a splendid Vignette on steel gratis.

Other works by the same celebrated Author are preparing for the press, and will be speedily announced.  
London: G. Pierce, 310, Strand.

THE MOST POPULAR WORK OF THE DAY.

On the 30th of October was published, beautifully bound in cloth, gilt and lettered, price Six Shillings and Sixpence  
Volume I. of

The Mysteries of London,

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

Author of "Pickwick Abroad," "Robert Macaire," "The Modern Literature of France," &c.  
This magnificent volume contains 424 royal octavo pages, printed in double columns, and embellished with seventy beautiful engravings on wood by the first artists of the day. As a literary production it has been pronounced by the leading newspapers to be one of the best and most extraordinary works ever issued from the press. In a serial form, its sale has amounted to the enormous circulation of forty thousand copies.

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The Proprietors pledge themselves to spare neither pains or expense in their endeavours to make this the best work of the kind ever published, and, therefore, cordially invite the co-operation of all who desire "to aid in the instruction and amusement of the many."

London: Cleave, Shoe-lane, Fleet-street; Heywood, Manchester; and all Booksellers.

### OKEY'S DERBY SWEEPS OPEN.

Horses. 1st Prize. 2nd 3rd Start.  
180 at £2 2s..... £250..... £60..... £30..... £50  
180 at 1 1s..... 125..... 30..... 10..... 25  
180 at 0 10s 6d..... 60..... 20..... 5..... 10  
Disqualified horses not drawn.—Prizes go with the stakes.  
Draw nights, Tuesdays and Fridays.—Post-office orders to Mr. N. F. Okey, Hero of Waterloo Inn, Waterloo-road, London. N.B. These sweeps will be drawn as soon as full, and the tickets forwarded according to the address given.—The prizes will be paid the first Tuesday after the race, less five per cent. If any horses should die or be disqualified prior to the draw, the amount will be deducted from the starting money, as above.

N.B. A 10s. 6d. Sweep is expected to fill every month.

TO SPORTSMEN.

SHOOTING, HUNTING, FISHING, and Deer-stalking Knives. J. B. DURHAM, Manufacturing Cutler, respectfully invites the attention of Sportsmen to his Immense Stock, which includes all the Newest Patterns and latest improvements, and all warranted of the best quality. Knives of every description made to order on the shortest notice. Old knives, &c., polished and repaired. 261, R. gent-street, near the Polytechnic Institution.

### PRICE AND GOSNELL'S

PERFUMERY.—NOTICE.—Executors of the late John Gosnell v. Rees Price, Perfumer, 28, Lombard-street, trading under the firm of Price and Co., and previously under the assumed name of "Napoleon Price and Co." The Judges in the Court of Exchequer in this day decided in favour of the plaintiff in this case. The defendant, Rees Price, had disposed of his interest in the Perfumery and other trades carried on by the late firm of Price and Gosnell, to the late Mr. John Gosnell (father of the parties now carrying on business under the firm of John Gosnell and Co., 12, Three King-court, Lombard-street), and bound himself, under forfeiture of £5,000, not to commence business within the Cities of London or Westminster, or within the distance of 600 miles from the same, and, notwithstanding this, had carried on business. This action was brought to recover liquidated damages for such breach of contract.—12, Three King-court, Lombard-street, Jan. 27, 1845.

CAUTION TO THE TRADE.

EVERETT'S PREMIER BLACKING.

WHEREAS an Injunction has been this day granted by the Vice-Chancellor of England, to restrain Samuel Allin and others from selling or disposing of any Blacking or Composition under the name of, or as, or for, or described as, or purporting to be the same Blacking as was made and sold by William Everett in his lifetime, and which is now manufactured solely by us, and sold under the name of EVERETT'S PREMIER BLACKING; all Parties are hereby cautioned against purchasing, selling, or exposing for sale any blacking having affixed thereto, labels in any way similar to those used by us, or any other labels of cards, so contrived or expressed as, by colourable imitations or otherwise, to represent the Blacking to be the same as the manufactured and sold by the late William Everett, and now manufactured only by us, as legal proceedings will be immediately taken against any person who, after this notice, shall in any way infringe on the terms of the said Injunction.

EVERETT and Co.,  
August 19th, 1845. 51, Fetter-lane, London  
Fide Times and Herald, 20th August, 1845. 7978

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VEGETABLE PILLS safely and speedily remove sick head-ache, heartburn, loss of appetite, fluttering of the stomach, flatulency, habitual constiveness, with other symptoms of indigestion and torpid liver. With each box is enclosed a concise essay on diet by an eminent London Physician. Sold in boxes, 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d., each, by W. B. Worboye, 76, New Cut, Lambeth; Barclay and Sons, Farringdon-street, and by all respectable medicine vendors.

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and Consumption, Coughs, &c., was ever attended by speedy and unflinching success as DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS. In every newspaper and publication throughout the kingdom may be seen testimonials of their wonderful powers.

Cures of Spitting of Blood, Consumption, Coughs, &c. From Mr. J. S. Weir, Practical Chemist, 1, Lowgate, Hall. Sept. 5, 1846.

Gentlemen.—I feel a pleasure in communicating to you, some of the happy effects produced in this neighbourhood, by Locock's Wafers, of which my customers cannot speak in terms too high.

A female residing in this town, who broke a blood-vessel about six months ago, and who, since that period, has been afflicted with a severe constriction of the chest, accompanied with great pain, and difficulty of breathing; has experienced the most immediate and permanent benefit from this most valuable medicine.

A gentleman—also, of this town, who was pronounced by his medical attendants, to be in the second stage of consumption, has been so far relieved, as to be able to take out door exercise, which he had not been able to do for some time previously, and his friends are joyfully anticipating his complete recovery.

I have met with many other instances, in which, Coughs of from fifteen to twenty years standing, have yielded to its power; but I have not heard of one case in which great benefit has not been the result of a fair trial.

Its fame has extended so far, that yesterday I received an order to send some across the Channel to Antwerp. I am &c. J. S. WEIR.

DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS give instant relief, and a rapid cure of asthma, consumption, coughs, colds, and all disorders of the breath and lungs.

TO SINGERS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS they are invaluable, as in a few hours they remove all hoarseness, and increase the power and flexibility of the voice. They have a most pleasant taste.

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CAUTION.—To protect the public from spurious Imitations, Her Majesty's Honourable Commissioners have caused to be printed on the stamp outside each box, the words DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS in white letters on a red ground.

If purchasers will attend to this caution, they will be sure to get the genuine article. Sold by all Medicine Vendors.

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on the infirmities of the Generative System in both sexes; and on the loss of reproductive powers, with means of restoration. The baneful effects of solitary indulgence, neglected Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Strictures, Secondary Sympoms, &c., are fully pointed out. Illustrated by engravings; followed by observations on Marriage, with plain directions for the removal of certain disqualifications. By R. and J. PERRY and Co., Consulting Surgeons, London. Published by the Authors, and may be had at their residence, 18, BARNES STREET, OXFORD STREET.

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LONDON.—Printed by JOHN WORTHAM, of 313, Strand, in the parish of St. Mary-le-Strand; and Published at the Office, 42, Holywell-street, by E. DIFPLE.—Thursday, Nov. 20th, 1845.

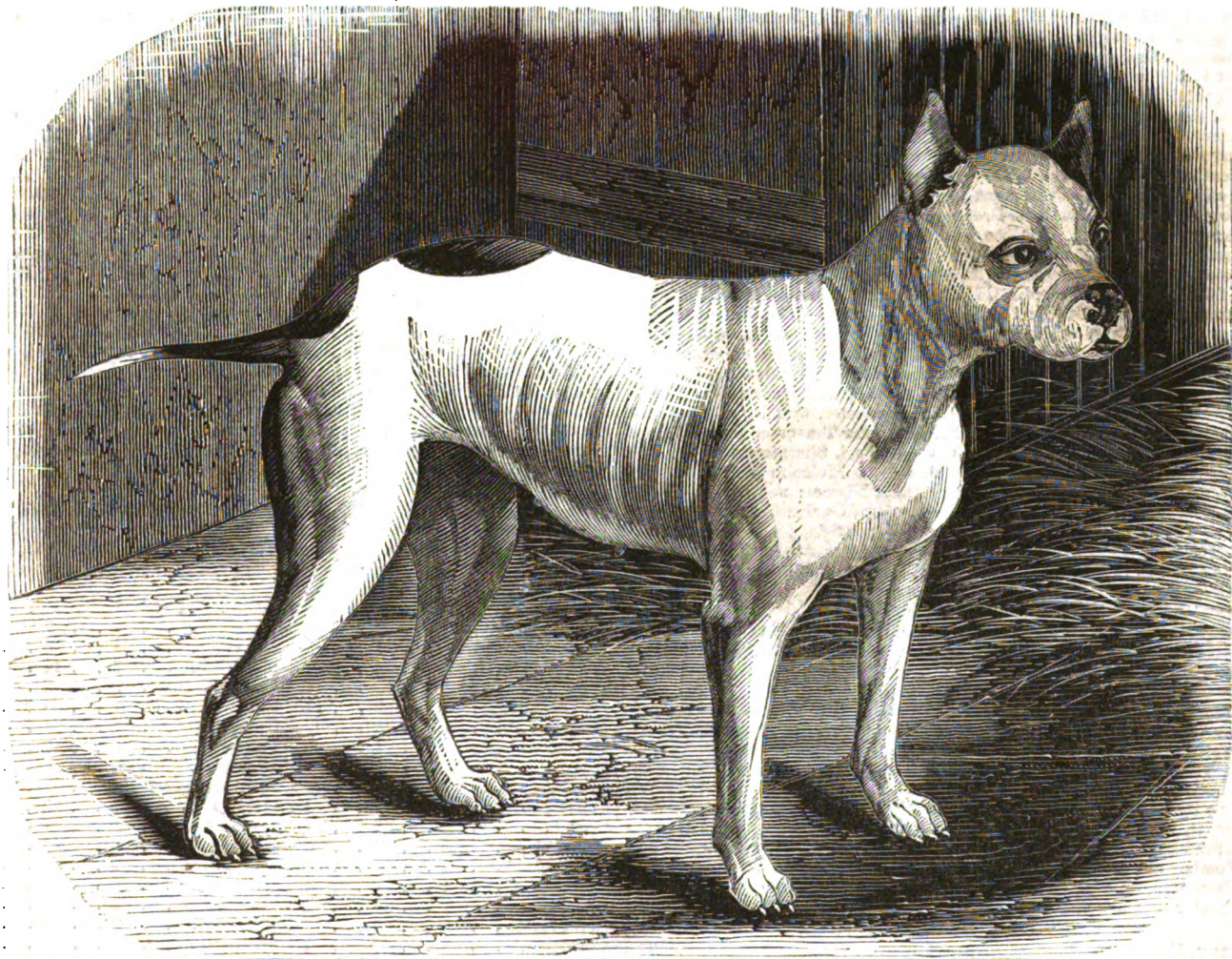


# THE Sportsman's Magazine

Life in London

No. 29. FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 6, 1845. THREE HALF-PENCE.

[Stamped to send free by Post, Three-pence.]



THE DUCHESS.

JEM BURN'S DUCHESS, the mother of his pets, by Jack Clarke's Old Tumbler, out of Captain Napier's Lady Sandwich. The puppies of this breed, got by Jem Burn's Old Cribb, (whose portrait was given in No. 18), are among the best ones of the present day.

## Performances of the Principal Favourites for the Derby and Oaks, 1846.

(Continued from last page of Almanack.)

MALT, br c, by Recovery, out of Siroc; Mr. W. Scott's—At Northampton, a bad third to Cherokee. At Chester, third for the Wirral Stakes, T.Y.C., won by Hope, 3 yrs. At Epsom, not placed for the Woodcote Stakes—see Cherokee. At Ascot, not placed for the New Stakes. At York August, won a match. T.Y.C., 8st 10lb, beating Benevolence, 8st 5lb, easily; same meeting, received forfeit in a Match with Spur, 8st 10lb. each. At Doncaster, a good third to f by Velocipede out of Garland. At Richmond, a good fourth for the Easby Stakes. At Newmarket H, was third for the Criterion—see Sting.—[Derby and Leger.]

THE TRAVERSE, b c, by Gilbert Gurney out of Roderick's dam; Mr. J. O. Brien's—Second to Princess Alice at Chester, and second to her at Doncaster; rec forfeit from Lord Harry, same meeting.—[Derby and Leger.]

SMUGGLER BILL, ch c, by Commodore or the Saddler out of Gipsy; Lord Albemarle's—At Newmarket, ran second to Queen Anne for the July Stakes.—[Derby and Leger.]

LITTLE VULGAR BOY, THE, ch c, by Stockport out of Sarah; Lord Albemarle's—Newmarket J, not placed for the July Stakes. Newmarket S O, not placed for place, won by Fugitive. H, ran second for a plate, all ages, winner to be sold for 300gs, last three miles of R.C., won by Clumsy, 3 yrs old.—[Derby.]

DUKE OF RICHMOND, THE (late Hovingham), ch c by lord Stafford or Confederate, dam by Belshazzar; Mr. Banks's—At Ripon, not placed



for a Sweepstakes—see Fitzwilliam. At Richmond, won easily the Dundas Stakes, all ages, dis mile and a quarter, 5st, beating Therstites, 2 yrs, 5st (second), b c by The Mole or Physician out of Venus, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb (a good third), Thalia, 2 yrs, 5st (fourth), Lucy, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb (fifth), and Mr. Mansfield, 2 yrs, 5st (sixth).—[Derby.]

OSPREY, ch f, by Birdcatcher out of Emily, by Pantaloon; Mr. Preston's—at the Curragh September Meeting, carrying 7lb over weight, ran second to Mermaid for the Anglesey Stakes, T.Y.C.; same meeting, carrying 8st 7lb, won the Filly Stakes in a canter, beating Amazon, 8st 7lb, T.Y.C.—[Oaks.]

MIST, THE, ch f, by Sir Hercules out of Ildegarda; Mr. Quin's—at the Curragh September Meeting, carrying 8st 3lb, ran third to General Tom Thumb, 8st 4lb, for a sweepstakes, T.Y.C.; same meeting, carrying 8st 4lb, was beaten by Erin-go-bragh, 8st 7lb, for the 100 sovs sweepstakes, T.Y.C.—[Oaks and Leger.]

CUCKOO, ch f, by Ellis out of Reel; Duke of Richmond's—At Goodwood, was a good second to Lady Cecilia for the Ham Stakes; at same place second for the Molecomb Stakes—see Sting in *Almanack*; won the Sussex Stakes (carrying 8st 4lb by a neck, beating Samphire, 8st 4lb (second), Camera Obscura, 8st 4lb (third), and brother to Valentissimo, 8st 12lb (fourth). At Newmarket FO, a bad second to Madcap for the Hopeful Stakes. At Newmarket SO, won the Bretby Stakes by a head, last three quarters of R.M., beating Polka (second), and Ennui (good third).—[Oaks.]

PRINCESS ALICE, br f, by Bay Middleton out of Her Majesty; Lord G. Bentinck's—At Bath, won the Weston Stakes by a head, distance half a mile, beating Astonishment (second), Madcap (bad third), Motilla (fourth), Q. E. D., and The Pretender. At Chester, won a Sweepstakes cleverly by a length, distance five furlongs, beating the Traverser (second), Curiosity (good third), Amelia, ch c by Stockport out of Manilla, Sotades, ch c by Hetman Platoff out of Miss Thomasina, Queen Mary, b f by Toryboy out of Miss Fitz, and Brutus. At Ascot, carrying 5lb extra; was not placed for the New Stakes—see Joy. At Liverpool, was a good second to Luminary for the Mersey Stakes. At Goodwood, was not placed for the Ham Stakes—see Lady Cecilia; same meeting won a 200 sovs Sweepstakes, T.Y.C., by a neck, beating Wilderness (second) b f by Ellis out of Tesone (bad third), br f by Retriever out of Emilia (fourth), and Malvoise (fifth). At Doncaster, won by a length the Champagne Stakes, Red House in, beating the Traverser (second), Iago (good third), br c by Don John out of Peri, Sheraton, Banata, ch f by Stockport out of Mountain Sylph's dam, Malcolm, Fair Star, Mr. Mansfield, The Free Lance, Prospect, and Kismet; not placed for the 20 sovs Stakes won by f by Velocipede out of Garland. At Newmarket S O, was a bad second for the Clearwell—see Sting; won the Prendergast Stakes, T.Y.C., by three lengths, beating Ennui (second), Wit's end (third), Paragon (fourth), and George the Fourth (fifth).—[Oaks.]

QUEEN ANNE, b f, by Slane out of Garcia; Colonel Peel's—At Newmarket won the July Stakes, new T.Y.C., by a length, beating Smuggler Bill (second), Titbit (third), b c by Emilius out of Messene, The Little Vulgar Boy, b c by Colwick out of Toga, Moonbeam, Trebonius, and Gusman.—[Oaks.]

GARLAND, f by Velocipede—br f (now called Vaniah) out of Garland; Sir C. Monk's—At Doncaster, won by a length, a sweepstakes, T.Y.C., beating ch f by Stockport out of Mountain Sylph's dam (second), Malt (a good third), Turpin, Princess Alice, The Free Lance, Fancyboy, Therates, br c by Retriever, dam by St. Patrick, Prospect, Fair Helen, br c by Don John out of Peri, sister to Devil-among-the-tailors, Tobaccoist, Punch, and bro to Millepede. At Chester A, won by a head the Grand Stand Stakes, dis 6 furlongs, beating Burlesque (second), br f by Tomboy out of Lapwing (a good third), Josephine (fourth), brother to Beaumont, ch c by Hetman Platoff out of Miss Thomasina and Sharpshooter.—[Oaks and Leger.]

#### THE IRISH DERBY AND OAKS LOTS.

DERBY, Humdrum, Hark-to-cover, Harkover, and Hokkano Barn. The Oaks, Danceaway, sister to Ballinkeele (Perdita filly), Foinnualla, Osprey, and the Mist (the Ildegarda filly).

#### A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE OF THE TURF WINNINGS OF 1845.

The following calculations, of the winnings of the most fortunate owners of "high bred cattle" during the past season, may form an appropriate pendant to the methodical history of our excellent contributor, Soothsayer. Mr. A. W. Hill's Sweetmeat has won the greatest number of races of any animal during the year; viz., 18, value 3,730l. The Duke of Richmond's Refraction has won the greatest amount of stakes, 4,700l, including the Oaks. The Merry Monarch has won 3,975l. with the Derby. The Baron, with the Leger and the Cesarewitch, 3,395l. Sting, 3,380l. Princess Alice, 3,303l. Idaa, 2,925l. Miss Elis, 2,890l. Hersey, 2,600l. Joe Lovel, 2,400l. Inheritress, 2,255l. Lothario, 2,025l. Intrepid, 1,915l. Miss Sarah, 1,820l. Cowl, 1,750l. Winchelsea, 1,750l. Arkwright, 1,700l. Alarm, 1,740l. Lady Cecilia, 1,650l. Discord, 1,635l. Queen Mab, 1,555l. Pic Nic, 1,555l. Mantor, 1,420l. The Libel, 1,340l.

The following noblemen and gentlemen have been the largest winners during the past season:—

	RACES.	IN VALUE.
The Duke of Richmond has won	20	£10,880
Duke of Bedford	25	4,145
Duke of Rutland	12	990
Lord Exeter	20	5,555
Lord G. Bentinck	55	16,473
Lord Stanley	1	490
Lord Stradbroke	13	1,455
Lord Eglington	7	915
Lord Albemarle	4	1,440
Lord Chesterfield	16	4,640
Lord Lonsdale	4	1,675
Lord Zetland	4	1,460
Lord Warwick	9	1,165
Lord Verulam	2	435
Lord Glasgow	3	800
Hon. G. Ongeley	6	1,275
Lord E. Russell	2	1,600
Col. Peel	18	5,745
Col. Anson	3	2,800
Mr. Gratwicke	2	5,625
Mr. A. W. Hill	25	5,545
Mr. Meiklam	28	4,720
Mr. G. Watts	2	3,395
Mr. G. Payne	12	2,595
Sir C. Mouck	9	2,225
Mr. Gully	4	2,090
Mr. S. Wreford	9	2,980
Mr. Greville	5	2,030
Mr. Skerratt	4	1,984
Mr. W. H. Johnstone	15	1,890
Major Yarbrough	3	1,820
Mr. S. Wreford, jun.	3	1,750
Mr. Osbaldeston (the "ould" squire)	5	935

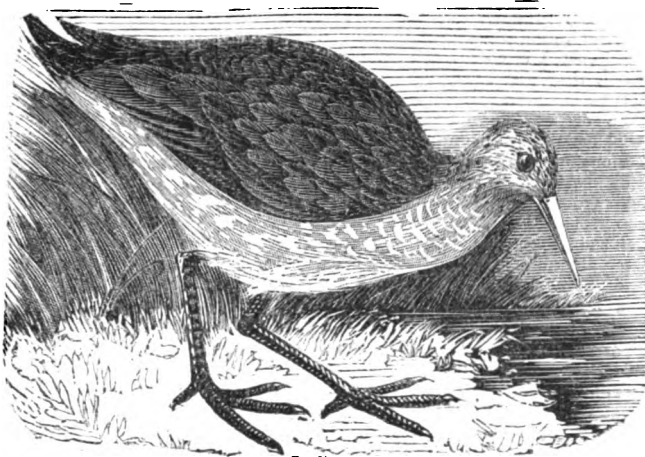
The Goodwood stable have thrown in for a good sum, "the Duke" winning 20 races out of 55; and Lord George, justly styled the "Napoleon of the Turf," 55 races out of 175 starters. Mr. Gully, the Squire, Mr. Irwin, and Col. Anson, have not been so fortunate. The season, from the cocktail Intrepid carrying off the Chester Cup to the defeat of The Baron in the Cambridgeshire, has gone off with one continued *eclat*, and augurs a splendid opening for 1846.

#### A Table of the Running of the Two Year Olds, in 1845.

During the past season no less than 216 young-uns have made their debuts in public life. Of these 116 were colts and 100 fillies. The following table exhibits their descents and performances, classified under the names of their respective sires:—

Sire.	Produce.	Started.	Won.	Sire.	Produce.	Started.	Won.
Accident	1	1	1	Marcian	2	3	1
Albemarle	1	1	1	Marvel	1	5	1
Amato	1	4	1	Montreal	7	16	1
Bard	5	18	7	Muley Moloch	2	3	1
Bay Middleton	8	38	14	Mus	1	1	1
Beiram	1	1	1	Nonsense	1	1	1
Bentley	1	1	1	Pantaloon	4	7	1
Bran	1	1	1	Phoenix	3	4	1
Bretley	1	2	1	Plenipotentiary	1	1	1
Cesar	3	8	1	Quid	1	3	1
Cain	2	5	1	Record	1	1	1
Camel	8	14	3	Recovery	3	19	4
Chesterfield	1	2	1	Redshanks	2	7	4
Clearwell	1	2	1	Retriever	2	5	1
Commadore	1	1	1	Revolution	2	3	1
Confederate	1	3	1	Rococo	2	5	1
Colwick	2	7	1	St. Martin	2	3	1
Coronation	1	2	1	Saddler	11	25	3
Defence	4	14	2	Sheet Anchor	5	18	9
Discord	1	1	1	Sir Hercules	5	8	1
Doctor	3	7	4	Sir Isaac	1	1	1
Don John	5	13	4	Slane	5	12	7
Dulcimer	1	1	1	Steamer	1	1	1
Elis	9	23	6	Stockport	10	37	4
Emilius	6	11	1	Talleyrand	1	2	1
Epirus	2	3	1	Taurus	1	4	1
Euclid	3	5	2	The Hydra	1	5	1
Gilbert Gurney	1	2	1	Theon	2	5	1
Gladiator	2	5	1	Tomboy	4	14	4
Glaucus	1	1	1	Toryboy	2	3	1
Hampton	2	7	1	Touchstone	4	9	3
Hetman Platoff	10	22	1	Velocipede	5	11	3
Inheritor	4	13	1	Venison	7	23	3
Jereed	2	6	1	Verulam	1	6	1
King Cole	1	1	1	Voltaire	3	8	1
Launcelot	1	2	1	William IV	1	5	2
Liverpool	3	10	4	Wintonian	1	2	1
Lord Stafford	1	5	1				

## BRITISH BIRDS NO. XXII.



THE REEVE.

**T**HE quaker clad lady of the gaily ruffed lover figured in No. 28, forms the subject of this week's specimen of the feathered tribes. As some of our correspondents have asked at our hands a few wrinkles about coast gunning, and the visitants of our shores at this inclement season, we will give them a picture or two of the aquatic genera in due succession. For the present we resume the mode of taking RUFFS and REEVES at the point where we broke off last week.

The net is what is termed a single clap-net, about seventeen feet in length, and six wide, with a pole at each end; this, by means of uprights fixed in the ground, and each furnished with a pulley, is easily pulled over the birds within reach, and rarely fails taking all within its grasp; but in order to give the pull the greater velocity, the net is (if circumstances will permit) placed so as to fold over with the wind; however, there are some fowlers who prefer pulling it against the wind for plovers. As the ruffs feed chiefly by night, they repair to their frequented hill at the dawn of day, nearly all at the same time, and the fowler makes his first pull according to circumstances, takes out his birds, and prepares for the stragglers who traverse the fens, and who have no adopted hill; these are caught singly, being enticed by the stuffed birds.

Burton, who was before mentioned, never used anything but stuffed skins, executed in a very rude manner; but some fowlers keep the first ruffs they catch as decoy birds; these have a string of about two feet long tied above the knee, and fastened down to the ground. The stuffed skins are sometimes so managed as to be moveable by means of a long string, so that a jerk represents a jump, (a motion very common among ruffs, who at the sight of a wanderer coming by, will leap or flit a yard off the ground,) by that means inducing those on the wing to come and alight by him.

The stuffed birds are prepared by filling the skin with a wisp of straw tied together, the legs having been first cut off, and the skin afterwards sewed along the breast and belly, but with no great attention to cover the straw beneath: into this straw a stick is thrust, to fix it into the ground, and a peg is also thrust through the top of the head, and down the neck, and into the stuffing or straw body, and the wings are pinned down by the same process. Rough as this preparation is, and as unlike a living bird as skin and feathers can be made, it answers the same purpose.

When the reeves begin to lay, both these and the ruffs are least shy, and so easily caught, that a fowler assured us he could with certainty take every bird on the fen in the season. The females continue this boldness, and their temerity increases as they become broody; on the contrary, we found the males at that time could not be approached within the distance of musket shot, and consequently were far beyond the reach of small shot.

We were astonished to observe the property that these fowlers have acquired, of distinguishing so small an object as a ruff at such an immense distance, which, among a number of tufts or mounds, could not by us be distinguished from one of those inequalities; but their eyes had been in long practice of looking for the one object.

The autumnal catching is, usually about Michaelmas, at which time few old males are taken, from which an opinion has been formed that they migrate before the females and young. It is, however, more probable, that the few which are left after the spring fowling, like other polygamous birds, keep in parties separate from the female and her brood till the return of spring. That some old ruffs are occasionally taken in the autumnal fowling we have the assertion of experienced fowlers, but we must admit that others declare none are taken at that season. It must, however, be recollected, that in the autumn the

characteristic long feathers have been discharged, and consequently young and old males have equally their plain dress; but the person who assured us that old birds were sometimes taken at that season, declared it was easy to distinguish them from the young of that summer.

It does not appear to be the opinion of fowlers, that the males are more than one season arriving at maturity, because the ruffs taken in the spring, destitute of the characteristic long feathers, which constitute their principal distinction, are comparatively few to those possessing the ruff; the opinion, therefore, that those ruffless males are birds of a very late brood of the preceding season, is a reasonable conjecture.

The long feathers on the neck and sides of the head, in the male, that constitute the ruff and auricles, are of short duration, for they are scarcely completed in the month of May, and begin to fall the latter end of June. The change of these singular parts is accompanied by a complete change of plumage; the stronger colours, such as purple, chestnut, and some others, vanish at the same time, so that in their winter dress they become more generally alike from being less varied in plumage; but we observed that those which had the ruff more or less white, retained that colour about the neck after the summer or autumnal moulting was effected.

The females, or reeves, begin laying their eggs the first or second week in May; and we have found their nests with young as early as the third of June. By this time the males cease to hill.

The nest is usually formed upon a tump in the most swampy places, surrounded by coarse grass, of which it is also formed.

The eggs are (as usual with its congeners) four in number; these are so nearly similar in size and colour to those of the snipe and redshank, both of which breed in the same wet places, and make similar nests, that some experience is required to discriminate them; they are, however, superior in size to the former, and are known from the latter by the greenish hue, instead of a rufous white; but individuals assimilate so nearly to each other, as not to be distinguished, especially as the dusky and brown spots and blotches are similar. The weight of the eggs is from five drachms twenty-five grains, to five drachms fifty grains.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## ON CHARGING AND TRYING GUNS.

Sir,—I beg leave to offer a few observations, if you deem them worthy of insertion they are at your service.

With regard to the size of the gun, if the sportsman intends to confine himself to the use of one only throughout the season, gauge 14 is to be preferred, weighing (supposing a double) 7½lb. If single, 12 gauge, weight 6½lb. If, however, the shooter be not athletic, or resolves on using two guns, I would recommend, for the early part of the season, 18 gauge, as a trifling difference in weight will be found very agreeable; indeed a great relief, during the heats of August and September; therefore, a double gun, of the bore or calibre just mentioned, should weigh 6½lb.; of a single 6lb. In this case, the 14 gauge should not be used till, with cool weather, the birds have become wild. I am well aware that there are sportsmen who object to so narrow a bore, as soon becoming foul, and thus rendering its shooting or use objectionable; but such as have imbibed this notion are unacquainted with the patent wire cartridge, which completely sweeps the barrel every time it is placed over the powder, and keeps it free from lead and all internal foulness.

It is a well ascertained fact, that the shot of the patent cartridge is propelled or driven with such superior force, compared to the loose charge as to render No. 7 in the first case more than equal to No. 6 in the second. There are about the same number of pellets in 1oz. of No. 7 as in 1½oz. of No. 6: and consequently the former would become a very eligible substitute for the latter.

With a 14 gauge 1½oz. of No. 6 shot, and from 2½ to 3 drams of powder will be found the most effective charge for the early part of the season: the same weights as above, but with shot No. 5 or 4, as the birds gain strength on the wing and become difficult of approach. I am well aware many will object to the proportions just mentioned, as containing too much powder and not enough shot; and who would prefer 1½oz. of shot and 2 drams of powder. That at the distance of 40 yards a greater number of pellets would be thrown into a sheet of paper with the latter, I entertain not the least doubt; but then the shot is not driven with sufficient force to kill at long distances, and all sportsmen will admit that many wounded birds get away owing to not being hit hard enough. The 18 gauge should have 1oz. of shot (a cartridge for the reasons already given being preferable) and 2½ drams of powder.

To those who are used to it, an iron target brushed over with white wash saves both time and expense, but the force of the discharge cannot be so accurately ascertained by this method, as by shooting at 24 sheets of paper, stretched open, and nailed to a square wooden frame made to the size of the sheet. At each discharge, the first and last sheets should be removed and others substituted; by which it will be clearly perceived how many pellets struck the first sheet, and the number which perforated the whole. A good 14 gauge gun, with the charge I have described, should, at forty yards, average 70 pellets through the first sheet, and 30



at least through the whole. The paper to be 22 inches by 30, weighing 3lb. the quire. A 12 gauge, with 1½oz. shot, and 3½ drams of powder should throw 90 into the first sheet, and driving 40 through the whole quire; an 18 gauge, 50 in the first sheet, and 15 or 20 through. A gun which will accomplish this must be considered unobjectionable; and when any person is heard to boast (which is not unfrequently the case) that he possesses a gun that will do much more, he should be suspected of a little romance, and may be safely invited to the trial under the following indispensable precaution: First, that the paper is perfectly dry, and of the specified size and weight. Secondly, that the portions of powder and shot are quite correct—an impartial person loading the gun. Thirdly, that no holes are discernable *a priori* in the paper. Fourthly, that the distance be ascertained by measurement, and not settled by the fallacious mode of stepping. The use of a rest is advisable, as the most trifling swerve will prevent an accurate result.

The percussion tube is supposed to fire quicker than the copper-cap, and certainly is not so liable to be stopped; but guns thus fitted for discharge require much more care and cleanliness, and are not on the whole so simple, though still preferred by some shooters. I prefer the copper-cap most decisively; and as I conceive the question lies between these two, it is useless to bring any other plan under the observation of the reader. There is a safety trigger which acts remarkably well, invented, I believe, by Purdy—at least it bears his name; it is so contrived as to be touched and involuntarily drawn up by the right hand, when the gun is at the shoulder, so that it requires no consideration at the time, yet when the butt of the gun is placed on the ground, it cannot be moved even should it be on full cock. These are many good kinds of wadding the best is made of thick felt; but it has been regarded as objectionable on account of its bulk. There is another made of thinner felt, pasted between two pieces of paper, and containing a small portion of grease, which exudes upon firing the gun, thus keeping the barrel clean. Other varieties of wadding are to be met with; but I have not yet been able to discover the great difference in the effect of wadding for which some persons strenuously contend: however, I hesitate not to state my unqualified conviction of the superiority of a punched wadding (containing substance) over thin card: paper I regard as utterly exploded. The patent wire cartridge is an excellent contrivance for shooting at long distances; but I must leave to the patentees the task of proving that it will accomplish what they confidently assert. Originally those cartridges were objectionable in a way that could not fail to prevent their general use; their action was irregular, and they were apt to be driven together, in the form of a ball. However, they have lately undergone considerable improvement, and those with which I have tried a few experiments gave me unqualified satisfaction. In loading, those cartridges are very convenient; and I have certainly seen very long shots killed with them. I would recommend sportsmen always to carry a cartridge in their second barrel. In the early part of the season (for partridge shooting particularly) their use the first barrel is a matter of taste.—I cannot pretend to name a powder which is preferable to every other; yet I observe that which is granulated larger than formerly is in much request. Caps made of thick metal are to be preferred; those of French manufacture carefully avoided.

#### A FEW HINTS UPON FOX-HUNTING.

Sir,—I send you a few hints in consequence of the disregard frequently paid by those who profess to follow the chase, but who more frequently are larking, and only thinking who shall get over the fence first, without much minding whether they are after the hounds or before them. It is not my wish to restrain the ardour of the young aspirants for fame in the field, but only to point out to them when they may exert their full powers, without detriment to that sport, which, I presume, it is their wish to enjoy. Imagine a fox well found in a favourite cover, and, of course, all anxious for a start; the master of the hounds excuses at first a little haste and ardour in the field, and after one or two admonitions to "hold hard!" the hounds settle, and seem determined on mischief, and all goes well; but after fifteen minutes at a good pace, difficulties arise; there is a check; and now it is that the temper of the master of the hounds and huntsmen are tried. Instead of every person in the field pulling up, to allow a cast to be made, (supposing the check to arise from sheep, shooters, cur dog, difficult ground, &c. &c.) may begin talking aloud, striking fire to singe cigars, or what is worse, just as the hounds put their heads down to cry "hark halloo!" perhaps to some boy, who unluckily at that moment is doing his duty, by exerting his lungs to the utmost in defending his master's late sown wheat. To prevent this unsportsman-like conduct, allow me to request the attention of your fox-hunting readers, more particularly of the younger ones, to the following remarks, which are committed to paper purely from a desire to promote the science of fox-hunting, for it is an inattention to the science that is the chief cause of the mischief that is done in the field.

While the cover is being drawn, keep away from all the points that the fox is most likely to break at, if he does not go away when first found; if the cover is a small one, remain stationary; if a large one, great attention is necessary to avoid heading the fox, and at the same time not losing a start; keep down wind of the hounds, and as near them as the situations

of the ridings will admit, turning as they turn, which will take less out of your horse than getting badly away, and having to race to catch them. Allow hounds a fair start; when settled, keep your eye forward, and if you see any probable impediment to the straight course of the fox, such as shooters, men ploughing, hedgers, a road, &c. &c., pull to your horse, caution others to do so; and by that means, should the hounds come to a check, they will have room to make their own cast; and should that fail, the huntsman will know where to make his. Never when running down a road or lane ride within thirty yards of the hounds, for if pressed at that time they are apt to go beyond the scent, and of course a long check ensues; when you first hear an halloo, only listen, do not immediately shout "hark halloo!" which prevents the men working with the hounds from hearing it distinctly, which is of much importance, as they from experience can generally decide whether it is a false halloo or not. When the fox gains a cover, do not ride round to view him away, as by so doing you most likely will head him, or if he is before you, bring the hounds to a check. When they are hunting slowly, and particularly with a beaten fox, it is wrong to go forward up the ridings of the cover which the hounds are pointing for, as the fox will most likely run them. Never allow your spirits to be too much elated when a fox is sinking, as often when you think the hounds cannot miss him, by a few injudicious cheers, you get their heads up, the fox slips through a farmyard, round the corner of a cottage, is run by a cur, confusion ensues, and you are all astonishment how he could be lost. When a fox is killed, be careful to keep your horse away from the hounds, when worrying him, as at that time the quietest horses will kick hounds.

There are many more circumstances that occur during a run that are of great importance, but a knowledge of which can only be acquired by a due attention to the science of hunting.


Masters of hounds often complain of their puppies being sent in from quarters long before the regular time,—which is in April, as soon as hunting is over; those who are kind enough to keep them, would not send them in so soon, if they were aware of the inconvenience it causes in the kennel, and the injury it does to the shape and make of the young hounds, by being in kennel from the time they are sent in till the hunting season is over, as before that period proper attention cannot be paid to them.

Nimrod has written some excellent "Maxims on Hunting with Harriers." I therefore forbear to scribble on a subject almost exhausted by his able pen.

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

[We will print Nimrod's maxims in a week or two, they may be serviceable and amusing to some who have not read or do not possess his works.—ED. SP. MAG.]

#### THE MAMMOTH HORSE.

N the brief notice we gave of this equine prodigy (in which we regret [to say, owing to the non-revision of the proof sheet some vile typographical errors were perpetrated]) the following dimensions, from actual measurement, were omitted:—Height, 20 hands, girth, 8 feet 6 inches; length from chest to hind-quarters, 6 feet 5 inches; dividing the body into three parts, from point of shoulder in a horizontal line behind the scapula, 2ft.; the body, from the said line to a perpendicular line with hip, 2 feet 5 inches; the hind-quarter, from the horizontal line, with the hip to the extremity of the buttock, 2 feet; depth of shoulder, from the top of the withers, obliquely, to the point of the shoulder, 3 feet; width of chest, 2 feet 4 inches; length of arm, from the elbow joint to the extremity of the knee joint, 2 feet; length of cannon, from the knee joint to the fetlock joint 11 inches; perpendicular length of the pastern, from the fetlock to the ground, 8 inches; oblique length, 10 inches; hoof in front, 5 inches; hoof to fetlock, 5 inches; width round the elbow, 14 inches; round the arm, one-third-below the elbow, 2 feet; round the knee, 17 inches; round the cannon, 11 inches; width across in the loins, from hip joint to hip joint, 2 feet 4 inches; length from hip joint to hook, 4 feet 4 inches; length from hook to fetlock joint, 13 inches; length of pastern, obliquely measured from toe to joint, 10 inches; round the muscular part of the thigh, by the stifles, 4 feet 3 inches; round the gaskin 2 feet; round the hook, 21 inches; round the head, from occiput to occiput, 2 feet 4 inches; across the frontis to ditto, 10½ inches; round the noseband, 2 feet 2 inches; round the head from the ear, measured across the orbit and under the posterior jaw, 3 feet 8½ inches; depth of collar, 2 feet 8 inches.

The horse is extremely tractable, performs a variety of amusing tricks, and with trifling tuition would become a splendid "trick horse" for the circus of an amphitheatre. He is so docile that he will eat corn out of ladies' hands, and take cakes and apples from children. He is exhibited by Mr. Carter, himself who appears to be a greater "lion" than even the horse, and who is continually questioned by the company as to the *modus operandi* he adopted in subduing the "monarch of the forest," and the other wild animals in his menagerie. Previous to the "general" coming into the possession of Mr. Carter, he was shown to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and several noblemen and gentlemen, who declare him to be the largest and finest horse they had ever beheld, particularly admiring his fine action and noble bearing.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

To half a dozen "CONSTANT READERS."—Perhaps you will each write again just to tell us how to distinguish you. It so happens that three or four of you having been put on "file" for answer, your envelopes have gone into the waste-paper basket, so that there is not even a postmark to identify you by. Worthy, excellent and CONSTANT Readers, do you ever read our paper at all? If you don't you won't see this: if you do pray pass the alphabet into your service and choose initials with the name of a town or place appended; and again if you do not address your letters to "the Editor," how can you expect them to reach his hands? Our publisher, Mr. Dipple, has just given us two or three open ones from among numerous orders, invoices, &c., which have been lying by a week. All in-CONSTANT-READERS, who will misdirect their letters, and stick to that undistinctive signature, will in future be left totally unnoticed. To one who has put OLDHAM at the corner of his epistle, we reply. You have not stated the nature of the injury to the dog: was it by bruise, strain, or wound? We presume there is no fracture or dislocation of the limb; if there be it is idle to hope for a cure, until the fracture or dislocation is reduced. If it be a mere strain, time will restore it, but it may be hastened and nature assisted by the following treatment:—First give him a gentle purgative, rhubarb and jalap mixed as much as will lie on a shilling, then apply a cold poultice, linseed cake and bran (if there be any inflammation); the next day remove the old poultice, give another dose of medicine (or omit it till next day but one) according to state of bowels. Then apply camphorated soap liniment well rubbed in, and afterwards bandage the limb. Keep the dog in his kennel, or from moving about much.

R. S. T.—As the list is short we give it. The following are the

## WINNERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE STAKES.

Year.	Winners.	Subs.	Started.	Value.	
1839.	Lancroft.....	55	(21 declared).....	12	£700
1840.	Roscius.....	64	(35 declared).....	18	725
1841.	Vulcan.....	82	(50 declared).....	23	1090
1842.	Ralph.....	88	(54 declared).....	18	1055
1843.	Nat.....	95	(46 declared).....	23	1140
1844.	Evenus.....	123	(48 declared).....	19	1350
1845.	Alarm.....	121	(43 declared).....	26	1490

A GIBBENS, Wileston Green.—If I put down a one at Cribbage; my partner puts down a two; I put down a three; my partner puts down a four; this makes a single run; then if I put down a four, will that make a double run?—Certainly not.

A GREENHOORN.—A had no right to "call," as he and his partner could not count honours, at nine. It was an indirect mode of ascertaining his partner's strength in trumps, therefore C was right in calling a new deal, and in retaining it. No intimations between partners are allowable, except a legitimate call of "can you one?" when honours can be properly counted.

A. W. C.—We will give the suggestion our best consideration, and may possibly act on it.

JAMES D.—N.—Our correspondent inquires—"Did Master Henry and Anti-Radical run a match against each other or not? 2. Was the great match for a thousand guineas run by Anti-Radical or Hubbersty against Master Henry? 3. Was not Lichfield the scene of action? As there are several bets depending on your answer to the above questions, I hope you will oblige me by so doing. One general answer will solve the three questions of one correspondent. Mr. L. Charlton's f. h. Master Harry, by Orville, 6 yrs old, 8st 10lb, beat Mr. Mytton's b. g. Anti-Radical, by Marmion, 3 yrs old, 8st 1lb, four miles, 500 gns. Even betting, and 5 to 4 on Master Harry. Run at Lichfield, Tuesday, Sept. 11, 1821.

TEASLE, Dudley.—We are obliged for your offer, but possess the volumes.

G. AUSTIN, Jun.—Yes; you will find it in number 27, page 441. It was not deserving of a detailed report.

T. ROWE, Newcastle.—We cannot tell you when Merryman and Maley will settle their long-standing difference: we don't believe the men themselves know. Sam Merryman has fought twenty times. He has been beaten five times; 1, by Bill Atkinson (in 1826); 2, by George Truman, (an accident, Sam broke his arm); 3, by Tom Cox; 4, by Bill Atkinson, second time, Nov. 2, 1837; 5, by Tom Maley, June 23, 1840.

INQUISITIVE.—Richmond the black chest Carter (who claimed the Championship) in 1818. It was a room fight; Richmond was 56 years of age. He died in Tichbourne-street, Haymarket, in 1839, aged 66.

SAWNEY.—If a filly wins the Derby, is extra weight put on her for the Oaks?—No.

FAIR PLAY (Mooley).—The performance of 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours by Sutton, the Kentish pedestrian, seems to us well authenticated. The pedestrian, William Seerles, whose execution of the Barclay Match was recorded in the *Illustrated London News*, accompanied by a portrait, some twelve months since, we can give no opinion about; that picture-sheet is anything but a sporting authority. For Captain Barclay's performance, see our 24th Number, page 416. With the opinions of the gentleman who, in another journal, has already replied to "Fair Play's" question, we have nothing to do. What has been performed may remain to be done.

FROM SHOOTING.—A bird wounded and falling, but getting up and flying out of bounds, is not a "dead bird," and cannot be claimed.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

SUNDAY, Nov. 30th.—ADVENT SUNDAY.

MONDAY, December 1st.—Report of the daily papers being raised to sixpence, 1844. The *Herald* avers to going the entire animal, resolves to go *half the hog*; i. e. sixpence.

TUESDAY, 2nd.—North Berwick and Dirlston Coursing Meeting.—Mr. Scott rode from London to Cheltenham, in 6 hours, 1816.—Napoleon crowned, 1804.—Battle of Austerlitz, 1805.

WEDNESDAY, 3rd.—Spiddal Coursing Meeting, (and 4th).—James II. abdicated, 1689.

THURSDAY, 4th.—Morpeth Coursing Meeting, (and 5th).—Ridgway (Southport) Coursing Meeting.

FRIDAY, 5th.—Ridgway Coursing Meeting.—Marshal Ney shot, 1815.

SATURDAY, 6th.—Algernon Sidney beheaded.—*Venus for the Month.*—Gardening.—Stir fire, set tea things, plant feet on fender, and cultivate as much social chat as weather will allow. Forage out fannel and let your Welch hose be well chose for winter wear. Stir stumps for country dances, and wind up spinning Jemies on Scotch reels. Transplant holly to mantel-piece and take kisses from under mistletoe. Put every thing in order for next year, and begin first by ordering "The Sportsman's Magazine" weekly. So shall social people ring the old year out with their Christmas bells and welcome the new one in with joy and gladness.—*Notes of a Naturalist.*—On boxing nights clowns begin to sing, and small urchins are met with in crowded galleries. The cold weather will make people put their hands in their pockets, and claimants for Christmas-boxes will make them pull out again to some purpose. The close of the year suggests innumerable reflections, but as we have now come to our own close—with reference only to the month, being our left-off close—the reader can manufacture them for himself, which is the best reflection we can make under the circumstances.

## THE MOON IN DECEMBER.

First Quarter, 4th	..	..	..	2	52	morn.
Full Moon, 13th	..	..	..	6	42	after.
Last Quarter, 21st	..	..	..	11	27	after.
New Moon, 30th	..	..	..	10	53	after.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

		High Water at London Bridge.					
		morn.	aft.			morn.	aft.
Sunday, Nov. 30th..	..	2 6	2 29	Thursday, 4th	..	5 13	5 39
Monday, Dec. 1st ..	..	2 52	3 15	Friday, 5th ..	..	6 7	6 33
Tuesday, 2nd ..	..	3 37	4 0	Saturday, 6th	..	6 59	7 30
Wednesday, 3rd ..	..	4 25	4 49				

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

## A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE RING.

ANXIOUS to place the subscribers to the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE in as good a position as to information upon the most prominent and generally interesting sporting events, we had made such arrangements as we hoped would, in every instance, secure to this publication the earliest and most accurate reports. We need scarcely observe that this involves considerable expense and labour both mental and bodily. With this view, for the stamped edition of this week, we repaired to Daventry. the intended battle-field of Gill and Norley, but were again doomed to disappointment.

Since the recent blow which the reputation of the Ring received in the affair of the Championship, followed by the unsatisfactory business of Jordan and Fox, and half a dozen of others, every precaution should naturally be expected. But no; as will be seen in another part of our paper (stamped edition) the contrary was the case. A few more such blanks, and the better sort of patrons of the ring will give up going to see fights at all, and the fall of the ring will be owing to its own members. The rumours and "says" upon the subject will be found under the head of "SPORTING INTELLIGENCE."

## Reminiscences of Racing and Racers, in 1845.

(For the Sportsman's Magazine.)

BY SOOTHSAYER.

(Continued from page 446.)

Leaving Manchester behind, my next attempt will be to place the Meeting at Eglinton Park, May 13, before your readers. As, however, it is confined, with a few exceptions, to contests in which "gentlemen riders" figure, and as it has no very direct bearing upon racing in general, I shall content myself with a short description. Aristides (Major Campbell) won the Irvine Cup, beating Dog Billy (Mr. H. Johnstone), Godfrey (Capt. Williams), and two others. Lord Waterford rode his Firefly for the Ayton Stakes, and was a winner. There was a race for 2 years old, which was won by the colt by Don John out of Peri (half mile), beating Sweetheart and Andrew Brandy. In a subsequent race Godfrey (Capt. Williams) beat Aristides (Major Campbell) and Dog Billy.

At Shiffhall, May 16, Intrepid won the Gold Cup, beating Salopian.

At Stokeley, May 19, a mare, Netherton Maid, won all her races.

GORHAMBY RACES attracted a considerable crowd, and the sport was very good. The only two events of importance were the race, by which it would be ascertained what was the real worth of Fitzallan, and that wherein Maynooth would have his claims as a Derby horse tested. It is with sincere regret I here mention the decease of the late excellent proprietor of Gorchambury Park, Lord Verulam. For the Craven Stakes, Satyr beat Moonshine and Mystery. In the Gorchambury Handicap, won by Queen of Tyne, Fitzallan did not get a place, and was accordingly out of favour altogether. For the 20 sovs. stakes, Maynooth beat Velox, but on a subsequent day was beaten by Crim Con and Sir Francis, and was therefore three or four points worse for the Derby. There was a very pretty race for the Selling Stakes between Best Bower and Jew Boy, the former by a spring in the last stride (Nat on him), winning by a "head." Tugnet won the Park Stakes (2 years old), beating Buttress, a filly by Muley Moloch, Fitzallan, Anna Bullen, and Deer; a bad lot, with the exception of Buttress. The Devil-among-the-Tailors was beaten here in two races, and has been upon the average very much out this year. Scarmentado was a winner in a poor race of 10 sovs. each.

At SHREWSBURY, May 21, Sweetmeat won two races, and walked over for two others, shewing himself a better horse than Salopian, Milton, Inheritress, Master Stepney, and another or two. Cour-de-Lion won the Queen's Plate, and Aurungzebe, the Borough Members'. The Hawkstone Cup fell to Inheritress, who beat Coranna and Salopian.

At EDINBURGH, May 22, Pythia was very successful.

Your readers will I trust give me credit for an honesty of purpose, and a desire to please in relating from memory's tablet the by-gone occurrences of the racing season; but, at the same time I cannot but feel that in approaching the Derby, something is due to them by way of explanation. I beg therefore to state, that I do so with a perfect sense of my incapacity to picture so celebrated a scene, or to give a decided opinion upon such an important event. The scene has been described already by that eminent recorder of the turf 'Nimrod,' in a manner that leaves nothing to be wished, and does not require to be repeated; the event has received all that 'Pegasus,' 'Vates,' 'Bunbury,' 'et id genus omne,' could bring to bear upon it. I shall therefore give my reminiscences in as concise a manner as possible.

EPSOM RACES, May 27, opened with the defeat of Evenus, for the Craven Stakes, won by the Knight of the Whistle, Pagan, second; the

Attorney, third. Cherokee, won the Woodcote Stakes for two-years-old, beating a tolerable field, including Hero, Lord Harry, and Malt. The Manor Stakes showed Montgomerie in a bad place, and John Davis in a good one. On Wednesday, May 28, the race for the Derby Stakes came off in tolerable weather; for this race thirty-one I believe started, and they may be thus classed. First Class—Old England, Weatherbit, Annandale, The Libel, Idas, Pantasa, and Alarm. Second Class—Merry Monarch, Doleful, Wood Pigeon, Worthless, Mentor, Kedger, and Maynooth, and perhaps Fuzbes, Pam, and John Davis. Third Class, or, as good as out of the race, Jing'epot, Laird o' Cockpen, Cobweb Colt, Columbus, Salopian, Gwalior, Desperation, Cabin Boy, Adonis, Clear-the-way, Young Eclipse, The Black Prince, and Little Jack. After three false attempts, and a serious confusion, including an accident to Alarm during which many of the horses were much tried they got away Idas leading, but he soon gave it up, and Kedger and Doleful went in front. The pace getting better, Idas was gradually joined and passed by Pantasa and the Merry Monarch, Wood Pigeon, Mentor, Pam, Old England, and Annandale. In coming round the turn Pam fell, owing, as it is said, to Weatherbit, who was now making his way, striking his heels. They came on in this way, that is, Doleful and Kedger leading and the others above described close up, Idas evidently tiring, to the distance where Merry Monarch went in front, Annandale next, Pantasa third. Old England, Doleful Kedger and Wood Pigeon not far behind: Merry Monarch then went in and won; Annandale second, Old England, who passed Pantasa, third and Pantasa fourth. Wood Pigeon, Kedger and Doleful had better places than Idas, and the rest were beaten off, including the Libel who was last. I shall merely add that the Race was anything but satisfactory to judges in those matters. Of the Epsom stakes there is little to be said, but, I hope the motto "Live and let Live" will long find an echo in the human breast. Phylis beat Moonshine for the Walton Stakes, and was claimed. On May 29th. the Cup was won by Croton Oil. On May 30th, the Race for the Oaks Stakes brought twenty-one to the post, and the favourites had the shine most effectually taken out of them by Reflexion. She was a very clever winner at two years old and had always shown speed; how she came to be at twenty to one I leave the "professionals" to determine. Hope was second; Miss Sarah third, and Lady Wildair fourth. Miss Elis was left behind, as was Lancashire Witch. Wreck won the Members' Plate and Live-and-let-Live the Derby and Oaks of five each. My next communication will include Ascot Heath and Hampton; and, perhaps, Newcastle.

**GAME.**—That game may be injurious to the farmer, cannot be denied; but that a much greater outcry is raised concerning it than a deliberate investigation would justify, is equally incontestible; nor have I the least hesitation in now asserting that partridges, however numerous they may be, will be found beneficial rather than injurious to the cultivator of the land. In the first place, let us inquire what constitutes the food of these beautiful birds. Why, ants' eggs, insects of all kinds, and occasionally a few blades of grass, the last taken medicinally as it were, in the same way as we see blades of grass swallowed by domestic poultry. Young partridges never touch grain till they have nearly attained maturity—till, in fact, the arrival of autumn, when their supply of insect food failing, they pick up the grains scattered amongst the stubbles. Observations somewhat similar may be applied to the pheasant, with this difference, however, that these birds will scratch up the newly-sown wheat, if not prevented, which may be regarded as the extent of their depredations.—*Sportsman and Veterinary Recorder.*

**CUTTING IT SHORT.**—Henry the Fourth of France, when on a journey, was one day harangued by the mayor of the town, who began with these words: "Sire, when the great Scipio arrived before Carthage—" The king, who foresaw by this introduction that it would be a long and tedious speech, and being desirous of making the functionary sensible of his opinion, interrupted him, saying "Sir, when Scipio arrived before Carthage, he had dined, but I have not yet breakfasted."

**A STRANGE RACE.**—An American paper says, that a correspondence is now going on between two gentlemen of Boston, which began ten years ago with a challenge. Mr. A., a bachelor, challenged Mr. B., a married man, with one child, who replied that the conditions were not equal, that he must necessarily be at more risk with his life than the other, and he declined. A year afterwards he received another challenge, from Mr. A., who stated that he too now had a wife and a child, and he supposed, therefore, the objection of Mr. B. no longer valid, Mr. B. replied that he had now two children; consequently, the inequality still subsisted. The next year Mr. A. renewed his challenge having now two children also, but his adversary had three. This matter, when last heard of, was still going on numbers being six to seven, and the challenge being yearly renewed.

**UNLUCKY NUMBERS.**—Some people, it is said, have an objection to thirteen at dinner. Dr. Kitchener happened to be one of a company of that number at Dr. Henderson's, and on its being remarked, and pronounced unlucky, he said, "I admit it is unlucky in one case." "What case is that, doctor?" "When there is only dinner for twelve."

## NATURAL HISTORY OF SPORTING.



THE GREY SQUIRREL.

**R**Esume the subject of the squirrel from last week, giving an engraving of the common grey squirrel.

The more uncommon foreign varieties do not fall within our scope. They are the flying squirrels and the ground squirrels.

The flying squirrels are conspicuous for the rapidity of their evolution: they ascend the trees with such velocity that the eye can scarcely follow them; and they skim from one tree to another, or precipitate themselves to the ground with singular agility. In their habits they are nocturnal.

These elegant animals are respectively natives of the northern regions of Europe, the North of Asia, the north of America, and the glowing islands of the Indian Archipelago. The American flying squirrels are found on the Rocky Mountains, where it lives in dense pine-forests, seldom venturing from its retreat except in the night.

Its general colour is yellowish-brown above. The tail is flat, longer than the body, and blackish grey.

Unlike the tree squirrels, the ground-squirrels are chiefly terrestrial in their habits, and are furnished with cheek-pouches, in which they carry food to their retreats, forming magazines for winter. They live in burrows, but do not appear to become torpid. Their fur is shorter and closer, and the tail less bushy than in their arboreal relatives. These animals are chiefly spread through the northern and temperate regions of Europe, Asia, and America. The palm squirrel of India, and the Barbary squirrel, though associated by some authors with the ground-squirrels, occupy an intermediate situation between the latter and the true arboreal species.

The common ground-squirrel is a native of the north-eastern part of Europe and the north of Asia. According to Pallas, these striped squirrels dig their burrows in woody places, in small hummocks of earth, or near the roots of trees; but never, like the common squirrels, make their nests in the trunk or branches, although when scared from their holes they climb with facility, and make their way from branch to branch with great speed. A winding passage leads to their nest, and they generally form two or three lateral chambers to store their food in. In its whole habit it differs from the squirrels which live in trees, and forms, with other striped squirrels, a division of the genus. It has a longer head than the common squirrel; rounded ears, not tufted; a roundish, hairy tail, which it less frequently turns up; a slender body, and shorter limbs. The fur likewise is very short, and less fine. Yet in its diurnal habits, and in not becoming torpid in winter, it comes near the squirrels: it is difficult to tame.

White of Selborne, says in one of his letters:—"I was much surprised at hearing from a man who kept a bird and cage shop in London, that not less than twenty thousand squirrels are annually sold there for the *menus plaisirs* of cockneys, part of which come from France, but the greater number are brought in by labourers to Newgate and Leadenhall markets, where any morning during the season four or five hundred might be bought. He said that he himself sold annually about seven hundred: and, he added, that about once in seven years the breed of squirrels entirely fails, but that in other seasons they are equally prolific. The subject was introduced by his answering to a woman who came in to buy a squirrel, that he had not had one that season, but before that time,



in the last season he had sold five hundred. It appears that the mere manufacture of squirrel cages for Londoners is no small concern."—The taste for squirrel keeping we think has decayed since the time of the amusing "History" of Selborne.

## GYMNASTICS. NO. II.

### FENCING.—SECTION VII. OF DISARMING.



Y dexterously combining the round parades, treated on and figured in the last section, you may often succeed in disarming your adversary. The weakness of the hand in pronation (see observations in Section II), particularly in the thrusts, cuts, and guard of prime, seconde, and quinte is quite evident.

This weakness is still more manifest in the guards termed the hanging guard, the protects, and the inside and outside half-hangers, &c. &c. (Figs. 18 and 19). No aid from the sword-knot can prevent the fingers from



Fig. 18.—NEAR SIDE PROTECT. Fig. 19.—GIVING POINT.

opening and yielding to any impulse in the vertical direction, when the sword is held in these positions. But even a tolerable swordsman may be disarmed in the following circumstances:

1. If he changes from tierce to push quarte, cross his foible from your left towards your right, in the direction of the opening of his fingers, direct your point in the line towards his right eye, allonge, and you will both hit and disarm him.
2. If he cuts over your point, or pushes quarte-over, use your round parade of quarte; instantly rolling your hand into pronation, direct your point in the line as before.
3. Parry any assault made over your arm with the pointe volante in tierce, hurl down the vertical cut, end it in a thrust, opposing your hand well in quarte, and he will be cut, hit and disarmed.
4. If he pushes prime, seconde, or quinte, &c., his hand is ready prepared to be disarmed by the slightest impulse of your weapon in quarte, touching his foible. Be careful to disarm in the line, that you may not be exposed, in the event of your not succeeding in your plan.
5. If he pushes or cuts under your arm, rotate your hand, describing the half-circle three or four times in continuation; adhere closely to his blade, and he may be thus disarmed. Your point, in this case, describes circles, although this guard is termed the half-circle.
6. The following mode of disarming is safe and certain, however unfair it might be deemed in the schools: parry his quarte over with your round parade of quarte; and before his foot strikes the ground depress his foible, and adhere to it with your foot; seize the fort of this sword with your left hand, and he will be instantly disarmed, &c., &c. Attempt none of these modes of disarming before you feel yourself completely dexterous in the preceding parts.

#### OF THE TIME-THRUST.

Timing is the summit and very last stage of the art of defence, and not to be attempted, except by the ablest swordsman. It consists in the anticipation of your adversary, by nicking that point of time which is the most favourable and safe for you to make a thrust. The thrust delivered at this critical moment is called the time-thrust, and is of four kinds.

1. The first is, the time-thrust, which you deliver on his first movement to assault you, when you are both engaged within the proper measure. As, suppose he raises his point, or feigns; in either case, dart in a simple thrust, opposing your fort, either in quarte or tierce, as the case may require, and you will probably anticipate him, it being above two to one in your favour if you nick the time.
2. The time of the arrest is a decisive thrust, when properly executed. Be careful to take your station on guard, at least twenty-four inches beyond the extent of his allonge; at this distance he cannot reach you;

he must, therefore, advance one step. He means, suppose, to engage your blade in tierce; do not meet or touch his blade with yours, but nick the time of his first movement, and anticipate him by your well-delivered quarte. Recover quickly, and spring back to your former ground, or rather twenty-four inches farther back. Use your round parade of either quarte or tierce, as you are recovering; repeat the same if you can seize an opportunity, as it will be safer for you to act in this manner, than to risk a contest with him in close action. You give the time-thrust gratis, unless he is pre eminent in the art.

3. Should he, standing out of measure as before, advance to join your blade in quarte, do not suffer your blade to be touched, seize the time of his advance, and send home a quarte over the arm. Spring back to your ground as before; you may throw in a quarte under his arm as you recover.

4. Counter-timing. If your antagonist should decline to advance, in the expectation of timing you as you advance, you may counter-time him in this manner:—Advance in tierce, to excite him to deliver his time-thrust in quarte, as you are advancing, whirl your hand forcibly into the half-circle, with your point directed in the line, and you will parry and counter-time him at the instant he delivers his thrust.

Again, suppose he will not advance, but rather wait, for the purpose of timing you on your first movement. He stands guarded in tierce to allure you to engage his blade in quarte, that he may time you with his quarte-over, as you advance from the pointe volante in tierce, and his foible will be precisely applied to your fort; from this position hurl down a vertical cut; end your cut in a thrust along his blade, over his arm. If you succeed in this stroke, as you must if you do your duty, you may continue to pour in thrust after thrust incessantly until he submits.

If, however, your antagonist has recovered quickly, and parried your assault by the pointe volante, which seems to be the only parade adequate to the purpose, the assault may be continued. In this case, the best general rule is to use your round parades, and the point volante. Hesitate not to excite him to cut at your lower extremities. For example; if he cuts low at your thigh, withdraw it a little; seize this critical moment, and cut down vertically through his face; terminate this cut in a thrust, in conformity to the Roman practice, as in fig. 20.

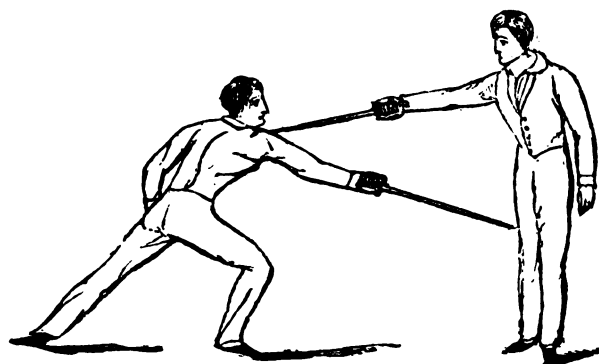


Fig. 20. THE TIME-THRUST.

Thus far of the small-sword; the next treatise will be devoted to the use and exercise of the basket stick and BROADSWORD.

THE CALAMITIES OF A DOOR-PLATE.—Attorneys, surgeons, artists, professional men, generally have their names on their doors. A name on a door is a fine thing when accompanied by plenty of dirt on the scraper; in other words, when it causes an influx of business. It occasions, however, certain results which are inevitable. In the first place, a name on the door, constantly for a twelvemonth after its institution, and from time to time ever afterwards, is sure to procure for its owner visits from sham missionaries, begging-letter imposters, and all varieties of the "doo." Secondly, especially during this period of railway speculation, it entails upon him, daily, the plague of loads of prospectuses of all kinds, foreign lottery schemes, and other catchpenny circulars, by thousands. These, offering, for the most part, opportunities for the "eligible investment," of capital, are often addressed to those who have no capital to invest, eligibly or otherwise. What cruel irony to the professional pauper! In this respect, Assurance Companies are a great nuisance, and very provoking is their assurance. The bored one, it is true, may laugh in his sleeve at the attempt on his visionary Three Per Cents., or, if a smoker, he may light his cigars with its vehicle:—so much for his consolation! But there is one atrocious thing which these circular-writers do, and which, at least, they ought to discontinue. They frequently have their letters directed in a female hand—and that to the young, and enamoured bachelor. This involves a hoax which we have no hesitation in terming heartless. Thus to raise emotions only to crush them is a mockery worthy of no place above Pandemonium—except 'Change Alley. Send your prospectuses, ye speculators, to capitalists and married men!

## EIDER FOWLING ON THE COAST OF NORWAY.

The rocks and sea-coasts of Norway, the rugged steeps and barren precipices of the Shetland, Orkney, and Feroe islands, and the wild scenery of the Hebrides, are the abodes of numerous tribes of aquatic birds, as puffins, herons, cormorants, and eider fowl. The simple inhabitants of some of these secluded spots depend in a great measure upon these creatures for their food and clothing. The flesh of some is eaten when fresh, and some salted for keeping: the eggs are esteemed excellent food, though much too strong in their taste to be relished by persons unaccustomed to such delicacies: the skin of the eider ducks form under-clothing, which is proof against very severe cold; and, without any very material injury to the birds, a vast quantity of the finest down is collected from them annually. This invaluable substance is so firm and elastic, that a quantity which, when compressed, might be covered by the two hands, will serve to stuff a quilt or coverlet, which, together with extreme lightness, possesses more warmth than the finest blanket. The importance of such a defence in the inhospitable climate of these exposed regions, may be well imagined. Accordingly, one of the chief employments of the inhabitants is the collection of these indispensable articles, an occupation, in the pursuit of which the adventurous fowlers are often exposed to dangers, the bare idea of which would seem enough to deter the most courageous from the attempt, had not long practice rendered them almost insensible to fear. We shall give a short account of the method pursued on these occasions.

On the coast of Norway there are many low and flat islands, upon which the birds, during their breeding season, lay their eggs in great abundance: these the fowler approaches in his boat; leaving it moored to the rocks, he quietly examines the nest, which are made on the ground, constructed of sea-weeds, and lined with the finest down, which the female plucks from her own body. The eggs are generally four in number, of a pale green colour, and somewhat longer than a common duck's egg. With great caution and gentleness, the fowler removes the female from the nest, and takes possession of the superfluous down and eggs, being careful, however, to leave one behind lest the nest should be deserted. The patient bird endures this robbery with the greatest resignation, and immediately commences the reparation of her loss, by laying more eggs, and covering them with fresh down; in which latter office her faithful mate bears a part, and yields up his own plumage for the defence of their yet unhatched progeny. This operation is often repeated more than once upon the same nest. It is asserted, that although the birds will bear quietly this treatment from the hands of those to whom they are accustomed, the appearance of a stranger is by no means acceptable, and that they testify their displeasure at the work of destruction by loud and fearful screams. This singular fact may perhaps be accounted for by the great kindness with which the natives treat them; so great indeed, that in Iceland, they have been almost rendered tame, and will often build their nests close to the houses. Their quiet and peaceable dispositions are also manifested by the circumstance, that two females will sometimes lay their eggs in the same nest, in which case they always agree remarkably well.

The ease and facility, however, with which the plundering of these nests is effected, are remarkably contrasted with the extreme danger to which the same occupation is exposed in other parts. The most precipitous and inaccessible rocks are often the chosen abodes of these winged creatures, where they remain in apparent security, seemingly far removed from man's rapacious hand. But who shall say what difficulties are so great that patience and courage may not overcome them? The bold adventurer, insured to toil, with sinews well strung by constant labour, and animated by a spirit of dauntless courage, climbs the most rugged steep, surveys with coolness the most frightful precipices, and, trusting himself to ledges of rock scarcely large enough for the foot to rest on, loads himself with the hard earned spoil, and returns to the bottom with as much indifference as ordinary men would descend a ladder.

The Holm of Noss, a vast rock separated by some violent convulsion of nature from the island of the same name (one of the Shetland group), presents remarkable difficulties to the bird-catchers. Its sides are extremely precipitous, its distance from the main-land is about sixteen fathoms, and the gulph between is occupied by a raging sea—yet have all these been overcome. A kind of bridge of ropes is thrown across, by which the fowler, seated in a cradle, is drawn over, and commences his operations. The original formation of this bridge, if such it may be called, is somewhat remarkable. The rock had been long inaccessible, when at last an adventurer, bolder or more skilful than the rest, having landed at the base, contrived to scramble his way to the summit, after encountering incredible difficulties; his companions threw across to him a strong rope, which he made fast to several stakes previously driven firmly into the ground, and the same was done by them on the opposite side; to this rope a basket or cradle was then attached, which by means of cords fastened at either end, might be drawn backwards and forwards. The end of the story is truly tragical. Emboldened by the success, instead of returning by the means of conveyance he had thus provided, the unfortunate man determined to descend the rock where he had come up; but the task was too difficult even for his practised foot;

one false step, and all was over; his mangled body at the foot of the rock too plainly attested the madness of the attempt.

But not always can even these means be had recourse to; it is often necessary to descend from the cloud-capped summit down the face of the naked precipice, to seek for nests hidden in the fissures of the stone. The reckless daring exhibited by the islanders on these occasions, has called forth the admiration and wonder of all who have had an opportunity of witnessing them. We subjoin the account given by Sir G. Mackenzie, of the method which the inhabitants of the Faroe islands pursue in their search for puffins. "When the rocks are so high and smooth as to render it impossible for the fowlers to ascend, they are let down by means of a rope from above. To prevent the rope from being cut, a piece of wood is placed at the verge of the precipice. By means of a small line, the fowler makes signals to those above, and they let him down or pull him up accordingly. When he reaches a shelf of the rock where the birds have their nest, he unties himself, and proceeds to take them. Sometimes he places himself on a projecting rock and, using his net with great adroitness, he catches the birds as they fly past him—and this they call veining. The mode of catching birds is even practised while the fowlers are suspended. When a projection of rock is between the fowler and the place where the birds are, he swings himself from the rock so far that he turns round the projection. In this, great address and courage are requisite, as well as in swinging into a cavern. When he cannot, with the help of his pole, swing far enough, he lets down a line to people stationed in a boat below, who swing him by means of it as far as is necessary to enable him to gain a safe place to stand upon. Besides being exposed to the risk of the rope breaking, the fowler is frequently in danger of being crushed by pieces of the rock falling down upon him." The same method is pursued in the other islands. The ropes employed are of two sorts—one made of hides, the other of hair of cows' tails—the former are most esteemed; they have the advantage of ancient usage to recommend them, and they are, besides, less liable to be worn away by the sharp edges of the rock. The mode of constructing them is as follows:—A hide of a sheep, and one of a cow, are cut into slips, the latter being the broader; each slip of sheep's hide is then plaited to one of cows', and two of these compound slips are then twisted together, so as to form a rope of about three inches in circumference. The length of these ropes varies from ninety to about two hundred feet, and they are sold at thirteen-pence a fathom. So highly are they valued, that, at St. Kilda, a single rope forms a girl's marriage portion. In this island, the most westerly of the Hebrides, a mere speck of land in the wide waters of the Atlantic, old and young alike engage in the same hazardous pursuit. Accustomed from infancy to creep to the extremest verge of the precipice, dangers which, to the unpractised, appear most appalling, only serve to afford them amusement. A modern traveller informs us that he has seen very young children creep over the edge of a tremendous cliff, thirteen hundred feet high, formed by the termination of Conacher, the loftiest eminence in the island, and considered to be the highest precipice in Britain, and coolly collecting the eggs or birds by means of a slender pole like a fishing-rod, furnished at the end with a noose of cow hair, stiffened by the feathers of a solan goose. The same writer witnessed the extraordinary feats of a bird-catcher, who while supported by one companion alone, with whom he was conversing carelessly, contrived to catch four birds, and, burthened with two in each hand, still held fast by the rope, and, striking his foot against the rock, threw himself out from the precipice, and, returning with a bound, would again dart out, capering and shouting, and playing all manner of tricks. When we consider that one false step of the man above, one momentary yielding of his strength, would inevitably prove fatal to both, we cannot but feel the greatest astonishment at their presence of mind. Accidents, however, though extremely rare, do sometimes occur, and those of the most frightful nature, of which the following may serve as examples:—

It is by no means uncommon for fowlers to proceed alone on these excursions; on such occasions they fasten the rope to a stake driven into the ground above, and thus descend. It was upon one of these solitary expeditions that the following occurred: A bird-catcher left his home one morning to pursue his usual occupation, but alone; having secured his rope to the summit of the cliff, he let himself gradually down, and reaching the spot where the rock overhung a ledge, on which he expected to reap an ample harvest, he dexterously swung himself forwards, and gained the resting-place. As he expected, he here found a number of nests, and in his ardour forgetting the usual precaution of fastening the rope round his body while in the act of plundering a nest, the cord slipped from his grasp, and, after swinging backwards and forwards for some time, but without coming within reach, at length settled many feet from the spot where he stood. For a moment he stood aghast, uncertain how to act; the sudden blow almost deprived him of the power of thinking; gradually, however, he recovered the use of his faculties, and looked anxiously around for means of escape. Fearful in truth was the prospect: the heavy mass of rock above, smooth as if chiselled by the mason's hand, offered no crevices to which the most tenacious grasp might cling: many hundred feet below, the raging waters burst with terrific noise upon the pointed crags; while the depth to which he had descended, the solitude of the spot, and the roar of the tumultuous waters, altogether precluded the possibility of making himself heard, and summoning assistance to rescue

him from his dreadful situation. One chance alone remained, and that a desperate one; by a bold leap he might regain the rope—it was an awful hazard; if he failed, instant destruction must be the result; but death, though slower in his present state, was no less sure; his resolution was taken; breathing a short and energetic prayer, he summoned all his strength, and fearlessly sprang forward. He lived to tell the tale, for the rope was caught, the summit gained in safety.

Such are the usual methods pursued for capturing birds when they build near the summit of the highest rocks, and such the dangers to which the attempt is exposed. But similar risks are run in taking those which have their haunts below. For this purpose, the expedition sets out in a boat, and having landed at the spot selected for their operations, one of the most daring of their number fastens a rope round his waist, and taking in his hand a long pole, furnished with an iron hook at one end, either climbs up the rock, or is thrust upwards by his companions, until he can find a resting-place sufficiently large for their purpose. Having reached this spot, he lowers the rope, and hauls up one of the boat's crew; the others are then raised in the same manner; and this process of climbing and hauling is repeated as often as necessary, until they reach the spots most frequented by the birds. The fowls then separate, and distribute themselves over the face of the rock, acting, however, for the most part in pairs, each being provided with a rope and fowling-staff. For the sake of mutual security, two frequently connect themselves together by their ropes, and whenever the nests are below the ledges on which they stand, one permits himself to be lowered down by the other, until he can reach them. In this laborious occupation they often spend many days together, throwing the booty they have collected into the boats below, and spending the nights in crevices of the rocks, being at the same time not unfrequently but ill supplied with provision. Another plan sometimes adopted in these islands is that of setting gins or nooses over night, in places most frequented by the birds; these are examined next morning, and often afford a large supply. It was upon one of these occasions that the following occurred:—A bird-catcher of St. Kilda had been fixing some traps upon a ledge, elevated about 150 feet above the level of the sea, and was moving forwards for the purpose of regaining his rope, when, unfortunately, his foot caught in one of the nooses, and before he was aware of the fact, tripped himself, and fell over the edge of the precipice. There he hung, suspended by one leg, and with a full view of the boiling surf below him. In vain he wrenched his body round, strove to grasp the edge from which he had fallen: all his exertions were to no purpose: the bare stone afforded nothing to his grasp, and his strength became rapidly exhausted. He shouted and screamed, till the rocks re-echoed with his clamour, but none was at hand to bear him succour; the shades of night were fast closing in, and he was obliged to resign himself patiently to his fate, hoping that the morning might bring some assistance. In this perilous situation he passed the livelong night. Pierced with cold, suffering the severest agony, the weight of his whole body being supported by one limb alone, and momentarily expecting the noose to give way and precipitate him headlong into the angry waters, it seemed as if the hours would never end. But morning came at last, and, as surrounding objects gradually emerged from the darkness which had concealed them, his eyes wandered anxiously around in search of some sign of life. Who may describe the pleasure that thrilled through his bosom, as first he distinctly recognised the form of a companion? The sight gave new vigour to his frame; he summoned all his strength, and uttered a loud cry for help. His call was heard, and no time was lost in relieving him from his dreadful situation.

We who have been brought up in comparative ease and luxury, can scarcely picture to ourselves a more wretched lot than that of these poor islanders, compelled to undergo such toils, and expose themselves to so great dangers, for acquiring the mere necessities of life; yet they are a happy race of men, and would be loath to exchange this kind of existence, with all its excitement and pleasure, for the more quiet lives and less spirit-stirring employments of the inhabitants of cities.

**A SQUIRREL'S RETREAT.**—A young lady, residing in the neighbourhood of Tarvin, had two pet squirrels, in whose frolics she naturally takes considerable interest; during a recent visit of some friends they were taken out of their cages, when one of them suddenly disappeared; anxious search was made, but without effect, till a shriek from one of the rural beauties of the party led to the startling discovery that the mischievous little animal, in the bustle to escape, had actually taken refuge in that part of the young lady's vestments which is supposed to give additional grace to the female figure, thereby creating additional bustle.

**A CAUTION AS TO PHYSIC FOR HORSES.**—A correspondent of the *Ulster Gazette* says, "there can be no greater cruelty towards man or beast than to physic them to death" unskilfully. It has been my lot to attend three cases of superpurgation in the horse within the last ten days, caused by the administration of purgative balls, compounded by druggists, two of which cases terminated fatally within twenty-four hours. It is a crying and extensive evil that country druggists and apothecaries should continue in the practise of compounding the prescriptions of quacks for horses, &c.; and it is penny wise and pound foolish for owners

of horses to resort to them instead of legitimate veterinary practitioners. The danger of giving badly compounded medicines to horses is very great, and the consequent evils and loss are decidedly more than can be calculated on by any but veterinary surgeons. I must confess, were I to place before the public, in round numbers, the loss sustained by owners within the circle of my own observation and practice, during the last three or four years—not to speak of prior periods—the amount would be startling, and would be a serious and appalling lesson to holders of every description of live stock."

**WILD FOWL.**—It not unfrequently happens, in the absence of the moon during the winter months, that wild fowl, comprising geese, ducks, mallards, widgeons, &c., attracted by the glare issuing from the Hapburgh lighthouses, come in contact with the glass in front of the lanterns with such force as to fall lifeless on the platform beneath; fortunately the former, from its thickness, resists the injury it would otherwise receive, and only one instance is recorded where a square was broken. On Monday night the 6th, the wind blowing hard from the S.E., accompanied with rain, disturbed the birds in the immediate neighbourhood, and, extraordinary to relate, they assembled in such numbers at the upper light that forty-five dozen larks, and 8½ dozen starlings, besides several other birds, were captured.—*Norwich Mercury*.

**THE JUNGLE FOWL OF BENGAL.**—From the above race of birds we derive our stock of domestic poultry, and the jungle-cock of the East is reckoned by connoisseurs in general to outvie the peacock, if not in plumage at least as a culinary luxury. African tastes unanimously approve the dainty meat which the above highly-prized game affords, and perhaps next to the florakin it may be said to excel all others. The jungle-cock is a very shy bird, and for the most part affects dense covers bordering upon the paddy (rice) fields, from which it contrives to collect a substance which keeps it perpetually fat. At dawn of day these birds parade the skirts of the woods, and are in their nature exceedingly fierce and combative, seeking their opponents, who are apt to declare themselves by their challenging signals in their respective localities, when mortal combats occur, and their long sharp spurs carry with them danger in earnest. It may appear somewhat remarkable, but the jungle fowl uniformly support one plumage, which is that of a brilliant aureate shade, intermixed with a radiant green; the hen birds are nearly black with yellow feathers chequering their graceful necks. The fowl do not run so large as, or attain to, the size of our common barn-door kind, but they inherit a flavour which exceeds that of our choicest poultry. A young jungle fowl, when eaten cold, is in close relation to a mellow bullock's hump, and, welcomed with a glass of first-class Madeira, may be deemed an unsurpassable luxury—one that none but a Bengalee can duly appreciate.

**INSTINCT OF THE DOG.**—"One of my followers," says Bishop Heber, "a poor pariah dog, who had come with us all the way from Bareilly, for the sake of the scraps which I had ordered the cook to give him, and, by that sort of instinct which most dogs possess, always attached himself to me as the head of the party, was so alarmed at the blackness and roaring of the water that he sat down on the brink and howled piteously when he saw me going over. When he found it was a hopeless case, however, he mustered courage and followed; but, on reaching the other side, a new distress awaited him. One of my faithful sepoys had lagged behind, as well as himself, and when he found the usual number of my party not complete, he ran back to the brow of the hill and howled; then hurried after me as if afraid of being himself left behind, then back again to summon the loiterer, till the man came up, and he apprehended that all was going on in the usual routine. It struck me forcibly to find the same doglike and amiable qualities in these neglected animals, as in their more fortunate brethren of Europe."—*Knight's Weekly Volume*.

**ORIGIN OF THE BIRMINGHAM GUN TRADE.**—I have already observed, that the sword was the manufacture of Birmingham in the time of the Britons. But tradition tells us, King William was once lamenting "that guns were not manufactured in his dominions, but that he was obliged to procure them from Holland at a great expense, and greater difficulty." Sir Richard Newdigate, one of the members for the county, being present, told the king "that genius resided in Warwickshire, and that he thought his constituents could answer his majesty's wishes." The king was pleased with the remark, and the member posted to Birmingham. Upon application to a person in Digbeth, whose name I forget, the pattern was executed with precision, which, when presented to the royal board, gave entire satisfaction. Orders were immediately issued for large numbers, which have been so frequently repeated, that they never lost their road; and the ingenious artists have been so amply rewarded, that they have rolled in their carriages to this day. Thus the same instrument which is death to one man, is genteel life to another.—*Hutton's History of Birmingham*.

**CHEERFUL COMPANY.**—A companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men, that cannot well bear it, to repent the money they spend when they are warmed with drink. And take this for a rule: you may pick out such times and such companions, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money; "Tis the company, and not the charge, that makes the feast."—ISAAC WALTON.



## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CRIBB.

## CHAPTER X.

TOM CRIBB, CHAMPION.—*continued.*

**ON** the formal retirement, however, Cribb never allowed the title of Champion to be questioned; and at the conclusion of the set-to between Harmer and Lancaster, at the Fives Court, on August 7th, 1820, the Champion rushed in, almost out of wind, made his way through the audience in a twinkling, ascended the stage with great rapidity, and threw up his hat. With his other hand he snatched out his pocket-book, (which, by the bye, was full of *soft*), and, with great animation and good emphasis, spoke to the following effect—Tom keeping in mind our immortal bard's advice to the actors,

"To suit the action to the word."

"Gentlemen,—I will fight Neate for 1,000 guineas, or for 500 a-side. (Bravo.) I have been just told, while I was taking a few whiffs over some cold brandy and water, that Neate had publicly challenged me. I therefore lost no time to show myself before you. Gentlemen, I do not like this chaffing behind a man's back. I won't have it. I am an Englishman; and I will behave like one. An Englishman never refuses a challenge—(thunders of applause from all parts of the Court.) Neate is my countryman, but what of that? If he refuses to meet me, I will fight any man in Bristol for 1,000 guineas, and stake 100*l.* directly. Here's the blunt!—(showing the sweeteners of life.) My countrymen used me ill when I was last at Bristol; and Neate behaved rude to me—(Hear! and 'Tom's quite an orator; he must certainly have taken lessons from Thelwall.') Perhaps 'the old fool' may be licked; but I will give any of them some trouble first before they do it—('There is no one on the list can do it, Tom.') I will tell you, Gentlemen, they say Neate shall fight my boy, Spring, because they know he is unwell. This conduct isn't right; my boy's in a consumption—(Loud laughter.)—therefore, I will fight Neate instead of him—(Bravo.) My boy Spring has not got belly enough for him, but I have—(Clapping his hand upon his rotundity of abdomen. 'You have too much of it.') Never mind, then, I am right enough about my bottom—(Great applause and laughter.) I will fight; and blow my dickey, (striking very hard his fist on the rails of the stage) but I will give any of them that fight me pepper—(Tumultuous cheering, and 'To a certainty you will, Tom.')

This challenge of Neate, however, soon assumed a palpable form, for on Thursday evening, January 4, 1821, the Champion having called in at the Castle Tavern, to take a glass with his friend, Tom Belcher, a swell, from Bristol, and an admirer of Neate, without ceremony proposed the battle. The challenge was immediately taken up by Mr. James Soares, who felt for the pride of the metropolitan prize ring, and offered to stake 100*l.* if the Champion would consent to fight for the sum mentioned. Cribb answered, that he had said he would not fight for less than 500*l.* a-side, in consequence of his business, but there had been so much chaffing about it, that he would fight Neate for 200*l.* (loud cheers). The articles were immediately drawn up and signed by the respective parties:—

Castle Tavern, Holborn, Jan. 4th, 1821.

I Mr. James Soares, on the part of Thomas Cribb, puts down ten pounds; and Mr. J. E. on the part of William Neate, also puts down ten pounds; to fight for 200*l.* a-side, between Bath and London, on Wednesday, the 9th of May, 1821. To be a fair stand-up fight; half minute time; in a twenty-four feet ring. The above twenty pounds are placed in the hands of Mr. Belcher. The whole of the stakes are to be deposited in the hands of Mr. Belcher, and who is appointed to name the place of fighting. The sum of 100*l.* a-side to be made good, at the said Mr. Belcher's, the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on the 24th of January, 1821. An umpire to be chosen by each party; and Mr. Jackson to name referee. The whole of the money to be made good, 200*l.* a-side, on the 9th of April, 1821, at Mr. Cribb's, the Union Arms, corner of Pantion and Oxendon-streets, Haymarket, between the hours of seven and ten o'clock in the evening. In case of either party not making 100*l.* good, the above deposit 20*l.* to be forfeited.

Witnessed, P. E.

Thomas Belcher.

Signed, J. S.

J. E.

A screw, it seems, had been loose between Neate and the Champion of England for some time past, which was now to be decided by the fist. Several wagers were immediately offered, that the stakes were not made good; more especially as Neate was to be consulted upon the subject. It was, however, well known that Neate a short time ago, offered to fight Cribb for 200*l.* a-side. The Champion was much too heavy, but the good effects of training, it was thought, would put that all to rights. The sporting world were all upon the alert, to see the Ould One once more take the field. The Champion's last memorable contest with Molineux was on September 28, 1811; nearly ten years having elapsed without receiving a challenge; Cribb ought not to fight—it was giving a chance away—so said the knowing ones.

At ten o'clock on the night mentioned, (24th Jan.,) the articles were called for and read; and the backer of Cribb (the President of the Daffy

Club,) said his 100*l.* was ready, but no person appearing on the part of Neate, the deposit-money, 10*l.* a-side, was given up to the Champion. The chairman then gave the health of Cribb. The Champion, in returning thanks for the honour he had received, said he was much more capable—nay, he would sooner fight than make a speech.

The chairman, in a very neat and appropriate speech, thought the sporting world ought not to permit the Champion to accept of any more challenges. It was upwards of nine years and a half since he had entered the ring. He was growing old; had young kids to provide for, and the gout now and then paid him a visit. He had beaten all his opponents in the highest style of courage, but it could not be expected that he could "get the best" of the infirmities of human nature. Yet the Champion was too game to say "No" to any challenge. He thought Cribb ought to retain his Championship till he was flogged by Old Time.

Several first-rate amateurs, in short but pithy speeches, addressed the meeting on the subject, and all of them concurred in the opinion of the chairman: but, as to fighting, in future the Champion must "tie it up."

(On the day of the Coronation, July 19, 1821, his Majesty, in passing down the hall, during the procession to the abbey, cast a pleasing glance upon the person of Mr. Jackson, by way of recognition, which most pleasingly convinced the Commander in Chief of the P. R. that he still lived in the memory of his beloved Sovereign and once great patron. Tom Cribb and Tom Spring were also habited as pages, guarding the entrance of Westminster Hall. The manly appearance of the two "big ones" attracted the notice of most of the great folks who were present at the above august ceremony.

The following letters of thanks were individually received by those pugilists who assisted to keep the peace, and protect the persons of the visitors, at the Coronation:—

Whitehall, 21st July, 1821.

My Lord,—I am commanded by His Majesty, to express to your Lordship His Majesty's high approbation of the arrangements made by your Lordship in the department of the Great Chamberlain of England, for the august ceremony of His Majesty's Coronation, and of the correctness and regularity with which they were carried into effect.

To the exemplary manner in which these duties were performed by your Lordship, and by those officers who acted under your Lordship's authority, His Majesty is graciously pleased to consider that the order and dignity, which so peculiarly distinguished the ceremony, are in a great degree to be ascribed; and I have to request that your Lordship will communicate to the persons referred to the sense which His Majesty has condescended to express of their services.

I have the honour to be, My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant

The Lord Gwydyr  
Deputy Great Chamberlain of England,  
&c., &c., &c.

SIDMOUTH.

Great Chamberlain's Office, July the 2th, 1821.

SIR,—Having received His Majesty's Commands, through the Secretary of State for the Home Department, to communicate to you, Sir, His Majesty's gracious approbation of the manner in which you have discharged your duty on the 19th of July,—I know no way so effectual of executing these most gratifying instructions, as by inclosing you a copy of the original document. Permit me at the same time to add, how sensible I am of your attention to the very imperfect directions I was enabled to furnish you with, and that the arrangements, which have been with so much condescension noticed by your King, are in a great degree to be attributed to the loyalty, judgment, and temper, exhibited by you at His Majesty's Coronation.

I remain, Sir,

You faithful and obedient Servant,

GWYDYR.

To Mr. Thomas Cribb, &c.

Lord Gwydyr, with the utmost liberality and condescension, presented one of the Gold Coronation Medals, which he had received from the hands of his Majesty King George the Fourth, to the boxers who gave their assistance at Westminster Hall. His lordship also provided a most excellent dinner for all the pugilists, at Tom Cribb's, upon the occasion. After the cloth was removed, and the health of the King drank with four times four, the Gold Medal was raffled for, by the whole of the Boxers, when Tom Belcher proved the lucky man; who still holds the trophy. Tom has been offered lots of blunt for it; but he asserts it is too great an honour, either to be bought or sold.

We now come to our hero's formal retirement; an event which excited considerable interest throughout the circles of the fancy. When a first-rate actor leaves the stage, it is viewed as an histrionic epoch, and the admirers of the art, in general, endeavour to see the last of a "great creature." As a performer of ability, his acts have shown themselves times and oft; his scenes have been various; but tragedy was considered his forte, few men having produced more actual feeling than Tom Cribb. His entrances were marked with confidence, and his exits crowned with applause. New pieces never operated upon his nerves, and he was

always found perfect in his part. His readings were emphatic, his action important at all times, and his firm mode of treading the stage, a lesson to all young performers. With all the respect due to Messrs. Kemble, Kean, and Macready, they never made so many great hits as the hero now retired from an arduous profession has done. On Saturday, May 18, 1822, the Champion of England made his bow to the amateurs, at the Fives' Court. Tom had to boast of a Corinthian attendance, and St. Martin's-street was filled with carriages. The sets to generally were good. The Champion of England and Spring ascended the stage, amidst loud approbation. Cribb was decorated with the belt. It was an excellent combat; and, although Tom had a touch of the gout, he displayed great activity. But the awful moment had now arrived for poor Tom to say, farewell! He scratched his nob—looked about him—his heart full of gratitude—at a loss what to say—and his tongue almost forsook its office. After a struggle to give vent to his feelings, he at length delivered himself of the following words:—"Gentlemen, I return you thanks for your kindness this day. (A short pause.) Indeed, gentleman, I sincerely thank you for all the favours you have conferred on me—I do indeed. (A long pause, as if Tom had stuck fast.) Gentleman, may your health and purses never fail you." Cribb now retired, amid long and loud plaudits, accompanied with—"It will be a long time before we shall look upon your like again in the Prize Ring."

Spring now mounted the stage, and thus addressed the spectators:—"Gentlemen, I once more present myself to your notice, but as my old Dad has retired from the stage and the Prize Ring altogether, and as I have stood next to him for some time past, I mean now to stand in his place, till I am beat out of it!" An amateur and Spring went up to Tom Belcher, and informed him, that Spring was ready to fight Neate for 300l. "Very well," replied the hero of the Castle; "now I know what you mean; we will talk about it. I shall name it to Neate."

To these proofs of courage and forbearance we will append a sample or two of his humanity as an unfailing accompaniment of true valour.

Our hero made his bow before the magistrate, on Wednesday, December 18, 1822, as the friend and protector of the helpless, in the person of a German dwarf, named John Hauptman. This little fellow, whose extreme altitude was forty inches, obtained a living, during many years, by hiring himself out as an exhibition to itinerant showmen. But his day had gone by—other and more youthful dwarfs had superseded him in the public favour, and poverty was pressing heavily on his head, when, in the midst of his destitution, accident led him to the hospitable fireside of Tom Cribb. The Champion listened to his tale of poverty; cheered his frame with the comforts of his bar and his larder, and told him, he was welcome to stay at the Union Arms till he could find a better shelter, and he resided there as a sort of assistant waiter.

A drunken hackney-coach master, named Beckett, during the Champion's absence, on the previous Monday, not only insulted the little fellow, but encouraged his son, a lad of about ten years old, to beat him, and for this outrage on his protégé, the Champion now sought redress.

The burly-built hero of the ring entered the office, leading his tiny friend by the hand; and he and the lad having been placed side by side on a stool before the bench, the Champion stated what he had heard of the transaction, adding, "The poor little fellow has no friend in the world but me, your worship, and hang me if I would not rather have been beat myself."

"That would not have been so easy a matter Mr. Cribb," observed his worship, and directed the dwarf to be sworn.

The little fellow then gave a very humble and modest account of the affair. He said, in tolerable English, that he was very sorry anybody should be troubled on his account; but Mr. Beckett would not be satisfied unless he would fight with the boy, and because he would not fight, he urged the boy on, till he knocked him down by a blow on the mouth, which cut him vor morsh, and hurt him a good deal.

"The lad pulled out his torn shirt-frill in reply, and the father delivered his defence thus:—"It was the brandy and water that did it, your worship; I'll tell the truth:—it was the brandy and water, sure enough. I have known Mr. Cribb many years." "That's the reason you ought not to have taken advantage of my absence, to insult a poor little fellow you knew I cared so much for," observed the kind-hearted Champion.

The magistrate, after having warmly commended the conduct of the Champion, directed the hackneyman to find bail for the assault. Upon retiring to settle the row, the dragsman made it "all right" with Cribb, by making the dwarf a present of a sovereign.

A sable hero, well known in the fancy circles as Massa Kendrick, was brought before Mr. Birnie, at Bow-street, on a bench warrant, for an assault on the Champion of England! The African kicked most confoundedly, at finding himself in the grasp of the law. When told by the magistrate that he must find good and sufficient bail, he exclaimed—"Bail!—What 'casion for bail?—Massa Cribb de most quarrelsomest man in all England. He's a fighting man, and I'm a fighting man, and if I gibs him punch on the head and he gib me another, what that to anumbody else? What the use eb talking about bail?"

In reply to this tirade the Champion calmly observed, "If I was not to take such a step as this, now and then, I could not carry on my business, or even live in my own house, for these swaggering blackguards." He then explained to the magistrate, that the defendant was noisy and riotous in his house, and in consequence he insisted on his leaving; but, instead of doing so, he seized the Champion by the cravat, and attempted to extinguish his glories by strangulation, at the same time placing his hand under his thigh, apparently with the intention of throwing him. "But," said the Champion, "that was all my eye, for I put him down."

Kendrick was about to retort, but the magistrate stopped his mouth, by ordering him to find the required bail.

Three natty tailors were charged, at Marlborough-street Police-office, in September, 1826, with creating a disturbance, and assaulting Thomas Cribb, the Ex-Champion of England. The defendants went into Cribb's house, where they partook of some liquour. After a few minutes they commenced a disturbance, and he requested them to be quiet; but they swore at him, and challenged him to fight. One of them being pot-valiant, struck him; the example was followed by the others, who insisted on his having a turn with them. A person said, "No, Cribb, do n't strike the three tailors, who are only the third part of a man!" The astonished tailors, on hearing his name mentioned, took up their clothes, and ran quickly out of the house; but Cribb, determining to teach them better, pursued, and lodged them in the hands of the watchman. Sir George Farrant: "Did they beat you?" Cribb, (smiling): "No, their blows were something like themselves—of little importance." Sir George Farrant: "Did you return the blow?" Cribb: "No, sir, I was afraid of hurting 'em; I should not like to do that." The tailors in their defence, said they were sorry for what had occurred; at the same time, they were not aware that the person whom they had challenged to fight was the Champion; on finding their mistake, they instantly left his house. Sir George Farrant: "Aye, you thought you had better try the lightness of your heels, than the weight of his fists." Cribb declined making any charge against them, and they were discharged on paying their fees.

*Cribb and the Cobbler.*—In the same month, the Ex-Champion again made his bow before the beak; but, on this occasion, the Bow-street office was honoured with his portly presence, where he charged a cobbler with causing a disturbance in his house. Cribb said, that the prisoner was, about two years ago, very annoying, and he ordered him never to enter his house again. A few days ago, he renewed his visit; and on Wednesday night he was most riotous and abusive. He (Cribb) did not care much for his abuse; but he could not contain himself, when the cobbler had the impudence to begin abusing the King, he seized him under the arms, and dropped him gently in the street. The magistrate told Cribb, that he had on this, as on all other occasions evinced great forbearance, and directed the warrant to stand over; and, if the prisoner annoyed him again, he would be committed to prison.

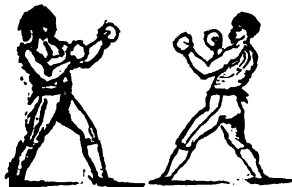
Cribb's declining years however, were disturbed by domestic troubles and severe pecuniary losses, and after a long struggle against adverse circumstances, produced by lending money and becoming responsible for a relative, he was forced to give up the Union Arms to his creditors. His last appearance was on Nov. 12, 1840, when under the auspices of the Pugilistic Association, he took a benefit at the National Baths, Westminster Road.

In his character as a publican he was civil, obliging, and entertaining. He availed himself also of the advantages of mixing with the liberal part of society; and material improvement, both in person and manners, has been the result of such intercourse. In the ring, integrity was ever his motto; and, as a sporting man, he was always anxious to do "the thing that's right!" Of the whole race of pugilists, no boxer was ever considered safer to back than Tom Cribb. His heart upon all occasions proved as firm as his person; and his numerous manly combats gave decisive proofs of the extent and courage of his nature. The Champion is of a cheerful disposition in company, a lover of harmony, and sings an excellent song. "Cribb was ready at all times to render service to any of his brethren of the fist—all of whom, it is said, unite in pronouncing our hero entitled to the appellation of a true Briton. May the winter of his days be cheerful and without cloud!"

*OWLS FOR BIRD-CATCHING.*—There comes a man with an owl in a basket, and another tied by the leg on a pole covered with red cloth; another accompanies him with a bundle of reeds, through which a rod runs, smeared all the way down with bird-lime. This apparatus he disposes on a hedge or cover of any kind; the little owl (*Civetia*) sits opposite on his pole; the birds come to tease him, and fly on the bird-lime twig, when, if it be a sparrow, he is effectually detained by the viscus only; if a blackbird, pop at him goes an old rusty gun. "We sometimes catch twenty tomits before breakfast," said a modest looking sportsman, modestly, but not shamefacedly, shewing us one thrush and one linnet.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

*A LADY DEERSTALKER.*—A Scotch paper states that Lady Seymour is at Achnacarry, enjoying the noble and healthful sport of deerstalking. A few days ago her ladyship took down a splendid stag.

# ADVERTISEMENT.



QUEEN'S HEAD, QUEEN'S HEAD COURT, WIND-  
MILL-STREET, HAYMARKET.

**JEM BURN** Respectfully Announces to the patrons of the Good Old English Art of Self-defence, that he has re-opened his great room, where the illustration, exhibition, and practice of Sparring will take place every Monday evening during the winter-months. Master of the Ceremonies, and Gentleman-usher of the Bunch-of-fives, Uncle Ben. Johnny Hannan, and several top-sawyers, will put on the muffers, and "teach the young idea how to shoot."

The sangery affords an admirable retreat for the Corinthians, the club-room is commodious for the commonalty, the champagne celestial, the port potent, the brandy without any admixture of B.B., and the malt of all sorts miraculous.  
God Save the Queen! (and sustain her HEAD.)

## T. PARISH'S SWEEPS NOW OPEN.

White Horse, Fann-street, Aldersgate-street, City.  
Subs. 1st. 2nd. 3rd. Start.  
189 at £1..... £118..... £30..... £10..... £1 0s.  
189 at 10s..... 58..... 15..... 6..... 0 10s.  
189 at 5s..... 29 10s..... 7 10s..... 2 10s..... 0 5s.  
189 at 2s. 6d..... 14 10s..... 3 15s..... 1 5s..... 2s. 6d.  
A draw every afternoon and evening. Prizes paid as the judge places, Five per cent less. Post-office Orders attended to. Tickets sent to any part of the country as soon as drawn. Chances disposed of by raffle every evening.

## DERBY SWEEPS for 1846, at WM. TURPIN'S, Old Essex Serpent, King-street, Covent-garden.

186 at 42s 6d £230 0..... £70 0..... £50 0..... £30 0  
186 at 25s 6d 130 0..... 40 0..... 30 0..... 24 0  
186 at 12s 6d 65 0..... 20 0..... 15 0..... 12 0  
186 at 5s 6d 30 0..... 10 0..... 5 0..... 4 0  
186 at 3s 6d 16 0..... 5 0..... 3 0..... 3 0  
These sweeps may be paid by weekly instalments of not less than 2s. 6d. The secretary will be in attendance every evening from 8 to 10 to receive payments.

The following Sweeps (two horses each) will be Drawn Weekly:  
93 at 12s 6d... 32 0..... 10 0..... 8 0..... 6 0  
93 at 5s 6d... 15 0..... 5 0..... 2 10..... 2 0  
93 at 3s 6d... 8 0..... 2 10..... 1 10..... 1 10  
All dead and disqualified horses will be omitted in the draws, and the chances less than 180 deducted. The above sums paid less 5 per cent. Wm. Wright, Secretary.  
A 6d Derby Sweep will be drawn on Thursday next. Post Office orders, payable at Charing-cross, punctually attended to.

## BATHE'S DERBY SWEEPS,

Green Dragon, Fleet Street, City.  
Subs. 1st. 2nd. 3rd. Starters.  
180 at £5..... £500..... £300..... £80..... £130  
180 at 20s..... 100..... 35..... 15..... 30  
180 at 10s..... 50..... 20..... 8..... 12  
180 at 5s..... 22..... 10..... 6..... 7  
180 at 2s. 6d..... 12..... 7..... 3.....  
The 2s. 6d. Derby is fast falling, drawn as soon as full. All Money divided, less Five per cent. Post-office orders to Mr. JOHN BATHE punctually attended to.

## DERBY CLUB, 1846, HELD AT Mr. HOWELL'S, HAND-IN-HAND, HIGH HOLBORN

190 Members at £1 1s.—Three Horses each.  
1st Horse.... £60 1st Horse.... £30 1st Horse.... £16  
2nd Do.... 25 2nd Do.... 15 2nd Do.... 8  
3rd Do.... 12 3rd Do.... 7 3rd Do.... 5  
Starters.... 10 Starters.... 6  
1—That this Club to consist of 190 Members, at £1 1s. each, including the secretary, to whom a chance will be given. Each member to pay 2s 6d entrance, and 1s a week after, till the whole is paid.  
2—All members not having paid up their subscriptions by the night of the draw, shall absolutely forfeit all they may have paid.  
3—That on the second Tuesday in April, a general meeting take place, and a night fixed for the draw, which is to take place in the usual way.  
4—That on the first Wednesday after the race, the prizes will be paid to the holders of the first, second, and third horses, as placed by the judge, without any dispute whatever, less 5 per cent.  
£5 to be spent in wine, which is set apart for that purpose.  
95 Members at 10s 6d.—Two Horses each.  
First Horse..... £25 Third Horse..... £5 10s  
Second Horse..... 11 Starters..... 7 0s  
95 Members at 5s.—Two Horses each.  
First Horse..... £12 Third Horse..... £3 0s  
Second Horse..... 6 Starters..... 2 10s  
95 Members at 2s 6d.—Two Horses each.  
First Horse £7. Second Horse £3 10s. Third Horse £1 5s  
Mr. HOWELL, Treasurer.  
S. SCRIPPLING, Secretary.

\*. N. B.—Sweeps for all principal races.

THE MOST POPULAR WORK OF THE DAY.  
On the 30th of October was published, beautifully bound in cloth, gilt and lettered, price Six Shillings and Sixpence  
Volume I. of  
**THE MYSTERIES OF LONDON,**  
By George W. M. Reynolds.  
Author of "Pickwick Abroad," "Robert Macaire," "The Modern Literature of France," &c.  
This magnificent volume contains 494 royal octavo pages, printed in double columns, and embellished with seventy beautiful engravings on wood by the first artists of the day. As a literary production it has been pronounced by the leading newspapers to be one of the best and most extraordinary works ever issued from the press. In a serial form, its sale has amounted to the enormous circulation of forty thousand copies.  
London: George Vickers, 3, Catherine-street, Strand. Paris: A. and W. Galignani.

Now ready, the First Number of the new and popular Historical Romance of  
**MARGARET OF NAVARRE;**  
OR,  
THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE;  
BY M. ALEXANDER DUMAS.  
This Work is published uniform in size and price with "Marie Antoinette" (Penny Numbers and Fourpenny Parts), and with the number is presented a beautiful engraving of  
THE MASSACRE OF THE HUGUENOTS ON ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE.  
With the Second Number, a splendid Vignette on steel gratis.  
Other works by the same celebrated Author are preparing for the press, and will be speedily announced.  
London: G. Pierce, 310, Strand.

## OKEY'S DERBY SWEEPS OPEN.

Horses. 1st Prize. 2nd 3rd Start.  
180 at £2 2s..... £250..... £80..... £20..... £50  
180 at 1s..... 125..... 30..... 10..... 25  
180 at 0 10s. 6d..... 60..... 20..... 5..... 10  
Disqualified horses not drawn.—Prizes go with the stakes.  
Draw nights, Tuesdays and Fridays.—Post-office orders to Mr. N. F. Okey, Hero of Waterloo Inn, Waterloo-road, London. N.B. These sweeps will be drawn as soon as full, and the tickets forwarded according to the address given.—The prizes will be paid the first Tuesday after the race, less five per cent. If any horses should die or be disqualified prior to the draw, the amount will be deducted from the starting money, as above.  
N.B. A 10s. 6d. Sweep is expected to fill every month.

## STEPHEN FOWKES, MITRE TAVERN.

68, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARING CROSS, has open the following Sweeps for the DERBY, 1846.  
Subs. 1st Horse. 2nd Horse. 3rd Horse. Starters.  
185 at 20s..... £100..... £40..... £15..... £30 0s 0d  
185 at 10s..... 50..... 20..... 8..... 14 10s 0d  
185 at 5s..... 25..... 10..... 4..... 7 5s 0d  
185 at 2s. 6d..... 13..... 5..... 2..... 3 2s 6d  
All the money divided and paid (less 5 per cent.) as the Judge places, without reference to any subsequent dispute as to age, pedigree, or other disqualification. Post Office Orders payable at Charing Cross, will meet with attention. Sweeps open for the Chester Cup, 20s. 10s. and 5s.

## PRICE AND GOSNELL'S PERFUMERY.

NOTICE.—Executors of the late John Gosnell v. Rees Price, Perfumer, 28, Lombard-street, trading under the firm of Price and Co., and previously under the assumed name of "Napoleon Price and Co." The Judges in the Court of Exchequer in this day decided in favour of the plaintiff in this case. The defendant, Rees Price, had disposed of his interest in the Perfumery and other trades carried on by the late firm of Price and Gosnell, to the late Mr. John Gosnell (father of the parties now carrying on business under the firm of John Gosnell and Co., 12, Three King-court, Lombard-street), and bound himself, under forfeiture of £5,000, not to commence business within the Cities of London or Westminster, or within the distance of 600 miles from the same, and notwithstanding this, had carried on business. This action was brought to recover liquidated damages for such breach of contract.—12, Three King-court, Lombard-street, Jan. 27, 1845.

## CAUTION TO THE TRADE. EVERETT'S PREMIER BLACKING.

WHEREAS an Injunction has been this day granted by the Vice-Chancellor of England, to restrain Samuel Allin and others from selling or disposing of any Blacking or Composition under the name of, or as, or for, or described as, or purporting to be the same Blacking as was made and sold by William Everett in his lifetime, and which is now manufactured solely by us, and sold under the name of, EVERETT'S PREMIER BLACKING; all Parties are hereby cautioned against purchasing, selling, or exposing for sale any blacking having affixed thereto, labels in any way similar to those used by us, or any other labels or cards, so contrived or expressed as, by colourable imitations or otherwise, to represent the Blacking to be the same as that manufactured and sold by the late William Everett, and now manufactured only by us, as legal proceedings will be immediately taken against any person who, after this notice, shall in any way infringe on the terms of the said Injunction.  
EVERETT and Co.,  
August 19th, 1845. 51, Fetter-lane, London  
Vide Times and Herald, 20th August, 1845. 7978

## BILE! BILE! BILE!—WORBOY'S

VEGETABLE PILLS safely and speedily remove sick head-ache, heartburn, loss of appetite, fluttering of the stomach, flatulency, habitual constiveness, with other symptoms of indigestion and torpid liver. With each box is enclosed a concise essay on diet by an eminent London Physician. Sold in boxes, 1s. 1ld. and 2s. 8d., each, by W. S. Worboys, 76, New Cut, Lambeth; Barclay and Sons, Farringdon-street, and by all respectable medicine vendors.  
N.B.—A dose sent gratuitously to persons enclosing a penny stamp, or a box for the amount in stamps.

## NO MEDICINE for the CURE of ASTHMA

and Consumption, Coughs, &c., was ever attended by speedy and unflinching success as DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS. In every newspaper and publication throughout the kingdom may be seen testimonials of their wonderful powers.  
Cures of Spitting of Blood, Consumption, Coughs, &c.  
Cures of Pulmonary Consumption in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Nev. 14, 1845.

Gentlemen.—The demand for your Wafers is increasing daily, which is the best proof of their real utility. I can speak of them, myself, with the greatest confidence, having recommended them in many cases of Pulmonary Consumption, and they have always afforded relief when everything else has failed, and the patients having been surfeited with medicine, are delighted to meet with so efficient a remedy having such an agreeable taste, &c.  
(Signed) JONATHAN MAWSON.  
13, Mosley-street, Newcastle.

Cure of Cough, Soreness of the Chest, &c.  
4, Ridley's Villas, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.  
Dec. 5, 1844.

Dear Sir—I think it due to the proprietors of Locock's Wafers and yourself, to state that I have received great benefit during the short time I have taken them.

Their wonderful effect is immediately allaying cough, soreness of the chest, and irritability, or tickling of the throat, makes them truly valuable to any one afflicted (like myself) with that miserable complaint.

I remain, &c.,  
To Mr. Mawson,  
DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS give instant relief, and a rapid cure of asthma, consumption, coughs, colds, and all disorders of the breath and lungs.  
To SINGERS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS they are invaluable, as in a few hours they remove all hoarseness, and increase the power and flexibility of the voice. They have a most pleasant taste.

Price 1s. 1ld., 2s. 6d., and 11s. per box: or sent free by post for 1s. 3d., 3s., or 11s. 6d., by DA SILVA & Co., 1, Bridge-street, Fleet-street, London.

CAUTION.—To protect the public from spurious Imitations, Her Majesty's Honourable Commissioners have caused to be printed on the stamp outside each box, the words DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS in white letters on a red ground.  
If purchasers will attend to this caution, they will be sure to get the genuine article. Sold by all Medicine Vendors.  
Just Published, price 2s. 6d. Free by Post (in a sealed envelope), 3s. 6d., a new and improved edition of  
**THE SILENT FRIEND; a Medical Work**  
on the infirmities of the Generative System in both sexes; and on the loss of reproductive powers, with means of restoration. The beneficial effects of solitary indulgence, neglected Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Strictures, Secondary Syphilis, &c., are fully pointed out. Illustrated by engravings; followed by observations on Marriage, with plain directions for the removal of certain disqualifications. By R. and I. PERRY and Co., Consulting Surgeons, London. Published by the Authors, and may be had at their residence, 19, BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET.  
Sold by Strange, Paternoster-row; Hannay and Co., 63, Oxford-street; Gordon, 146, Leadenhall-street; Purkiss, Compton street, Soho, and all Booksellers.

The CONCENTRATED DETERGENT ESSENCE. An anti-syphilitic remedy for searching out and purifying the blood from venereal contamination, scurvy, blotches on the head, face, and body, ulcers, and those painful affections arising from improper treatment or the effects of mercury, removing eruptions of the skin, Secondary Syphilis.

PERRY'S PURIFYING SPECIFIC PILLS, price 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 11s. per box, are the most effectual remedy for Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Strictures, Inflammations, Irritation of the Bladder, &c. without hindrance to business.

Consultation fee, (if by letter,) £1. A minute detail of cases is necessary.

Messrs. Perry are in daily attendance, for Consultation, at their residence, 19, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, from 9 to 11, and 5 till 8. On Sundays, from 10 to 12. One personal visit only is necessary to effect a permanent cure. Fourteenth Edition of the "SILENT FRIEND" on Human Frailty, with coloured engravings.

LONDON.—Printed by JOHN WORTHAM, of 313, Strand, in the parish of St. Mary-le-Strand; and Published at the Office, 42, Holywell-street, by E. DIFFLER.—Thursday, Nov. 27th, 1845.



# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 30. FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 13, 1845. THREE HALF-PENCE.

[Stamped to send free by Post, Three-pence.]



## SPRINGING A WOODCOCK.

**I**N the twenty-second number of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE we figured this pretty little long-bill, and there took occasion to say a few words on the subject of his manners, habit, haunts, and the mode of "bagging" him. For an extension of the remarks there made, the pretty picture which our artist has so seasonably furnished, will form an excellent plea. We therefore proceed to "spring" him anew, and present an amended "bill," as acceptable, we trust, as the one which we hope "the cock," in propria persona, will bring to the bag of every deserving sportsman.

In a highly embellished work entitled "Sporting Scenes and Country Characters, by Martingale," we find the following remarks on woodcock-shooting, and the pretty little Springer, whose merry, lively action is so faithfully delineated by the pencil of our designer.

"The most exciting of all sports connected with the gun, is woodcock shooting. To the sportsman, therefore, no sound is more joyful than the announcement from the keeper, that, during the prevalence of the last foggy weather, the woodcock has arrived. The woodcock visits us from the shores of the Baltic, towards the end of October, but more frequently in November, and usually departs in March, or early in April; but the precise period depends much upon the state of the weather. Like the swallow, and other migratory birds, the cock occupies the same locality, season after season, a circumstance which has been incontestably proved, by shooting birds to which a small piece of wire had been fixed on the previous season.

"The haunts of the cock are generally in the lower parts of the woods, in the immediate neighbourhood of such springs and running brooks as are seldom frozen during the severest winters. It is in these localities that its succulent food abounds. In a remarkably mild season, he visits

the more open situations on the low and exposed grounds. In severe weather, he seeks the protection of the woods and plantations. In his habits, the cock is shy; when flushed, he takes wing with the greatest rapidity; but soon alights behind the first place of apparent refuge. He then runs, with much alertness, to hide himself; and the colour of his plumage is admirably adapted for the purpose of concealment. Two species visit this country: one is called, in some districts, the muff-cock; the other is a smaller bird, whose flight is more rapid, and he is more difficult to kill. The cock feeds by night, when all is still and serene around, save the deep and mysterious tones which the winds occasionally breathe through the woods, rustling the entwining ivy, and shaking the leaves which still cling to the parent tree; whilst the stars are shining in their brightest splendour, and the heavens "fretted with golden fire," present every indication of a pure and frosty atmosphere. Meanwhile, the well-dried fagot is blazing on the cheerful hearth of the woodman, and the tired sportsman, secure from the freezing air, is probably relating, to listening and delighted ears, his morning's adventure, never forgetting to extol the superior qualities of his faithful canine companions.

"More than any other description of game, the cock escapes the ravages of the poacher; for, although he is easily caught with net and springle, by those acquainted with his habits and localities, yet the pursuit of him, by these crafty setters of snares—the close observers of the run of the hare and the roost of the pheasant—would expose them to too great danger of detection to risk the experiment.

"Cock-shooting, indeed, seems to come within the peculiar province of the gentleman sportsman. The blood of the shooter must dance merrily in his veins as he sallies forth, fully equipped for the pursuit, not

"In a wood of Crete, to bay the bear  
With hounds of Sparta."

but with his favourite dogs, in his own well-preserved woods and plantations. The best dogs to be employed on these occasions are springers, low in height, with long bushy sterna, and large dropping ears. It is worth a day's long ride to see the unwearied diligence and perseverance which these little creatures display in hunting, provided they have been well-trained.

"They seldom leave the gunner beyond the space of twenty or twenty-five yards, and should never give mouth. It is surprising, too, how readily they meet the wishes of their master. The encouraging expressions, 'Seek'em, Sprightly;' 'Go along, Tom;' 'Find'em out, Rover;' 'Good dogs:' are constantly responded to by these untiring creatures with renewed activity. Not one inch of ground escapes them; whatever game lies concealed, the little springer is sure to rise it. A very superior dog of this description has been known to sell for thirty guineas—a fact which presents sufficient proof of the estimation in which the little springer is held for the purpose. On some occasions the pointer is used instead of the spaniel; a small bell is attached to his neck, by the sound of which, in a close covert, his position can be ascertained. When the sound ceases, he is pointing at his game, and the shooter, of course, prepared for the anticipated rise. The practice, however, of using pointers is objectionable, as wood-hunting spoils them for the open field or moor. When a bird is flushed, the cry is uttered by the assistants, 'Mark, cock;' bang goes the fowling-piece, and the echoes of the wood, as the mottled favourite falls, dance merrily to the sprightly tune of the sportsman's heart; who, as he secures his prize, feels reanimated for further exertion. The mottled cock is more easily shot than the smaller species; for, if the part of the wood where he ascends be very thick, his flight is rather heavy, especially when compared with his congener, when the cover is of a more open character. The cock is not very tenacious of life; and it is generally considered that a single pellet will be sufficient to bring the bird down. However dense may be the spot where he falls, the little untiring and indefatigable springer soon bears the trophy to his master's feet."

"Cock-shooting may be pursued from the beginning of November to the end of March, and, as has been before remarked, under nearly every variety of weather. If the severity of the season be such that field and wild-fowl shooting is too hazardous, or trying, recourse can be had to the woods whither the favourite bird resorts, and where the shooter, sheltered from the storm and the keen blast, can follow his exciting diversion, without traversing so large a space of ground as is required in the pursuit of the Brent-geese, the mallard, the widgeon, or the teal, and without being exposed to the dangers, the extreme rigour of the season, or all the difficulties inseparable from wild-fowl shooting.

The lover of this diversion, after having secured a few of his favourite birds, may return home, with gladness in his heart, and health in his whole frame, as the gloom of the evening is stealing around, and the half-domesticated rooks are returning, with heavy wings, to the stately avenue. Surrounded by his faithful dogs, he reflects,

"How many things by season seasoned are  
To their right praise and true perfection."

As it is more than probable that, except in deulatory communications from brethren of the trigger, we shall not again "spring" the luscious cock, we shall here give a few remarks on the various methods adopted by fowlers to entrap the woodcock; and against which it does not seem to be equally on its guard as it is against the gun.

It is easily taken in the nets, traps, and springs which are placed in its accustomed runs or paths, as its suspicions are all lulled into security by the silence of the night; and it will not fly or leap over any obstacles which are placed in its way, while it is in quest of its food; therefore in those places barriers and avenues formed of sticks, stones, &c., are constructed, so as to lure it into the fatal openings where it is entrapped; in like manner, a low fence made of the tops of broom stuck into the ground across the wet furrow of a field, or a runner from a spring which is not frozen, is sufficient to stay its progress, and to make it seek from side to side for an opening through which it may pass, and there it seldom escapes the noose that is set to secure it.

They leave the north with the first frost, and travel slowly south till they come to their accustomed winter quarters, they do not usually make a quick voyage, but fly from wood to wood, reposing and feeding on their journey, and prefer for their haunts woods near marshes or morasses; they hide themselves under thick bushes in the day, and fly abroad to feed in the dusk of the evening. A laurel or a holly bush is a favourite place for their repose, the thick and varnished leaves of these trees prevent the radiation of heat from the soil, and they are less affected by the refrigerating influence of a clear sky, so that they afford a warm seat for the woodcock. Woodcocks usually begin to fly north on the first approach of spring, and their flights are generally longer and their rests fewer at this season than in autumn. In the autumn they are driven from the north to the south by the want of food, and they stop wherever they can find it. In the spring there is the influence of another powerful instinct added to this—the sexual feeling. They migrate in pairs, and pass as speedily as possible to the place where they are likely to find food, and raise their young, and of which the old birds have already had the experience of former years. Scarcely any woodcocks winter in any part of Germany. In France there are few found, particularly in the southern provinces, and in Normandy and Britany. The woods of

England, especially of the west, and south, contain always a certain quantity of woodcocks; but there are far more in the moist soil and warmer climate of Ireland, but in the woods of south Italy and Greece, near marshes, they are far more abundant, and they extend in quantities over the Greek islands, Asia Minor, and Northern Africa.

Woodcocks have been known to settle upon a vessel at sea. Mr. Travers, of Cornwall, records an instance, when at a distance from land unusual for birds to be seen, a bird was discovered hovering over the ship; when first discerned it was high in the air, but gradually descended, and after taking several circuits round, at length alighted on the deck; it was so wearied as to be taken up by the hand. Probably this bird had lost its companions, or, by the force of winds, was driven from the true aerial track. In 1700 a couple of woodcocks, seeking shelter from a gale of wind, alighted upon the *Glory*, man-of-war, at that time cruising in the Channel.

In their flight the woodcock, like other birds, is attracted by a glare of light, and many instances have occurred, at the Cromer and Eddystone light-houses, of their falling victims to it; but in 1796, at the light-house upon the Hill of Howth, the man who attends, whilst trimming his lamps, was surprised by a violent stroke against the windows, which broke a pane of plate-glass cast for the place, more than three-eighths of an inch thick; on examining the balcony that surrounds the light he found a woodcock, which had flown with such violence as to break his bill, head, breast-bone, and both wings. The man had often found birds, which had killed themselves by flying against the windows, but never before knew the glass to be injured.

Upon the Sussex coast woodcocks have been seen at their first dropping, in considerable numbers in the church-yard, and even in the streets of Rye, but during the night, the usual time of their flying, they removed further inland, and dispersed. At their first coming on that coast, they are commonly poor, as if wasted by their long journey; and are sometimes scurfy, though not so much as before their return in the spring; and it is remarkable, that when the woodcock first arrives, the taste of its flesh is quite different from what it is afterwards. It is very white, short, and tender, and seems to have little or no blood in it; but after it has been in this country a considerable time, the flesh becomes more tough, stringy, and fibrous, like that of domestic fowls. If a woodcock is shot just before his departure, it bleeds plentifully, whereas, at the beginning of winter, scarcely any blood flows from the wounds: by this it seems that, in those countries where they have their summer residence, they have a different nourishment to that they here find. Probably the luxuriant and succulent food which they meet with among us, prepares them for breeding in those countries where they retire with the companions of their choice.

The woodcock feeds indiscriminately upon earth-worms, small beetles, and various kinds of larvæ, and its stomach sometimes contains seed, which I suspect have been taken up in boring amongst the excrements of cattle; yet the stomach of this bird has something of the gizzard character, though not so much as that of the landrail, which I have found half-filled with the seeds of grasses, and even containing corn, mixed with May-bugs, earth-worms, grasshoppers, and caterpillars.

Mr. Lloyd in his "Field Sports of the North of Europe," observes, "the woodcock usually takes its departure from Sweden towards the end of October or beginning of November, and does not return until the approach of spring. Mr. Grieff says, he never knew the woodcock to make his appearance in the neighbourhood of Stockholm until the 6th of April, which about tallies with the time of their leaving our shores."

"Woodcocks were exceedingly scarce in the vicinity of Störn, which was also the case in all other parts of Scandinavia that I ever visited. This may be supposed when I mention that I never killed more than three in any one day during my stay in the north of Europe. Indeed I never saw more than seven or eight of those birds in the course of a day's shooting, and very generally not one-fourth part so many. During the woodcock's periodical migrations, however, for during the winter not one of them remains in Scandinavia, they are occasionally, as it is said, to be met with in considerable numbers on the western coasts of Sweden and Norway."

"As it is from the countries of which I am now speaking our covers are supposed to be supplied with woodcocks, it may seem extraordinary that those birds should there be so scarce as I have just described, and so plentiful in places with us. This, however, is easily explained, when we consider, that on their breeding grounds, extending over the whole of the north of Europe, there is probably a thousand times as much wood as in the United Kingdom; and, consequently, when they come to us, and are concentrated, if I may use the term, into our small covers, they naturally make a very great show."

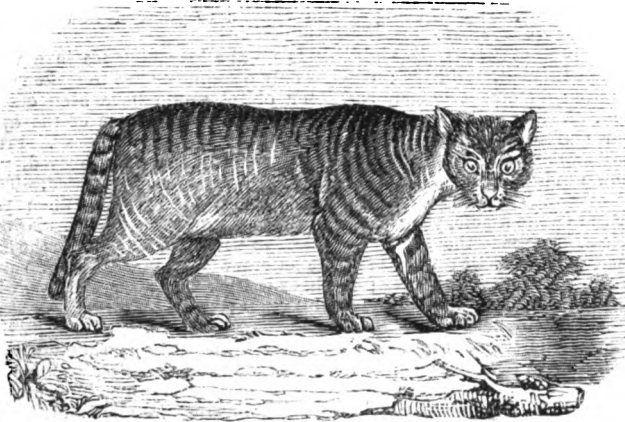
"It is generally said that woodcocks are less plentiful in Great Britain than formerly.—This I have heard attributed to the Scandinavians eating the eggs of those birds. If, however, persons who entertain this opinion were to see the almost boundless northern forests, they would probably think with me, that if the whole of the scanty population of that part of the world were to go out for the purpose, they would not be able to explore the hundredth part of the woods in the course of a year, and consequently they could not take or destroy any considerable number of eggs."

In 1796, Mr. Yea, of Swansea, killed one hundred couple of woodcocks in one season. In Ireland, the Earl of Claremont shot half as many in a day, but then it should be premised, that such was the abundance of these birds, as to be sold in some parts (for instance, near Ballyshannon, in the county of Donegal) for one penny each, and the expense of powder and shot.

In the winter of 1797, the gamekeeper of E. M. Pleydell, Esq., of Whatcomb, Dorsetshire, brought him a woodcock which he had caught in a net set for rabbits, alive and unhurt. Mr. P. scratched the date upon a bit of thin brass, bent it round the woodcock's leg, and let it fly. In December next year, Mr. Pleydell shot this bird with the brass about its leg, in the very same wood where it had been first caught by the keeper.

*Woodcock Fancier.*—Mr. Jeremiah Tupman, who died about thirteen years since at Berkeley, caught upon his estate at Lyston, a young male woodcock, which he carefully reared, and having procured a mate for it, they bred in considerable abundance. He was so pleased with his success, that he actually altered his will, which was originally made in favour of a young lady, and left his fortune to the minister at Berkeley, to be principally laid out in the breed of woodcocks, upon the neglect of which the estate was to revert to the family relations; a reversion for which probably the family were not long in expectancy.

## NATURAL HISTORY OF SPORTING.



THE WILD CAT.

LET not the reader confound the stumpy-tailed specimen of the feline race here before him with the sleek grimalkin who sits purring and washing her face with her cushioned forefoot upon his hearthstone; he is quite another guess sort of customer; and although pussy will suffer no small bird or quadruped to escape her velvety claws, even when wild she is quite a distinct animal from the true wild cat which we have figured.

This vermin, which is yet found in several mountainous and wooded districts of Britain (and than which none more richly deserves a place on "the keeper's tree," or the barndoor where the stoat, weasel, polecat, glead, and hawk are stretched in *terrorem*), is pretty general through the less cultivated countries of Europe and Asia. It is common in the forest tracts of Germany, Russia, Hungary, the north of Asia, and Nepaul. It is larger, and has fuller fur, in the colder latitudes.

It was formerly very abundant in this country, and was reckoned as one of the "beasts of chase;" as we learn from king Richard II.'s charter to the abbot of Peterborough, giving him permission to hunt "the hare, the fox, and wild cat." The fur in those days does not seem to have been of much value, for it is ordained in bishop Corboyl's canons, A.D. 1127, that no abbess or nun should use more costly apparel than such as is made of lamb's or cat's skins. The wild cat is still found in the hilly parts of the north of England, and more plentifully in Scotland and some parts of Ireland.

Its general form is robust; the tail is bushy, and fuller at the termination, appearing as if truncated or cut off. The general colour is grey, undulated with transverse blackish stripes; a black streak runs down the back; the tail is ringed; the soles of the feet to the heel are black; two black stripes pass from the eyes over and behind the ears. The fur is deep. Length of head and body one foot ten inches; of the tail eleven inches. Temminck, the German naturalist, gives the total average length as three feet. Hares, leverets, rabbits, and birds are its prey. It is bold and savage, and defends its young with great obstinacy.

Formerly naturalists regarded this cat as the origin of the domestic cat, but of late years this opinion has been disproved. We know that a cat in a domestic condition was one of the animals revered by the ancient Egyptians, and mummies of it are found in the pits of Thebes. Now this cat was not the common wild cat, but a distinct species. In

the second place, the domestic cat is not noticed as being one of the domestic animals of the ancient Britons by any of the Latin writers, nor, indeed, do we hear of it in our island till the tenth century, when we find its value fixed at a high rate, and laws enacted to regulate its preservation.

The Welsh statutes of Howel Dhu (who died A.D. 948) are, in fact, proofs of its importance; and such laws would hardly have been laid down had not the animal been regarded in the light of a new and important acquisition.

If it were indeed the offspring of the wild cat, which then abounded in the forests of our island (even to the extent of being a serious scourge), the opportunities of procuring young broods and of domesticating them would have been so abundant, that all regulations respecting it would have been superfluous; and still less would the then considerable sums of a penny as the price of a kitten *before it could see*, two-pence *until it caught a mouse*, and after that four-pence, have been established. There are, besides, other regulations, all tending to prove the high value affixed to the domestic cat at that period.

In the third place, the wild cat is much larger than our domesticated cat; and this is contrary to the general rule, domesticated animals being larger than their wild relatives. It may be observed that the tail of the wild cat is rather short, full, and cylindrical; while in the domestic cat it is long and taper. Besides, the wild cat stands higher on the limbs, and is of a more lynx-like figure. The teeth too differ in size and placing. Dr. Fleming considers it probable that the domestic kind is originally from Asia, but Temminck considers it as decidedly the descendant of the tame Egyptian cat found now wild in Upper Egypt and Nubia. It is easy to perceive how from Egypt the domestic cat would pass into Greece and Italy, and so into the western provinces of the Roman Empire. It is most probable, then, that Temminck is correct; but still, has not the domestic cat in Europe subsequently intermingled with the wild cat, and produced a mixed, though fertile, breed? We are inclined to think so. Cats of the domestic kind often assume wild habits, and live in warrens, preserves, and woods; but we must distinguish between these and the true wild cat.

Yet is not madam puss to be trusted. She too must be the object of the keeper's observation; and we have known several instances in which complacent pussy, the pet of the fireside, was no mean mistress in the arts of stealthy destruction. The gamekeeper's eye in wet weather as well as in snow should examine his rides and paths to see if the preserves are haunted by these animals; and if their usual runs are wide of his established traps fresh snares should be placed for their destruction. Let him not think, when he has destroyed many that his vigilance is no longer necessary; the demure-looking cat, basking in the sun on a window-sill on Monday afternoon, will frequently be found in the woods a mile from her home trapped on the Tuesday morning. Cottagers often turn out their cats at night. They must prowl somewhere; and as all animals have an instinctive perception of the easiest mode of life, the feline species soon discover that a rat is not only a sharp fighter, but that he is not half so good to eat as a young pheasant, hare, or rabbit; hence they neglect their household duties, and take to the luxuries offered by field and cover.

In an early number we propose to give an article or two under the title of "THE KEEPER'S TREE," wherein the methods of destroying the several kinds of vermin, with traps, &c. shall be made plain by engravings.

## SHOOTING WRINKLES.—NO. II.

### PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

(From *Le Chasseur au Chien d'Arret.*)

Let us walk at forty or fifty paces one from the other, but in the same line, that our dogs may beat, without stopping, the space which separates us: should any game rise suddenly, let nothing take off your attention—fire: to-day you ought to be injured. Be all eyes and ears in walking, as ready as you were yesterday when your dog was at the point; always thinking that a bird is about to rise, always prepared to fire.

You will miss frequently, but I am there to back you, and our dogs will return with something in their jaws.

Look at this partridge I have just killed; you ought to have saved me the trouble, as it rose under your feet. You fired too soon—your gun was not well to the shoulder: had you hit your game it would have been destroyed; it was only ten paces from you when you touched the trigger.

I have already warned you not to be in a hurry. I shall repeat it to you unceasingly. A young beginner should be preceded by a man carrying a board on his back, on which is written in large letters, "Do not hurry." It often occurs to me that he would be of much service.

You may tell me this does not always depend on yourself: such is possible. I am aware that a partridge may cause the best resolutions to vanish. You lose your head: this I can understand. Listen to me: I will give you some good advice. Do not load your gun: when your game rises, place yourself in position, aim well at it, follow it with your eye; you are certain not to kill it, consequently you can act with cool-



ness. When you have your bird well at the end of your barrels fire the esp. Do this during several days; then load your gun with powder only, and begin again. The conviction that nothing can fall to your shot will soon accustom you fire with a more dangerous weapon, and you will not have to regret the result. I know some excellent shots who served this apprenticeship.

Unquestionably it is no agreeable recreation to walk over fields with an unloaded gun. A sportsman thus equipped may be compared to a Life Guardsman armed with a harlequin's wand; but if you hurry again I shall be obliged to come to this extremity. No imprudence. Let your lock down on the cap: had I not been with you your right hand would have been danger, and probably your face. I am aware you have two hands, but recollect only one head.

The whole secret of arms is in giving without ever receiving. This is what I was told one day by my fencing-master, M. Jourdain—that is to say, do not accept yourself the load reserved for the partridges. If a gun goes off on my side, pay no attention to it; as I offer a larger surface, I can receive the shot: in which case farewell my lesson; it is for your interest I speak.

Good! Now you go into another 'extreme': instead of hurrying, you do not fire at all. That partridge at which you aimed was not too far off: never was bird at a better distance. I was glad to see your barrels follow it in the air: but I desired a result; more was wanted; you should have finished by killing it.

You saw that covey of partridges which have just alighted in the clover: move on, take the wind, and as we walk listen to me. The covey are in force. The captain and lieutenant are at their head; that is to say, the old birds are there to direct the manoeuvres of the young ones. Let us commence with the former: once deprived of their leaders, the soldiers will disband; those fellows give them bad advice. Our dogs are about to stand: it is hot, and the birds will hold. At the commencement you will aim at the old bird which rises on your side. If you kill it, fire your second barrel at another; if not, another shot at him. Above all, do not fire at chance; aim well, do not be in a hurry, and fire. This is the time to show courage. Recruits are frightened at the first cannon shot.

The noise made by a covey of partridges rising at your feet has far more effect on the nerves. Do not laugh; you will soon tell me some news of them. I, with all my experience, am not even yet quite cool. My respiration becomes painful, and I always feel glad when the crisis is over. Walk on in silence.

Bravo! two birds at one shot, two partridges crossing one another, the point of meeting admirably seized. Young man, you may be satisfied. A bright future opens for you. I see an uninterrupted succession of well-filled game-bags. That shot shews me you will be a Sportsman. In such manner Bonaparte, before Toulon, announced to the world Napoleon of Ansterlitz.

Do not run to find your birds: allow your dog to do his work: it is his duty to bring them; it is his pleasure rather: look where the others have gone. Well! two in the sainfoin, one in the stubble, the remainder in the hedge-row. We will pay them a visit; each shall have his turn; they shall lose nothing by waiting.

Begin by the single bird. A partridge alone is a dead partridge. When they are in covey, some look out, others listen, and the fear of harm tells them of the harm they fear; they are off before the danger arrives. A single bird down does not move, but allows the dog to stand to it. You must understand, however, that such are among the number that have not already been fired at: when they have, they become more wary; nevertheless at all times a single bird is far more easy to kill than when in company.

After those which we have seen drop in the stubble, we will take a look for those in the clover, and thence to the hedge-row. In fact, we will follow them as long as any remain, or at least as long as we can find them on our own ground.

You have fired into the hedge-row; your dog seeks a fallen bird and finds it not; the partridge is not dead, but has only a broken wing, and he runs. He is incumbered, in which manner he often gets far away: you must then take your dog to the place where the game has fallen; let him scent the spot, saying to him, "seek, seek, bring it;" and the moment you are certain by his precipitate movements, that he is on right scent, let him do his work, and do not interrupt him. If you walk after him you may perhaps put up other game; and if you fire, the noise of your gun will bring back your dog, who will no longer listen to your voice.

Soon you will see him return all joy with a living bird in his mouth: then is the time to caress him, flatter him, and say pretty things to him; he will understand them well, and you will be repaid. His tongue is powerless I am aware, but his tail possesses an eloquence which many R.A.s may covet.

Yet if the ground is dry, the weather very hot, the nose of the dog has no longer that extreme nicety of smell which he possesses when the weather is fresh. The sun absorbs the scent of a partridge, and your game is lost; do not blame your dog: it is not his fault, he is more taken in than you.

There is still another way of finding your bird. When returning in the evening pass by the spot where you wounded it: it is probable he

may have rejoined his companions who are not far off. He is in their centre; each one tells of the fatigues and dangers they have encountered: his is the longest story, who has left several feathers of his wing in the battle, which he survived by flying.

Approach the covey; fire or do not fire: those who are well will be off, but the wounded one will remain: let your dog find him, he will soon be a prisoner.

On every occasion that I pass by a spot from which I have seen a covey of birds rise, I wait a moment, and cause my dog to hunt; and often, above all in the commencement of the season, I glean something. These are little profits which ought not to be neglected.

All that I have said in reference to partridge shooting applies to the quail, the hare, and the rabbit. The lesson resolves itself into this: place your gun well to the shoulder, take good aim, and fire without being in a hurry. In the chapters that we shall devote for each species of game, I will endeavour to explain all the modifications relative to firing under every circumstance.

An essential habit, which ought to be observed when one follows with the barrel as regards crossing game whether on the wing or running, is not to hesitate at the moment of firing, as neither a hare or a partridge will stop, and consequently you fire behind them. It is therefore necessary to accustom the hand to follow your game with a uniform movement: this is indispensable to become a good shot.

In shooting often you become a good shot—practice will soon accustom you to see a bird rise suddenly with coolness; you will no longer be in a hurry, and firing without hesitation your bird will fall into the jaws of your dog, without your being able to explain to yourself how such an operation was effected.

The prompt shot at game which gets up at a long distance in a wood is often very extraordinary; one has only a second or two to make ready and fire: a moment longer, and your object would have been out of sight. Very well! This calculation is made by the glance of the eye; your gun to the shoulder, the shot is fired and your bird dead. Practice has done all: your arm, your eye, your finger, have obeyed, you know not how or why. A mechanical movement has operated. This object you have achieved the moment you conceived it. When you desire to write a note, you write it; this appears simple enough. Nevertheless, how many thoughts are required to write this word! In the first place, thought must conceive it; the letters which compose it are presented in their natural order; you have written one after another, with their accents, their turns, their points, their apostrophes—all is done without calculation—mechanically, and the word is written.

There are those, to practise themselves in partridge shooting, who shoot owls in the day-time: it is a useless murder—murder, because the owl only does good in eating the millions of insects which devour us; useless, because you may shoot fifty owls following and miss all the partridges you find. That which constitutes a good sportsman is quickness of action: this promptitude, this certain glance of the eye, which causes him to seize the occasion in an hair's-breadth—the occasion once lost which may never again be found. The Romans represent it running on the edge of a razor and flying as a bird.

*Cursu volucris, pendens in novacula.*

They had reason: the partridge, the quail, all species of game resemble it. You must take advantage of the moment, once gone, never to return. In like manner can shooting owls be like that of game? They go, they come, they come again—a hundred times—a thousand—you take your time, your aim, you fire only when they are at the end of your gun. You select the moment, and this moment lost returns in a minute. You may have better practice by throwing up sparrows from your hand and firing at them in the air.

As with partridges you must select your time—and it will cause you no inconvenience to destroy a few of these really quarrelsome birds—but as regards the owl it is positively a crime to kill them.

Nevertheless a sportsman may hit many a sparrow and miss a partridge, though they show a better front. The noise which the latter make when rising astonishes and unnerves, and some time is required to accustom yourself to it; and we know that a young actor who plays well at rehearsals loses his head or forgets himself before a paying pit.

**A RAILWAY ANECDOTE.**—In a village in the neighbourhood of Lancaster is a knight of the thimble, who is in the habit of working at the office of his employers; and being sent for the other day to measure a farmer for a pair of "smalls," the conversation turned on the merits of a certain local interest. The farmer was anxious to know the nature of the embankments, viaducts, &c., and Snip being desirous of obliging him, as he was one of his best customers, took a piece of chalk, and drew on the cloth intended for the "smalls," a fac-simile of the undertaking, which, with the aid of a little oral explanation, completely satisfied the querist, who then went to look after his labourers. And now comes the cream of the affair. The tailor, to make up for lost time, plied his shears with unwonted energy, but railway matters being uppermost in his mind, instead of the "unmentionables" having a grand trunk and two small parallel lines, he cut a communication from one end of the cloth to the other, and did not discover that he had followed the chalk marks denoting the "rail" until it was too late to rectify the blunder.—*Liverpool Courier.*

## NOTICE!

THE PROPRIETORS, in consequence of the unexpected demand, have found themselves under the necessity of reprinting THE ALMANACK and with it NUMBER 28 of THE MAGAZINE which they will still continue to keep on sale for a few weeks, at the price of THREEPENCE together.

N.B.—This is done in order to keep faith with many Subscribers, who have failed in procuring their numbers owing to the increased demand. The Almanack may also be had, strained on linen, varnished, and with neat roller, for suspending in Parlours, &c. Price 2s. 6d. each.

\*\*\* On Thursday, Dec. 11th, will be published, Number 1, of a ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE, entitled LIFE IN LONDON. By J. Herbert Thorneley, Esq. Embellished with first-rate engravings, and printed upon a large royal paper of excellent quality. Numbers One Penny each. Monthly Parts, in embellished wrapper, price 6d. E. DIPPLE, Holywell Street, and all Booksellers.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

- A. W. C. will see we have turned to trolling in the present number.
- J. C. H.—Send us the name of the News-vender in the Gray's Inn-road. It is an extortion; the same price, three half-pence (minus the trade reduction) was charged for each of the Almanacks delivered with No. 28. The Almanack at 14d. (without the paper, of which we desired thereby to extend the circulation) would be a dead loss to us; as we charged but 8d. (with the regular allowance deducted) the News-vender who asked sixpence, and pointed to the price thereon, practised an imposition. Call there again, show him this, and if he persists, we will see whether a line or two of capitals over our leader will not shame him into fair dealing.
- H. S. Derby.—We have heard of turkeys of the weight mentioned (30lbs.); we received one ourselves from Diss, in Norfolk, a few years since, weighing 28lbs. We should therefore say that 30lbs., though an extraordinary weight, has been many times reached. Ask some wholesale poulterer.
- J. TERRAIL, Glasgow.—Vermín in the dog (if you mean ticks or lice) may be destroyed by rubbing the whole animal over with train-oil; allow it to remain on half an hour, then wash it off with salt of tartar, or potash and water. Soft soap made into thick paste, and rubbed over the body, and allowed to remain on an hour, will also effectually destroy them. If fleas are the plague, the only effectual remedy I have met with, is the simple one of making the dog sleep on fresh yellow deal shavings. You may make these shavings so fine as to be as soft as any bed, and if changed every fortnight or so, they make a very cleanly and comfortable resting place for the animal: the turpentine is very obnoxious to fleas. Where it is impracticable to procure deal shavings, rub or dredge the dog's hide once a week with finely powdered resin; if you prefer rubbing it in add some bran.
- A. HORSEKEEPER.—Turpentine (four kinds—the Chian, Strasburg, Venice, and common, or Canada) all owe their efficacy to one principle. They are diuretic and carminative. Common (or horse turpentine) comes from the *Pinus sylvestris*, known to us as the Scotch fir. Venice turpentine is made up by mixing common turpentine (melted) with a little oil. The oil of turpentine, or *spirit of turpentine*, as it is commonly called, is obtained by distillation from the gum or resin. Mixed with mustard you will find the oil a good embrocation for counteringacting internal inflammation. The preparations of opium are much more effectual than turpentine in gripes, colic, or fret; but they require caution in administering them. The following is the mode of preparing it:—  
Opium, 1lb., softened with hot water until it forms a thin paste, and is free from lumps. Then add,  
Powdered ginger ..... 3oz.  
Caraways ..... 6oz.  
Allspice ..... 6oz.  
Treacle ..... 1lb.  
Mix all well, and keep in a covered jar or pot. Dose about a 30th part of the mass. Mixed with a little warm beer, or infusion of pepper-mint, it is capital in windy colic, and a famous cordial for griped cattle.
- T. C., Commercial-road.—You say the disorder is the PIP, but you do not describe it. Does the disorder manifest itself by a white skin or scale growing on the tip of the tongue? If so, "tear off the skin with your nail, and rub the tongue with common salt." We never saw the disorder yet. Drop us another line describing the symptoms; and if, as we suspect, the disorder is *roup*, *flux*, or *constipation*, we will give you our best advice. See if there is any imposthume or gathering near the rump. If so, it must be punctured; the core pressed out, the wound washed with salt and water, and the hen put on good solid food, with scalded bran or pollard mixed with pot liquor, and a little brimstone, if needful. Don't forget dry sand and ashes for the fowls to roll in.
- S. SANDERS.—THE FIFTH PERIOD OF THE HISTORY OF BOXING, now appearing in these columns, will include the battles of Spring, Painter, Tom Oliver, Jem Ward, Peter Crawley, Ned Neale, Jem Burn, Ned Baldwin, &c. among the big uns; Jack Randall, Ned Turner, Peace Inglis, Alec Reid, Young Dutch Sam, &c. among the middle weights; Dick Curtis, Barney Aaron, Jack Tisdale, &c. among the light. THE SIXTH PERIOD will comprise the boxers who shone from 1830–1846, including Owen Swift, Hannan, Maley, Ned Adams, Parker, Bendigo, Caunt, &c., &c., &c.
- A. COUNTRY COUSIN.—The Sweeps at Mr. Turpin's, the Old Essex Serpent, Covent Garden, are well managed; Mr. Rees, the secretary, obliging; and the responsibility of the trusteeship unquestionable. What more can you desire in the way of recommendation?
- WM. RADCLIFFE, Oldham.—If your newsmen or yourself will order them through Mr. Abel Heywood, Manchester, he will procure them, if he has them not. All the back numbers are in print, except No. 18, of which only the stamped edition (containing the Championship fight) is procurable.
- H. W. K.—The rules laid down by Captain Barclay for training would be too severe for any man, who pursues business avocations, to adhere to. The little MANUAL OF PEDERASTIANISM AND WRESTLING, (written by the Editor of this paper), and BRITISH BOXING, (a handbook of the same form and price), both published by Mr. W. M. Clark, in Warwick-lane, contain all you require. Stick to training, and practise the evolutions therein described; hold up your head and fear not. The other questions will require us to make an enquiry or two ourselves.
- A. Z., Doctors' Commons.—If you drew Vanguard, and the Sweep was for the Newport Pagnell STEEPLE Chase, it is a direct fraud. Not having seen the articles or the card or tickets by which it was decided, we of course answer on your expert statement. There is one point clear that if Vanguard was in the draw, Pedler could not be the winner, as the two horses were not in the same race.
- A. NOVER.—The person purchasing a throw at a raffle, if he wins, must pay the money agreed to be spent. It is amoying to be obliged to answer the same question over and over again.
- SIMON S.—O.—In a trotting match in harness, the rule is, if a horse breaks into a gallop, that the driver must pull up, and back his wheels, and then go on. In saddle, the horse must be turned round.
- EMERITUS.—Hambletonian and Diamond ran their match on the 25th March, 1780.

R. D.—Hannmer Lane fought Sullivan after he fought Molnoux.

N. B.—The Editor of "the Era," is "Vates;" argal, as Touchstone would say, "Vate is the Editor of the Era." That gentleman is *nulli secundus* on every matter relating to the TURF; put your questions to him, and doubtless you will find he is as communicative as he is well-informed.

W. P. BOROUGH.—We have the book before us, but cannot tell the publishing price; however, we will enquire, and give you the benefit of the enquiry next week.

M. R. W.—The Deaf 'un died January 8, 1845.

S. L. B.—The century is not ended until the 100th year is complete; thus 1800 is the last year of the 18th century not the first of the 19th. In common talk we consider 1800 as the first year of the present century, but it is an error.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

SUNDAY, Dec. 7th.—SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.—Napoleon's remains arrived at Havre, 1840.

MONDAY, 8th.—Newmarket Champion Coursing Meeting.—Nottingham Coursing Meeting (and 10th).—Mary Queen of Scots born 1542.

TUESDAY, 9th.—Mountaintown Coursing Meeting.—Great Panic of 1825 commenced.—Domestic Hints.—Exportation of Brides.—Mothers with a multitude of daughters should divide the favours of their family fairly between their native country and the colonies. Thus those daughters who are blessed with aquiline and raven tresses will be found admirably adapted for Home consumption, whilst saubs and doubtful nuburns should be devoted to the Indian market. N.B.—Squints will do for Canada.

WEDNESDAY, 10th.—Black-game, Partridge, and Grouse shooting end.—Glossop (Howard Town) Coursing Meeting.—Day breaks, 5 h. 51 min.—Mehemet Ali submits himself unconditionally to the Four Powers 1840.

THURSDAY, 11th.—Tarlton Coursing Meeting (and 10th).—Awful slaughter of the British troops in Afghanistan, 1500 lives lost, 1842.

FRIDAY, 12th.—Bill proposed to put the Militia on a better footing. Better footing! try ankle-jacks, and let them be well welled.

## DECEMBER.

Season of social mirth! of fire-side joys!  
I love thy shorten'd day, when, at its close,  
The blazing tapers, on the jovial board  
Dispense o'er care-forgetting face  
Their cheering light, and round the bottle glides;  
Now far be banish'd, from our social ring,  
The party wrangle fierce, the argument  
Deep, learned, metaphysical, and dull,  
Oft dropt, as oft again renewed, endless:  
Rather I'd hear stories twice ten times told,  
Or rapid joke, fitch'd from Joe Miller's page,  
Or tale of ghost, hobgoblin dire, or witch;  
Nor would I, with a proud fastidious frown,  
Proscribe the laugh-provoking pun: absurd  
Though't be, far-fetch'd, and hard to be discern'd,  
It serves the purpose, if it shake our sides.

SATURDAY, 13th.—Dr. Samuel Johnson died, 1784.—"Lucy," is opposite to this day in the Stationers' Almanack: was she any relation to the lubly lady whose family name was Long?

## THE MOON IN DECEMBER.

First Quarter, 6th .. .. .	2 52 morn.
Full Moon, 13th .. .. .	6 43 after.
Last Quarter, 21st .. .. .	11 27 after.
New Moon, 29th .. .. .	10 63 after.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

		High Water at London Bridge.						morn.		aft.	
		morn.		aft.				morn.		aft.	
Sunday, Dec. 7th	..	8 2	8 38	Thursday, 11th	..	0 1	0 37				
Monday, 8th	..	9 13	9 47	Friday, 12th	..	0 51	1 13				
Tuesday, 9th	..	10 21	10 57	Saturday, 13th	..	1 36	1 58				
Wednesday, 10th	..	11 31	—								

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

## A FEW MORE WORDS ABOUT OUR STAMPED EDITION.

WHEN first we announced a stamped edition of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE (see page 267, No. 13) we observed, "as the outlay for the stamp only is charged, no more stamps will be printed than are previously ordered; all subscribers therefore desirous of obtaining the stamped edition, must order it in advance, or by forwarding an address and three shillings, in stamps or a money order, will have the paper forwarded direct by Thursday's post," for twelve weeks. The receipt of numerous letters within the past few days, shows us the necessity of repeating this notice. True, in the instance of No. 18, (the fight for the CHAMPIONSHIP) we made an exception to the rule, and assuming that the demand would continue, printed off a number extra for stock; yet many persons who in different parts of the country have ordered the stamped edition of last week, must of necessity be disappointed. The fact is, we printed twice our usual number, yet in vain—for no sooner was the type broken up than orders poured in, but too late!—Therefore we pray you, kind purchasers, whenever any important sporting event comes off, do not think our standing notice of "GIVE YOUR ORDERS EARLY," a mere trading phrase. Remember we print on Wednesday night and Thursday morning, an edition containing every important mill or great sporting event of the previous Tuesday; and that, if the orders only arrive on the Friday, Saturday, or even the Monday following, that you have yourselves to blame, if you are disappointed in receiving them. Again we repeat, when we have a special report, "Give your orders early!"

## GALLERY OF SPORTING CELEBRITIES.—NO. VI.



LORD DRUMLANRIG.

Archibald William Douglas, Viscount Drumlanrig, and heir-apparent to the Marquisate of Queensberry, is too spirited a specimen of our sporting aristocracy to pass without a niche in our Gallery of Celebrities. Yet it is not for that his ancestor, the first Lord Drumlanrig, entertained King James the First of pedantic memory—nor that another of them shines in the page of history, as an eminent statesman; nor that the name of Douglas bears with it the glory of historic associations, the echo of the war-trumpet, or the blazoned achievements of a long ancestral line—that his “counterfeit presentment” is transferred to the columns of the *SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE*. Sir Walter Scott has said in the preface to *Waverley*, that “the heroic bosom beats as proudly beneath the white-silk waistcoat of the nineteenth century, as beneath the mailed plate of the fourteenth;” and a fox-hunt, a steeple-chase, or a fair stand-up mill in a well-kept twenty-four foot, has not a more ardent patron than Lord Drumlanrig. We shall not here enumerate his exploits across country; they are numerous and recorded. His lordship is a Captain in the second regiment of Life Guards, a sportsman *sans tache*, an ardent patron of the ring (see his letter in number 20, p. 354 of this *MAGAZINE*), and a gentleman in the best sense of the word. He is at present enjoying the blue sky of Florence, and the breezes from the “yellow Arno;” may he return with an increased admiration for the manly sports of his native Britain!

We may observe in conclusion, that the drawing from which the above engraving was made was taken during the year 1843, while his lordship was officiating as referee; an office which we hope yet to see him many times fulfil, despite the declarations of the letter already referred to.

## ANOTHER HINT TO HORSE BUYERS.

SIR,—In No. 28 of your valuable miscellany I gave a few hints on the purchasing of horses from dealers. Since writing that letter I have obtained more information on the subject, which you would greatly oblige me by submitting to your readers.

Among the greatest impositions practised upon the young buyer,

stands prominently the “changing” system. This is effected as follows:—The purchaser is ushered into stalls, in most of which are displayed very good horses; he picks out one that suits his fancy, a moderate price for such a horse is asked. The dealer then requests him to step into his counting-house to arrange the purchase. While the buyer is away, a strange scene is going on in the stable; paint, another horse, and other accessories for the transformation, is busily at work, and by the time the purchaser again enters the stable, the other horse is rendered the facsimile of the original purchase, and the buyer goes away with a defective animal not worth one half of the purchase money.

To obviate this deception as much as possible, it will be best for the purchaser, if he has any suspicions of foul play, to stop in the stable and transact his business *there* without leaving it.

Another practice, which these gentry are very fond of, is to give a receipt on *unstamped* paper. A cause of this description was tried in the Court of Exchequer within the last six months. My advice is, to examine everything minutely before they leave the house or stable of the dealer.

There is a close resemblance in horse-dealing to the principal circumstances of the late Railway mania. In fact the staggering system seems as much at work among the horse dealers as the Railways. As an example of the truth of which, I will cite the following example, which, with the exception of fictitious names, is perfectly true.

## COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH.

*Before Sir J. T. Coleridge,*

*GREEN v. BROWN.*

This was a case in which the plaintiff, J. Green, Esq., on the 1st of April, 1845, agreed to purchase a bay mare, of the stated age of three years and a half, and which was highly recommended to him, at the time he agreed to purchase, by four gentlemen, one of whom stated himself to be a veterinary surgeon, and the rest as well acquainted with the turf. The plaintiff, on the excellent recommendations of the above gentlemen, consented to purchase the horse, for which he paid the defendant, Brown, in the presence of the aforesaid gentlemen, the sum of 230*l.*, and 2*l.* for keeping the said mare in his, defendant's, charge for the space of one fortnight, until the plaintiff should be ready to take him from the charge of the defendant. After the lapse of the fortnight the plaintiff caused the mare to be removed from the defendant's stables; when, from some suspicions that he conceived, he caused the mare to be examined by an experienced veterinary surgeon, who pronounced her to be positively defective in wind and limb. On this count the plaintiff brought his action for the recovery of the said 230*l.*, and the said 2*l.*

Judgment was then returned for the plaintiff for the sum of 250*l.*

From this report the buyer will learn a most important rule, never to trust to the representations made to him in a dealer's house or stables, for he may be well-assured that they are *all* interested parties who make them.

I have thrown these few hints into the form of a letter; and I hope that the reader will excuse any errors he may perceive, which, if there are any, I will notice in my next communication, which will appear in an early number.

F. B. T.

THE GAME-LAWS.—Captain J. Forbes, deputy-lieutenant and magistrate for Berks, has published a letter, from which we make the following extract:—“What a singular fiction it is that we live in a free country where property is secure! I am subjected to a scourge more oppressive than the tread of Attila's horse-shoe. My case (by no means a solitary one of its kind in these parts, and one which the law in its present state will not redress) is simply as follows; I am a freeholder living in the neighbourhood of a mighty Nimrod's game preserves, the effects of which this year (nearly a repetition of last and others preceding), are that I have been obliged to plough up and entirely recultivate twenty-six acres, originally planted with wheat, five with beans, and to dibble in beans in other land where the wheat was destroyed, which also, together with the rest of crops, were ruinously damaged. This is a year of scarcity. My land being in the highest state of farming would yield in ordinary seasons a load of wheat to the acre. Now at the average of one quarter, or eight bushels, per annum per man (which I believe fair) in this year of scarcity, the bread of so many human beings is destroyed on one farm, not to mention other produce, and this solely for the amusement of the leisure hours of a powerful neighbour. This state of things I have respectfully, feelingly, and repeatedly represented as a proper case for compensation, and am told to protect myself. Protect myself, forsooth! During the season the destruction is going on, the law forbids me. I could walk through my standing corn with infinitely less damage to it than the game inflicts, and to a certain extent lessen the nuisance, but by the time the law allows my taking any steps, the mischief is done, the miserable remnants of the crops are removed, the land is left covered with weeds, requiring much expense and labour to clear away, the game and rabbits get back to the preserves, and then, but not till then, are fed by the proprietor, who reaps the whole benefit by the new system of *baitues*, free from tithes, rates, or any other burden which I am left to bear. I think you will agree with me, that with our increasing population, and the severe competition farmers are exposed to in the market, it is high time to expunge the Game-laws from the statute-book, or at least in common honesty to award compensation to parties so ruinously visited.”





JOHN PALMER,  
BETTER KNOWN AS JACK SCROGGINS.

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME. PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CRIBB.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### JACK SCROGGINS, THE SAILOR.

**O** whom the hardy little hero, whose figure-head forms the frontispiece, was indebted for the somewhat grotesque alias by which he is best known, is a point on which history is silent: nor, if it could be cleared up would it be a feather, even in the cap of one of these laborious investigators of bygone nothings, the fellows of the Archaeological Association. 'Twill be enough for the readers of this history to know that although his name was Palmer, we prefer adhering to his ring-cognomen of JACK SCROGGINS, the appellation beneath which he so often achieved victory.

John Palmer was born, December 31, 1787, near New-cross, Deptford. It should seem, that as Hercules in his cradle betook himself to serpent-strangling by way of prefiguring his future monster-destroying propensities, so Jack was pugilistic from his cradle; and although not an ill-natured lad, was continually fighting the boys of New-cross, till his victories were so numerous, that he was considered as the cock of the walk. At a more advanced age, he went to live as a servant on the farm of Mr. Giblett, (the great butcher of Bond-street,) at Kilburn. Here he had frequent turns-up with the hardy race of navigators belonging to the Paddington-canal, and here he first received the name of "SCROGGINS," which continued with him throughout his services in the Navy, and stuck to him to the end of his boxing career. The oddity of this nickname was merited by a corresponding *grotesquerie* of personal gesture and appearance. In height only five feet four inches, in weight hard upon 11 stone, "his appearance when stripped," says Boxiana, "is not unlike the stump of a large tree, and from his loins upwards he looks like a man of fourteen stone." Add to this, much native humour, the antics of a merryman, undaunted courage, and a love of riotous fun, and the reader will admit that the comic lyric poet of *Bell's Life in London*, could not have chosen a better known or more comic public character than "Ould Jack," or—after his departure for another world of spirits beyond the grave—"Ould Jack's Ghost," for the vehicle of his FANCY facetiæ.

In May, 1803, when sixteen years old, he was ill-treated by one Bill Walters, at the sign of the Waggon and Horses, at Brentford. Walters was a full grown man, possessing strength and some knowledge of milling, but Jack was not easily to be intimidated, and an immediate turn-up was the result, in a field near the above inn. The battle continued upwards of an hour, when Scroggy was proclaimed the victor. Jem Belcher witnessed the mill, and praised Scroggy for the hardy courage he displayed.

Not long after the above circumstance, Scroggins dined at a club-feast, at the sign of the Swan, Sunbury-common. The harmony of the company experienced great interruption from the improper conduct of a fellow called Sam Beak, better known as the "Bully of Harrow." His name was a sort of terror to all present, and the company would have been compelled to endure his insolence for the remainder of the evening, had it not been for the *pluck* of little Scroggy, who insisted upon his quitting the room. This threat produced a regular fight out of doors, and, after a severe battle for nearly an hour, Beak was glad to give in.

Scroggins also fought a brick-maker, weighing thirteen stone, near the sign of the Fox and Goose, at Appleton, near Harrow-on-the-Hill. It was thought by the spectators, from the great disproportion between the combatants, that little Scroggy must ultimately be annihilated; but the smashing activity of Jack soon reduced the brickmaker to his own pitch, when he finished him off in quick time.

A navigator, known by the appellation of Long Will, fought with Scroggins, near Harrow. It was a desperate battle, and contested with alternate success for a long time, till victory crowned the exertions of our little hero.

At Cowley, near Uxbridge, Scroggins entered the lists with Burke Smith, denominated the second Robin Hood, from his attachment to deer; a man of great activity, and distinguished for his great jumps over the canal. In the hands of Scroggins he was soon glad to acknowledge he was defeated.

Billy Lee, the gipsy, had a desperate set-to with Scroggins, at Kilburn, in the year 1804. The bruising qualities of the Gipsy were

well known in the neighbourhood of Paddington; but Scroggins not only nobbed him severely, but also punished his body in such a hammering style, that he hastily relinquished the contest, acknowledging the superiority and goodness of our hero.

By moonlight, at Kilburn, between twelve and one o'clock, on a Friday night, a chap of the name of Blinks, otherwise designated as "No Nose!" had a turn-up with Scroggins, but the severity, "No Nose" met with, in the course of a few rounds, induced him to give in. Upon being shown Scroggins the next day, he said he was not the same he fought with, but would fight him for the whole of his week's wages on the next Sunday morning; but, when the time arrived, "No Nose!" was not to be found.

A strong athletic farmer's man, of the name of Bill King, was also beaten by Scroggins, at Sandford-green, near Harrow.

At Appleton, after a very severe battle, Jack Matney surrendered to the conquering arm of Scroggins.

It was owing to the following circumstance, that our hero was compelled to leave milling on land, to fight the battles of his country at sea, by entering into the Navy. In a row, with one Ellis, a constable, at Sandford-green, the representative of the law, it appears, felt rather heavily the indignation of Scroggins. In consequence of which turn-up, an application was made to the magistrate, (Dr. Glasse,) when our hero was depicted in such terrible colours, that a press-gang of seventeen were considered necessary to convey him in safety out of the neighbourhood.

On the Point-beach, at Portsmouth, Happy Jack, the terror of that then notorious sea-port, (so termed from the numerous conquests he had obtained over various Jack Tars,) was, in the presence of some thousands, woefully cut down from the severe punishment he received in combat with Scroggins. Happy Jack, for once in his life, being miserable by defeat.

During the time Scroggins was on board the *Argo*, the ship was a scene of milling adventures; and, it should seem, when off duty, his leisure was filled up in boxing.

Before our hero was suffered to realise the title of the Champion of the *Argo*, the best men in the ship were pitted against him; but it would be beneath the dignity of our History to record the undistinguished names of the mere commoners who fell beneath the conquering arm of Scroggy, who notwithstanding his pugilistic penchant was the life and soul of the ship, and as remarkable for his readiness to assist a weaker messmate, as to promote the general mirth of the crew. His practical jokes and general good humour were long the standing talk of the *Argo's* galley. Toogood, a man of colour, of first-rate weight, and possessing prodigious strength, had a regular battle with our hero, on board the *Argo*. Notwithstanding his athletic powers, Scroggins compelled him to strike his colours.

A caulker, a tall, strong, bony man, who came on board the *Argo* to make some repairs, presuming on his strength, took off the boiler and placed his frying-pan on the fire, in defiance of the whole mess. Scroggins at length appeared and took the fellow's frying-pan from off the fire. A fight was the immediate consequence; but the caulker was so often flogged, met with such severe punishment, and was so chaffed by the whole ship's crew, that out of revenge he complained to the captain of Scroggins; and our hero was compelled to stand and take two dozen lashes, or, what is called in the sea-phrase, a *dry holy-stoning*!

Scroggins had scarcely set his foot on *terra firma*, when he had a turn-up with two dragoons, before the door of the Prince of Wales, at Woolwich; notwithstanding the heavy force Scroggins had to contend against, our little hero bustled through it with so much true courage, that in the course of a few minutes he came off triumphant, having flogged both the soldiers with apparent ease.

Scroggins' first battle in the ring, after his return from sea, was with Jack Boots, (whose real name was Wilford), at Wilnden-green, in 1814, for one guinea a-side. It was a fight without training, and took place entirely from accident. Boots, it seems, had previously talked about fighting our hero, and both of them meeting at the above place to partake of the diversion afforded by Caleb Baldwin's bull, they instantly agreed to decide the dispute in question, upon Scroggins' observing to Boots, "that he thought they were as capable of amusing the amateurs as the bull had done!" In consequence of this agreement the sports of the day closed, unexpectedly, with a regular mill. Upon the bull's quitting the ground, a ring was immediately formed, and Scroggins and Boots, without further preface, set-to. The latter was well-known, from having fought several battles; but Scroggins was a complete stranger to the fighting circles. It was a punishing mill for sixty minutes, during which period the pantomimic tricks exhibited by Scroggins occasioned roars of laughter; he, however, displayed all the fortitude of a sailor bent on obtaining victory. Anything like a regular system of tactics he appeared to despise, and scrambled his way in to mill his adversary; but, notwithstanding this sort of non-descript boxing, his hits were so tremendously sent home, that Boots could not resist their desperate effects. The friends of Boots perceiving that he must eventually lose, were about resorting to some manoeuvres to prevent Scroggy from being proclaimed the conqueror. This conduct was observed by old Joe Ward, who was standing in a cart viewing the battle; and although he was severely

afflicted with the rheumatism in both knees, he hastily jumped out, and made for the ring, where he insisted upon fair play being observed between the combatants. Scroggins was, ultimately, declared the victor. The spirited conduct of the latter so pleased the amateurs, that four pounds were collected for him, as a reward for his exertions.

The friends of Scroggins, not without reason, thought, from this specimen men, that there was good stuff in him. Accordingly, Dolly Smith was selected as a game active boxer, and as a good trial man for our hero. The battle was contested at Combe-warren, on Wednesday, January 11th, 1815, in a twenty-feet roped ring, for twenty guineas a-side. Smith was seconded by Bill Cropley; Scroggins was attended by Richmond and Oliver.

Smith was well known as a boxer, and considered a good man, from his game battle with Dick Hares, the previous year, on the same ground, while Scroggins was scarcely known to any person connected with the ring. He was viewed by the amateurs as an ambitious adventurer, a rough and daring commoner, opposed to science and experience; the betting was, in consequence, 5 to 4 upon Smith. The combatants in point of weight were nearly equal. The first round proved a good specimen of the whole fight; but the impetuosity of the "hardy tar" was so overwhelming, that the science of Smith, however well applied, could not prevent its conquering effects. Scroggins' singular mode of attack astonished the spectators. Immediately on receiving a hit from his opponent, he went resolutely in to mill, protecting his head with his left hand over it, like a ship running in to attack a fort or shore battery, dealing out terrible punishment with his right hand; and thus took the lead and kept it, although he was opposed in the most manly and skilful style by Smith, who was not long in darkening one of the peepers of the sailor. Scroggins fought at the body with great ferocity; and had the advantage in a striking degree in throwing, Smith experiencing some severe cross-buttocking, and desperate falls. The latter was frequently out of distance, and hit over instead of punishing his adversary's nob. It was a most determined battle on both sides, and Smith did not disgrace his character in defeat. The blows of Scroggins were terrible, and he was never off his pins but once during the battle. For three-quarters of an hour it was rattling hard fighting, at the end of which time Smith was so severely beaten about the head and body, that he was compelled to cry "enough."

The milling fame which Nosworthy had acquired by his conquest of the renowned Dutch Sam, at Moulsey, on the 8th of Dec., 1814, rendered him an object of no small attraction in the milling sphere. Scroggins, it seems, was eager to make a dash; his ambition soared above commoners, and he viewed the victorious baker as a competitor worthy of his aspirations. Some little time, however, elapsed before he was accommodated; at last they met on the 6th of June, 1815, at Moulsey-hurst, for fifty pounds a-side. Belcher and Gibbons seconded Scroggins; Oribb and Clark picked up Nosworthy. The patrons of pugilism mustered very strongly upon this occasion, and the *crusty-coves* of the metropolis felt so confident the Master of the Rolls would gain the cause, that, the evening previous to the fight, they laid the odds of 5 to 4 with cheerfulness and alacrity. Nosworthy had won his late battle so apparently easy, that no doubt was entertained by his admirers as to the issue of the battle. At one the men set-to.

#### THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The notoriety Nosworthy had obtained in conquering the Jew phenomenon created considerable interest, and every eye was upon the stretch on the combatants setting to. A short time elapsed in sparring, when Scroggins made a good hit; the baker, in return, missed his aim. Some heavy milling occurred, when they closed, and both went down. Nosworthy undermost, Scroggins heavily on him. (5 to 4 on Scroggins already).

2. Nosworthy appeared bleeding at the scratch. Determined fighting was the order of this round; and both the men seemed bent upon proving each other's courage. Hit for hit was returned with as much indifference as if their bodies were insensible; and, although both of them were frequently hit away, they returned to the attack like lions. The rally was dreadful; Nosworthy was at length sent down.

3. It was evident to the spectators that Nosworthy had got his work to do to make a win of it. No flinching on either side; the men stood up to each other like a couple of thorough bred bull dogs. Scroggins took the lead in gallant style, and punished his opponent in the most terrific manner; planting a hit under Nosworthy's ear so powerfully, that he went down in a twinkling. (Nosworthy's leading position was at an end, and 2 to 1 was offered on Scroggins, without the least hesitation.)

4. The game displayed by Nosworthy was astonishing; but he had received so plentifully that his strength was considerably reduced. Another terrific rally occurred, in which the superiority of Scroggins was manifest to all parts of the ring; he milled his adversary completely before him till he went down. (3 to 1 on Scroggins.)

5. Nosworthy fought like a man, but the chance was decidedly against him. Scroggins had it all his own way in this round, and planted his hits with all the confidence and judgment of a first-rate fighter.

6. Upon setting-to, Scroggins, with much severity, flogged his antagonist. (Great applause.)

7. Nosworthy, notwithstanding the punishment he had sustained, came to the scratch full of pluck, and made a desperate effort to effect a change in his favour. He, with much dexterity, put in a tremendous blow upon one of Scroggins's eye-lids; but the latter returned upon him severely, and had the best of the round.

8. The head of Neworthy seemed an easy mark for Scroggins, who peppered it with the utmost sang froid. The baker again floored. - 9 to 15, and last. The courage of Neworthy was the admiration of the ring; he continued to fight till not a shadow of chance remained. He was so severely beaten in the fifteenth round, that, on time being called, he was unable to quit the knee of his second. The battle was over in eighteen minutes.

(To be continued.)

## THE FISHER'S CREEL.

### A SAY ABOUT TROLLING AND WINTER ANGLING.

**OP**PORTUNANCE at this dreary season, with the exception of the voracious tyrant of the stream, little can be said of the patient practices of Piscator. Yet moved thereto by some half a dozen staunch correspondents, who "prick the sides of our intent" to give them a "screed o' wridin'" anent and concerning Trolling and Pike fishing generally, we take pen in hand.

Blaine says, "In October the sun of the fisherman's joys is fast setting, and unless he be near a grayling river, or a trolling water, he is little more than cheered by the perspective of a new era and another dawn. The weeds are fast decomposing, and as the fish shun the rotting mass, the holes and hollows to which they retire offer the only hope of success. Here with well mixed paste the roach and dace angler sits secluded, and watches the minute spot of his tip-capped float, as it slowly accompanies the heavy current. In November trout are seldom taken with the fly; but in favourable weather grayling, particular the smaller ones, will still rise at the artificial duns. Chub fishing, with bullock's brains and prepared greaves, may now be pursued; and roach fishing is still good in the deep places with winter gentles, or well made pastes, and may continue both this month, and the next if the weather continue open."

Hence though next week we will say a few words on winter-fishing generally, we certainly laid aside this heading of the "FISHER'S CREEL" until genial spring should give token of the reawakening of the vegetable and insect world; nevertheless for the reasons above-mentioned, do we quit our hibernating torpidity, and proceed to "handle a pike" in the piscatory department of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE.

The Pike (formerly called a Luce) is known by the name of a Jack until it is twenty-four inches long. Though now a well-known inhabitant of the principal rivers and lakes of Europe; and although probably an introduced fish in this country, and for a long time rare, it is exceedingly common in many of our rivers, and in almost all the lakes and large ornamental waters of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

That Pike were rare formerly, may be inferred from the fact that, in the latter part of the thirteenth century, Edward the First, who condescended to regulate the prices of the different sorts of fish then brought to market, that his subjects might not be left to the mercy of the venders, fixed the value of Pike higher than that of fresh salmon, and more than ten times greater than that of the best turbot or cod. In proof of the estimation in which Pike were held in the reign of Edward the Third, we refer to the lines of Chaucer;

("Full many a fair partrich hadde he in mewe,  
And many a Brems and many a Luce in stewe.")

Pikes are mentioned in an act of the sixth year of the reign of Richard the Second, 1382, which relates to the forestalling of fish. Pike were dressed in the year 1468, at the great feast given by George Nevil, Archbishop of York. They also find a place in the famous "Boke of St. Albans," in the treatise on the art of fishing with an angle; the first edition of which is said to have been printed at St. Albans in 1481, and again at Westminster, by Wyakyn de Worde, in 1496. Pike were so rare in the reign of Henry the Eighth, that a large one sold for double the price of a house-lamb in February, and a Pickerill, or small Pike, for more than a fat capon!

The Pike is strong, fierce, and active; swims rapidly, and occasionally darts along with the rapidity of lightning. The spawn is deposited among weeds in March, or early in April; and at this season the spawning fish will be found in narrow creeks or ditches that are connected with the larger waters they at other times inhabit.

Pliny considered the Pike as the longest lived, and likely to attain the largest size of any fresh water fish. Pennant refers to one that was ninety years old; but Gesner relates that, in the year 1497 a pike was taken at Halibum in Suabia, with a brazen ring attached to it, on which were these words in Greek characters:—"I am the fish which was first of all put into this lake by the hands of the Governor of the Universe, Frederick the Second, the 5th of October, 1230." This fish was therefore two-hundred and sixty seven years old, and was said to have weighed three hundred and fifty pounds. The skeleton, nineteen feet in length, was long preserved at Manheim as a great curiosity in natural history. The lakes of Scotland have produced Pike of fifty-five pounds weight; and some of the Irish lakes are said to have afforded pike of seventy pounds; but it is observed, says honest Isaac Walton, "that such old or very great pikes have in them more of state than goodness; the smaller

or middle size pike being, by the most and choicest palates, observed to be the best meat." The flesh of the pike is of good quality; and those of the Medway, when feeding on the smelt, acquire excellent condition, with peculiarly fine flavour. In Lapland, and some other northern countries of Europe, large quantities of pike are caught during the spawning season, being then most easily taken, and are dried for future use.

Among the various localities in England remarkable for the quality as well as the quantity of their pike, Horsea Mere and Heigham Sounds, two large pieces of water in the county of Norfolk, a few miles north of Yarmouth, have been long celebrated. Camden, in his 'Britannia,' first printed in 1586, says, "Horsey pike, none like"; and Horsea pike still preserve their former good character. We have been favoured by a gentleman of acknowledged celebrity in field sports, with the returns of four day's pike fishing with trimmers—or liggers, as they are provincially termed—in March 1834, in the waters just named; viz. on the 11th at Heigham Sounds, sixty pike, the weight altogether two hundred and eighty pounds; on the 13th at Horsea Mere, eighty-nine pike, three hundred and seventy-nine pounds; on the 18th again at Horsea Mere, forty-nine pike, two hundred and thirteen pounds; on the 19th, at Heigham Sounds, fifty-eight pike, two hundred and sixty-three pounds; together, four day's sport, producing two hundred and fifty-six pike, weighing altogether eleven hundred and thirty five pounds. Pike have been killed in Horsea Mere, weighing from twenty-eight to thirty-four pounds each. These meres, or broads, as they are called in Norfolk are of great extent. Horsea Mere, and Heigham Sounds, with the waters connected, are calculated to include a surface of six hundred acres.

As the mode of fishing for pike with liggers on these extensive waters is considered to be peculiar, and affords great diversion, we may state that the ligger, or trimmer, is a long cylindrical float, made of wood or cork, or rushes tied together at each end; to the middle of this float a string is fixed, in length from eight to fifteen feet; this string is wound round the float, except two or three feet, when the trimmer is to be put into the water, and slightly fixed by a notch in the wood or cork, or by putting it between the ends of the rushes. The bait is fixed on the hook, and the hook fastened to the end of the pendant string, and the whole dropped into the water. By this arrangement the bait floats at any required depth, which should have some reference to the temperature of the season; pike swimming near the surface in fine warm weather, and deeper when it is colder, but generally keeping near its peculiar haunts. When the bait is seized by a pike, the jerk loosens the fastening, and the whole string unwinds; the wood, cork, or rushes floating at the top, indicating what has occurred. Floats of cork or wood are generally painted, in order to render them more distinctly visible on the water to the fishers who pursue their amusement and the liggers in boats. Floats of rushes are preferred to others, as least calculated to excite suspicion in the fish.

In page 150 (No. 4 of SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE) will be found two articles on TRIMMERING, and in pages 152, 153, will be found the trimmer itself, and the best mode of baiting it.

From trimmering we turn to trolling. The best baits for pike are a small trout; the loach, or miller's thumb, the head end of an eel, with the skin taken off below the fins; a small jack; a lobworm; and in winter fat of bacon. Walton speaks against baiting with a perch, but the perch is as good a fish to bait with as roach or bleak. With respect to anointing your dead bait "with gum of ivy dissolved in oil of spike" (i.e. lavender), about which a writer in *Bell's Life* so flippantly quizzes Father Isaac, there is no doubt that fish are greatly attracted by odours. It would here be somewhat too lengthy a digression to enter upon proofs, we shall therefore merely observe that the undoubted cause of salmon-roe proving so good a bait is its fishy smell. "Observe," says Col. Venables, "that all your baits for pike must be as fresh as possible. Living baits you may take with you in a tin kettle, changing the water often; dead ones should be carried in fresh bran which will dry up that moisture which would otherwise infect and rot them."

The father of anglers, "Old Nobbs," as well as Sir James Hawkins in his notes on Walton's Angler, edit. 1760, has a good many quaint directions on trolling, none the less practical and useful from their antiquated garb; it is possible we may embody them in the next paper.

The rod should be of strong bamboo cane, and from ten to twelve feet long, with a tolerably stiff top of whalebone or hickory; the rings should be five in number, and not less than three-eighths of an inch in diameter in the opening, that the line may run freely. A strong winch will be required, which must hold at least forty yards of line that is not subject to kink. Mr. Jesse recommends a strong trolling-line sold by Mr. Barth, of Cockspur-street, and I have seen a very good sort of line for this purpose, manufactured by Mr. Bazin, of Duncan-place, Hackney. Some trollers prefer a rod twenty feet long, in which case your cast on the water is made in the same manner as in spinning the minnow for trout, but with a longer line; and the lighter your bait falls upon the water the greater your success. Mr. Jesse strongly recommends the use of a wooden reel, one of about four and a half inches across, having the rim grooved for the reception of the line. These reels turn round with great rapidity when the cast is made, letting out a sufficient length of line, and are wound up again by turning them with the fore-finger. They are much to be preferred to a common brass reel, especially in fishing from a boat;



they avoid the noise and much of the trouble of winding up, and the line never kinks.

Some anglers prefer fishing with the gorge-hooks, others with snap-hooks, but my own experience induces me to prefer the former as the best general mode of trolling; and this kind of fishing I shall first describe. The gorge-hook is either a double or single hook, fixed on twisted brass wire, and loaded on the shank with lead, to which is attached a piece of gimp, eight or ten inches long, at the end of which is a small loop.

(To be continued next week.)

## WRINKLES FOR THE GROOM—NO VIII.



Pursue our promised directions for the winter treatment of man's best servant, by a wrinkle or two on the subject of:—

### CLOTHING A WET HORSE.

When the horse can neither be dried by the wisp, nor kept in motion, some other means must be taken to prevent him catching cold. He may be scraped and then clothed, or he may be clothed without scraping. This is not a good practice, nor a substitute for grooming; it is merely an expedient which may be occasionally resorted to when the horse must be stabled wet as he comes off the road. Clothing renders him less likely to catch cold, but it does not perform the duty that ought to be performed by the groom. When the horse is completely and quickly dried by manual labour, there is not the slightest chance of his suffering any mischief from cold; the friction of the wisp keeps the blood on the surface, and the horse can be put up quite comfortable. When he is kept in motion till the moisture has all evaporated, he can suffer no more injury than if he were brought in quite dry. When clothing is applied, it is with the intention of checking evaporation. It makes this process go on more slowly than if the horse were naked; in consequence he loses less heat in a given time, and he never becomes very cold. The clothing also absorbs much of the water, which if allowed to evaporate, would take away much heat that is thus retained. Of course, the horse remains wet for a longer time than if he were unclothed. But it is doubtful if moisture applied occasionally for an hour or two on the skin is injurious. It probably has some influence; but it is well known that cold has much more. Long continued moisture injures the coat, destroys its glossy appearance, but I am not aware that it does anything else. I am not speaking of moisture applied for many successive hours, but of that which is retained perhaps an hour longer by clothing than it would remain if allowed to evaporate without interruption. I am aware that a horse is apt to perspire if clothed up when his coat is wet or damp. But this takes place only when the clothing is too heavy, or the horse too warm. In the case under consideration, the clothing, unless the horse be cold, is not intended to heat him, but to prevent him from becoming cold. In hot weather a wet horse requires less care; he need not be clothed, for evaporation will not render him too cold; and if his coat be long, it will, without the assistance of clothing, keep the skin tolerably warm even in weather that is not hot. In all cases the cloth should be of woollen, and thrown loosely over the body, not bound by the roller, and in many cases it should be changed for a drier and a lighter one as it becomes charged with moisture.

To many people all this care about a wet horse will appear to be superfluous. They will observe that horses are frequently exposed to all weathers, and to the worst of stable treatment, without receiving any apparent injury. This is true with regard to many horses; their work is not exciting, not requiring that exertion which agitates the whole frame. There are horses, too, of less value, but performing work of the severest kind, upon whom a great deal of care cannot be bestowed. The proprietor may think it is cheaper to let the horses run considerable risk than to keep a sufficient number of men for taking better care of them. These can be right only when their horses are very worthless, and perhaps not then. In a valuable stud it is otherwise. The extra expense of such careful treatment is not to be considered where horses are worth from fifty pounds to more than five hundred. It is also true that among stage-coach, and other horses of a similar kind, there are many who do not receive any injury from a wet coat. Those that have been gradually injured to exposure, or to stand unheeded till they dry, may feel cold and uncomfortable, and have a long and rough coat, but their health remains unaffected. The power of the system to accommodate itself to circumstances is very great. These horses are as easily wet to the skin as other horses; but their skin has learned to furnish an additional supply of heat, so soon and as often as the evaporating process demands it. Such horses require little care, though more would make them look better. But stablemen who know this, are apt to treat all the horses alike. The young and the delicate must have additional care till they are injured to exposure.

All horses, whatever be their age, condition, and work, are most easily injured by exposure to cold, after they have been heated by exertion. Every man may have proof of this in his own person. After perspiring he feels cold and disposed to shiver, though by this time the skin may be quite dry. It is the same with the horse. Before he has been heated he

might stand in the cold, or with his coat wet for perhaps half an hour, without any danger; but after he has perspired pretty freely from exertion, motionless exposure in a cold atmosphere for fifteen minutes will do him more harm than he would receive in thirty minutes before the exertion; or, in the one case, he would be none the worse—in the other, he would have a cough next day.

Therefore, a wet horse requires most care when his work has heated him. He must be dried more quickly, or kept in motion for a longer time than if he had not been excited.

It is continued cold that does the mischief in all cases; some, from habit, will bear much more than others, but none seem able to bear it so well after as before perspiring. The intolerance of cold seems to remain for an hour or two after the horse is quite cool, and to increase as the skin loses its heat.

The first symptom of approaching danger is staring of the coat; if the horse be immediately put into a warm stable, or warmly clothed, or put in motion, he may, and probably will, escape. The second symptom is shivering, which ought to be quickly arrested by applying warmth. There is no danger in exposure, so long as the skin remains comfortably warm or hot.

## Reminiscences of Racing and Racers, in 1845.

(For the Sportsman's Magazine.)

BY SOOTHSAYER.

(Continued from page 450.)

It would not be a fair commentary on Epsom and its "DERBY DAY," to dismiss it without a word or two as to the past year's race. It was a great surprise, and there cannot be a doubt was run in a very awkward manner; but I am far from calling the MERRY MONARCH a "brute" and a "cocktail;" and, I am inclined to think, that those expressions of "PEGASUS" will not find an echo in the breasts of judges of horseflesh. The reasoning, too, which "PEGASUS" adopts, is open to so much observation, that I am surprised he has used it. What did *Nutwith* do after the St. Leger? What race was *Attila*, in which showed superior powers, after the Derby? How was it with *Little Wonder*, with *Beeswing*, *Running Rein*, with *Orlando*, and with *Coronation*? *Orlando* had a walk over or two; but the others, I think, may be put as 'nil.' Some, I know, say *Mentor* could have done it; and, in the eyes of "PEGASUS," he was "a perfect Leger horse;" but neither in the Derby or Leger did he make any show. I do not mean to compare the Merry Monarch with *Orlando*, but I have no hesitation in saying he is very far from being a subject of derision. For myself, although I do not feel myself at liberty to use your columns as the vehicle for carrying my vanity to the public eye, I do take credit that "THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE" was the only paper which stated, through Soothsayer, to the public, that "*Daddy Forth* would go and do it." The Merry Monarch was the winner, and Doleful well up; both of whom were in *Forth's* stable.

Soothsayer named also Old England and Idas, because the latter had so fine a condition, and it was just within the cards he would pull through. Looking at the horses, however, at the present day, I think Old England, Alarm, and the Libel were the three best in the last Derby.

The talk about the Derby had not subsided before the coming contest for the IMPERIAL CUP AT ASCOT. The race between Idas and Wood Pigeon, and the New Stakes there, attracted the attention of the rooms.

ASCOT RACES, royal Ascot par excellence, opened on June 10th, with the TRIAL STAKES of 500 sovs. each, with 50 added, which was won by The Libel, beating Knight of the Whistle, Discord, and some others. Hero, a two year old, "well in," was third. The race between Wood Pigeon, Idas, and Salopian, induced some heavy betting. 5 to 4 on Idas, which Lord Exeter, to whom Wood Pigeon belonged, took to a large amount. Nat rode Idas, but could never reach Wood Pigeon, (Marson) who won by a length. As the two 'good uns' made work of it, poor Salopian was, of course, left behind. From this day Idas went back for the St. Leger, and ultimately went out of the betting altogether. Nat, on Lothario, two miles and a half, won the First Class Ascot Stakes, and Queen Mab the Second Class. The Gold Vase was won by Sweetmeat, The Libel second, beating Wood Pigeon, Zanoni, and Fuzboz. The Cobweb colt beat a bad one, Tunick, for the 200 sovs. Sweepstakes. Weatherbit won the Molecomb; the Turquoise colt second; Refraction third; Old England fourth. Collingwood beat Subscription, two years old, by six lengths. Idas beat Gwalior, and in a subsequent race Lyons, easily, it being rather too much for the "pride of Newmarket" to stomach. Stutch beat two others of Lord Exeter's, Jet and Topaz, for the Coronation Stakes, 100 sovs. each. Cherokee won the Fern Hill, beating Fuzboz and filly out of March First, three years old, and three or four other two years old, Buttress among them. Euenus, going in his glory over the New Mile, won the Royal Hunt Cup, against a very numerous field, including Queen Mab, Semiseria, The Empress, A la Mode, Yardley, and Lothario. Sir Gilbert got a walk over, and the Turquoise colt was beaten by Lady Wildair. Minotaur won the 100gs. The race for the New Stakes came off in melting weather, and before the start, full three-fourths of the young uns broke out into a sweat. Sting ought to have won this race, but it was snatched from him by a colt of Lord Lons-

dale's (not in the Derby), who was placed first, Sting second, Astonishment was third, Rint filly fourth, and Miss Milner colt fifth.

Your readers having now obtained, your Almanack, cannot do better than refer to it as to such of these colts and fillies as are in the Derby and Oaks. The same rule applies to all past races of two years old, and those to come. In this race Cherry Bounce, Madcap, and Dexterous, West-Countryman, Buttress, and the Princess Alice made no show. The Cup Race was one of great interest. The old mare, Alice Hawthorn, ran well; in beating her, Foigh-a-Ballagh beat himself, and the Emperor went in a winner. It was expected Orlando and Ithuriel would have been at the post; but they, as well as several others, were scratched. Cowli, a good horse, if blood and training can make one, broke down. The Visitor's Plate was won by the Libel, another winning for him here (so much for his Derby running), beating eleven others, most of them good ones. Sweetmeat had a walk over for something like 120l. Wood Pigeon beat Cinizelli and Triumvir for the Chesterfield. Beaumont won the Boro' Members plate, and was claimed of Mr. Hill for 150l. I consider him a fast horse for a mile. The First Class Nottingham Stakes won by Discoid; the Second by a colt by Ratcatcher out of Turquoise four years old, and the Third Class by Evenus. These four days at Ascot were most brilliant, but the heat was intolerable, and water quite at a premium. The evenings, coming home, however, were cool.

On the 16th June, THE SUTTON PARK RACES brought out a good many of "the sort" from Birmingham. The Windley Pool Stakes fell to Old George, beating Lord Saltoun by a neck, and several others. If I mistake not, there is a brother of Lord Saltoun in the Derby, and may be judged of by this race, "rather." For the Bonehill Stakes, 5 sovs. each, 20 added, Ninety-One beat Arungzebe; Capt. Peel rode the latter, Mr. Parr the former. Marian Ramsay beat Tipoo. For the Birmingham Stakes, on the 17th, being the last thing at the races as far as the sovs. go, Roderick beat Marian Ramsay, and Old George and others. A little thing of 3 sovs. each was won by the Princess Olga.

On June 18, Ninety-One, transferred from Birmingham to HAMPTON "per Rail," won the Cup of 5 sovs. each, 50 added. The Surrey and Middlesex fell to Misdeal, against a tolerable field. Loadstone, by Camel, won the Hurst Cup, and What the 100 guineas. The Claremont Stakes, 2 years old, saw Astonishment beat Anna Bullen; Moose Deer, and another, all bad. In a Handicap Stakes, the Queen of the Gipsies, in a mile race, gave What the go-by.

On June 23rd, that very excellent Meeting, NEWCASTLE, commenced with a walk over by Mid Lothian. The Northern Derby of 25 sovs., with 100 added, fell easily to Mentor, and the Maiden Plate, the same to Mildeis, by Inheritor. The Tyre Stakes, a tolerable criterion, were won by Malcolm, 2 years old. The Northern Oaks Stakes were carried off by Marian Ramsay. For the Tyre Stakes, a filly by the Bard, and the Lady Abbess, were the only other two, 9 subscribers. Jinglepot won the 100 guineas, beating Comical Boy and our old friend Trueboy. Mentor had another easy victory against sister to Pedometar and Nanny Banks for the Gatheshead Stakes. The Northumberland Plate, a great Sweep Race, was won by Inheritress, jockeyed by Lye, who made a waiting race of it, and won by half a length; Merry Andrew second; Lightning third; Cohesress, not placed, was fourth; Queen of the Tyne fifth; and Pagan sixth. For the Tyne Stakes, 19 subscribers, 2 years old colts and fillies; Fair Star, after a struggle, beat Sheraton, a colt by Velocipede, and Charcoal by Revolution. There is a colt, by Revolution in the coming Derby. Mr. Mostyn's, and Mr. T. R. Mostyn's stock of colts and fillies appear to be chiefly derived from him and Hetman Platoff. I do not know of anything else worth mentioning at Newcastle, with the exception of the Gold Cup (150), which promoted a good race between Winesour and Mid Lothian, which ended in favour of the former; Pagan, like Trueboy, and the Devil-among-the-Tailors, making no figure this year. Inheritress made a waiting race of it again, and beat Glossy, Dog Billy, and some others, for the Members' Plate. As a close, a little larking was had recourse to, and four started for 1 sov. each, 5 added, which Mr. Robinson won by leading off with the Queen of Hearts, the others following suit merely. In my account of Gorhambury last week, your readers will place Fitzwilliam for Fitzallen in the 2 years old race.

#### INGENIOUS AND VALUABLE SPORTING AND TRAVELLING INVENTIONS.

Time is the test of truth. We recently received from the inventor Mr. J. B. Durham of 261, Regent-street, a most admirable, ingenious and useful knife. The superiority of British cutlery has been long known and admitted, but this sample combines excellence of manufacture with skilful and inventive contrivance, that to the sportsman who follows the hounds, or the traveller who "tools his kit" along the queen's highway, has only to be made known to be deemed an indispensable pocket companion. The knife, though by no means seriously cumbersome, contains, in addition to a powerful and highly finished blade, a double threaded screw-punch, with screws passing into nuts, adapted for the instantaneous remedy of the provoking contingency of broken traces or stirrup-leathers. A screw, an efficient turnscrew, and a hoof-pick are also among the valuable additions of this *malum-in-parvo* instrument. The screws and their nuts, as we prefer the useful to the ornamental, are the portions of

the invention which most strike us; the unsightly, inefficient, tedious, and clumsy junction effected by string or cord, is superseded by these. Each screw is provided with its nut—the punch first-mentioned forms the appropriate holes—the severed parts are placed in juxtaposition—and *hey presto!* one of the most annoying of road or field mischances becomes the subject of a smile, instead of the cause of the expenditure of much valuable time and, in many cases of prodigal swearing. For the saving of time and the husbanding of his soul's health, we would advise every horseman or charioteer to supply himself with the DURHAM DUEIN HUNTING AND TRAVELLING KNIFE.

THE WINGED GAME OF AMERICA.—Winged game is now only to be met with in any abundance in particular parts of America, its rapidly increasing population having exterminated much of it. Mr. Fowler observes, that few woodcocks and squirrels were to be found, with a greater plenty of quails. To use his own words, "Hares and pheasants there are none, and partridges (in some places called pheasants) are scarce. Woodcocks and snipes are uncertain, both as to season and situation; it is true that great quantities of other birds may sometimes be killed, for instance, wild ducks and pigeons, which are occasionally seen in flocks of many miles in extent; but after all, and much as I have heard of American shooting, in my opinion it is a poor insipid diversion compared with the English, being pursued without any kind of system or science, and reminding me more of the onsets of our mechanics and shopmen let loose at Christmas and on holidays to range the fields, no matter where, and pounce upon all no matter what, than of anything worthy the name of shooting. Let no English sportsman think to better himself by emigration in this respect, I'll answer upon trial for his total disappointment."

PEEL'S GAMES.—We understand that the Premier is shortly about to publish a new edition of *Hoyle*, embracing all the new games and tricks of which, by a skilful knowledge of how to play his cards, Sir Robert Peel has become master. He intends devoting an entire chapter to shuffling, which is an art of itself, and one which the Premier has carried to the utmost perfection. There will be a few pages devoted to hints on cutting, with remarks on the proper time to cut, and a few general observations on the treatment of the pack, so as to make a good hand of it. Tricks will occupy a very large space of the Premier's work, but the game will be the chief feature of it. Cribbage, as played at the expense of the Whigs, will be elaborately explained; and a chapter on revokes will explain how it is that there is nothing irrevocable in the games of the Premier. The work will be emblazoned with a splendid portrait of Sir Robert Peel, as the Knave of Spades, in which character he appeared the other day, at the commencement of the works of the Trent Valley Railway.—*Punch*.

WILD-FOWL SHOOTING.—(From a Hampshire correspondent).—Our lakes and spreaders around Southampton are bare of wild fowls this season, and very little prospect is at present held out to the long-gun punters of being repaid for their toils. Owing to the very boisterous state of the weather, the punters are afraid to push off to sea; and what birds are at present affecting our estuaries keep far aloof off the land; nevertheless, all the salt pans around Keyhaven, are well furnished with sandpipers and others of the tringo-family, which afford us excellent sport. We have had a few scaup ducks which have taken up their abode among us during the last few days, and our rivers and dykes are not without a tolerable sprinkling of teal. This time last year our waters were literally black with wild fowl, whilst at present, we have scarcely been visited by the usual quantity which arrived on our coasts even by the commencement of October.

FAREWELL TO THE GAME-LAWS.—During January Parliament is to meet, says an amusing paragraph, "for the despatch of business." The partridges and pheasants are so frightened at this announcement, which they foolishly imagine implies the revision of the laws under which they have hitherto peaceably lived, that they are allowing themselves to be shot in hundreds. The grouse intend passing the autumn next year in London, as they have been told by a city sparrow that they have nothing to fear from the cockneys. The hares, also, have run over to Germany, but the rabbits have retreated in a body to Wales, the country of their adoption. From these moves it really looks as if the knowing old birds had a presentiment it was all up with the landlord's game.—*Punch*.

SINGULAR DEATH OF A VALUABLE GREYHOUND.—Thomas Ensworth, Esq., of Oxford, gentleman well known among the lovers of coursing, lost last week a valuable dog (own sister to his celebrated Empress), in the following singular manner:—His dogs were taking their usual exercise on Thursday, in the Summers Town-road, when a lad about ten years of age, threw a stone and hit one of them on the jugular vein, which caused its immediate death. The dog was a great favourite of Mr. Ensworth, who stated its value to be 50l., and was to have run this week at Letcomb, but for this unfortunate occurrence. The boy was had up before the county magistrates on Saturday, but as the owner of the dog did not wish to press the charge, he was severely reprimanded by Mr. Ashhurst and discharged.

A PROLIFIC PIG.—Mr. Joseph Wilkinson, of Hildesforth and Sedgeby, has a sow which, in fifteen months, littered four times, producing thirty-eight pigs, twenty-eight of which he sold at good prices.

# ADVERTISEMENT.

QUEEN'S HEAD, QUEEN'S HEAD COURT, WIND-  
MILL-STREET, HAYMARKET.

**JEM BURN** Respectfully Announces to the patrons of the Good Old English Art of Self-defence, that he has re-opened his great room, where the illustration, exhibition, and practice of Sparring will take place every Monday evening during the winter-months. Master of the Ceremonies, and Gentleman-usher of the Bunch-of-five, Uncle Ben. Johnny Hannan, and several top-sawyers, will put on the muffers, and "teach the young idea how to shoot." The snuggery affords an admirable retreat for the Cerinthians, the club-room is commodious for the commonalty, the champagne celestial, the port potent, the brandy without any admixture of B.B., and the malt of all sorts miraculous. God Save the Queen! (and sustain her HEAD.)

**EVERY MAN HIS OWN HARNESS MAKER.**  
**THE DURHAM DUCIE HUNTING AND**  
Travelling Knife.—J. B. Durham, Manufacturing Cutler, 261, Regent-street, near Portland-place, begs to call the attention of noblemen, sportsmen, and all persons in the habit of riding or driving, to his newly invented knife, by means of which, harness of every description can be effectually repaired in less than five minutes; the knife itself containing every requisite for the purpose. Also, to his harness mending apparatus, without the knife; this article is so very compact, that it can be carried conveniently in the waistcoat pocket, and is particularly adapted for the use of persons travelling post, stage, or gentlemen's coachmen and omnibus drivers. By these inventions the great inconvenience which unavoidably takes place when an accident happens to harness, and to which the very best is liable, is effectually prevented, as the delay need now never exceed from three to five minutes.

" Windsor Castle, Oct. 4, 1845.  
" Mr. Anson begs to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Durham's letter of the 30th ult., and to acquaint him that he has laid the knife, with which it was accompanied, before Prince Albert; and his Royal Highness is much pleased with the ingenuity of Mr. Durham's invention."

**PARISH'S SWEEPS NOW OPEN.**  
White Horse, Farn-street, Aldersgate-street, City.  
Subs. 1st. 2nd. 3rd. Start.  
180 at £1..... £118..... £30..... £10..... £1 0s.  
180 at 10s..... 59..... 15..... 5..... 0 10s.  
180 at 5s..... 29 10s..... 7 10s..... 2 10s..... 0 5s.  
180 at 2s 6d..... 14 10s..... 3 15s..... 1 5s..... 2s 6d.  
A draw every afternoon and evening. Prizes paid as the judge places, Five per cent. less. Post-office Orders attended to. Tickets sent to any part of the country as soon as drawn. Chances disposed of by raffle every evening.

**BATHE'S DERBY SWEEPS,**  
Green Dragon, Fleet Street, City.  
Subs. 1st. 2nd. 3rd. Starters.  
180 at £5..... £500..... £200..... £80..... £120  
180 at 20s..... 100..... 35..... 15..... 30  
180 at 10s..... 50..... 20..... 8..... 12  
180 at 5s..... 25..... 10..... 4..... 6  
180 at 2s 6d..... 12..... 7..... 3..... 3  
The 2s 6d. Derby is fast filling, drawn as soon as full. All Money divided, less Five per cent. Post-office orders to Mr. JOHN BAKER punctually attended to.

**OKEY'S DERBY SWEEPS OPEN.**  
Horse. 1st Prize. 2nd 3rd Start.  
180 at £2 2s..... £250..... £100..... £20..... £50  
180 at 1 1s..... 125..... 30..... 10..... 25  
180 at 10s 6d..... 00..... 20..... 5..... 10  
Disqualified horses not drawn. —Prizes go with the stakes. Draw nights, Tuesdays and Fridays. —Post-office orders to Mr. N. F. Okey, Hero of Waterloo Inn, Waterloo-road, London. N.B. These sweeps will be drawn as soon as full, and the tickets forwarded according to the address given.—The prizes will be paid the first Tuesday after the race, less five per cent. If any horses should die or be disqualified prior to the draw, the amount will be deducted from the starting money, as above.

N.B. A 10s. 6d. Sweep is expected to fill every month.  
**E. EGLETON'S DERBY SWEEPS,**  
CROWN TAVERN, CLIFFORD'S INN, FLEET STREET. All the Money divided, less Five per cent.  
Subs. 1st Horse 2nd Horse 3rd Horse Starters  
180 at 20s..... £100..... £30..... £20..... £30 0s  
180 at 10s..... 50..... 20..... 10..... 10 0s  
180 at 5s..... 25..... 10..... 5..... 5 0s  
180 at 2s 6d..... 12..... 5..... 2..... 3 10  
Two Horses each.  
90 at 10s..... £25..... £10..... £5 0s..... £5  
90 at 5s..... 12..... 5..... 2 10s..... 3  
90 at 2s 6d..... 7..... 3..... 1 5s..... 1  
2s 6d drawn on Saturday, December 13th. Chances drawn for every Saturday.

**W. AND J. RUSSELL, of the RED LION, 338, STRAND,** have open the following **DERBY SWEEPS FOR 1846.**  
92 Members at 10s 6d, Two Horses each. Entrance, 3s.  
First Horse..... £22 0s  
Second Ditto..... 10 0s  
Third Ditto..... 5 0s  
Among other Starters..... 10 10s  
To be Drawn on Tuesday, March 10th.  
92 Members at £1 1s, Two Horses each. Entrance 5s.  
First Horse..... £40 0s  
Second Ditto..... 20 0s  
Third Ditto..... 10 10s  
Among other Starters..... 25 0s  
To be Drawn on Tuesday, April 28th.  
All Prizes paid as the Judge places, less Five per cent. Members are requested to pay up their Subscriptions one week before the Draw, as no further notice can be given. The secretary will attend every Tuesday.  
J. RUSSELL, Treasurer.

THE MOST POPULAR WORK OF THE DAY.  
On the 30th of October was published, beautifully bound in cloth, gilt and lettered, price Six Shillings and Sixpence

Volume I. of  
**THE MYSTERIES OF LONDON,**  
By George W. M. Reynolds,  
Author of "Pickwick Abroad," "Robert Macaire," "The Modern Literature of France," &c.  
\* \* This magnificent volume contains 424 royal octavo pages, printed in double columns, and embellished with seventy beautiful engravings on wood by the first artists of the day. As a literary production it has been pronounced by the leading newspapers to be one of the best and most extraordinary works ever issued from the press. In a serial form, its sale has amounted to the enormous circulation of forty thousand copies.  
London: George Vickers, 3 Catherine-street Strand. Paris: A. and W. Galignani.

Now ready, the First Number of the new and popular Historical Romance of  
**MARGARET OF NAVARRE;**  
OR,  
**THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE;**  
BY M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS.  
This Work is published uniform in size and price with "Marie Antoinette" (Penny Numbers and Fourpenny Parts), and with the number is presented a beautiful engraving of  
**THE MASSACRE OF THE HUGUENOTS ON ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE.**  
With the Second Number, a splendid Vignette on steel grates.  
\* \* Other works by the same celebrated Author are preparing for the press, and will be speedily announced.  
London: G. Pierce, 310, Strand.

**DERBY SWEEPS for 1846, at WM. TURPIN'S, Old Essex Serpent, King-street, Covent-garden.**  
180 at 42s 6d £230 0..... £70 0..... £50 0..... £30 0  
180 at 25s 6d 130 0..... 40 0..... 30 0..... 24 0  
180 at 12s 6d 65 0..... 20 0..... 15 0..... 12 0  
180 at 5s 6d 30 0..... 10 0..... 5 0..... 4 0  
180 at 3s 6d 16 0..... 5 0..... 3 0..... 3 0  
\* \* These sweeps may be paid by weekly instalments of not less than 2s. 6d. The secretary will be in attendance every evening from 8 to 10 to receive payments.  
The following Sweeps (two horses each) will be Drawn Weekly:  
93 at 12s 6d... 32 0..... 10 0..... 8 0..... 6 0  
93 at 5s 6d... 15 0..... 5 0..... 2 10..... 2 0  
93 at 3s 6d... 8 0..... 2 10..... 1 10..... 1 10  
All dead and disqualified horses will be omitted in the draws, and the chances less than 186 deducted. The above sums paid less 5 per cent. WM. WRIGHT, Secretary.  
A 5s 6d Derby Sweep will be drawn on Thursday next. —Post Office orders, payable at Charing-cross, punctually attended to.

**STEPHEN FOWKES, MITRE TAVERN,**  
68, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARING CROSS, has open the following Sweeps for the DERBY, 1846.  
Subs. 1st Horse. 2nd Horse. 3rd Horse. Starters.  
180 at 20s..... £100..... £40..... £15..... £30 0s 6d  
180 at 10s..... 50..... 20..... 8..... 14 10s 6d  
180 at 5s..... 25..... 10..... 4..... 7 5s 6d  
180 at 2s 6d..... 13..... 5..... 2..... 3 2s 6d  
All the money divided and paid (less 5 per cent.) as the Judge places, without reference to any subsequent dispute as to age, pedigree, or other disqualification. Post Office Orders, payable at Charing Cross, will meet with attention. Sweeps open for the Chester Cup, 20s. 10s. and 5s.

**PRICE AND GOSNELL'S PERFUMERY.**—NOTICE.—Executors of the late John Gosnell v. Rees Price, Perfumer, 28, Lombard-street, trading under the firm of Price and Co., and previously under the assumed name of "Napoleon Price and Co." The Judges in the Court of Exchequer in this day decided in favour of the plaintiff in this case. The defendant, Rees Price, had disposed of his interest in the Perfumery and other trades carried on by the late firm of Price and Gosnell, to the late Mr. John Gosnell (father of the parties now carrying on business under the firm of John Gosnell and Co., 12, Three King-court, Lombard-street), and bound himself, under forfeiture of £5,000, not to commence business within the Cities of London or Westminster, or within the distance of 600 miles from the same, and notwithstanding this, had carried on business. This action was brought to recover liquidated damages for such breach of contract.—12, Three King-court, Lombard-street, Jan. 27, 1845.

**CAUTION TO THE TRADE. EVERETT'S PREMIER BLACKING.**  
**WHEREAS** an Injunction has been this day granted\* by the Vice-Chancellor of England, to restrain Samuel Allin and others from selling or disposing of any Blacking or Composition under the name of, or as, or for, or described as, or purporting to be the same Blacking as was made and sold by William Everett in his lifetime, and which is now manufactured solely by us, and sold under the name of **EVERETT'S PREMIER BLACKING**; all Parties are hereby cautioned against purchasing, selling, or exposing for sale any blacking having affixed thereto, labels in any way similar to those used by us, or any other labels of cards, so contrived or expressed as, by colourable imitations or otherwise, to represent the Blacking to be the same as that manufactured and sold by the late William Everett, and now manufactured only by us, as legal proceedings will be immediately taken against any person who, after this notice, shall in any way infringe on the terms of the said Injunction.  
EVERETT and Co.,  
August 19th, 1845. 51, Fetter-lane, London  
\* Vide Times and Herald, 20th August, 1845.

**DILE! BILE! BILE! — WORBOYS**  
**VEGETABLE PILLS** safely and speedily remove sick head-ache, heartburn, loss of appetite, flutering of the stomach, flatulency, habitual costiveness, with other symptoms of indigestion and torpid liver. With each box is enclosed a concise essay on diet by an eminent London Physician. Sold in boxes, 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d., each, by W. S. Worboys, 76, New Cut, Lambeth; Barclay and Sons, Farringdon-street, and by all respectable medicine vendors.  
N.B.—A dose sent gratuitously to persons enclosing a penny stamp, or a box for the amount in stamps.

**NO MEDICINE for the CURE of ASTHMA**  
and Consumption, Coughs, &c., was ever attended by speedy and unfailing success as **DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.** In every newspaper and publication throughout the kingdom may be seen testimonials of their wonderful powers.  
More cures of Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, &c., in Hull. Read the following from Mr. J. C. Reinhardt, 22, Market-place. Dated Jan. 9, 1845.  
Gentlemen,—Many and surprising are the testimonies of relief afforded to confirmed cases of asthma and consumption, and long standing coughs, and it will gratify me to refer to many respectable parties who are really anxious to make known privately the great benefit they have derived from this truly seasonable remedy. I enclose a testimonial of no ordinary value, as it is the genuine expression of a grateful man's feelings.  
I remain, J. C. REINHARDT.

**Cure of Cough and complete Restoration of Voice.**  
Jan. 9, 1845.  
Sir,—Having been cured of a most obstinate hoarseness and cough (which for a considerable time totally deprived me of my voice) by means of Locock's Pulmonic Wafers, and having spent pounds in seeking relief, but all to no purpose, I scarcely know how to express my gratitude for the surprising and sudden change they have wrought upon me. I feel the least I can do is to assure you it will give me unfeigned pleasure to satisfy any one who favours me with a call, as to the wonderful efficacy of these Wafers.  
(Signed) J. MEMELL.  
No. 7, Alicia-street, (Sculcoates), Hull.

**DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS** give instant relief, and a rapid cure of asthma, consumption, coughs, colds, and all disorders of the breath and lungs.  
To SINGERS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS they are invaluable, as in a few hours they remove all hoarseness, and increase the power and flexibility of the voice. They have a most pleasant taste.  
Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box: or sent free by post for 1s. 3d., 3s., or 11s. 6d., by DA SILVA & Co., 1, Bridge-street, Fleet-street, London.  
**CAUTION.**—To protect the public from spurious Imitations, Her Majesty's Honorable Commissioners have caused to be printed on the stamp outside each box, the words **DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS** in white letters on a red ground. If purchasers will attend to this caution, they will be sure to get the genuine article. Sold by all Medicine Vendors.

Just Published, price 2s. 6d. Free by Post (in a sealed envelope), 3s. 6d., a new and improved edition of  
**THE SILENT FRIEND; a Medical Work**  
on the infirmities of the Generative System in both sexes; and on the loss of reproductive powers, with means of restoration. The baneful effects of solitary indulgence, neglected Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Strictures, Secondary Symptoms, &c., are fully pointed out. Illustrated by engravings; followed by observations on Marriage, with plain directions for the removal of certain disqualifications. By R. and J. PERRY and Co., Consulting Surgeons, London. Published by the Authors, and may be had at their residence, 19, BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET.  
Sold by Strange, Paternoster-row; Hannay and Co., G3, Oxford-street; Gordon, 146, Leadenhall-street; Purkiss, Compton street, Soho, and all Booksellers.  
**THE CONCENTRATED DETERGENT ESSENCE.** An anti-syphilitic remedy for searching out and purifying the blood from venereal contamination, scurvy, blotches on the head, face, and body, ulcerations, and those painful affections arising from improper treatment or the effects of mercury, removing eruptions of the skin, Secondary Symptoms.  
**PERRY'S PURIFYING SPECIFIC PILLS,** price 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 11s. per box, are the most effectual remedy for Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Strictures, Inflammations, Irritation of the Bladder, &c. without hindrance to business.  
Consultation free, (if by letter,) £1. A minute detail of cases is necessary.

Messrs. Perry are in daily attendance, for Consultation, at their residence, 19, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, from 9 to 11, and 5 till 8. On Sundays, from 10 to 12. One personal visit only is necessary to effect a permanent cure. Fourteenth Edition of the "SILENT FRIEND" on Human Frailty, with coloured engravings.  
LONDON.—Printed by JOHN WORTHAM, of 313, Strand, in the parish of St. Mary-le-Strand; and Published at the Office, 42, Holywell-street, by E. DUFFLE.—Thursday, Nov. 27th, 1845.



# THE Sportsman's Magazine

Life in London

No. 31. FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 20, 1845. THREE HALF-PENCE.

[Stamped to send free by Post, Three-pence.]



## SPORTING DOCS.—NO. V.—THE GREYHOUND.

**I**N the twentieth number (page 352) in the article appended to the engraving "Flirt and Westwind" a series of papers on the GREYHOUND was promised; the appearance of this portrait of a "graceful greyhound" seems to offer a fitting opportunity for the performance of that promise.

Therefore—since brevity's the soul of wit,  
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,  
We will be brief—

and avoiding all prolixity of preface begin the subject of

### COURSING AND THE GREYHOUND.

#### SECTION I.

##### ANCIENT COURSING.

Poor puss! thy life is indeed but a day!  
When the eye-searching greyhound once crosses your way;  
Thy tears show the dread of the danger behind,  
And tell, but too plainly, thy death-doom is signed.

I shall not attempt to enumerate all the methods, which have been successively adopted for the capture of the hare, but confine myself solely to that which we distinguish by the name of the leash or coursing. This is a diversion of undoubted antiquity, and historians have not been wanting to inform us of its institutes. Amongst these the two most conspicuous are Xenophon and Arrian, the former of whom flourished in the year B. C. 359, and the latter A. D. 161. Much however as they

differ from each other in form and regulations, there is nevertheless sufficient evidence to convince us that each came originally under the same denomination; and if that described by the last mentioned author bear a nearer affinity to our ideas of coursing, the change in the system must perhaps be attributed to the different characters of those nations whose manners are respectively delineated. The characteristic trait of every people indulging in luxury, and on the verge of a decline, is invariably that of apathy and indifference; a wish perhaps to reap the reward of power without the proper ideas or inclination to exert it; hence we may account for the use of Xenophon's nets, and by a contrary elucidation, for the more liberal and honest stratagems of the Gauls. Indeed after a lapse of above 1600 years, it is somewhat surprising that the ideas of sporting in this particular should so nearly assimilate, and that many of our modern gentry (in blissful ignorance no doubt) still retain such antique and barbarous notions. I shall make no apology for going a little out of our regular line, and for once at least, taking advantage of what does not always allow of so strict an application. Our historian does not confine himself to one description of sportsmen, but like a true and faithful narrator makes honorable mention of what perhaps might not inaptly be termed the Esquire and Yeoman of the day. "The most opulent of the former," he says, "used to send out good hare-finders early in morning, to those places where it was thought most likely that hares might be found sitting: these returned to their employers, and reported the number of hares found, whereupon they

took to horse, and each, attended by a couple of greyhounds, went forth to course them." So far, however, from "mobbing," or taking any unfair advantage, strict regulations were also observed. Not more than two dogs were to be slipped at once, nor were these to be laid on too close to the hare; for although the animal is swift, yet, at first starting, she is so terrified at the hallooing, and by the closeness and speed of the dogs, that her heart is overcome by fear, and in this confusion, the best sporting hares are often killed without showing any diversion. The hare was, therefore, to be allowed to run some distance from her form before the dogs were set after her. The best hares are always those found in open and exposed places, as they do not immediately endeavour to shun danger by running to woods, but whilst contending in swiftness with the greyhound, moderate their own speed according as they find themselves pressed: if over-matched in speed by the dogs, they try to gain ground by repeated turns, which throw the dogs beyond them, at the same time making for the nearest place of shelter. "The true sportsman," says the ancient writer above-mentioned, (and the sentiment will find an echo in the bosom of every admirer of the "long dogs,") "does not take out his dogs to destroy the hares, but for the sake of seeing the contest between them, and is glad if the hare escapes, which should never be prevented, by disturbing any brake in which she may have concealed herself after beating the greyhounds. They are also frequently taken alive from the dogs by the horsemen who closely follow them, and, after the greyhounds are taken up, may be turned out for future sport. Speak to your greyhounds whilst in the field, considering it a kind of encouragement to them to know that their master is a witness of the excellence of their running; but this speaking should be chiefly confined to the first course, lest, after being weakened by a second or third, they may, by such encouragement, exert themselves beyond their strength and hurt their insides, which is the destruction of many good dogs."

"Those who have not the conveniency of hare-finders, go commonly in a company on horseback, when they beat the likely ground, and, on starting a hare, the greyhounds are let loose after her: those who are keen after the sport go on foot, and if any one accompany them on horseback, it is his business to follow the dogs during the course."

It is singular that, after the lapse of so many centuries, the mode of beating for a hare in coursing should be now exactly what it was in the time of Arrian. The company were drawn up in a straight rank, either horse or footmen, and proceeded at certain distances from each other, in a direct line, to a given point, and wheeling round, that they might not go over precisely the same track, they beat the ground regularly back. This practice is still continued. A person was appointed to take the command of the sport, if there were many dogs out; he gave orders that such dogs should be slipped, according as the hare took to the right or left, and these orders were punctually obeyed.

The Isle of Dogs, now converted to the first commercial purposes, derived its name from being the depot of spaniels and greyhounds of Edward III.; and this spot was chosen as lying contiguous to his sports of woodcock shooting, and coursing the red deer in Waltham and other royal forests in Essex, for the more convenient enjoyment of which, he generally resided, in the sporting season, at Greenwich.

In the days of Elizabeth, when she was not herself disposed to hunt, she was so stationed as to see the coursing of deer and greyhounds. At Cowdrey, in Sussex, the seat of Lord Montacute, A.D. 1591, one day after dinner, the Queen saw from a turret, "sixteen bucks all having fayre lawe, pulled down with greyhounds in a launch or lawn."

In ancient times three several animals were coursed with greyhounds, the deer, the fox, and the hare. The two former are not practised at present, but the coursing of deer formerly was a recreation in high esteem, and was divided into two sorts, "the Paddock" and "the Forest of Purlieu."

## SECTION II.

### MODERN COURSING—CELEBRATED GREYHOUNDS.

To have capital coursing, a good dog is only one part of the business; it is not only necessary to have a good hare also, but a country where nothing but speed, and power to continue it, can save her. Over the high wolds of Stackton, Flixton, and Sherborne, in Yorkshire, where hares are frequently found three or four miles from any covert or enclosure whatever, the ground, the finest that can possibly be conceived, consisting chiefly of sheepwalk, including every diversity of hill, plain, and valley, by which the speed and strength of a dog can be fairly brought to the test; it will not require many words to convince the real sportsman that such courses have been there, as no other part of the kingdom, in its present enclosed state, can possibly offer, and these necessarily require a dog to be in that high training, for which, in coursing of much less severity, there cannot be equal occasion.

The man who in any way challenges the whole world, should recollect the world is a wide place. Lord Orford once tried the experiment, and the challenge thus confidently made, was as confidently taken up by the late Duke of Queensberry (then Lord March), who had not a greyhound belonging to him in the whole world. Money will do much; and with indefatigable exertions it will do more; and it is a circumstance well known to many of the sporting world, that, upon particular occa-

sions, some of the best pointers ever seen have emerged from cellars in the metropolis, which, it might be imagined, had never seen a bird in the field. The duke, in this instance, applied to that well known character, old Mr. Elwes, who recommended him to another elderly sportsman of Berkshire (Captain Hatt), a courser of no small celebrity, who produced a greyhound that, in a common country, beat Lord Orford's Phenomenon.

This same kind of challenge was some years since given for Snowball, and was the only challenge of similar import that has not been accepted; but it is requisite, at the same time, to remark, that the match was restricted to be run only in such places where a fair and decisive trial could be obtained. Those who have seen great matches decided by short courses, and bad hares, (where chance frequently intervenes,) must know that such trials are uncertain and deceptive, and that the real superiority of either dog may still remain unknown when the match is over. Perhaps, even in the best country, should the contest be for a large sum, and between two greyhounds of equal celebrity, the most equitable mode of ascertaining the merit of each, would be to run three courses, and adjudge the prize to the winner of the main of the three, it being very unlikely that, in three courses, run in an open country, the superiority of one greyhound over the other should not be evidently perceived.

The excellence of Snowball, whose breed was Yorkshire on the side of the dam, and Norfolk on that of the sire, was acknowledged by the great numbers who had seen him run; and, perhaps, taken "for all in all" he was the best greyhound, that ever ran in England. All countries were nearly alike to him, though bred where fences seldom occur; yet, when taken into the strongest inclosures, he topped hedges of any height, and in this respect equalled, if not surpassed, every dog in his own country. They who did not think his speed so superior, all allowed, that for wind, and for powers in running up long hills without being distressed, they had never seen his equal.

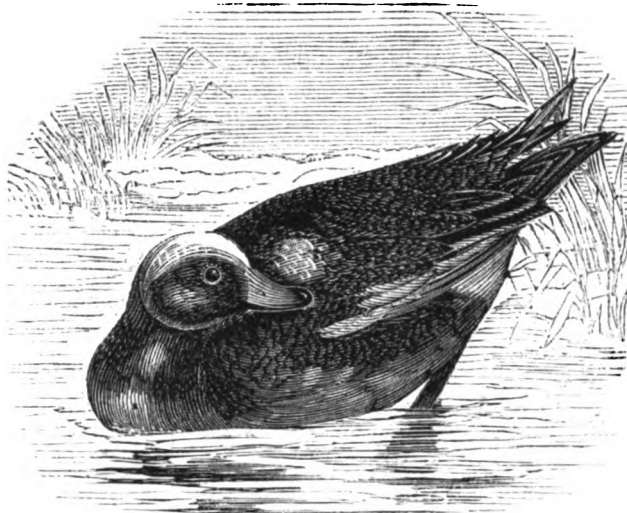
On a public coursing-day given to the township of Flixton, the continuance of his speed was once reduced to a certainty by the known distance, as well as the difficulty of the ground. From the bottom of Flixton Brow, where the village stands, to the top of the hill where the wold begins, is a measured mile, and very steep in ascent the whole of the way. A hare was found midway, and there was started with Snowball, a sister of his, given the Rev. Mr. Minithorpe, and a young dog of about twelve months old, of another breed. The hare came immediately up the hill, and after repeated turns upon the wold, took down the hill again; but finding that in the sandy bottom she was less a match for the dogs, she returned, and in the middle of the hill the whelp gave in, Snowball and his sister being left with the hare; reaching the wold a second time, she was turned at least fifty times, where forcibly feeling the certainty of approaching death, she again went down the hill, in descending which the bitch dropped, and by immediate bleeding was recovered, Snowball afterwards ran the hare into the village, where he killed her.

The length of this course, by the ascertained distance, was full four miles, without adverting to the turns which must have increased it; this, with a hill a mile high, twice ascended, are most indubitable proofs of continuance which few dogs could have given, and which few but Flixton hares could have required. The people of Flixton talk of it to this day, and, accustomed as they are to courses of the richest description in the annals of sporting, they reckon this amongst the most famous they have seen.

(To be continued.)

MEMORY OF THE HORSE.—A dealer, of whom I have bought a horse occasionally, had one he kept for his own hunting. I had for some time wished to purchase the horse, and got the refusal of him if ever he was to be sold. He had ridden this horse one season. At the commencement of the next he very imprudently took him out before he was fit to go; in short, fat. The consequence was, he could not carry his master in his usual way. He foolishly thought the horse sulked, and punished him a good deal with the spurs, till he fairly shut up; in short, knocked up. His master went the last thing at night to look at him; the moment the horse saw him he ran at him open mouthed; fortunately the door was open, but so near a thing was it, he left a small piece of his flesh and the whole of the back of his coat in the horse's mouth, right glad to get off so well. Now the horse had offered no injury to the man who had dressed and done him up, though he remarked his being very irritable in being cleaned; but he remembered his master, and would not let him come near him. I saw the horse two days afterwards, went up to him as I always had done, and found him perfectly good tempered. I then bought him. Some weeks afterwards I rode him into his old master's yard; he of course came towards me: so soon as he was within a few yards of me, the horse laid his ears in his poll, and would have run at him had I not checked him; and it was remarkable, but a fact, that ever afterwards, at least so long as I had him, the moment the door of a stable or box where he was standing was opened, he looked instantly at who was coming; and I make no doubt but two years afterwards, when I sold him, had his old master gone near him, he would have run at him if he could.—*Sporting Magazine.*

## BRITISH BIRDS.—NO. XXIII.



THE WIGEON.

**AS** an interesting account of the mode of constructing the decoys in Lincolnshire and other fenny districts, illustrated by some illustrative engravings, already in the hands of the artist, is in progress for these columns, we shall be more brief in the particulars and details of this pretty little *Anas*, and its congener the TEAL, than might otherwise be necessary.

The Wigeon is known by the name of the Whew-duck (from its peculiar whistling call-note while on the wing and also as the PANDLED WHEW. The following description of this diminutive duck will be found accurate and distinctive.

The bill is an inch and a half long, narrow, and serrated on the inner edges; the upper mandible is of a dark lead-colour, tipped with black. The crown of the head, which is very high and narrow, is of a cream-colour, with a small spot of the same under each eye; the rest of the head, the neck, and the breast, are bright rufous chestnut, obscurely freckled on the head with black spots, and darkest on the chin and throat, which are tinged with a vinous colour; a band, composed of beautifully waved, or indented narrow ash-brown and white lines, separates the breast and neck; the back and scapulars are marked with similar feathers, as are also the sides of the body under the wings, even as low as the thighs, but there they are paler; the belly to the vent is white; the ridge of the wing, and adjoining coverts, are dusky ash-brown; the greater coverts brown, edged with white, (in some specimens wholly white,) and tipped with black, which forms an upper border to the changeable green beauty-spots of the wings, which is also bordered on the under side by another stripe formed by the deep velvet black tips of the secondary quills; the exterior webs of the adjoining quills are white, and those next the back, which are very long, are of a deep brown, (in some specimens a deep black), edged with yellowish white; the greater quills are brown; the vent and upper tail-coverts black.

Wigeons commonly fly in small flocks during the night, and may be known from other birds by their whistling note while they are on the wing. They are easily domesticated in places where there is plenty of water, and are much admired for their beauty, sprightly look, and busy frolicsome manners. There are some pretty specimens in the ornamental water in St. James Park.

The tail, which consists of fourteen feathers, is of a hoary brownish ash, edged with yellowish white; the two middle ones are sharp-pointed, darker and longer than the rest. The legs and toes are of a dirty lead colour, faintly tinged with green; the middle of the webs and nails black. The female is brown, the middle of the feathers deepest; the fore part of the neck and breast paler; scapulars dark brown, paler edges; wings and belly as in the male. The young of both sexes are grey, and continue in that plain garb till the month of February, after which a change takes place, and the plumage of the male begins to assume its rich colourings, in which it is said he continues till the end of July, and then again the feathers become dark and grey, so that he is hardly to be distinguished from the female.

These birds quit the desert morasses of the north on the approach of winter, and as they advance towards the end of their destined southern journey, they spread themselves along the shores and over the marshes and lakes in various parts of the continent, as well as those of the British isles, and it is said that some of the flocks advance as far south as Egypt. They remain in these parts during the winter, at the end of which the old birds pair, and the whole tribe in full plumage take their

departure northward about the end of March. While they remain with us, they frequent the same places, and feed in the same mode as the mallard, and are often taken in the decoys along with them and other kinds of ducks.

It arrives about the beginning of October, visiting our inland marshes, bays, and the mouths of rivers, and great numbers are annually taken in decoys, for the sake of the flesh, which is very excellent, as a vegetable diet (aquatic plants, sea-weeds, and ordinary grass) forms the chief support of this species. Mr. Richardson in a note gives the following interesting particulars, which he derived from Skelton, the intelligent keeper of a decoy in Lincolnshire:—"With respect to food, the mallard, pintail, and teal frequent rich flooded lands, swithering with their nebs in the soil, and sucking out all its strength, but the wigeon feeds quite differently, being an amazing fowl to graze and a strange eater of grass. It is especially fond of flutter grass, which it crops on the surface, but it likewise eats many other herbs." It is partial to willow-weed seeds (*epilobium*) as are also the mallard, teal, and pintail, preferring them to oats; and it feeds by day, but is also nocturnal in its habits.

The wigeon has been known to breed in Sutherlandshire; the nest is placed among low bushes, reeds, or bushes near fresh water, and is composed of vegetable materials in a state of decay, lined with warm down plucked from the parent's body. The eggs are cream coloured. In March the flocks begin their polar migration, and by the month of April our morasses and shores are deserted.

Wigeon Shooting, as well as other modes of taking wild fowl will be hereafter treated of.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## COCK SHOOTING IN THE FORFST.\*

(From the New Sporting Magazine.)

SIR.—Towards the close of last season, when I was out several times in Lord Westmorland's forest, our business being rabbit-shooting, we only flushed the woodcocks incidentally, not beating for them in a regular manner. In this way one or two couple of cocks were killed in a morning, and I felt extremely desirous of having a day set apart and to beat the forest for woodcocks alone. Shortly after this I was called from home, and on my return the season was too far advanced for any prospect of sport. I, however, bore his promise in mind, and determined this season upon the first appearance of cocks, in any numbers, to be amongst them. It is a noble place, that far-spreading old forest, well stocked with well-grown trees, among which the towering oak is the most conspicuous, affording excellent covers for game of all kinds, and food for them in abundance. Here are partridges in great plenty when the stubbles are pecked and the fields become bare, woodcocks and snipes in great flights as winter approaches; and hares, pheasants, and rabbits always. The forest extending over many thousand acres is strictly preserved by Lord Westmorland, and a most noble preserve it is. From its extent, and the variety and abundance of game within its boundary it is unquestionably one of the first in England. In my estimation half the delight arising from field sports consists in having a fine wild country to beat over; the majesty of the rising hills and calm beauty of the valleys, studded with woods, and intersected by streams, have charms in themselves for the mind even if the excitement of sport be wanting.

A day having been appointed, we agreed to meet at Gordon's-lodge, and beat towards Reedshaw's and thence back to Moorhay-lawn, the keepers having reported that several cocks had been seen in the ridings during the two previous days. Well knowing the uncertainty of the stay of the woodcock, I was not without apprehensions that they might have shifted their ground during the day and night which had elapsed since I was invited to join the intended party. It is observed in an intelligent and most interesting work, that the snipe family in general, and woodcocks in particular, seem to be amongst the most meteorological of birds. That sudden, and seemingly capricious, shifting of their ground, is doubtless determined by a perception of approaching changes of the weather, which to our comprehension appears almost prophetic.

We found the men and dogs ready—the latter very fine spaniels, steady, and free from hare and rabbit; just such as one would wish for, and might expect to see in such a domain. As there generally is but little to amuse in the record of a day's shooting in a well-stocked preserve in the heart of England, although the death of every bird or hare may possess an interest with the sportsman who brings it down, I will therefore forego any lengthened attempt at description, and proceed with such incidents and information as may appear worthy the notice of the sportsman.

I was the first in the forest who had a shot that day, at a large cock, which I brought down. The shot was an easy one, I having flushed the bird close at my foot. To my surprise, considering the distance he was off when I fired, on going up to the spot where he fell, I was unable to find him—in short the bird had been only winged. We had no retriever with us on this occasion, so I became in a great degree, a retriever myself, and ultimately recovered my game. My plan of looking for him was the following: I called to one of the keepers to bring a steady

\* Mudie's "Feathered Tribes of the British Islands."



spaniel, and with his assistance, I followed on a hare track for near a hundred yards, and there, beneath a small alder, we found the wounded bird. If a woodcock fall winged, in a very open place, and no retriever is at hand, I believe the best advice to be given is, resignation to its loss; but if it fall among underwood or grass it will either remain there or run down the first hare or rabbit path which presents itself, and by following on the trails of these, if there be more than one, the sportsman will in five causes out of six, with almost any dog, recover his bird. We went on successfully for near an hour, two and a half couple of cocks having been bagged without any incident worthy of note, except that some were declared to be well killed, as they fell to the gun, and others took two and even three shots before they came down. From the excellence of the dogs, and the good line which we kept, no bird had hitherto escaped; the first that went away without a shot was flushed to the extreme left of the line of guns, and came careering across me, and almost immediately after pitched within two hundred yards of the place where I stood. I saw him go down, as I thought, very clearly, to the right of an oak, and one of the beaters, who was in a more open space, was of the same opinion. On our drawing near the spot it struck me that we were wrong, and that the cock was at least fifty yards further in advance. I therefore walked on and flushed the bird where I expected to find it. A little experience in woodcock shooting will enable any one to get a shot on a similar occasion. There was an open space about fifty yards from the oak, and whenever such a spot presents itself, or a riding or any track-way is near, the cock will not pitch amongst the underwood, but in these places. In marking a cock as much regard is to be paid to the neighbourhood of the place where he seems to pitch as to the place itself. Thus, if a bird drop in the young spring by the side of the high wood, it will assuredly run about six yards into it, while, on the other hand, if it pitch among the high wood, it will mostly alight in some open space in it. Woodcocks feed only during the night, or in the twilight, reposing all day. They generally select for their resting place a dry-spot, at the roots of trees, where the fallen leaves are strewn thickest, or where the withered grass is long. This selection, however, is always made in the near neighbourhood of marshy spots, which form their principal though by no means exclusive feeding grounds. The woodcock's bill is extremely sensitive, which will account for the otherwise inexplicable causes of its sudden flight and re-appearance, accordingly as the frost or dearth acts upon the earth's surface; or the atmosphere affects the worms and insects upon which the bird feeds. They always wash their bills after feeding, and hence it is that so many are taken in springs by the margins of rivulets and other small streams to which these birds resort towards morning for that purpose.

By one o'clock we had finished our luncheon and were ready for a fresh beat, the last hour and a half having been rather unproductive of sport. The number of cocks killed up to this hour was five couple. Whatever might be our success among the woodcocks during the afternoon, a rich treat awaited us in the beautiful forest scenery that was displayed to us in its most pleasing aspect as we continued to beat for our game.

For half a mile we had to traverse a declivity clothed with all the richness of the autumnal foliage, at the bottom of which there flowed a gentle stream, while the deer grazed in quiet along its banks, or trotted slowly down the avenues at the bottom of the valley. To add to the beauties of the scene there was a fine show of pheasants congregated on the hill side, attracted probably by its sheltered situation, and the sunshine which then mildly beamed upon it from the west. The bushes seemed alive with hares and rabbits;—twelve couple of spaniels were hunting beautifully among the fern and long grass before us, while the partridges rose in packs from the more open spaces, which in this part of the forest are both large and frequent. Four woodcocks were flushed amid the whirring of pheasants and the rush of the partridges, two of which were brought to bag. One of those which escaped did so in a manner which I have often witnessed; being very shy, it was twice flushed without a shot, and marked down the last time near a large thorn, but our endeavours were fruitless to get another view of him. It is extremely rare that a cock will rise a third time, and I remember an instance of the kind in Aversley-wood, where one of the party, who was an old sportsman, had marked down a cock near a maple, and after we had beat for in vain for a quarter of an hour, we at length caught it under the said maple, in a decayed part of which, close to the root, the bird had crept, and was skulking. Whenever, therefore, it happens that a cock is thus lost the best plan to get a shot at him is to leave the place for some short time, and beat it closely on your return. I have practised this with success, although it was not attempted to-day, our route taking us to a distance from the spot. Shortly after this I fired at a cock—using No. 7 shot, the best possible size for woodcock shooting—and brought him down dead at sixty-two paces, a proof that you should always fire at a cock,—unless clearly beyond the range of your gun,—and that small shot are decidedly best with game of this kind, and generally so with most others.

Our sport continued with little interruption until four o'clock, when having had a day's excellent sport, we came back to Nassington, where our horses were, from whence we returned to Oundle to dinner. There is an observation to be made in conclusion, and it is this:—that in cock shooting, in small woods, after having beaten them through, one beat,

should be taken at last round the outside. In an immense place like the forest this rule falls to the ground, as it is very rare that a bird reaches its boundary without being flushed near it and then marked down.

N. W.

## STRICTURES ON A RIDICULOUS FONDNESS FOR ANIMALS.

To the Editor of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Though I regard dogs for their fidelity and attachment to their benefactors, I cannot approve of the conduct of those who give them a preference to human animals. A person in affluence, whose heart would be callous to the distresses of a neighbour and a fellow creature, is highly censurable; but when that person, deaf to the cries of human misery, shall feel her lap-dog with the choicest viands, she must appear detestable in the eyes of the world.

I knew a lady who a short time since discharged a servant for exercising the following piece of cruelty and fraud upon Pompey the Little; the wing of a capon was ordered to be given to the favourite quadruped, but the domestic insulted him with a leg. A discovery of this imposition was made, and Tom was instantly turned away, with the following menace or remonstrance. "Have I not repeatedly charged you never to presume to give any thing but white meat to my dear little idol? Have you not frequently heard me say, that gross food created flatulencies in his delicate bosom? You know not the sufferings which your audacity may have brought upon my poor angel! Prepare this moment for your departure from my house. I would not keep such a monster for the universe; and to teach you better behaviour for the future, this circumstance shall not be suppressed, if I should be applied to for your character."

I remember to have heard a story which may not be inaptly introduced upon this occasion. An old lady wishing her deceased Caesar to have a Christian burial, hired a person to dig a grave and inter him in the church-yard: the cemetery being a little distance from the town, this task was performed in the middle of the night, and the grave-digger imagined he had escaped detection. But he was mistaken; the fact was communicated to the vicar, and he ran to the disconsolate lady to upbraid her for sacrilegiously burying a dog in a consecrated ground. The lady's answer was laconic, she presented a bank-note of twenty pounds to the enraged priest, assuring him that the dog had bequeathed him that sum as a legacy. His reverence made his bow and departed, and the ashes of Caesar were suffered to remain in hallowed earth.

This extravagant fondness has been extended to other quadrupeds, as well as dogs. We are informed in Roman story, that the Emperor Caligula was extravagantly fond of a particular horse: he invited him to supper, fed him with gilt barley, and caused wine to be presented to him in vessels of gold; he ordered him to be covered with high purple, and adorned with a collar of pearls, and a stable of marble to be erected for him, furnished with an ivory manger; on this horse he also bestowed an elegant mansion, magnificently furnished, and provided him with a number of domestics, to enable him to entertain his friends in the most sumptuous style. He swore by the life and fortune of this animal, made him a priest, and promised to make him consul; which promise he perhaps would have performed had he not been killed soon after, by Cassius Chereas, captain of his guards, and other conspirators.

But let it be considered, that neither the dogs which I have mentioned, nor Caligula's horse, should have any blame imputed to them. It does not naturally follow that because I treat my dog improperly, all other dogs should suffer by it, and that a statute should be therefore framed which would almost extirpate the whole race; or that because Caligula's folly was so extravagantly displayed in honour of his horse, that all such noble animals be despised! Dogs and horses in their proper places, the stall, the kennel, and the field, shall ever find an advocate in

Your most humble Servant,

Hampton Court, December 5th, 1845.

PHILO-CANIS.

THE ROBIN OF LINCOLN MINSTER.—This bird (probably a pious descendant of the old visitor), which for so many winters has taken up its abode in the cathedral, has commenced its carolling rather early this season. On Sunday afternoon, the 12th instant, it was seen flitting about the choir, sometimes perched in the carved work surmounting the bishop's throne, then flying off to the altar screen, chirp a few short notes until the organ pealed forth the commencement of the psalm, when it warbled aloud in accompaniment of the chanting, and frequently after added its melody to the choruses, especially when the boys were singing; grateful probably for the scattered crumbs which they bring to it, or finding the alto of their youthful voices more accordant with its own notes than the deeper tones of the tenor and bass. Robin is generally "residential" during the winter season, and either from long practice or good teaching has learned to conduct itself very passably. The bird seldom does more than chirp a note or two during the prayers or the lessons, but for this forbearance considers itself fully entitled to *ad libitum* whenever the choir and organ give the tone. Some years ago a surly verger endeavoured to shoot poor Robin, as an intruder and a nuisance; but all who love the Robin (and who does not?) will rejoice to learn that, though carved work and glass sustained damage, the pious bird escaped.—*Lincoln paper.*

## NOTICE!

THE PROPRIETORS, in consequence of the unexpected demand, have found themselves under the necessity of reprinting THE ALMANACK and with it NUMBER 28 of THE MAGAZINE which they will still continue to keep on sale for a few weeks, at the price of THREEPENCE together.

N. B.—This is done in order to keep faith with many Subscribers, who have failed in procuring their numbers owing to the increased demand. The Almanack may also be had, strained on linen, varnished, and with neat roller, for suspending in Parlours, &c. Price 2s. 6d. each.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. L.—n, Limehouse.—Sponge or syringe the nostrils with a weak solution of alum, or sugar of lead (i.e. Goulard water). Are you sure your dog has had the distemper? Give him two grains of opium and five grains of tartar emetic (an invaluable medicine) every third night. The ingredients may be mixed in butter, or concealed in a small piece of meat. If the running at his eyes continues, syringe his nose twice a day, as above, and keep him on a light, warm liquid diet, as thick gruel, with meat liquor, &c.
- W. B., Manchester.—We have looked at the file of *Lell's Life* for September, 1834, (that was Touchstone's year), but cannot find any record of the pedestrian feat of "the Rabone youth" in that month. You would be more likely to find it in the file of a country paper: could you not discover where a file of the Stafford paper, or else the *Wolverhampton Chronicle* is kept? That is the only way to decide it. If we should by chance (for it would be an endless task to search for it), light upon the performance we will let you know.
- A. SUMMERB.—Ball's pond & Fifty-two numbers will complete the volume. Training and breaking Spaniels will form an early subject for a paper.
- Z.—ARKWRIGHT is engaged in a SWEEPSTAKES of 100, h. fl., for three-year-olds, which will be run on Tuesday, April 14th. He is also in the Thursday's Sweepstakes, both at the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1846: he therefore has engagements before the Derby. MALCOLM also in the DEE STAKES, at Chester, (May 5th). QUEEN ANNE (b. t. by Slane, out of Garcia) we believe is not entered previous to the Oaks. Vanish (Sir C. Monk's) is by Velocipede, out of Garland.
- J. ENDERT.—We will answer you in our next.
- R. S. B.—THE PARTS of the Sportsman's Magazine are all procurable. We have only a few of the stamped edition of No. 18 left.
- J. W., Dumfries.—Neither Fatalist nor Mysinda are to be found in the Racing Calendar, or its Index, for 1840. Nor is there such a horse as Fatalist in the entries for Liverpool that year, in either July or Autumn Meeting.
- H. R.—BILLIARDS.—If the striker touch a ball that is not at rest, the stroke is foul.
- E. SWINDON.—The female bullfinch answers the purpose of a call-bird, just as well as the male. You will find a series of British Song Birds, with full directions for their management, in the earlier Nos. of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE.
- C. L.—Bechstein's Cage Birds is translated by Professor Rennie, and may be had of Messrs. Orr and Co., Paternoster-row. If we told you the price, Somerset House would charge us 1s. 6d. duty for an advertisement: there are perils, you see, in paper and print, and people that look sharp after the revenue.
- J. C. H.—The Newswriter's excuse is an evasion. The ALMANACK and No. 28 of the Magazine, are both sold with the full allowance to the trade.
- SIBSON, Manchester.—Charles Jones is a 10 stone man; he is thirty-one years of age, and has fought twenty-three recorded prize battles. The affair with Biddulph we decline giving any opinion upon, in the absence of better evidence. "The Ring's" worst enemies are in its own "circle."
- DRAUGHTS.—W. R., Leeds.—A cannot decline off without the consent of B, but he may object to B's time, which is nearly the same thing, as no day was fixed.
- BILLIARDS.—R. P.—Your friend having betted that he scored, loses, as by his making a miss you score.
- A. COCKNEY.—Ben Burn is still living; it is a proof that a good licking does not shorten life; he was well thrashed by Dogberry, Silverthorne, Palmer Jones, Tom Spring, and Tom Oliver, and yet grins in green old age.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

- SUNDAY, Dec. 14th.—Isaak Walton died, 1683.
- MONDAY, 15th.—Instinct of Rats. Sir Robert Peel sets a trap for Brougham, who smells the salary, and declares it is not quite "the cheese."—Seventy pages of the "Gazette" filled with railway notices, 1844. Ah! seventy pages to carry the railway trains!—Earl Stanhope died, 1816.
- TUESDAY, 16th.—Leyland (alias Chip), of Bury, and Charles Westhall, of London, run 180 yards, 50l. a side, Loughborough, Leicestershire.—"O Sapientia" say the Almanacs, and, funnily enough, Cambridge Term ends! the joke is rayther foggy.
- WEDNESDAY, 17th.—Scully and Welsh fight (home circuit).—South Lancashire Coursing Meeting (and 18th).—EMBER WEEK.—Oxford Term ends.—WORTH REMEMBERING.—How to Purify Water.—Pounded alum possesses this quality. Put a table spoonful of it sprinkled into a hogshend of water, and stir it well; after a lapse of a few hours, the impure particles will be precipitated, and the water will possess the freshness and character of the finest spring water. A tea spoonful will purify a pailful of four gallons.
- THURSDAY, 18th.—March (Cambridgeshire) Coursing Meeting (and 17th and 19th).—Altcar (Open).—South Devon Steeplechases.—Wildfowl Shooting in high perfection.
- FRIDAY, 19th.—The remains of the Emperor Napoleon, after being brought from his island grave at St. Helena, were on this day (1840) deposited in the church of the Invalides at Paris with extraordinary pomp.
- SATURDAY, 20th.—Birds.—Small birds, especially of the finch tribe, creep near our dwellings for shelter and food; the little wren sings amongst the snow; and our old friend robin is musical in all weathers. Very few insects are seen.—£30,000 shares of the Thames Tunnel sold for £30. Any one, since the opening, being able to run through the hole of the property.

## THE MOON IN DECEMBER.

First Quarter, 6th .. .. .	2 52 morn.
Full Moon, 13th .. .. .	6 42 after.
Last Quarter, 21st .. .. .	11 27 after.
New Moon, 29th .. .. .	10 53 after.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High Water at London Bridge.

	morn.	aft.		morn.	aft.
Sunday, Dec. 14th .. .. .	2 16	2 37	Thursday, 18th .. .. .	4 37	4 54
Monday, 15th .. .. .	2 55	3 12	Friday, 19th .. .. .	5 11	5 31
Tuesday, 16th .. .. .	3 28	3 47	Saturday, 20th .. .. .	5 49	6 1
Wednesday, 17th .. .. .	4 3	5 20			



THE present state of the Sporting World, so far as regards the news department, is indeed a blank; not so the various pursuits of the individual Sportsman. Foxhunting is in its zenith: the tickets echo to the rapid detonations of the cock shooter; the marshes swarm with the aquatic tribes; the woody glen is visited by the shy woodcock; the whirling pheasant soars in the teeming preserve; the troller rejoices in his capture of the fierce pike; pedestrianism is rife throughout town and country; and albeit the Ring somewhat pauses for the lack of good and scientific men, a pretty tolerable list of minor matches are exhibited by "the Fights to come," recorded in the bill of fare for the next two months. Above all, Coursing is in its highest and palmiest state; and although the "terrible high-bred cattle" are heard of only in the betting lists of Tattersall, and the reports of trainers, there is activity and variety and promise of sport on the books for 1846, fully equal, if not exceeding, all the years that have gone before it. The staghounds, too, are out; some steeplechases are yet due, and, take it all in all, the sportsman, though "great events" are not on the book, loves the season, and rejoices in its return. For ourselves we trust we show no flagging spirit, and while with pencil and with pen we seek to amuse and instruct, we ask a share of that favour which it shall be our pride and study to deserve. The days of "merry Christmas" approach, and as the guerdon of some effort, and we trust we may add, some achievement, in the way of placing within the reach of all classes, a cheap and good SPORTING MAGAZINE, we ask the "compliments of the season," in the shape of a "Christmas Box." The form of our asking, too, we shall so shape that it shall not prove humiliating to ourselves, nor onerous to those kind patrons who have hitherto supported our venture. We hate prolixity; and therefore, without circumlocution, thus frame the request. Heavy expenses, and a circulation which, although extensive, barely covers the outlay, impel us to reiterate a solicitation. Will each subscriber, who has hitherto patronized the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, and found therein matter which has met his approval, recommend the work, so as to procure one more subscriber among his acquaintance? This surely would be no difficult task; 'tis of units thousands are made; and we pledge the credit of the work, wherein we have ventured our cash, care, and credit, that the improvement in its embellishments, mechanical execution, and literary contents, shall fully keep pace with its increased sale. We prefer this mode to empty promises, so lavishly given, and so seldom kept. If "we have done the sport some service," let sportsmen thus acknowledge it, and we shall be indeed content.

And now a word of what we are doing and have done. The series of Song Birds in the early numbers; the illustrations of Sporting Natural History throughout, and yet in progress; the Portraits of celebrated Sporting Characters; the series of dogs; the cuts of cups, winners, and races, regattas, &c., we have already given, shall be surpassed in execution and variety, if the patronage we experience should increase so as to justify the outlay, till this THREE-HALF-PENNY Magazine shall hold its head in variety of embellishment and sterling value of contents as high as aught of higher price and pretension yet before the public: but to this, we repeat, circulation is as necessary as to the vital vigour of the corporeal body. Lastly we may point, with some pride, to the first and only COMPLETE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING ever published now progressing in these columns.

Thus much for the past. For the future, we have already in the hands of a competent artist A SERIES OF FOX-HUNTING SCENES; exhibiting every varying phase and changing feature in the pursuit of sly Reynard, from "the kennel door to the Cover-side;" "the Meet;" "the Find;" "the Break-away;" "in View;" "Full Cry;" "at Fault;" "the Check;" "the Cast;" "The View-halloo;" "The Mishap;" "A Call for the Clippers;" "The Select;" "Reynard's last Shift;" "The Death!" "Who-hoop!" Each of these scenes will form a picture, accompanied by illustrative prose and verse, embodying a complete PANORAMA OF A FOXCHASE, which it shall be our fault if we do not, with due encouragement, make, both in text and cuts, worthy of the patronage of the Subscribers to the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE. Forward our endeavours then, kind reader, do your part and we will do ours; and although we "cap you" before the chase, remember upon you depends the spirit of the Sport we have to offer.

We've seen and heard strange things since first we made  
Scarce nine moons since, our modest "opening speech,"  
Jostled by "Stags," and "Railway Kings" whose trade  
Absorbs all thought and leisure while they preach,  
And long ears listen to their vain parade  
Of fortunes to be had. May we beseech  
Now that their schemes have had their little day,  
The Sporting World to listen to our say.  
Men of no money, and even moneyed men  
Cajoled by rails have now full cause to rail,  
"All is not gold that glitters;" nine in ten  
Have found in scrip the scripture promise fail,  
And that the wind is all "untampered" when  
"Shorn" to the quick, for "ready" paper frail  
Alone remains, as set November suns,  
With Christmas promises of debts and duns.

So be it. Treacherous Mammon slipped their clutch;  
Greedy of wealth they find its loss their woe,  
Quitting true joys, which ne'er lie in "too much,"  
They've sought the shadowy gleam, and for the show;  
Forsook the substance; shall we feel one touch  
Of pity for those knaves whose "toil and trouble"  
Is but to blow or burst some city bubble?

These are not sportsmen's joys—no, *they* ne'er fail  
'Tis Nature's law, and giv'n to recreate all:  
*Spring* shall not have its cowslip, snow-drop pale,  
Nor shall its dews on vegetation fall,—  
*Summer* shall lose its roses, and bewail  
Absence of flowery crown, and birds' sweet call,—  
*Autumn* shall see no corn, no fruits produce,  
And *Winter* be not—when Sport finds disuse!

### GALLERY OF SPORTING CELEBRITIES.—NO. VII.



COLONEL PEEL.

Who that has peeped in at Tattersall's can avoid recognizing the acute, enterprising, active minded sportsman, whose whole length portrait imprints itself before us? And who is there that ever took an

interest in the "rivalry of flying steeds" that is not as familiar with the name of this eminent member of the Jockey-club as with the merest household word? The spirited brother of our astute and somewhat shifty Premier needs no other introduction but his name—for a more energetic and upright mind never devoted itself to the excitingly complex and hazardous arrangements of the turf.

In the training stables of Colonel Peel all is admirably and quietly ordered. William Cooper, of Newmarket, his trainer, is a man to be relied upon, and he is relied upon. J. Chapple,—and those who ride in his trials,—are not permitted to breathe a syllable. No two year olds, at the time of the Newmarket October meetings, are brought out in more racing like a form than those of the Colonel. With this early and careful preparation he carries off (when he has a colt or filly of promise) several of the most valuable stakes. That the animal is none the worse for these youthful spirts is clear enough; for Ion, who ran several smart races in the October meetings,—trained on for the Derby;—and Grey Momus, who was worked liked a coach horse, in all the fast concerns at the end of the year,—came out improved—strengthened, and freshened in the spring. Ion was a clever unfortunate horse to the Colonel, yet, with a large field of inferiors for the Derby, he met with Amato!—and with a small cluster for the St. Leger, he found a victor in Don John! If horses were duellists, Ion would be invaluable;—for he proved a practised and experienced second!

Colonel Peel is not fortunate in his two year old progeny of Slane this year; and he is, consequently, not found as a nominator for the Derby or St. Leger of next. He has, however, three fillies from that fashionable stock in the Oaks for 1846.

We do not know any one who, from his independent character, ardent love of the turf, and steady spirit in the management of his stud, more deserves to have his name chronicled as a winner of a Derby, an Oaks, or a St. Leger.

His year, 1844, with Orlando will long be remembered, on account of the Running Rein fraud, and the gallant Colonel's spirited conduct therein, for which he deserves the heartfelt of every true lover of the turf.

### FISHER'S CREEL.

#### A SAY ABOUT TROLLING AND WINTER ANGLING.

(Concluded from p. 476.)

To bait this hook you must have a brass needle, about seven inches long; put the loop of the gimp on the eye, or small curve, of the needle then put the point of the needle in at the mouth of the fish, and bring it out at his tail; bring the gimp and wire along with it, the lead being fixed in the belly of the bait-fish, and the hook or hooks lying close to the outside of his mouth; then turn the points of the hooks towards his eyes, if a double hook, but if a single one directly in a line with his belly; next tie the fish's tail to the arming wire very neatly, with strong thread; to the line on your reel you must attach a gimp trace 24 inches long, having a swivel at each end, and one in the middle. The spring swivel at the end of your line is to be hooked on the loop of your baited trace, and you are ready for sport.

When you are thus prepared drop in your bait lightly before you, then cast it on each side, and let the third throw be across the river, or as far as you can reach, still letting the bait drop in lightly. In each cast let your bait fall nearly to the bottom; then draw it up gently towards you, and again let it sink and rise till you draw it out of the water for another cast. When you feel a run, let your line be perfectly free, and allow the fish to make for his haunt without a check; and when he stops give out a little slack line. Give him ten minutes to pouch the bait before you strike, which you may then do, by first gently drawing in your slack line, and then striking gently; but should your fish move soon after he has been to his haunt, give him line, and he will stop again; but, after this, if he move a second time before the ten minutes are expired, strike, and you will most likely secure him; but if he has been only playing with the bait you will have lost him. Angling at the snap must now be described. The spring snap was formerly much in use, and may now be purchased at any of the tackle shops. It consists of three hooks, the upper one small, and the two lower hooks large. The spring confines the lower hooks, but the spring gives way and the hooks spread out when the fish is struck, and hold him securely. It is baited by introducing the point of the small hook under the skin of the bait on the side, and bringing it out at the back fin."

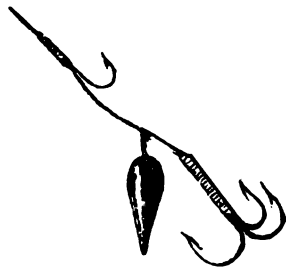
On this mode of fishing for pike, a sure and successful way, by-the-bye Mr. Salter is clear and explicit. He says:—"This snap-hook is a double hook, or two single hooks, No. 6, tied back to back, on gimp; to bait this snap, use the baiting needle, having first placed the loop of the gimp to which the hooks are tied in the eye of the needle. Enter the point of the needle just above the gills of the fish, near the back, avoiding to pierce the flesh as much as possible, as it is only intended that the gimp should lie just behind the skin; bring the needle and the loop of the gimp out near the tail, and draw till the hooks lie close to the part your needle entered, and are somewhat hid by the gills. The bait will live a long time after being thus hooked, and may be used in fishing with a float



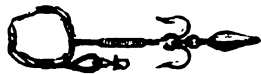
by putting three swan shot on the gimp to keep it down; always prefer a gudgeon for this baiting. I call this a snap, because when fishing this way for jack I strike immediately I perceive a run and have met great success this way of snap-fishing. This snap may be baited with dead fish and trolled with."

In trolling with the ordinary trolling tackle—the pleasantest and best way of fishing for pike—the angler must make his casts in the manner recommended in trolling with the gorge-hook, letting the bait partly sink, and then drawing it towards him by gentle touches, by which means the bait will spin freely, and look bright and glittering in the water. When you feel or see a bite, let the fish turn, and then strike gently, but still with sufficient quickness and force to make your hook hold; and now, with patience and perseverance add to these instructions, a complete disregard of cold and wind, and a determination never to lose his temper at trifling disappointments, the tyro will soon become a master. The following is the easiest, and by no means the worst, of all ways of angling for pike. You use a live bait, and "the hook is baited by passing it through the fish's lips, or beneath the back fin; a large cork float is used, and a gudgeon is considered the best live bait. Two or three heavy shot will be necessary to keep down the bait, which should, swim about mid-water. When a fish bites he must be suffered to run to his haunt, and ten minutes allowed him to pouch the bait, as in trolling with the gorge-hook."

We append, as a figure is often more explanatory than verbal description, the figures of four kinds of trolling hooks:—



1. DEAD SNAP TROLLING HOOK.



2. DROP LEAD TROLLING HOOK.



3. DEAD TROLLING HOOK.



4. SPEAR TROLLING HOOK.

Thus far some of our best authorities on trolling. In the next paper we will pursue the subject; together with winter fishing generally.—We append the letter of a correspondent detailing:—

#### A DAY'S PIKE FISHING AT ALT CAR.

SIR,—Your paper being open to the communications on field sports, you will perhaps pardon me for attempting to give you an account of a day's pike fishing, which I enjoyed early in October, in some ponds in Altcar. On the afternoon of the 4th I provided myself with baits, viz. twelve roach, from four to five inches long; sharpened a favourite gorge hook, with which I have killed many heavy fish; and got all my tackle completely in order, intending to set out by sun rise. I did so, and as I approached the scene of action, my hopes of success were considerably augmented by a steady breeze which blew as much to my mind as possible, I therefore, redoubled my speed, not entertaining a thought but that I should have excellent sport. The water did not remain unnodded as I was putting my tackle together, and I perceived that it was of an excellent colour. I fell to work immediately, and began to cast in search with the wind at my back, as directed by you in your articles on angling, but with no success. I tried all the ponds round to no purpose, and began to feel disappointed, and judge of my vexation, Mr. Editor, when I was told by the gamekeeper, who that moment came up, that the water I was trying had been netted about a week before, by some poachers, I had then nothing to do but to make a trial of the other ponds, for there were several in the neighbourhood, all fed from the same source, namely, a rivulet. The second fulfilled my expectations, for I had scarcely cast in my bait and drew it to the surface, before I perceived a

jerk at the line, and had an excellent run, the fish dashing across the pond, therefore convincing me that it was well on the feed, and roving about; it lay still five minutes, then made a sudden rush into the middle of the pond, and threw itself a considerable height out of the water, by which means I perceived the size of my game to be considerable. I immediately wound up the line and held on the pike with a tight hand, for I was confident my tackle was good—and though my captive plunged and was very desperate, the taking him afforded me no little pleasure, I assure you. In the course of half an hour, I succeeded in landing my prize, and it proving a male, I lost no time in trying for the female. In half a dozen throws I had another run, and the fish went into the same haunt as the first had fled to. In due time, I struck, played, and landed the fish, which proved to be a female, but not so heavy by four pounds, as the first I caught, which weighed nine. I continued to angle with tolerable success till ten o'clock when I returned home and opened my bag, the contents of which were three brace and a half of pike, the total weight thirty-five pounds. As trolling is very laborious, and labour generally begets appetite, I had a keen one I assure you, and I satisfied the craving of hunger with one of those fish who had that morning lost their lives, in endeavouring to appease that biting pain. Should this account meet reception in your amusing publication, it will please me much; should it not, I must be content, and remain your sincere well wisher,

GEORGE AUSTIN.

#### WRINKLES FOR THE GROOM.—NO. IX.

##### ON SHOEING AND THE STRUCTURE OF THE FOOT.

TO comply with the request of several correspondents, we have decided on giving a brief, and, we trust, plain and instructive treatise on this important portion of veterinary knowledge, premising that we write not for the enlightenment of those who make the art a professional study; far from it. Our object is merely to impart that amount of general knowledge in plain and perspicuous language which may serve the purpose of those who seek instruction on the subject which occupies our pen.

Our first remarks shall be extracted from a somewhat antiquated treatise (yet none the less practical or excellent on that account, by Mr. Clarke.

##### ON SHOEING.

In preparing the foot for the shoe, the frog, the sole, and the bars, or binders, are pared so much, that the blood frequently appears. The shoe, by its form, (being thick on the inside of the rim, and thin upon the outside,) must of consequence be made concave or hollow on that side which is placed immediately next the foot, in order to prevent its resting upon the sole. Shoes are generally of an immoderate weight and length, and every means is used to prevent the frog from resting upon the ground, by making the shoe-heels thick, broad, and strong, or raising cramps or calkins on them.

From this form of the shoe, and from this method of treating the hoof, the frog is raised to a considerable height above the ground, the heels are deprived of that substance which was provided by nature to keep the crust extended at a proper wideness, and the foot is fixed as it were in a mould.

By the pressure from the weight of the body, and resistance from the outer edges of the shoe, the heels are forced together, and retain that shape impressed upon them, which it is impossible ever afterwards to remove; hence a contraction of the heels, and of course lameness. But farther,

The heels, as has been observed, being forced together, the crust presses upon the processes of the coffin, and extremities of the nut-bone; the frog is confined, and raised so far from the ground, that it cannot have that support upon it which it ought to have; the circulation of the blood is impeded, and a wasting of the frog, and frequently of the whole foot, ensues.

Hence proceed all those diseases of the feet known by the names of founder, hoof-bound, narrow heels, running thrushes, corns, high soles, &c.

I have likewise frequently observed, from this compression of the internal parts of the foot, a swelling of the legs immediately above the hoof, attended with great pain and inflammation, with a discharge of thin, ichorous, fetid matter; from which symptoms, it is often concluded, that the horse is in a bad habit of body, (or what is termed a grease falling down,) and must therefore undergo a course of medicine, &c.

The bad effects of this practice are still more obvious upon the external parts of the hoof. The crust, toward the toe, being the only part of the hoof free from compression, enjoys a free circulation of that fluid necessary for its nourishment, and grows broader and longer; from which extraordinary length of toe, the horse stumbles in his going, and cuts his legs; at the same time, the smaller particles of sand insinuate themselves between the shoe and the hoof, at the heels, which grinds the latter away, and thereby produces lameness. All this is entirely owing to the great spring the heels of the horse must unavoidably have upon the heels of a shoe made in this form.

This concave shoe, in time, wears thin at the toe, and, yielding to the pressure made upon it, is forced wider, and, of consequence, breaks off all that part of the crust on the outside of the nails. Instances of this kind daily occur, inasmuch that there hardly remains crust sufficient to fix a shoe upon.

It is generally thought, that the broader a shoe is, and the more it covers the sole and frog, a horse will travel the better; but, as has been formerly remarked, the broader a shoe is of this form, it must be made the more concave; and, of consequence, the contracting power upon the heels must be the greater. It is likewise to be observed, that, by using strong broad-rimmed concave shoes in the summer season, when the weather is hot, and the roads very hard and dry, if a horse is obliged to ride fast, the shoes, by repeated strokes (or friction) against the ground, acquire a great degree of heat, which is communicated to the internal parts of the foot, and, together with the contraction upon the heels, occasioned by the form of the shoe, must certainly cause exquisite pain. This is frequently succeeded by a violent inflammation in the internal parts of the hoof, and is the cause of the disease in the feet, so fatal to the very best of our horses, commonly termed a founder. This is also the reason why horses, after a journey, or a hard ride, are observed to shift their feet so frequently, and to lie down much.

If we attend further to the convex surface of this shoe, and the convexity of the pavement upon which horses walk, it will then be evident, that it is impossible for them to keep their feet from slipping, especially upon declivities of streets.

It is also a common practice to turn up the heels of the shoes into what is called cramps or calkins; by which the weight of the horse is confined to a very narrow surface, viz., the inner round edge of the shoe rim, and the points or calkin of each heel, the latter of which soon wear round and blunt; besides, they for the most part are made by far too thick and long. The consequence is, that it throws the weight of the body forward upon the toes, and is apt to make the horse slip and stumble. To this cause we must likewise ascribe the frequent and sudden lameness horses are subject to in the legs, by twisting and straining the ligaments of the joints, tendons, the bending of the knees forward, and that stiffness and contraction of the tendons which is observed in those horses who have been accustomed to calkins on their shoes.

I do not affirm that calkins are always hurtful, and ought to be laid aside; on the contrary, I grant that they, or some such like contrivance, are extremely necessary, and may be used with advantage upon flat shoes, where the ground is slippery; but they should be made thinner and sharper than those commonly used, so as to sink into the ground, otherwise they will rather be hurtful, than of any advantage.

The Chinese account a small foot an ornament in their women; and for that purpose, when young, their feet are confined in small shoes. This, no doubt, produces the desired effect; but the main intention is to make them more sedentary, that, not being able to walk but with difficulty, they are obliged to remain in their apartments.

This practice very much resembles our manner of shoeing horses; for, if we looked upon it as an advantage to them to have long feet, with narrow low heels, and supposing we observed no inconvenience to attend it, or bad consequence to follow from it, we could not possibly use a more effectual means to bring it about, than by following the method already described.

In shoeing a horse, therefore, we should in this, as in every other case, study to follow nature: and certainly that shoe which is made of such a form as to resemble, as near as possible, the natural tread and shape of the foot, must be preferable to any other.

But it is extremely difficult to lay down fixed rules, with respect to the proper method to be observed in treating the hoofs of different horses, especially those who have been accustomed to concave shoes. It is equally difficult to lay down any certain rule for determining the precise form to be given to their shoes. This will be obvious to every judicious practitioner, from the various constructions of their feet, from disease, and from other causes that may occur; so that a great deal must depend upon the discretion and judgment of the operator, in proportioning the shoe to the foot, by imitating the natural tread, to prevent the hoof from contracting a bad shape.

### Derby and Oaks Lots, 1846.

JOHN SCOTT'S.

DERBY.

Colonel Anson's Sheffield  
Austrian  
Iago  
Turpin  
Borghese  
Mr. Bowe's Hoorah  
Lord Chesterfield's The Herald

Lord Maidstone's Tom Tulloch  
Mr. Jacques's Spur  
Price's Kismet  
General Shurbrook's Brocardo  
Mr. Stephenson's Sheraton  
Seaham  
Mr. Wilson's Punch

OAKS.

Mr. Bowe's Ukraine]  
Volga  
Mowerina

Lord Chesterfield's Flash of Lightning  
Curiosity  
Mr. E. Littledale's Fantastic

Others are expected to be added.

### DAWSON'S

DERBY.

Mr. D. Cook's Fancy Boy  
Dawson's The Old Boy  
Jockey Boy  
Lord Harry

Mr. O. V. Harcourt's colt by Phoenix—dam by Tomboy  
A. Johnstone's Grimstone  
Fair Helen

Mr. A. Johnstone's brother to Sir Henry  
Mr. Meiklam's Alliance  
The Don  
Diomed  
Mr. Ramsay's Inglewood  
Malcolm  
Mr. St. Paul's sis to Calypso  
M. J. Weatherall's Poynton

OAKS.

Mr. T. Dawson na Own sister to Skipton  
R. J. Edmondstone's Pinkindness  
A. Johnstone's f by Bretby—sister to Simia  
Fair Helen

Sir C. Monck's f by Velocipede—Garland  
Mr. St. Paul's sis to Calypso f by Inheritor—his  
Calypso  
W. R. Ramsay's Queen Mary

### JOHN DAY'S.

DERBY.

Mr. Gully's Stockbridge  
Muscovite  
Pyrrhus the First  
John Day's Cambaules

Mr. Kimber's Bourton  
Wreford's Wooden wall  
West Countryman  
Wilderness

OAKS.

Mr. Gully's Velleda  
Mendicant  
Sir J. B. Mills's The Slo'h  
R. Pigot's Birthday

Mr. B. Way's f by Muley Moloch—dam by Whisker  
Wreford's Wilderness  
Wit's-end

### LORD EXETER'S.

DERBY.

c by Colwick—Mecca  
c by Colwick—Lucetta

c by Colwick—Galata  
c by Colwick—Czar's dam

### LORD ALBEMARLE'S.

DERBY.

Smuggler Bill  
The Little Vulgar Boy

Radulphus

OAKS.

Nell Cook.

### DILLY'S.

DERBY.

Mr. Greville's Titchfield  
Mr. M. Dilly's c by Voltaire—Miss Delphine

Mr. Greville's Motilla  
Mr. Payne's Collingwood

OAKS.

Mr. Payne's Rint filly

Mr. Payne's Polka

### KENT'S.

DERBY.

Lord G. Bentinck's Binnacle  
Sombbrero

Lord G. Bentinck's Terrier  
Duke of Richmond's Baleine colt

OAKS.

Lord G. Bentinck's Dawdle  
Killie Krankie  
Camera Obscura  
Cherokee

Lord G. Bentinck's Ennui  
Princess Alice  
Malvoisie  
Duke of Richmond's Cuckoo

### FOBERT'S.

DERBY.

Lord Eglinton's Draco  
Silvias

Lord Eglinton's Sotades  
Thersites

### BERESFORD'S.

DERBY.

Sir J. Hawley's Fugitive  
Humdrum

Sir J. Hawley's Prospect

OAKS.

Mr. Beresford's Miranda.

DERBY.

DEAD.—Col. Anson's Ardennes—Mr. Collins's Redbreast—Lord Exeter's c by Colwick, out of Macremma—Mr. Meiklam's Abbotsford—Duke of Richmond's c by Elis, out of Prim—Mr. Watts's c by Mulatto, out of sister to Baveno—Mr. Bell's Harpstring.

WRONG NOMINATION.—Lord Eglinton's Dolo.

OAKS.

DEAD.—Col. Anson's Ardennes—Lord Exeter's f by Beiram, out of Marinella—Mr. Wilson's Lady Teazle.

DISQUALIFIED.—Mr. Rawlinson's Cherry Bounce.

"Absent but not forgotten," as the gentleman said when he missed his pocket-book.

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CRIBE.

## CHAPTER XI.

JACK SCROGGINS,—(continued.)

From this triumph, Scroggins rose rapidly in the esteem of the best patrons of the ring; being considered one of the best "little men" of the day. Scroggins was scarcely known up to this time to the scientific circles, and his rambling mode of fighting so peculiar to himself, was rather the subject of mirth than serious discussion; still it was thought, in some instances, that he exhibited the prominent traits of the once terrific Hooper—a method that would not be denied from boring in, and, when once in, must triumph from its close and heavy half arm deliveries; except in very rare instances. Although Nosworthy was defeated, it was viewed as a determined and skilful battle on his side. The springing hits of Scroggins were truly tremendous; and covering his his head with his left hand, not only prevented him from receiving much punishment at going-in, but gave him additional vigour in *smashing* his adversary.

Scroggins, it was urged, had offended several of his patrons, in consequence of his insisting on the whole of the battle-money of the late fight being given him; and many of them felt determined, if possible, to select a scientific boxer, who should take the fight out of our hero. *Bill Eales* was therefore selected, and backed for this special purpose; but the knowing ones, were much divided in opinion, respecting their merits. Two of the most complete adepts in the ring took them under their care or training. The sporting knowledge of Gully has rendered him at all times, in the ring or on the turf, no mean judge how to select his object, or to lay out his money; and Tom Belcher's experience had taught him too well too know the value of blunt to give half a chance away: therefore, when Gully selected Scroggins as his favourite, and Belcher preferred Eales as the most competent pugilist, it might not be inaptly observed, that "Greek met Greek," and "then came the tug of war!" The backers, as well as boxers, it was certain, meant to win if possible. Eales was remarkable for his complete knowledge of the tactics of the milling art, and possessed the important advantages of height and length; while Scroggins was a non-descript, who disdained copying the mode of any pugilist, and fought after his own method—if method it could be termed.

On Saturday, August 26, 1815, near the George at Kingston-hill, contiguous to Coombe-warren, this interesting and singular match was decided. At an early period in the morning, the various roads leading to the scene of action were crowded beyond description. All sorts of vehicles were so close upon each other, as to defy enumeration; and pedestrians numerous beyond precedent. A great many high personages mustered on the turf, among whom Earl Yarmouth, Lord Fife, Hon. Berkeley Craven, &c. were observed. A few minutes before one the men entered the ring, attended by their seconds. Tom Belcher and Harmer for Eales; Joe Ward and Oliver for Scroggins. The spectators were struck with the great contrast between the size of the combatants. Joe Ward tied the colours of the sailor, "true blue," to the stakes, as a token of defiance; and Belcher knotted over it the *yellowman*, as the colours of Eales. Both the men looked well and confident: the ceremony of shaking hands being gone through, the set-to immediately commenced.

## THE MILL.

1. From the scientific pretensions of Eales, it was generally expected the first round would clearly evince his superiority over his short and sturdy opponent. Scroggy, however, with all the heroism of a British tar, boldly bore down to the assault. The display of Eales, although more scientific than effective, was much admired; Scroggins, equally anxious to commence the fight favourably on his side, exhibited some degree of caution. Eales let go once or twice, but beyond effective distance; at length Scroggins put in a well-directed blow under the left ear of his opponent, and, in closing, threw him. [The odds looked rather queer, and Scroggins was pronounced the favourite.]

2. This round was decisively in favour of Scroggins, who exchanged blows with his opponent in the most gallant style of courage, till Eales was, at length, felled.

3. Both the combatants were now alive to the interest of the scene in which they were engaged. A good rally occurred, and they returned and exchanged liberally, in the rally Eales went down.

4. This was altogether a severe round. If Scroggins planted some severe blows, Eales returned punishment with equal courage; strength was evidently on the side of Scroggins, who appeared merely getting into work; while Eales, on the contrary, showed symptoms of weak constitution, and fought till he again went down.

5. Eales, notwithstanding his superior science, could not make that sort of impression upon his opponent, which was expected by his friends. He succeeded, it is true, in dexterously putting in some heavy blows, which the hardy tar was not a degree behind-hand in returning, keeping up a battering rally, till his opponent went down.

6. The strength of Eales did not keep pace with his judgment; he, nevertheless, evinced good pluck. This was a pantomimic round altogether a piece

of harlequin and clown antics all round the ring. Eales exerted his best skill to obtain a favourable turn, and a terrific rally ensued; but, in closing, the singularity of Scroggins excited roars of laughter; in throwing Eales he went down, then rolled over and over from his adversary till he rose upon his legs with all the caricature of a merryman. (Eales displayed weakness; and the odds were 5 to 1 on Scroggins.)

7. The combatants soon fought their way into a sharp rally, and the science of Eales prevailed to a certain extent, till Scroggins went down. (Applause.)

8. A little discretion seemed necessary on both sides; some sparring occurred before a hit was made. Scroggins bobbed his head to avoid the threatened blows of his opponent, but returned fighting hand over head. The punishment was severe in this round, but reciprocal, however, Scroggins went down.

9. The combatants attacked each other with the most determined resolution; anything like stopping was out of the question, till they both found themselves upon the ground. Eales could not lay claim to any advantage; neither had Scroggins the worst of it.

10. Another equally desperate round followed, and a tremendous rally took place. The blows on both sides did great execution; and punishment without stopping, was the order of the day.

11. Eales, notwithstanding the exertion of the last round, came up to the scratch with considerable spirit, and showed off in such good style upon his opponent, that Scroggins again dropped his nob to escape the milling intended for him.

12. The science of Eales was exhibited to great advantage, and Scroggins's upper works seemed under the direction of a chancery practitioner, till he was sent under the ropes. The round was contested with much resolution on both sides.

13. Eales again tried the chancery suit with some success, by planting three severe hits on the nob of Scroggins; but the latter, determined not to be deficient in this part of the practice, most liberally returned the favours which had been bestowed upon him, and also concluded the round by cross-buttocking his antagonist.

14. The spectators now perceived that Scroggins was too much for Eales, as the strength of the latter was evidently on the decline every round. Scroggins punished Eales in all directions, and gave him three heavy hits on his nob, stomach, and neck. In closing, both down, but Scroggy fell upon Eales with velocity enough to send the wind out of his body. (7 to 1 on Scroggins.)

15. The advantages of strength appeared completely on the side of Scroggins, who came up to the scratch smiling with confidence, that he had little more to perform to render victory certain. Eales, although weak, fought with much spirit, and contested every inch of ground in a sharp rally, till Scroggins again threw and fell upon him.

16. Eales endeavoured to gain time by cautious sparring, but Scroggins fought his way pell mell into a sharp rally, and adopted the same mode as in the two preceding rounds, by tripping up his adversary, then falling upon him, to deprive Eales of what little wind he had left.

17. From the terrible heat of the sun, and the severe punishment both the combatants had experienced, it did not excite any degree of surprise to see them both brought to the scratch in an exhausted state. The little hardy tar, who had so often braved the various changes of climate, seemed, of the two, the least affected by the scorching rays that now pressed so heavily upon their persons, and commenced fighting with great spirit. In closing, he peppered Eales considerably, and then cross-buttocked him. (From this severe touch, it was expected Eales would not be able to meet his man again; and the poundage was offered, that Scroggins was the winner.)

18. Eales, though much exhausted, again opposed his man, but the chance was decidedly against him, and Scroggins threw him as before. (Any odds but no takers.)

19. The fight was nearly taken out of Eales, and it might be urged that he was almost at the mercy of his antagonist. He was again thrown.

20. Eales tottered to the scratch; but Scroggins gave him another cross-buttock as if a child had been opposed to his strength.

21. The strength of Eales was quite reduced as to effective punishment; but he, nevertheless, evinced good bottom, and did more than might have been expected, from one so nearly beaten. Scroggins laid himself open, but Eales was too weak to turn it to account. In falling, Scroggins went down upon him.

22. It was now a horse to a hen, and Scroggins threw his man with the most apparent ease.

23. Eales, to the astonishment of the spectators, once more appeared at the mark; but it was all up with him, and, by way of a quietus, Scroggins put in so tremendous a hit under the right ear of Eales, that he was felled like a shot. He could not come again, and the battle lasted 23 minutes.

Scroggins, in defeating a scientific boxer like Eales, completely astonished every amateur present; it was singular to observe the severity of his blows, and the punishment he administered to his opponent, although a man four inches taller than himself. Indeed our little hero was confidence itself; and, it seems, he assured his friends, previous to the battle, that he would win it and nothing else. As an in-fighter, Eales had decidedly the best of his opponent; but his distances were so incorrect at times in out-fighting, that numerous blows were thrown away. Some of the partisans of Eales attributed his loss to a severe hurt received on the back part of his head, in falling violently against one of the stakes of the ring; but the general opinion was, he lacked stamina to resist the finish-



ing qualities of his antagonist. Eales was the heavier man, weighing 11 stone and  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. The bets never varied from the commencement of the fight; Scroggins was the favourite throughout. It was altogether a sharp contest; but a great deal of time was consumed in struggling to obtain the advantage in throwing. Notwithstanding the great superiority Eales had in standing over his opponent, united with his first-rate science, he could not prevent Scroggins from going in. The admirers of science were much disappointed at the defeat of Eales.

From the success Scroggins met with in his boxing career, and the numerous patrons of the art who rallied round him, he was enabled to commence publican; and accordingly opened the Waterman's Arms, at Stangate, Lambeth, for the entertainment of the sporting world. His house in summer time was pleasantly and attractively situated, commanding a view across the Thames, a part of the venerable Abbey, and Westminster-hall; the name of JOHN SCROGGINS, in large letters, at the top of the premises, might be seen from the other side of the river, operating as an inducement not only to sporting characters, but to many an old shipmate of the Argo to call and give our hero a friendly turn. He did not want for company of every description—peers and costermongers all contributed to make the pot boil; and, though Scroggy could not boast of the eloquence of a Cicero, yet he never suffered any of his customers to depart without receiving a ready answer. "Life," in a variety of shapes, was to be seen under the roof of this little caterer for the public.

In another part of his dwelling, the "saloon" was not the least importance in the picture. In ruder hands it was merely a skittle-ground, but, under the taste and judgment displayed by Scroggy, it assumed a new and prominent feature: a gallery was now added to it, in addition to its being boarded over for the accommodation of spectators, and embellished with chandeliers to illumine the scene. Every Tuesday night it was opened as a school for the art of self-defence; and here this remnant of the Olympic Games was conducted with the characteristic spirit of milling to overflowing audiences. Scroggins himself usually appeared as a first-rate actor, assisted by several other professionals, in most of these performances, to explain and render the art attainable, or, in other words, to beat it into the craniums of his auditors; and here many a novice was floored for his temerity, by way of initiation, as a sort of preparatory step to a better acquaintance with the practice and use of the gloves. The tipping for admission was upon a small scale, and with much liberality on the part of the proprietor, it was allowed as blunt of equal value for any liquor called for to the amount of the price of the ticket. The sporting dinners given by Scroggins were of excellent description; and the Waterman's Arms generally afforded considerable amusement to those persons who were disposed to take a peep at the fun and frolic there exhibited, under the management of this comic hero of the ring.

(To be continued.)

### Reminiscences of Racing and Racers, in 1845.

(For the Sportsman's Magazine.)

BY SOOTHSAYER.

(Continued from page 476.)

The next meeting sufficiently attractive for your readers, and indeed at all useful to record, was the BIBURY CLUB, June 25th. In a sweepstakes for 50 sovs. each, Cowl beat Columbus, which quite accords with the character I gave Columbus in my Derby reminiscences, of being a third rate horse. Queen Mab carrying 11st. 12lb (2 miles) won the Bibury Club Stakes, beating Ajax, Sorella, Hampton, and several others. THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES, for two years old, brought out Wits End, and West Countryman, both of whom beat the Free Lance, and the Pet colt by Venison. Mr. Wreford seems as anxious to perpetuate to the letter W as Lord Rivers was the letter R, or Napoleon N. Napoleon covered his palaces his furniture and even his throne with N; Lord Rivers could not find any other letter than R to begin the names of his greyhounds, so Rose, Ruby, Rollick, Roysterer, Runaway &c. echoed thro' his kennels, and certainly was just upon a par with Mr. Wreford in his names of Wilderness, Wilkinson, Wits End, West Countryman, and Worthless. A filly by Slane out of Mary Ann won a handicap: Arcanus won the Free Plate, but was beaten by Giantess for the Andover Stakes; a colt by Slane out of Adela beat some tolerable ones.

At STOCKBRIDGE, June 26th, Ægis beat Columbus and the Giantess for the G. H. Stakes 25 sovs. each. A singular sort of a race in heats, was won by Sparshot, (Capt Pettat) beating 10 others.

At the East Surrey, July 1st. The Star won the Victoria Stakes, and Gazelle the Rosemary and Albert.

At WINCHESTER, July 2, close upon the Bibury and Stockbridge, and in the neighbourhood of those courses, the Pet Colt ran in a handicap and was beaten by Redskin and two others. Ægis had a victory over Ajax for O. H. Stakes. Queen Mab won the plate. West Countryman, two years old, beat the three fillies, The Slot, Deerschase, and Camellia, easily. Giantess beat Ajax and others for the City Members' Plate. Misdeal carrying two stone more, beat Sir Francis and Young England, for a mile.

WORCESTER, July 2, had nothing of interest, Ninety-one, Mainstay, Nix-my-dolly, and Europa being winners.

At CARLISLE, July 2, a race for the Corby Castle Stakes, Ada, Lord Zetland's, beat Mr. Gill's Themis, both two years old. Pythia won the Cumberland Plate, beating Inheritress and Queen of Tyne. She was "well in." Poor Robert de Gorham broke down, and will not spear again.

On July 8, the NEWMARKET JULY MEETING opened with a poor affair between Paultons, Mocha, and Julian, who came in as I have placed them. This was succeeded by one of the most interesting races of the year, and the result placed Col. Peel's fillies in the favour they have for the coming Oaks. For the July Stakes then, nine two year old colts and fillies started, and after a false start, got away. The betting was in favour of Smuggler Bill, but he was challenged and fairly beaten by QUEEN ANNE; Tit-bit was third, and Mr. Gurney's Messene filly two or three lengths behind the winner, fourth. The Little Vulgar Boy, Colt by Colwick out of Toga, Moonbeam, Trebonius, and Gwynnau were in the race. In a match Science showed himself a "knowing one," beating Blanchie, although the "very clever ones" put 7 to 4 on Blanchie, both two years old. For the Town Plate, Hersey, who beat the Merry Monarch at Goodwood, also beat here Kesheng and a field, including Event and Ruff. For the Chesterfield Stakes five two years old competed, who came in in the order I place them. The were the Free Lance, Filly by Caesar, Guzman, the Mecca Colt, and Nell Cook.

At WORCESTER, July 8, Coranna won two races; and for a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, Madcap beat Astonishment, Lord Harry, and Nannie; and in a subsequent race Lord Harry beat Astonishment, Nannie, and Dejanira, with some others. I will here just remark that I think both *Astonishment* and *Madcap*, as well as *Lord Harry*, have had rather too much work at two years old to suit me for the two great coming events. The same observation applies to *Malt*. I have no wish to dictate to your readers, or raise a prejudice against what they fancy; but I will just observe, that I have but little faith in young ones, which, after trying for a good stake, are made to waste their efforts in a 10 sovs. sweepstakes. Godfrey was a winner of 50 sovs., 15 added, in a handicap, beating Coranna.

At LANCASTER, July 9, Inheritress won the Plate, beating Hooton.

At STAMFORD, July 6, for a 20 sov. Sweepstakes, Tit-Bit beat Astonishment and Caesar filly by a head. For the Gold Cup, Plantagenet beat Wee Pet.

At LIVERPOOL, July 16, for the Croxteth Stakes, Vaudeville beat Mid-Lothian, Trueboy and Semiseria and three other good ones. For the Mersey Stakes, Luminary, not in the Oaks, beat Princess Alice, Birthday, Sotades, Andrew Brandy, and L'Hirondelle filly. The winner took the lead and kept it, and being by Launcelot out of Miniature, was no doubt a good one. A Free Handicap was won by Beaumont. The Tradesmen's Plate or Liverpool Cup, another great Sweep race, was won by Lothario with a good weight on him, beating a very large field, in which there were two knocked down, Rowena second, and Coranna third. Pug won the Queen's Plate, and Sweetmeat the Derby Handicap, beating sixteen others, including the best winners of the year. Mid-Lothian, three years old, won the Stanley Stakes, beating several two years old, Burlesque, two years old, being second; Birthday, a two years old, was a good third. Yardley won the Bentinck Testimonial, beating a good many, and in the race Mickey Free did nothing. For the Liverpool St. Leger, Mentor, after a severe race, beat Pantasia by a head, Vaudeville third, and the Baron fifth, Cinizelli fourth. It was this race, I am inclined to say, spoiled Mentor for the St. Leger. In a mile and three quarters, Sweetmeat beat Hope easily.

At DUDLEY, July 21, Princess Royal, by *Harkaway*, beat a tolerable lot. At Newton, July 23, Winesour, Lightning, and Little Hampton had a good struggle for the Gold Cup, beating a good many others, among them Ratan. I see a "*Ratan*" quoted for the Chester Cup, and a "*Ratan*" advertised to cover. Let your readers put this and that together, and judge accordingly. In the race just mentioned he was *no where*! For the Drawing Room Stakes, 2 yr. old fillies, only two came to the post, when the Slayer's Daughter beat Clara Webster. For the Golborne Stakes, 2 yrs. old, the colt by Stockport out of Manilla—I mentioned him in a former paper—beat Twig, Fitzwilliam, Lord Harry, all placed, and Brutus, Dolo, the Miss Thomasina colt, Seaham, and the Miss Fitz filly, not placed. Yardely won the Boro' Cup, beating Rowena, Brunel, and two others. Another victory, rather hardly won, fell to Sweetmeat, who beat Mid Lothian, Lancashire Witch, Pluto, and others. Sir J. Gerard's Cup was won by Coranna, easily beating Cœur de Lion, Parthian, Godfrey, and two others; the weights being heavy, none under 10 st.

At IPSWICH, July 23, Metal, by that capital horse Glaucus, won the Queen's Plate. Glee won two races here, and the Devil-among-the-Tailors a poor 30l.

At TEWKESBURY, July 24, there was nothing done of importance in the racing line, or any other; although a certain set of saints made it a very important office to distribute vulgar anathemas, in the shape of farthing tracts, against all horse-races; intimating vengeance on all those hapless sinners who attend them.

P.S. In No. 30 your readers will be so good as to omit "Beeswing;" not to make a stop after "Ascot," "the race between, &c.;" to read "Mann for "Marson;" "5 sovs." for "500 sovs.;" "Welcome" for "Molecomb;" "Emperor" for "Empress;" and "Milldew" for "Mildies."

## A FEW MAXIMS ON HUNTING WITH HARRIERS.

BY NIMROD.

I commence with finding the hare. If found in her form, let her be put off it as quietly as possible, and by all means avoid a view. A view has two evils. First, it makes hounds wild; next, it is, four times out of six almost immediately succeeded by a fault. Bring up your hounds as gently as you can, to the very form, indeed, in which she sat, and let them take up the scent without a word being said. The hare, also, has an advantage here; she is more likely to fly her country by not being too much alarmed at starting, and is less inclined to double and make work for the pack.

A general rule as to hallooing.—Never halloo unless you can give a good reason for so doing. A constant and indiscriminate use of the voice is very blameable in the huntsman. His hounds, by constantly hearing his voice, will soon learn to pay no more attention to it than they do to the singing of a lark, and will not come to him when they are wanted. Some huntsmen have a trick of incessantly singing out to their hounds when they are hunting, and carrying on a scent; the consequence is, that if they chance to come to check when he is not up, they will stand staring about for their huntsman, and will no more hunt without him, than oxen in Devonshire will work at a plough without being sung to.

At Check.—A bad habit of not casting, when at check, is given to harriers, by their huntsman always interfering the moment they lose the scent. Such interference, is bad enough in a huntsman, but still worse in any gentleman in the field, it being an established rule that no man shall hunt any hounds but his own. All that one of the field, at this time, may be permitted to do, is, to turn the hounds to the huntsman, should the whipper-in be thrown out.

When harriers have checked, a huntsman should turn his horse and allow his pack first to make their own cast. If he think the scent is behind him, let him move slowly backward; and if his hounds be good for anything, they will immediately cast round him. Let him attentively observe them, and whilst they continue casting with their noses down, he should not say a word to disturb them. When they have made their own cast, and failed to make it good, he may then interfere, and draw them towards him in the direction in which he may judge his game to be gone. Whilst casting, however, let him still attentively observe his hounds, and and if they are at work with their noses down, let him not say a word to them. Nothing is worse, nor more unsportsmanlike than a huntsman's casting his hounds and hallooing, when he sees them trying well for the scent, and in their proper places. Every halloo, in such a situation of affairs is, in effect, an attempt to make hounds lift up their heads, and look in his face, to ask what he wants them to do? Of the propriety of allowing harriers to do their work as much as possible, without the assistance of their huntsman, every man must be convinced, who has ever seen a regular pack of them at fault, which have been much accustomed to a huntsman's interference, and a few loose, or trencher-fed hounds, kept by two or three farmers for the sake of the pot, who have been used to hunt by themselves. One will not move without the huntsman; the others will keep on casting and flinging for the scent, for an hour, and generally succeed in recovering it. Circumstances, however, must be allowed to regulate us here, and there are times when harriers require holding forward quite as much as fox-hounds. Good hounds of either kind will seldom or ever leave a good scent ahead, unless the ground be feiled by sheep, or by coming on ploughed land, dry and hard roads, and such like. For this reason, a hare huntsman should never force his hounds on against their will, as it were, unless opposed by difficulties such as I have now alluded to; he should let them make their own cast, they being more likely to find out, than he himself is, in what direction the scent lies.

When harriers are casting of their own accord, their huntsman should be particularly attentive to them. He will then perceive what ground they have tried carefully, and what they have missed trying, or not tried closely; by this he will regulate his own cast.

When harriers check on a high road, or a dry footpath, their huntsman should always first cast back, on the line on which they have made good the point forward. By this means, the hounds will try on each side, if they are good ones; whereas, if he 'tries round,' as the term is, and casts his hounds all on one side of such road or foot-path, and the scent be on the other, he will make the check twice as long as it need be—not to add the well known fact, that harriers, unless under peculiar circumstances, casting of their own accord, are much more likely to hit off a bad scent, than when trotting over the ground at the heels of their huntsman's horse.

When harriers are on a very indifferent scent in chase, their huntsman should keep behind them, and look on with attention, and patiently. But I do not mean to say they should not be occasionally lifted to a point, it being first clearly ascertained that the fault is not a-head. In fact, a huntsman to harriers should be guided in his cast, by observing what ground his hounds have crossed and tried a-head; and if, when at fault on a high road, or foot-path, he perceives that some of his hounds have run on to the right of the path, without owning the scent, he may safely conclude his hare is gone to the left. When a hare has broken her country as the term is, and run out of her knowledge of it, she gene-

rally runs down wind; if up wind, her days are commonly numbered. Some hare-hunters, when making a cast, try that part of the ground where they can most conveniently ride, instead of that which it is most probable the game is gone. Others ride on, hallooing, without regarding their hounds whilst they are making their own cast; their own noise, in that case, prevents them hearing their hounds when they speak to a scent, and they often take it up without their knowing it, and so occasion them to be flung out in the chase, if the scent is very good and the pace severe.

In drawing for a hare, much caution is required in a huntsman, who wishes to have his pack well spoken of by sportsmen. There are, in most kennels, some hounds that will at times hunt riot, such as rabbits cur-dogs, and vermin; and also touch upon wing, especially after a long rest. A hound therefore that speaks to a scent in drawing, should not be encouraged till his huntsman is sure he is on his lawful game. It greatly disappoints hounds, as well as tends to make them wild, when they fly to cry, and find it is upon riot, to say nothing of the necessity of rating them for a fault not their own.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## SONNETS FOR COCKNEYS.

NO. I.—THE EXCURSION.

Oh! don't I like to get into the park,  
And watch my Cuba in the evening air  
Send forth its vapours from the glowing spark—  
Whilst after to the Heagle I repair  
With Susan Smith, who lives across the way.  
Oh! aint it prime to walk about the grounds,  
And talk of love and Byron whilst we stray,  
And Venice with its very wondrous rounds  
Of life, and light, and music, which abounds—  
'Least as I'm told, for I was never there—  
In every street and alley, lane and square,  
Until the very natives it astounds.  
Whilst Susan cries with rapturous emphasis,  
"If this aint prime I'd like to know what is?"

NO. II.—THE ASPIRATION.

I stood at night on Hungerford's tall bridge,  
Which spans the river like a maniac's dream  
That's come to pass,—and from the furthest ridge  
Saw far and near the flickering gas lights gleam;  
Whilst all was silent, save the stealthy tread  
Of tall policeman gliding through the gloom,  
To track the vagrant who should make his bed,  
On door steps, sharing with the scraper room.  
I heard the death of midnight, for St. Paul's  
Sent twelve deep tones upon the clammy air,  
And as upon mine ear each iron stroke falls,  
I nearer to the railing did repair,  
And looking over, madly said with glee,  
"Zooks! if I jumped—why what a squash there'd be!"

HUNTING IN WARWICKSHIRE.—The character of Warwickshire as a hunting country, even in its most brilliant days, was never known to stand higher than about a third-rate rough woodland district, with the exception of about three or four places of meeting which might have some pretensions to the claim of open country. Still there have been some extraordinary runs in Warwickshire, even in the very heart of its woodlands: for instance, I have known a fox found at Birchley Hayes, which is a large wood lying between Menden and Birmingham, to be killed at Rytton Wood, a good fourteen miles as the crow flies, to reach which he would have to pass, as in that instance he did, through eleven large woods, the last, in which he was killed, being nearly two hundred acres. I have also repeatedly known the foxes, which in the Princethorpe and Wapenbury Woods are proverbially stout, go right away into the Pytchley country before they were killed. And many years ago Lord Middleton ran twice in one week from Snitterfield Beakes, which is a large woodland on the Stratford-on-Avon side, to Hewell Park, Lord Plymouth's place, a distance of about fifteen miles, killing his fox the second time, which was without doubt the same by which the hounds were defeated in the first run. Yet with the more than probability that such first-rate runs as I have described will occasionally in the course of the season be experienced, and some good days' sport of a minor stamp more frequently, how is it that "the dons" do not take up their abode in Warwickshire, but invariably congregate in the neighbouring counties of Leicester, Rutland, and Northampton? Why, the reason is, that in a rough plough-country, everlastingly beset with woods in every direction, and where the land is of a nature not to afford good hekking scents, which with the best part of the country is well known to be the case as compared with the flying countries which I have just mentioned, there is no certainty of getting even short bursts, to say nothing of long runs, which almost invariably take place in the other countries with the finding of every fox, unless the weather or the Fates are exceedingly unpropitious.—*Sporting Magazine.*

# ADVERTISEMENTS.

**EVERY MAN HIS OWN HARNESS MAKER.**  
**THE DURHAM DUCIE HUNTING AND**  
 Travelling Knife.—J. B. Durham, Manufacturing Cutler, 261, Regent-street, near Portland-place, begs to call the attention of noblemen, sportsmen, and all persons in the habit of riding or driving, to his newly invented knife, by means of which, harness of every description can be effectually repaired in less than five minutes; the knife itself containing every requisite for the purpose. Also, to his harness mending apparatus, without the knife; this article is so very compact, that it can be carried conveniently in the waistcoat pocket, and is particularly adapted for the use of persons travelling post, stage, or gentlemen's coachmen and omnibus drivers.  
 By these inventions the great inconvenience which unavoidably takes place when an accident happens to harness, and to which the very best is liable, is effectually prevented, as the delay need now never exceed from three to five minutes.  
 " Windsor Castle, Oct. 4, 1845.  
 " Mr. Anson begs to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Durham's letter of the 30th ult., and to acquaint him that he has laid the knife, with which it was accompanied, before Prince Albert; and his Royal Highness is much pleased with the ingenuity of Mr. Durham's invention."

**T. PARISH'S SWEEPS NOW OPEN.**  
 White Horse, Farn-street, Aldersgate-street, City.  
 Sub. 1st. 2nd. 3rd. Start.  
 180 at £1..... £118..... £30..... £10..... £1 0s.  
 180 at 10s..... 59..... 15..... 5..... 0 10s.  
 180 at 5s..... 29 10s..... 7 10s..... 2 10s..... 0 5s.  
 180 at 2s. 6d..... 14 10s..... 3 15s..... 1 5s..... 2s. 6d.  
 A draw every afternoon and evening. Prizes paid as the judge places. Five per cent. less. Post-office Orders attended to. Tickets sent to any part of the country as soon as drawn. Chances disposed of by raffle every evening.

**BATHE'S DERBY SWEEPS,**  
 Green Dragon, Fleet Street, City.  
 Sub. 1st. 2nd. 3rd. Starters.  
 180 at £5..... £500..... £300..... £80..... £120  
 180 at 20s..... 100..... 35..... 15..... 30  
 180 at 10s..... 50..... 20..... 8..... 12  
 180 at 5s..... 22..... 10..... 6..... 7  
 180 at 2s. 6d..... 12..... 7..... 3  
 The 2s. 6d. Derby is fast filling, drawn as soon as full. All Money divided, less Five per cent. Post-office orders to Mr. JOHN BATHE punctually attended to.

**OKEY'S DERBY SWEEPS OPEN.**  
 Horses. 1st Prize. 2nd 3rd Start.  
 180 at £2 2s..... £250..... £60..... £20..... £50  
 180 at 1 1s..... 125..... 30..... 10..... 25  
 180 at 10s. 6d..... 60..... 20..... 5..... 10  
 Disqualified horses not drawn.—Prizes go with the stakes. Draw nights, Tuesdays and Fridays.—Post-office orders to Mr. N. F. Okey, Hero of Waterloo Inn, Waterloo-road, London. N.B. These sweeps will be drawn as soon as full, and the tickets forwarded according to the address given.—The prizes will be paid the first Tuesday after the race, less five per cent. If any horses should die or be disqualified prior to the draw, the amount will be deducted from the starting money, as above.  
 N.B. A 10s. 6d. Sweep is expected to fill every month.

**W. AND J. RUSSELL, of the RED**  
 LION, 339, STRAND, have open the following  
**DERBY SWEEPS for 1846.**  
 92 Members at 10s 6d, Two Horses each. Entrance, 3s.  
 First Horse ..... £22 0s  
 Second Ditto ..... 10 0s  
 Third Ditto ..... 5 0s  
 Among other Starters ..... 10 10s  
 To be Drawn on Tuesday, March 10th.  
 92 Members at £1 1s, Two Horses each. Entrance 5s.  
 First Horse ..... £40 0s  
 Second Ditto ..... 20 0s  
 Third Ditto ..... 10 10s  
 Among other Starters ..... 25 0s  
 To be Drawn on Tuesday, April 28th.  
 All Prizes paid as the Judge places, less Five per cent. Members are requested to pay up their Subscriptions one week before the Draw, as no further notice can be given.  
 The secretary will attend every Tuesday.  
 J. RUSSELL, Treasurer.

**STEPHEN FOWKES, MITRE TAVERN,**  
 68, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARING CROSS, has open the following Sweeps for the **DERBY, 1846.**  
 Sub. 1st Horse. 2nd Horse. 3rd Horse. Starters.  
 180 at 20s..... £100..... £40..... £15..... £30 0s 0d  
 180 at 10s..... 50..... 20..... 8..... 14 10s 0d  
 180 at 5s..... 25..... 10..... 4..... 7 5s 0d  
 180 at 2s. 6d..... 13..... 5..... 2..... 3 2s 6d  
 All the money divided and paid (less 5 per cent.) as the Judge places, without reference to any subsequent dispute as to age, pedigree, or other disqualification. Post Office Orders payable at Charing Cross, will meet with attention. Sweeps open for the Chester Cup, 20s. 10s. and 5s.

THE MOST POPULAR WORK OF THE DAY.  
 On the 30th of October was published, beautifully bound in cloth, gilt and lettered, price Six Shillings and Sixpence  
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**THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE;**  
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 This Work is published uniform in size and price with "Marie Antoinette" (Penny Numbers and Fourpenny Parts), and with the number is presented a beautiful engraving of  
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 Husbands and Wives after Matrimony.

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 'Secret Letter Writing!  
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 WITH DIRECTIONS FOR BOTH SEXES,  
 Showing how they can hold their sweet correspondence, and write their own letters even in the presence of Strangers, either on Love matters, Business, or Family affairs;  
 WITHOUT THE FEAR OF THEIR SECRETS BEING DISCOVERED. Also to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to amuse each other by placing them in a certain way before a Looking Glass; besides to practise other jokes, which can be made pleasing or teasing to both, Old and Young, the Married and Single; without causing a blush on the face of innocence.

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 AND  
**ALBERT'S FOR FEMALES.**  
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 THIS day is Published, Price One Penny, the  
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 No. 1 of a Romance of Real Life, entitled,  
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# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

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## METHOD OF TAKING WILD-FOWL IN THE LINCOLNSHIRE FENS.

**T**HE mode of Wild-fowl taking by means of the decoy, which forms the subject of the present paper and its accompanying engraving, readers an apology superfluous for the omission of the *TEAL* and *MALLARD*, which stand next in our series of British Birds. In order to render the construction of the decoy more intelligible to such of our readers as have only made acquaintance with the wild duck in his *roasted state*, (a circumstance by no means uncommon in the more highly drained and cultivated counties,) we have given a back as well as a front view of the contrivance; the artist has also introduced a man in act of drawing ducks from the hoopnet; operations and views, which it may be proper to observe, are not to be met with or seen at the same time.

There are few objects of sporting attraction so replete with pleasing varieties, and so abounding with characteristics of extraordinary instinct, as the whole of the operations affecting this ingenious occupation. The wild scenery, the secluded situation required, the proximity of the sea or extensive range of waters, the liabilities of the seasons, the difficulties of access, and the distances from the residences of the neighbourhood, are all subjects of strong interest, and never fail to excite in the mind of an ardent lover of nature an enthusiastic feeling. It is fortunate when a situation is found where nature has supplied the growth of willows and underwood of any sort; otherwise you are obliged to plant around the piece of water selected for the purpose of a decoy, which is mostly of an acre or two, to give a general effect of shelter.

In the lake or swampy plash to which the wild ducks resort, their most favourite haunts are observed. Then in the most sequestered part of this haunt a tapering ditch is cut, which is about four yards across at

the entrance, and decreases gradually in width from the entrance to the farther end, which is not more than two feet wide. The ditch is of a circular form, but does not bend much for the first ten yards. The banks of the lake on each side of this ditch (or "pipe," as it is called) are kept clear from reeds, coarse herbage, &c., in order that the fowl may get on them to sit and dress themselves. Along the ditch, poles are driven into the ground, close to its edge, on each side, and the tops are bent over across the ditch and tied together. These poles, thus bent, form at the entrance of the ditch or pipe an arch, the top of which is ten feet distant from the surface of the water. This arch is made to decrease in height as the pipe decreases in width, so that the remote end is not more than eighteen inches in height. The poles are placed about six feet from each other, and connected by poles laid lengthwise across the arch and tied together. Over the whole is thrown a net, which is made fast to a reed-fence at the entrance and nine or ten yards up the ditch, and afterwards strongly pegged to the ground. At the end of the pipe farthest from the entrance is fixed a "tunnel-net," as it is called, about four yards in length, of a round form, and kept open by a number of hoops, about eighteen inches in diameter, placed at a small distance from each other to keep it distended.

Supposing the circular bend of the pipe to be to the right when one stands with his back to the lake, then on the left-hand side a number of reed-fences are constructed, called "shootings," for the purpose of screening the "decoy-man" from observation, and in such a manner, that the fowl in the decoy may not be alarmed while he is driving those that are in the pipe. These "shootings," which are ten in number, are about four yards in length, and about six feet high. From the end of the last shooting a person cannot see the lake, owing to the bend of the



pipes, and there is then no further occasion for shelter. Were it not for these shootings, the fowl that remain about the mouth of the pipe would be alarmed if the person driving the fowl already under the net should be exposed, and would become so shy as entirely to forsake the place.

The first thing that the decoy-man does when he approaches the pipe is to take a piece of lighted turf, or peat, and hold it near his mouth, to prevent the birds from smelling him. He is attended by a dog, trained for the purpose of rendering him assistance. He walks very silently about half-way up the shootings, where a small piece of wood is thrust through the reed-fence, which makes an aperture just large enough to enable to see if any fowl are in; if not, he walks forward to see if any are about the entrance of the pipe. If there are, he stops and makes a motion to his dog, and gives him a piece of cheese, or something else, to eat; and, having received this, the animal goes directly to a hole through the reed-fence, and the birds immediately fly off the bank into the water. The dog returns along the bank between the reed-fences, and comes out to his master at another hole. The man then gives him something to reward and encourage him, and the animal repeats his round until the birds are attracted by his motions, and follow him into the mouth of the pipe. This operation is called "working" them. The man now retreats farther back, working the dog at different holes until the ducks are sufficiently under the net. He then commands his dog to lie down behind the fence, and going himself forward to the end of the pipe next the lake, he takes off his hat and gives it a wave between the shootings. All the birds that are under the net can then see him; but none that are in the lake can. The former fly forward, and the man then runs to the next shooting and waves his hat, and so on, driving them along until they come to the tunnel-net, into which they creep. When they are all in, the man gives the net a twist, so as to prevent them from getting back. He then takes the net off from the end of the pipe, and taking out, one by one, the ducks that are in it, dislocates their necks. This is the scene represented on the left hand of the engraving.

The net is afterwards hung on again for the repetition of the process; and in this manner five or six dozen have sometimes been taken at one drift. When the wind blows directly in or out of the pipes, the fowl seldom work well, especially when it blows into the pipe. The reason of this is, that the ducks always prefer swimming against the wind, otherwise the wind blowing from behind catches and ruffles their feathers. If many pipes are made in the same lake, they are so constructed as to suit different winds, and are worked accordingly. The better to entice the fowl into the pipe, hemp-seed is occasionally strewn on the water. The season allowed by Act of Parliament for taking ducks in this way is from the latter end of October until February.

Willoughby states that formerly before the young ducks took flight, or while the old ones were in moult and unable to fly, they were driven by men in boats furnished with long poles, with which they splashed the water, between long nets stretched vertically across the pools in the shape of two sides of a triangle, into lesser nets placed at the point, and in this way he says that four thousand were taken at one drive in Deeping Fen; and Latham has recorded an instance in which two thousand six hundred and forty-six were taken in two days near Spalding, in Lincolnshire; but these practices being considered injurious, were prohibited by statute in the reign of George II.

The decoy birds are wild ducks, bred on the spot, which become domesticated by the most constant and regular supply of food, and are kept within a moderate number by killing them off when the season is over. At the commencement of winter these birds begin, by an unaccountable instinct, to take their wheels of flight, leaving home at the reflux of the tide, and returning about high water, rarely unaccompanied with a numerous flock of new acquaintance. These excursions are closely watched by the keeper both night and day, always being prepared to greet the return with plenty of corn. This keeps all quiet till daylight (if a night flight), when his delicate work commences, but seldom successfully without a brisk wind. When the pipe is fixed up to work at, a small quantity of oats or hemp-seed is thrown at the mouth, which, accompanied with a pleasing whistle, induce the old birds to rush forward, and if a good number of foreigners should follow, he by degrees supplies the food more within, till the body has reached beyond the turn to exclude them from the pond. At that critical moment he runs to the front, and showing himself, with a shout, the birds fly to the end, where, cooped up in a very small space, a most ludicrous scramble and squalling take place. A helper, being ready, has then only to take them by the neck, and, being expertly educated in Jack Ketch work, twists away till even hundreds are thrown into a pit-hole purposely prepared.

It scarcely ever occurs that the old birds are to be thus entrapped. Being familiar at business, they take good care to keep in the rear; or, if impelled by numbers and eagerness far into the pipe, they then dive, beating a safe retreat in that way.

The great pride of a decoy-man is not only to possess an expert helper but an assistant of another description—a dog—which through the whole of the movements is no mean performer. He is accustomed to wait upon his master at all times, who, by teaching him playful ways, brings him as it were to amuse the decoys. They not only become used to his gambols, but delight in them, and will dash after his tricks whenever they are exhibited. We are told, in print of authority, these animals are made use

of to rouse the lethargic and sleepy habit of the strangers, and that they fly to the dog to scare him away from disturbing their quiet repose; but to us this is not evident, firmly believing it to be the daily practice with the domestics that works the magic with the new comers. These observations are genuine, and drawn from the books of experience. When the work begins, a signal is given to little Venus, or Daphne, or Mar-cury, and she or he flies to the call, skips around the skreens, jumping and shaking the tail, and pricking the ears—the eyes sparkling with pleasure, and bursting with ardour to give salute with the tongue; but no babbling: it is all forbearance, though full of fire; and it is only by frolicsome freaks the whole pond is attracted, exciting a general rush to get at the dog. This is one of the principal means of having a well peopled pipe. The breed is peculiar to itself, and perfectly nondescript: in appearance the veriest of curs, but in sagacity a spaniel—small, of great vivacity, the active energies are surprising, and the animation with which the part is acted is an extraordinary as it is amusing.

The wonderful power in the fowl, of nasal discrimination, renders the schemes of the enemies delicately dangerous, and it is only by the aid of lighted peat in your mouth, used as a cigar, that you can wipe away the stigma of animal odour. Without this safeguard you cannot approach within a quarter of a mile.

To enumerate or describe the different beauties rewarding the anxious task, is not easy; but it embraces in few words the whole of the duck kind. Yet there is an exception, though of the same family, of singular curiosity—the dun-bird—which, although in general companionship, is rarely to be taken in this manner. He is certainly the sultan of flavour, and may be hailed as the first in the rank. This may render his sagacity or instinct more refined perhaps; but, be it as it may, different traps become necessary to secure him. On the side of the rivers at the evening dusk, a high net is erected on poles, in the neighbourhood of the decoys, when in the flights of these high-minded creatures they get entangled.

At the first blush of this account, it is natural to conclude that a decoy is good for gold as well as for ducks; but there are many contingencies in waiting, and many's the time and oft, that, with plenty saluting your eyes and ears, disappointments arise, leaving the carriers empty, and lords of the market to despair. First, you must have cold weather without frost: then you must have the wind at east, and with a breeze: then you must have birds with good humour, and inclined to vary their taste with new friends: and, last of all, you must have skill, luck, and a great flight; and even with these happy combinations, neither oats, dog, peat, nor winds will do. I have seen the whole congregation floating in the centre in close column, casting their heads to the air, as it were watching the clouds with one eye, and laughing at you with the other. A little farther, strange, though true, I have known some years successful to overflow, and others barren to hopes—having the same quantity, the same weather and the same experience.

In 1735, the Tillingham decoy in Essex netted, after every expense, upwards of eight hundred pounds; and in 1739, ten thousand head of widgeon, teal, and wild-ducks were caught in a decoy of the Rev. Bate Dudley, in the same county.

The general season for catching is from the end of October to February. By the 9th Ann. ch. 25, and 10 Geo. II. ch. 22, to take or drive away any wild-duck, teal, widgeon, or other water-fowl in the moulting-season, between the 1st of June and the 1st of October, is punishable with a fine of five shillings, to be levied by distress; in default to be imprisoned, whipped, and kept to hard labour. The right in the property of decoys was settled in the Court of King's Bench in November term, 1810, when it was determined that disturbing a decoy by firing a gun in the neighbourhood, to frighten away the wild-fowl which had been decoyed by the tame birds, constituted a trespass.

Decoys are usually let at a certain annual rent; but improvements in draining are gradually exterminating these ancient distinctions of the fenny districts. Thirty thousand francs have been paid for the produce of Lake St. Lambert, near Paris, for one season.

Thus far the DECOY system. Anon we will dilate on coast GUNNING and PUNTING.

**THE SECRET OF WARM FEET.**—Many of the colds which people are said to catch commence at the feet. To keep those extremities constantly warm, therefore, is to effect an insurance against the almost interminable list of disorders which spring out of a slight cold. Firstly, never be tightly shod. Boots or shoes when they fit closely, press against the sole of the foot, and prevent the free circulation of the blood. When, on the contrary, they do not embrace the feet too tightly, the blood gets fair play, and the spaces left between the leather and the stocking are filled with a comfortable supply of warm air. The second rule is—Never sit in damp shoes. It is often imagined, that unless they be positively wet, it is not necessary to change them while the feet are at rest. This is a fallacy; for when the least dampness is absorbed into the sole, it is attracted further to the foot itself by its own heat, and thus perspiration is dangerously checked. Any person may prove this by trying the experiment of neglecting the rule, and his feet will feel cold and damp after a few minutes; although on taking off the shoe and examining it, it will appear to be quite dry.

## COURSING AND THE GREYHOUND.

SECTION II.—(continued from page 480.)  
MODERN COURSING—CELEBRATED GREYHOUNDS.

**S**NOWBALL, Major, his brother, and Sylvia, were perhaps the three best and most perfect greyhounds ever produced at one litter. They never were beaten.

The shape, make, systematic uniformity, and all the characteristics of high blood, were distinguishable in the three; the colours of Major and Sylvia were singularly brindled, that of Snowball a jet black, and when in good running condition was as fine as black satin. Snowball won ten large pieces of silver plate, and upwards of forty matches, having accepted every challenge, from whatever dogs of different countries were brought against him. His descendants have been equally successful; Venus, a brindled bitch; Blacksmith, who died from extreme exertion in running up a steep hill; and young Snowball, beat every dog that was ever brought against them.

For several years Snowball covered at three guineas, and the farmers in that and the neighbouring districts sold crosses from his breed at ten and fifteen guineas each. Major, his brother, displayed his powers before the gentlemen of the south as already described; this, as a public exhibition of the dog to a few sporting amateurs, might be bearable; but could he have found a tongue, when he beheld himself brought to run a hare out of a box, in the month of March, upon Epsom Downs, amidst whiskies, buggies, and gingerbread carts, well might he have exclaimed,

"To this complexion am I come at last!"

On the superior breed of greyhounds there has been a variety of opinions; the blood of the late Lord Orford's was allowed to stand very high, if not the first, in the public estimation. Perhaps there has not been any person who took more pains to arrive at the utmost state of perfection in his object; and it is a circumstance generally reported that he even had recourse to a cross with the English bull-dog, in order to acquire a courage and resolution till then unknown. After seven descents, it is said, he obtained the object for which he had been so solicitous, without any diminution of speed, or the beauties of shape and symmetry. Lord Rivers's stock is now admitted to be one of the first in England, and its superiority may be owing to a judicious cross of the Dorsetshire and Newmarket blood. Mr. Gurney, of Norwich, was likewise for some years in possession of a breed in considerable repute. It has the three great requisites, blood, bone, and shape. Snowdrop, a son of Snowball, won the Malton Cup four successive years; and Fly, a grand-daughter of Snowball, a yellow and white bitch, the property of Major Topham, carried it away also in the Malton Spring Meeting of 1810, though she had suffered previously very severe exercise. Scarcely a greyhound, indeed, of other blood appears at the Malton meeting, and it has been so celebrated as to be introduced in almost every county in the kingdom.

There was a circumstance respecting Snowball, peculiar to him in the history of coursing. He served greyhounds for years before his death at three guineas each. And amongst them two out of Wales, two out of Scotland, one from Marquis Townshend, out of Norfolk, and the rest out of counties at some distance. Fifty guineas were given for Young Snowball, who was sold afterwards for one hundred; and Mr. Mellish beat all Newmarket with another son of Snowball.

Thus much of celebrated greyhounds. I know that admirers of by-gone days will tell us that we have neither a SNOWBALL or a SNOWDROP, and thence take occasion to argue that those animals were unmatched, and that our greyhounds lack endurance and strength, although they cannot deny them the praise of swiftness. These admirers of "auld lang syne," forget that the objects of their admiration are *phenomena*, exceptions to canine rules; and that as every generation of horses does not produce an ECLIPSE, nor every race of mankind a PHILIP, a CÆSAR, or an ALEXANDER, their depreciation of present greyhounds is not worth a rush. The question is, has the general form, speed and breed of the animal improved? to this we answer YES.

## SECTION III.

THE QUALITIES AND FORMATION OF THE GREYHOUND.

The Coursing Clubs and Societies formed in various parts of the kingdom for the diversion of coursing, are probably greater inducements towards improving the breed of this animal than any other; for without your dog has an appearance of blood, he there ranks no higher than a cur, even though his qualifications may be somewhat superior, and blood, beauty, bottom, and speed must all concentrate to carry the day. An anxiety for superiority forsakes us not in trifling matters, and whatever tends to the increase of individual renown, gives an additional spur to our exertions. Happily, through the medium of some friendly assistant, the honours we gain in the field are seldom suffered to die upon the spot, but are speedily announced in the Sporting newspapers of the day with all the pomp of hard-earned victory. It is this I am firmly persuaded, which induces many men to assume a character they do not possess, and to claim too close a connection with the more worthy descendants of the mighty Orion.

Every county has a quality peculiar to itself, and on which it founds a claim to precedence; but amongst those which pretend to sporting celebrity, Yorkshire occupies the foremost rank. Its climate and situation; its extent and

numerous population, added to the independent spirit of its inhabitants, and their natural propensity to sport, all combine to raise it above its competitors, and to decide the challenge which their vanity may assume. It must not however be denied, that Norfolk, Suffolk, Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire, and Derbyshire are each famous for their greyhounds, and the best crosses have occasionally been had from thence; but when I give the character to Yorkshire I have done, I wish it to be understood as combining in itself more general resources for a sportsman than any other country; for, except black-game, every object of his pursuit is there to be found, not in plenty only but perfection. The superiority of the greyhound of one county over that of another, and frequently an adjoining one, has at all times given rise to much controversy and speculation; but, in my opinion, so much depends upon the animal which is to determine this point, and the different methods of training and exercise, that we are too prone to regulate by theory, what can only be substantiated by long and skilful practice. We are so well aware of the different effects of air, food, and water upon the constitution of the horse, that I am somewhat astonished we so rarely anticipate a similar result in that of the dog; sudden changes of either will overturn the best of systems previously adopted, which can only be again restored by an equal and uninterrupted process. The advantage, therefore, which a dog possesses of running upon his own ground; or, in other words, fighting upon his own dunghill, is so physically obvious as to require no further proof than daily experience; one trial will be sufficient to convince the most cynical declaimer; and though there are those who constantly arraign the practice, it nevertheless seldom conduces either to their profit or reputation.

Notwithstanding, however, the difference of opinion upon these points, it has seldom happened that any existed in regard to the shape of the greyhound, and the old and favourite expression of

Headed like the SNAKE,  
And neck'd like the DRAGON,  
Sided like the ARAB,  
Backed like a BEAM,  
Tailed like the RAT,  
And footed like the CAT,

has been generally considered decisive of excellence. Favourable as such an opinion appears to be, and supported by the authority of time and experience, it will perhaps appear a bold attempt in the writer to refuse unqualified approbation to what most men admit to be self-evident.

It is generally allowed, that the speed of all animals depends much more upon the symmetrical formation of their various parts, than any innate quality, and so long as these proportions are uniform and the muscular powers full and expanded, the greater will be the velocity of their motion when roused into action. Under these circumstances it is requisite that some one part should be so formed as to increase by its elasticity the action of the others: for this purpose the horse is gifted with a pastern, which according to its length and size adds very materially to his speed and stoutness. Now, it must be obvious, that as the hare can strike nearly as far at a stroke as the greyhound, it is in a great measure owing to the length of her toes, which supply the place of a pastern: and if this hold good in respect to one animal, it surely must towards all, so that a round foot from being really an advantage, in a greyhound, is decidedly reverse. In a pointer, I acknowledge this to be a great perfection, but he is perhaps the only dog which in this particular we should be so anxious about: indeed, many men carry the idea to an extravagant height, and the remark of an eminent artist, when I once made an observation upon the shape of a greyhound he was painting, "that, if he had followed the directions of his owner, he would have had no feet at all," struck me as conveying a tolerably correct idea of this generally received but erroneous maxim. The description before-named, is in other respects properly correct, and by attending to its directions, so far as appearances go at least, we shall not very seriously commit ourselves.

(To be continued.)

**SPORT IN WARWICKSHIRE.**—The shooting which Warwickshire offers to the sportsman is of that ordinary character that requires no especial notice here, with the exception that the black cock is to be met with in small quantities in Sutton Park, which is on the borders to Staffordshire, and which nominally, but not effectually, preserved by the Corporation of Sutton Coldfield, or the game would be far more abundant than it is, from the benefit of being contiguous to the well preserved property of the Marquis of Anglesey at Beaudesert, where the black cock may be seen in great abundance. This is the more extraordinary, as it is the only spot in the midland counties where the same description of bird is to be found. There is no great abundance of wild fowl in Warwickshire; in fact, the land is too well drained and cultivated to afford food for snipes in any abundance, although they are found scattered at intervals through many parts of the country; but the wild duck is constantly met with in couples by the sportsmen during the winter season; in fact, they breed in the rivers and brooks which intersect most advantageously this well-watered agricultural district, and numbers are wantonly murdered in the months of July and August by the shooting farmers before they can well fly, and are from that circumstance called flappers. One of the largest decoys in England is still kept up at Packington Park, Lord Aylesford's place, where ducks are taken during the winter in great numbers, there being a pipe for nearly every wind that blows.—*Sporting Magazine.*



## WRINKLES FOR THE CROOM.—NO. X.



HE "wrinkles" which form the present budget, and those for the next week or two, will be seasonably devoted to a consideration chiefly connected with the casualties of hunting stables: although many of the hints will genuine a more general character.—

## BAD FEEDERS.

Those horses which are of a delicate constitution, and require several days to bring them back to their regular appetites, after every day of unusual exertion, especially that caused by following hounds, are commonly known by the name of "bad feeders." It is a defect which, unfortunately for those who have small studs, is by no means uncommon; but at the same time they have this consolation that the remedy, to a very considerable extent, lies in their own hands. There are many degrees of this weakness of constitution—some only declining their feed after unusually hard days; with others the mere excitement consequent upon having been with hounds is sufficient to prevent their feeding that night, while with others it depends on the length or fatigue of the day. Some will cease to be affected as they become more used to the business, or improve in their condition, and of course no farther trouble need be taken with them; but with others nothing ever appears to produce any permanent benefit. Some one may say "Give them a cordial ball." I admit that by this means a temporary appetite may, in most instances, be obtained; but if persisted in, the stimulus, to be of any service, must continually be increasing; besides which we cannot always be giving cordial balls. I have invariably found it to be the best plan to keep such horses excessively quiet, being more than usually particular that they shall be out of hearing of any dogs, which commonly, for obvious reasons, disturb them more than any other noise; at the same time, their groom can easily perceive what part of their food they are most partial to, and, by paying attention to this, they may be induced to eat more than they otherwise would have done. I have not unfrequently known instances of their refusing the oats, and picking out the beans. The plan here is at once obvious: increase the quantity of the favoured grain, and diminish that of the rejected; and by having the beans well split or bruised, they mix better, and make it more difficult for them to be separated from the oats. Some horses are passionately fond of white peas, and when this is the case, it will be found of great assistance, as, from their size, they mix easily with the oats, and by so doing may frequently be made the means of carrying down a good feed. These animals should always be fed in small quantities at a time, and what they leave in their mangers must be taken out, so as not to cause disgust. I have met with instances where they would eat with avidity directly their corn was wetted, though they would not touch it in a dry state. It frequently happens that although they may refuse every thing which is put before them by day, they will dispose of a good portion by night. When this is the case, by keeping the stable dark during the day they may be cheated into a pretty regular appetite. With a small stud, however, I should recommend those horses, which are either known to possess this defect, or whose forms indicate a delicacy of constitution, to be avoided. They must be very brilliant hunters indeed to make amends for the number of times they will be unable to come out in their turns during the hunting season.

## BANGS AND BLOWS.

These, from the nature of the work, must always be of common occurrence with hunters, especially with those ridden in strong countries. Some horses, however, are so clever as rarely to meet with anything serious in this way, whilst others are equally unfortunate. Of course, frequent and long-continued fomentations must be had recourse to, in the first instance, as they will best tend to reduce inflammation, which is certain to be found more or less about the part. Should they prove bad, rest for a considerable time will be necessary, and as soon as the inflammation has in some degree subsided, strong chalk and water will, I believe, prove the best remedy. Should this, or with the addition of a little vinegar not prove sufficient, recourse to a veterinary surgeon will, nine times out of ten, be the shortest plan, as the injury has probably extended to some of the sinews, which anatomical knowledge will be necessary to discover.

## COLD AND COUGH.

This is another ailment to which hunters are, perhaps, oftener subjected than most other descriptions of horses, as they are always liable to be kept standing in exposed situations, after having been heated with exercise; indeed, fatal effects have not unfrequently proved the result of chills caught in this manner. I have, however, never suffered any bad effects from their influence in my own stable, nor do I think there is much fear from it, where proper care is taken. I attribute my good fortune, in this respect, in a great measure, to two simple causes: first, having always been very particular not to suffer my horses to stand still after a burst with hounds; and, secondly, having invariably paid attention to the earliest symptoms, so as to prevent bad consequences. I have always borne in mind the speech of some eminent physician, who, upon being told by any of his patients that they

had only a cold, asked them if they would wish to have the plague. It should be remembered that, with horses in high condition, inflammation is always at hand. I have never found the common remedy of one or two bran mashes, given at night instead of the last feed, and as hot as the horse will take them, with the addition of one ounce of nitre in each, fail, when given upon the very first symptoms showing themselves; and when the stable is not a warm one an extrarug will be advantageously employed at night. Nitre, however, should always be given with rather a sparing hand on account of its strong diuretic properties; and by placing the bucket containing the mash on the ground instead of in the manger, a considerable discharge from the nose may frequently be obtained, from which relief will be experienced. When permitted to go beyond the first stage, of course more vigorous measures will be needed, such as bleeding and lower diet. It should never be forgotten that neglected colds not unfrequently degenerate into chronic cough which is one of those diseases for which no cure has yet been discovered, but at the same time is one which admits of so much palliation, as to prevent its coming much, if indeed at all, against a horse in his work. Horses of this description will derive the greatest benefit from being precluded the use of the long hay. Indeed, so much does this operate upon them as, in some instances, to be no less than the difference between the presence or absence of the cough. The only method with which I am acquainted of successfully combating this disease, is to pay more than common attention to the state of the bowels, to keep the horse in strong work, nor should he be suffered to be quite so full of flesh as if nothing was the matter; give frequent slight sweats, as little water as possible, and have all the hay cut. I had in my stable, a few years since, a most excellent hunter, which I picked up by chance, as he had been labouring for some years under a most violent chronic cough, and had consequently been put to all sorts of rough and hard drudgery, but by a steady perseverance in this mode of treatment, the cough was never heard for the last two months of my possessing him, and never appeared to come against him in the least. How long this state of things might have continued I cannot say, as he died by breaking his neck in a fall. I should add that in the case of this horse, one feed of long hay was always sufficient to cause a temporary return of the cough. As he was in very poor condition when I first became possessed of him, I administered a very considerable quantity of Peruvian bark (an ounce a day in his corn for about a month) from which I experienced the best possible result, and I have always been of opinion that by giving a tone to the constitution, it exercised a beneficial influence over the cough.

## NOTICE!

THE PROPRIETORS, in consequence of the unexpected demand, have found themselves under the necessity of reprinting THE ALMANACK and with it NUMBER 28 of THE MAGAZINE which they will still continue to keep on sale for a few weeks, at the price of THREEPENCE together.

N.B.—This is done in order to keep faith with many Subscribers, who have failed in procuring their numbers owing to the increased demand. The Almanack may also be had, strained on linen, varnished, and with neat roller, for suspending in Parlours, &c. Price 2s. 6d. each.

\*\* The Stamped Edition of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, can be had post-free direct from the Office, or through any News agent for 3s. 3d. per quarter, PAID IN ADVANCE. We insert this notice in consequence of numerous enquiries as to the mode of obtaining the Stamped edition. Observe, a single copy can always be had, but it must be ordered on the Tuesday at latest to make sure of supply, as we print no stock of stamps.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

- B. L., Durham, must give us a little breathing time. He asks us five questions; and we have put three of them on our list to ask ourselves. Is he aware that chronological questions require references? He cannot be so simple as to suppose that every editor is a walking chronology upon all subjects, important and unimportant; and that we can give date, place, duration, sums of money, minutes, seconds, &c., from memory alone.
- ERPING SAUSAGE.—Freeman died at Wimborster, October, 1845, and was buried by Ben Caunt, who went down to see his long pal settled comfortably in his long home.
- S. REBBINS.—The Almanack given with the 25th number of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, contains all the information respecting the forthcoming Derby, Oaks, and Leger, which you seek, and the Calendar of the same contains the very fixture you enquire after. Surely you buy the paper!
- A YORKSHIREMAN.—It is a vulgar error. The Queen does not sign the death warrants of criminals, and B does his wages.
- EASTHAM.—To your first question: We will enquire. 2. Sir C. Hawley's Humdrum is by Sir Hercules, out of Helen.
- R. G. L.—You must have a licence to authorise you to shoot rabbits; but it is not necessary for small birds, not game.

- C. R., Glasgow.**—The man is an impostor if he attempts to identify himself with Brumey (John Leechman) of Bradford; that pugilist died in February of the present year, at Manchester, and was removed to Bradford, where he was buried. Consult *Bell's Life* for February, 1845, and you will find plenty of evidence to unmask the pretender.
- H. R., Leeds.**—In cutting the ace is lowest, and you have the deal.
- NICHOLAS, Brighton.**—A, B, and C were playing at dice. A betted with B that he would throw higher than either B or C; A threw higher than C, and only tied A. Has A won or lost? A contends he has a right to throw again!—A has lost.
- SHAMON.**—At Cribbage A plays a four, B plays a three, A plays a five and scores 5; B plays a two, and scores 4; A plays a six, and scores 6 more; B plays an ace and scores 6; A holds another four and plays it, will the sequence run again on the four, and if so, would it run again on B playing a three?—Yes, in both cases.
- P. H.**—We shall shortly give a complete memoir of Jack Randall, containing all his fights, in the HISTORY OF BOXING; it would, therefore, be occupying space needlessly to repeat them. A summary of the battles of Randall will be found in "Fistiana," by the Editor of *Bell's Life* in London. BOXIANA has been discontinued since 1835, and there is no similar work. Our HISTORY (and we say it without vanity) will be unique.
- BILLIARDS.**—TYRO.—The white ball having been struck first, four can only be scored.—SUBSCRIBER, Briggs.—E can take the choice of balls. In answer to the other question—the balls must be broken, and E play, or D scores and plays on.
- QUERIST, Bath.**—The greatest winner of the year is Lord George Bentinck, who has won fifty-eight races with twenty-five horses, netting a sum of £217,572, besides a cup.
- H. L., Shrewsbury.**—At a card table the winner was to proceed 10s. A threw 43; one of the party bought the number and obtained the prize; is the purchaser to pay the 10s., nothing being said about it to the purchaser at the time it was sold?—The contract between the "putter up" and A was not transferred to the purchaser of the number; therefore, A must pay the 10s.
- A. H. Z.**—If a party playing at whist mark eight and omit to call the honours which they hold, can they score them after the cards are played, the adverse party not having scored any?—Certainly.
- R. B.**—It would be out of season. This is the most stagnant period of the year in Turf Betting. We will in due time give complete series of instructions for "Betting Round," with illustrations of the "DOCTRINE OF CHANCES."
- J. THOMPSON, (Stockton, Yorkshire).**—By paying a quarter's subscription (three shillings) by order, or in stamps, to the publisher, 42, Holywell-street, Strand, you will receive the paper for one quarter, or thirteen weeks, direct to your address.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

- SUNDAY, Dec. 21st.**—FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.—St. Thomas's, the shortest day. **MONDAY, 22nd.**—The youngster with "shining face" now comes home for the glorious Christmas holidays.—Newport Fagrell Fair.—South Lancashire Coursing Meeting (and 23rd).—Remarkable presence of mind. A gentleman being pursued by Mr. Levy, the sheriff's officer, took refuge in a pork-shop.—Prince Albert at the Smithfield Cattle Show gets a prize for his pigs, 1844; and so makes "a purse out of a sow's ear."
- TUESDAY, 23rd.**—Swindon Fair.—Carols and Yule logs. Pipe up my merry "waits!" Holly, ivy and mistletoe in huge demand.—The French took Antwerp, 1832.—Things to be borne in mind.—Now list your doors, cork your soles, and tallow your noses. Now scour your raisins, and whip your syllabubs. Now look up your greengrocers for evening parties. Now kid your knackers, and fannel your bells for boxing-day.
- WEDNESDAY, 24th.**—CHRISTMAS EVE.—Hawarden Fair.—Robin Hood died, 1247.—Great Eruption of Vesuvius, 1801; another *rasa* breaking out of the poor old crater.
- THURSDAY, 25th.**—CHRISTMAS DAY.
- CHRISTMAS AULD LANG SYNE.**  
"And well our Christian sires of old  
Loved when the year its course had roll'd,  
And brought blithe Christmas back again,  
With all its hospitable train.  
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;  
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;  
Forth to the wood did merry men go,  
To gather in the mistletoe.  
Then open'd wide the baron's hall  
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;  
The huge hall table's oaken face,  
Scrub'd till it shone, the day to grace,  
Bore then upon its massive board  
No mark to part the squire and lord.  
There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by  
Plum porridge stood, and Christmas pie;  
Nor fall'd old England to produce,  
At such high tide her savoury goose.  
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer  
A poor man's heart through half the year."
- SIR WALTER SCOTT.

- FRIDAY, 26th.**—BOXING DAY.—St. Stephen's Day.—This is an awfully insinuating occasion. Human countenances assume a brass-beeching expression, wonderfully disfiguring; hands, like blunderbusses, will be everywhere presented at us; mouths, like open sepulchres, will worm out our last shilling; pockets, like sextons, bury them in their depths, (to wrong the poor simile to death) like an orange passed from lip to lip, we shall be left as dry as the miser's death-bed.
- SATURDAY, 27th.**—St. John's Day.—Billious times: bank-notes, blue-pills, doctor's draughts, and banker's ditto, in great request.

## THE MOON IN DECEMBER.

First Quarter, 6th .. .. .	2 52 morn.
Full Moon, 13th .. .. .	6 42 after.
Last Quarter, 21st .. .. .	11 32 —
New Moon, 29th .. .. .	10 53 after.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

		High Water at London Bridge.					
		morn.	aft.			morn.	aft.
Sunday, Dec. 21st .. .. .	..	6 27	6 48	Thursday, 27th .. .. .	..	10 23	10 58
Monday, 22nd .. .. .	..	7 11	7 37	Friday, 28th .. .. .	..	11 32	—
Tuesday, 23rd .. .. .	..	8 5	1 39	Saturday, 29th .. .. .	..	6 3	0 31
Wednesday, 24th .. .. .	..	9 14	1 49				

"I'm more for ornament than use," as the wax seal said to Mr. Duncombe's letters, when they were put into the post-office.

**ART BEATS NATURE.**—We've got a painter down east as paints so neatral, that one day he took a piece of shingle and coloured it so much like marble, that when he threw it into the water if it didn't sink there wasn't no snakes in Virginny.

A Cockney geologist says that the letter *w* enters into the composition of woman in all the relations of wife, widow, wirgin and wixen.

## THE KEEPER'S TREE.

## EXAMPLE I.

THE end of our say on THE WILD CAT, (page 480, No. 30) we threatened a something under this title, ancient and concerning the trapping of "varmint," and here it is, or at least a bit of it.

Every one, whether sportsman or not, who has been accustomed to wander through any of the woods or preserves of our island, far away from the noise and smoke of the distant town, must have observed in his rambles, one tree at least in the wood, generally at its outskirts, from the branches of which are suspended the carcasses of several birds and four-footed animals, some whose bones are bleaching in the sun, and others lately killed, whose full plumage and plentiful fur, strongly contrast with the skeletons that swing by their side.

Many would pass by this tree without particular notice, or would merely bestow a casual glance on its branches, but the sportsman and naturalist view it with a far different eye, the one regards the bodies which hang from its branches with a feeling of delight, and rejoices when he reflects that every one is that of an enemy. The other contemplates them with a deep feeling of curiosity, and examines them with an interest unknown to every one but the true naturalist.

Upon examination we perceive almost every species of winged and fourlegged vermin, which frequent our covers and preserves, suspended from the KEEPER'S Tree. The lively colours of the jay here form a rich contrast to the jetty plumage of the carrion crow; and the gay pie-ball of the magpie, the light mottle of the owl, and the blue ashen feathers of the heron—whose life has expiated many a depredation on the fish stew and river—are mingled with the plumage of the buzzard and hawk. The wild cat is suspended side with by side its more domesticated, though no less destructive relation; and the stoat, polecat, and weasel, all of which have fallen by the trap or the gun, prove that the vigilance of the keeper has been well repaid.

In the ensuing papers it is my intention, after treating of the quadrupedal annoyances of the preserve, the henroost, and the warren, to proceed to the winged enemies of the creatures which man would protect for his food, his profit, or his sport.

## 1. THE SELF-HUNTING DOG.

There is scarce any animal more calculated to do mischief to the litters of foxes, to the deer park, or to the game preserve, than this. By night and day he is constantly on foot; weak deer and fawns are an easy prey to him; litters of cubs, if above ground, are worried in a moment, or the old foxes made to remove them from well-placed earths, owing to his scratching at their apouts. The hare and leveret are chopped in the form, or run down; the hen pheasant killed on or made to desert her nest, her unfledged young destroyed; and the covers rendered no longer the resting-place of nature.

The self-hunter at deer or game soon becomes a sheep-killer; and here, as in many other instances, the interests of the farmer are saved in the vigilance necessary to the protection of game.

The Hon. Grandley Berkeley says, "I once knew a self-hunting dog so cunning, that when in a cover full of game, and in the midst of his sport, if he caught wind of the approach of a keeper, he would fly the place. So quick was he in the apprehension of danger, that he used often to vocate a cover, and leave his pursuers at a loss to make out what had become of him. A remarkable and beautiful act of self-devotion I once observed in this animal. He had entered the preserves with a canine companion, the latter evidently unaware of the danger of his employment, and, as usual, the offender was the first to discover the approach of the death-dealing gun. He had often been in similar circumstances, and frequently had his companion destroyed; aware of this fact, the endeavours of the old poacher to make his unwary ally sensible of his peril were suggestions of reason rather than of instinct. He had induced the young dog to follow him from the cover into the meadow, around which ran the park palings, when at this moment, hard in pursuit, the guns appeared, not two hundred yards off. Toby—for that was the name the old dog went by—dashed forward to the well-known meuse in the pales, in the hope that his companion would follow; but finding that such was not the case, at the risk of his own life he returned, ran up and jumped with his paws round the neck of his companion, rolled before him on the ground, and then, pushing him in the ear with his nose, as if telling him there was no time to lose, he dashed through the pales again. All this time the guns were coming up; the young dog evidently was hanging back for the covers and the game; the nearest gun had already begun to slacken the speed of advance, for the purpose of aim, when the old dog returned again, more excited than ever, renewed his solicitations, succeeded in his endeavours, and both the dogs placed the high palings between them and the guns just as the double Manton was brought to a level.

"Once through the park fence, by the time their pursuers gained a place to look over, the dogs were retreating some hundred yards off, in the direction of the village. For years this dog annoyed the preserves, in summer and winter; he knew a trap as well as the man that set it; and

the quantity of game destroyed by him and his companions—for as fast as one was shot, he got another—was incalculable. A ruse at last succeeded; it was as follows: on a Sunday he was found hunting in some hedgerows near the preserves, by two of those interested in the care of the game; they had no guns in their hands; but Toby discovered them, and paused in his diversion, in some mistrust: at that moment a rabbit came by; but instead of the objects of Toby's suspicion interfering to protect it, they threw their sticks at it, and with many cries joined in the chase. It was the thought and act of a moment, but this ruse was successful; Toby was thrown off his guard, and was soon their most active companion. By little and little they approached the preserve; the gate was opened, and all three rushed into the midst of hares and pheasants, and into places that were never before disturbed. Reluctant to destroy so sensible, though so mischievous an animal, they tried to catch him; but in vain: watching, therefore, an opportunity, one of the party retired for his gun; and when he returned with it, he and Toby met within ten yards of each other. At once the dog became aware of his fatal mistake, and with an angry yell of terror endeavoured to retreat, but in vain; the havoc of years was avenged in that unguarded moment."

The trap for self-hunting dogs, cats, martin cats, stoats, polecats, weasels, and even rats, ravens, carrion crows, magpies, and jays, where the preserve is situated not in a fox-hunting country, is as follows:

Lay a dead hare or rabbit, or the skin of either, with a piece of raw flesh, against the butt of a tree, by the side of the ride or path: let the high head of some bare-limbed tree command it, for the sake of the winged vermin: set your steel-trap—of spring sufficient to hold a dog, yet light enough to catch a weasel—about a foot and a half from the bait, so that no long-necked animal can reach the latter without treading on the former; and then fence up with bushes on either side of the bait, reaching from the butt of the tree, and tapering down in height and width to the corner of the jaws of the trap next the spring; so that nothing can approach the bait except by passing over the trap. Cover the trap over neatly, and just sufficiently, with small leaves or short moss, having made a place in the earth enough to let it in even with the surface of things; and then secure the trap with chain and peg, making all appear as natural as possible.



TRAP FOR THE SELF-HUNTING DOG AND OTHER VERMIN.

These traps should remain the year round in the same place, as the older the materials composing the fence are, and the less tainted by the hand of man, the better. In summer, when baits decay so soon, and turn to maggots, they should only be occasionally used; a night now and then with the fresh and reeking paunch of a rabbit, will serve to stop many a marauder, and avoid the danger to the pheasant, which will often approach carrion, in search of the insect that it breeds. Any tree against which to set this trap, is better than the oak, as, in the fall of the acorn, pheasants, of course, would be attracted.

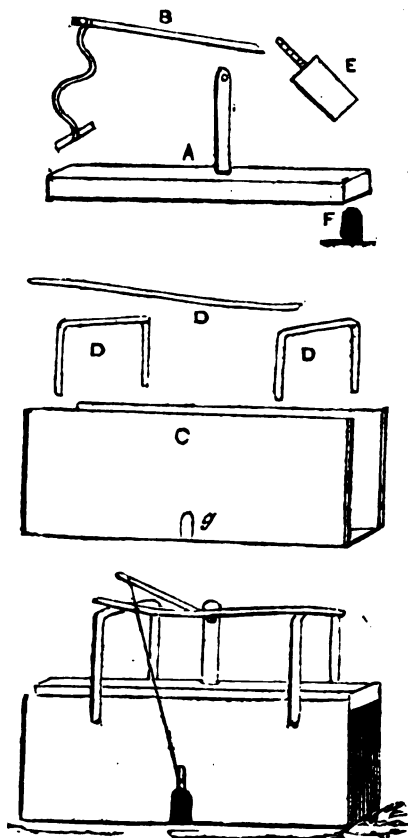
There is another method of catching four-footed as well as the above-mentioned winged species of vermin, and that is by placing three or four traps around a dead deer, hare, or rabbit, in the open part of parks or fields, with a small bush placed in the interstices between the traps, to direct the foot of the vermin. This is a snare which is sure to attract great notice from the winged tribe, and will oftentimes take when the trap against the tree fails. Smaller steel-traps, set in drains, so far in that

nothing but a hole-hunting creature can get caught, are very destructive to the polecat, stoat, weasel, and rat; and artificial drains, of from two to three feet long, placed purposely in hedges or at the foot of banks likely to be frequented by vermin in their passage from cover to cover, or when they hunt the hedgerows, are also excellent devices; indeed the latter of these, made only large enough to admit the polecat, are safe, even in fox-hunting counties. The two first-mentioned traps, that at the foot of the tree, and those in the park or open field, should only be used, where foxes are preserved, at certain hours, and are scarce safe at any time, unless under the immediately inspection of the master.

## 2. THE WILD CAT; OR DOMESTIC CAT GROWN WILD.

The steel-trap as before described, the iron as well as the wooden hutch or box-trap, are good for this species of vermin, as also the deadfall, which, as it is a cheap as well as a most useful trap, and not generally known, it will be necessary here to sketch. It can be made of any old or otherwise useless wood, as well (which it should be in fox-hunting countries) or as large as you please.

No bait is necessary to the deadfall: all animals that this trap is intended to catch are fond of passing through covered places; they tread on the bridge, and the weight of the trap instantly deprives them of life, rendering them quadruped representations of the flattened babe which was asleep in an arm chair, and sat upon by a fat lady, while she read a double number of the "Morning Post." When the fat lady rose from the chair, a maid-servant, shrieking with horror, held up the spoiled child; but holding it edgewise to the astonished eyes of its parents, it was so flattened and fine of edge that they could not see it, and ran for assistance to secure their servant, who, they supposed, had gone mad. In a similar way, a gamekeeper might hold up a polecat, caught in this trap, to his master: but unless he turned its breadth for his inspection, instead of its edge, he would scarce meet with the desired approbation.



A. The Top, or heavy fall of the Trap.

B. The Tilter, or Stick to set it with.

C. The sides of the Trap.

D. Cross-bars or Rester.

E. The Bridge.

F. A small Post, driven firmly into the ground, to prevent the neck of the Bridge

from being drawn out too far. The lower sides of the Trap should be connected by two Cross-bars at either end; the earth being levelled, and hardened is a sufficient bottom.

G. The Hole for the neck of the Bridge.

The weight of the animal treading on the bridge slips it off its catch upon the end of the button, and brings down the deadfall A, supported by the tilter B. Its end just catches in the hole of the upright of the fall of the trap, and acting as a level by its rest on the long cross-bar, and catching the button at the end of the spring, in the notch in the side of the trap, and one of the notches in the neck of the bridge, the weight of the fall is supported till the bridge is displaced, when, the purchase being loosed, down it falls.

(To be continued in our next.)

## GALLERY OF SPORTING CELEBRITIES.—NO. VIII.



THE LATE RIGHT HON. JAMES WALTER GRIMSTON, EARL OF VERULAM.

The recent decease of this respected nobleman, has hastened the appearance of his portrait. Few more liberal men than James Walter Grimston, Earl of Verulam, Viscount Grimston and Baron Verulam, of Gorhambury; Baron Dunboyne, in Ireland; Baron Forrester, in Scotland; and Lord Lieutenant of the county of Herts, remain in the peerage of the realm. Were ours political sketches, we could easily show that he has always had as much "consideration for the rights of the people," as an ancestor so much be-lauded in a late debate. But "ware politics" is ringing in our ears, and we must confine ourselves to his Lordship's character as a sportsman.

Lord Verulam, we believe, was never a fox-hunter, but has always been a preserver of foxes. His career on the turf commenced in 1819, in which year we find Vaharina running in his name. Since then he has possessed the following horses:—Veterinarian, Varennes, br. c. by Orville, Vapour, Sporus, Vaurien, Venom, Vargas, Verbena, Vitellina, (winner of the Goodwood Stakes 1824), brother to Interpreter, f. by Selim, c. by Woful, f. by Phantom, Helas. The Moslem (winner of the Riddlesworth Stakes), Upas, Salix, Brocard, f. by Mr. Lowe, Manille, f. by Godolphin, c. by Orville, Laurestinus, Ombre, f. by Whalebone, Whip, Albert, Vestris, f. by St. Patrick, Basto, c. by Sultan, Little Cassino, f. by Sultan, two fs. by Mameluke, and numerous colts and fillies by Liverpool, and Sir Hercules. Among them the best were Robert de Gorham by Sir Hercules, winner of many cups and plates (now the property of Mr.

M'Kenzie); Charlotte by Liverpool, winner of 110 at Gorhambury, and 135 at Ascot, in 1844, &c., &c.

The following nominations will be vacated, among others, by his lordship's death. Filly by Sir Hercules out of Duvernay, in the 100 sovs. Sweepstakes at the Craven Meeting, 1846, (April 13); in the Oaks; in the Coronation Stakes at Ascot; the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood, and the Racing Stakes at same; in a 50 sovs. sweep at Newmarket, 2nd October, &c. Colt by Sir Hercules out of Christina.

Colt by Sir Hercules (1836) by Ishmael out of Corumba, in the Derby, 1846, the Drawing-room Stakes at Goodwood, &c. Br. Filly by Muley Moloch out of Corunna in the 30 sov. Sweepstakes at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, the Nassau Stakes, at Goodwood, &c. Among his lordship's earlier horses Varennes, Vitellina, Brocard, Albert, and Vestris, were winners of several stakes and gold cups: but his Lordship's career on the turf has not, on the whole, been very successful; his name not appearing in the lists as the winner of a Derby, an Oaks, a St. Leger, a 2000 Guineas, or a 1000 Guineas Stake. As a honourable patron of the turf, however, his loss will be regretted, although it was currently rumoured that the delightful race-meetings in Gorhambury Park were to be discontinued.

His lordship's death took place at half-past eleven on Monday morning, the 1st December, at Gorhambury, the family seat of the Verulams in Hertfordshire.



His lordship was born on the 26th of September, 1775, and succeeded his mother's cousin as Baron Forrester, on the 3rd of December; and his father as Viscount Grimston on the 30th of December, 1808. His lordship married, on the 11th of August, 1807, Lady Charlotte Jenkinson, only daughter of Charles, first Earl of Liverpool, by whom he has had issue six sons and four daughters, all of whom, with the exception of one son, who died in his infancy, survive their noble parent. He is succeeded in the title and family estates by his eldest son, Viscount Grimston (now Earl of Verulam), who married on the 12th of September, 1844, Elizabeth Johanna, daughter of Richard Wayland, Esq., of Woodcote, Oxon. A very numerous circle of the aristocracy are placed in mourning by the demise of his lordship. The noble earl's loss will be most severely felt in the neighbourhood of Gorbamby, where his liberality and condescension caused him to be universally beloved.

The noble earl had suffered severely during the last three months from an attack of dropsy, combined with disease of the heart.

### SHOOTING WRINKLES.—NO. III.

Through the various paths of this chequered life it is observable that as man, in his strenuous endeavours to approach perfection, improves upon the management of his ancestors, something transpires to check his progress, and so far to disappoint his expectation. This is observable, in many instances, in the field. Since the invention of the comparatively unerring detonator, various trifling causes have combined to retard the murderous properties which, in skilful hands, that deadly weapon is calculated to wield. In fact, had all things remained in the same state as they were prior to the improvement in fowling-pieces, the various tribes of game would by this time have been nearly annihilated. I am just old enough to remember the common use of the old-fashioned flint and steel, and can perfectly recollect the very different condition of the land upon which game (especially partridges) was then found. You entered a wheat-stubble which was nearly up to your knees, and the bottom was a thick mat of grass and weeds. This afforded good shelter for the birds, and they would, in the early part of the season, lie close, and wait for your approach; your dog having previously found them without being perplexed by their having run perhaps a quarter of a mile. But now it is very different: you find the same number of corn-fields, or rather stubbles, in such an altered garb, that a man who had been absent during the last twenty years would be, in all probability, so much in doubt as to exclaim, "What grain has been growing here!" The stubble is scarcely higher than your shoes; and such has been the advance in agricultural science, that scarcely a weed is to be seen, certainly nothing to present shelter for game; and the moment you enter the field, away flies the covey to some distant spot, or, if not disposed to take wing, they run to the farther extremity, and probably through the next fence. How marvellously, therefore, are your canine attendants puzzled, finding upon the game at the place where it has lodged, and soon discovering by the scent that it has moved; unless very steady indeed, the dogs begin to draw in the direction it has taken; or, if the dog who found them should remain at his point till the approach of his master, not finding anything before him, he makes a cast as if the birds had taken wing; again he gets upon the scent, and is again deceived; and this repeated probably two or three times, the birds are either lost or flushed, without the possibility of obtaining a shot. Turnips, high grass, or potatoes, present the principal shelter, and even the former of these are very different to what they were in days of yore. On most well-conducted farms they are planted on ridges, along which the birds will run at an amazing pace; and thus the shooter and his dogs are baffled in the most perplexing manner.

The natural wildness of the birds is thus increased, and as a matter of course, the more frequently they are disturbed, the wilder they will become: it is therefore of the greatest importance that they should be kept quiet, and the molestations of cur-dogs and similar nuisances most scrupulously guarded against. These circumstances cause birds to be constantly on the watch, and consequently the opportunities of approaching them within range of shot is wonderfully diminished. Whoever attempts to lay down invariable rules where and how game is to be found will, in practice, find themselves egregiously disappointed. Partridges, in particular, are very capricious in their habits; change of weather, the proportion of food, the circumstance of their having been disturbed, and other causes which are not easily accounted for, will often induce them to resort to places and situations in which they are not usually found. This subject does not often engross the attention of the owner of an extensive and well-preserved manor, where he is sure to find plenty of game somewhere or other; but to those whose limits are confined, or the game is not very plentiful, it is an object of some consequence. No one would think of beating a fallow field, or one sown with wheat, in October or November, under an impression that he could obtain a shot; but I have very frequently found coveys in such situations, and, having marked them down where shelter was more propitious, have succeeded in my object. Having tried the most usual places unsuccessfully, it is a recourse perfectly justifiable to run the dogs over other ground; particularly if you are convinced that there are birds in the neighbourhood. One reason

may be assigned for partridges leaving an accustomed situation: it is that they have been so often disturbed from their usual haunts, that they naturally endeavour to seek some place of peace and security.

In the commencement of the season, turnips and potatoes are the most likely places to find them in during the early part of the day; after which they usually seek the corn-stubbles—that is, towards four o'clock in the afternoon. If found basking in such situations, unless you come upon them very suddenly, they will generally run down the ridges; to obviate which in some measure, it is desirable to encourage the dogs to beat across them as much as possible. The middle or side of a corn-field is a very usual place of resort, and is no doubt selected as being most capable of observation, and to enable the birds to watch with greater certainty: these habits are, doubtless, acquired from experience. Nevertheless, they will sometimes be met with in the corners of fields, if such sites present attractive shelter, and are more commonly resorted to in turnip or potato-fields than in corn-stubbles. They may also sometimes be found under the warm shelter of a hedge-row in windy weather, on which occasion they will frequently rise singly; but it requires a very steady, experienced old dog to find them: they will lay so close that they are beaten over, and then rise when you have passed by them. The most certain way to get at them is for an attendant to beat with a stick, when, if there be two guns, by taking each side of the hedge the great probability is that one will obtain a shot. Brambles, fern, and long grass, are not now usually found in the borders of hedge-rows on highly-cultivated farms; but when they are, they present most attractive resorts. Partridges will also shelter themselves in dry ditches, which are covered with briars and other rubbish; they are difficult to find in them, as setters and pointers cannot, in general, make any progress along them; indeed, if they could, they would in general be out of sight: a well-behaved spaniel is the best kind of dog for this purpose, and, if properly broke, is a most serviceable companion.

During the early part of the season, pheasants are commonly found in the open, especially under the shelter of thick hedge-rows, where, upon being found, they will often run a considerable distance, not unfrequently threading the hedge, by which the best dog on earth is sure to be puzzled. All cock pheasants will sometimes take straight across a field, and thus unseen escape; but, when two persons are shooting in company, the most effectual plan is for one to beat up the opposite side of the hedge to the other; the game must then either run the length of the fence or take wing, although they will not on all occasions rise even at the termination of the hedge. I have known them travel from one field to another without any chance of inducing them to present their beautiful plumage to the fowling-piece; in fact, it is their very general practice to run some distance before they will spring, even in covert. As the season advances, they take more constantly to the woods, where the usual method now adopted is that of forming battue-parties, and besiege the game of all descriptions which may be found therein after the manner of an enemy levying devastation on the inhabitants of a fallen city.

Among those objects of the sportsman's attention which have changed less in their habits than any other, are woodcocks and snipes. This is easily explained: they are wilder in nature than pheasants and partridges; their haunts are farther from the habitation of mankind; they seek the woods and marshy spots; are here to-day, and no one knows where to-morrow. They are not in any degree dependent upon man for their sustenance, neither is it possible, that I am aware of, to place food of any kind within their reach; if it were, it might be a means of rendering considerable attraction to certain spots. I apprehend it is in search of their food that they are induced to ramble, and are consequently so uncertain to find. Having arrived at a covert, either not meeting with a supply of food, or the quantity being short and quickly consumed, they find it necessary to depart in search of some more propitious spot. This appears to me to be the most rational way of accounting for their constant wanderings. In beating for woodcocks, a knowledge of the place to which they resort is of great assistance, as they are for the most part found very near the same spot. The vicinity of the wet soaks, or springs, are the most usual; especially during frost, when the ground in other parts is too hard to permit of their obtaining any sustenance. By going directly to those situations, and afterwards beating the covert throughout, should the object of pursuit not be found without much time and labour may be saved. This is, in my opinion, the most interesting and exciting description of shooting which our islands boasts of; especially if it be followed in the correct and legitimate way, with a clever team of well-broke spaniels. They are, however, difficult to meet with, and require much time and labour to bring under proper subjection. If they range too wide, they will flush their game beyond the range of the gun; and, if they are to be perpetually called to, the game will be continually disturbed, and run off before found, as in covert-shooting various other species may be sought for besides woodcocks: indeed, it is the diversity of those birds (pheasants), hares, and rabbits, that renders this kind of shooting so superlatively interesting. The most sportsmanlike and agreeable party that can be formed for this purpose is two or three guns—not more—and two beaters. The number of the latter are indispensable; but when the party is composed of half the rabble from the village, I must confess it does not coincide with my ideas of sport. It may be argued that, under such a course, more game may be brought to bag if pot-hunting be the incentive. I admit the efficacy of the plan; but, if sport be the object, it

could be had without the assistance of the canine race. In small covert, thickly stocked with pheasants, it is very certain that many will get away without even a chance of being shot at: but then they may be found again in the adjacent fields and hedgerows, where the science and sagacity of the setter or pointer may be most admirably applied. In some instances where the covert is on the outskirts of the manor, and the game which escapes cannot be followed, there may be some excuse for employing, tipped beaters; but they should be accompanied by a steady old Pointer or Retriever.

### [Reminiscences of Racing and Racers, in 1845.]

(For the Sportsman's Magazine.)

BY SOOTHSAYER.

(Continued from page 488.)

There is one thing to be remarked in the comparison of the British horse with that of any other country, as applied to race-horses, which is, the previous training the animal undergoes, and the severe ordeal he has to pass through before he appears on the course. It is enough to break down a giant, and that animal which survives it must indeed be an object of admiration and praise. I was led to make this remark in consequence of a comparison I heard instituted between the racers of the United States and of England. I apprehend there are many horses in Great Britain and Ireland which, if reserved for the purpose, could accomplish anything that has been done in America. At the same time, with the allowance to American horses in weight, there cannot be a doubt the horses of the British stud in a race for the Goodwood Cup would be in jeopardy, should New Fashion, in her best form, contend for it. Most of our good horses, too, run ten or twelve times in the course of a season.

On July 29th, Goodwood Races commenced with the Craven Stakes, which fell to Discord, Beaumont, second; being good enough to beat Hawkesbury and Pic Nic. A very important event, the Ham Stakes was closely contested by several colts and fillies in the Derby and Oaks. The Stakes are 100 sov. each, 200 sov. for second, half forfeit. It was a pretty race; Princess Alice and Cuckoo went away with a lead, followed close by Wilderness, who soon went forward and made the pace good; at the half distance the Princess Alice fell back, and Samphire, coming forward, she, and the other two, ran abreast for some time, when Lady Cecilia, making her effort, caught Cuckoo and Samphire, and won by a head; Cuckoo beating Samphire by half a length. The only others in the race were two colts, Iago (disqualified now) and Morocco, and Wit's End, a filly. The 300 sov. Sweepstakes was a race between four bad ones; two did not pass the chair, and Joe Lovell beat Best Bower by a neck. It is a three mile and a half race, and was tolerably run. Old England won the Drawing Room Stakes, he was rode by Sam Day, and beat Longitude (Nat), and Pic-Nic (J. Marston). The Merry Monarch, in a race for the Gratwicke Stakes, was most unaccountably beaten by Hersey (Nat) by a head; Cowl broke down so badly as to be withdrawn altogether from running. Captain Pettat on Quebec beat "The Squire" for the Goodwood Club Stakes on his own Sorella; Lord Maidstone on Arcanus was third. Another important race on the coming events, took place in a contest for the Lavant Stakes. Cherokee, Mendicant and Sting made all the play, the middle one leading up to the stand, where Sting went up and disposed of her, winning by a length. Mendicant, however, beat Cherokee two or three lengths, Collingwood and Cambeales were beaten off, and the latter need not be even thought of. For the Innkeeper's Plate of 50 sovs., added to 5 sovs., Parthing Candle (two years old) shewed such a light upon the subject, and so completely bade the other "stars hide their diminished heads," as to induce her present proprietor (for she was claimed according to the articles) to call her *Chandelier*. She is a filly by Bay Middleton, out of Torch. The next day, July 30th, commenced with a victory by old Shadow, for the Stand Plate, by Croton Oil. Killie Krankie won the Cowdry Stakes, and was claimed; the Colt by Mus, out of Guava, second; Deer Chase, third. That awful betting race, the Goodwood Stakes, came off in rather heavy weather, and, to the surprise of most folks, was won by Miss Elis, beating a large and good field by several lengths; Roderick beating Lothario for second place; Venus broke down. Red Deer beat the Shadow by a head for the Queen's 100gs. Plate. Lord Stanley won the Steward's Cup, a very handsome piece of plate, with Psalmisinger, beating a very fair field, over three quarters of a mile. In a race on Thursday, July 31st, for 200 sovs. Sweepstakes, Princess Alice beat Wilderness by a neck, after a fine race; Malvoisie was altogether out. In another Sweepstakes, 200 sovs., colts and fillies, Arkwright won easily, beating Binnacle, Sombrero, Wooden Wall, and Ukraine. For the Melcomb Stakes, Sting (7lb extra) beat the following eight others; Cuckoo second; Sotades third; Green Pea, Dawdle, Ferney, St. George, Spur, beaten off, and Polka a bad fourth. I believe this to be the last race of Sting before the Derby, except the one I shall have to mention when I come to speak of the Newmarket Meetings in October last. Your readers must make their own observations on his performances; I will, however, just observe that in the last race, with the exception of Cuckoo, there was a very bad

lot. Worthless beat Longitude and Pam for the Racing Stakes, and to the surprise of most people, Miss Elis beat Weatherbit, after a fast race, and in which the horse was urged to his utmost, for the Goodwood Cup; My Old Hack third; that unfortunate animal, Gohambury, followed by all the rest by two or three lengths. The pace was so severe that five or six others were pulled up. For the Sussex Stakes, Cuckoo, after a sharp race, beat Samphire by a neck. Wilderness beat Tug-net and Morocco for a 25 sovs. Sweepstakes; she passed him easily. Dean Swift and Venatrix beat Queen Mab and Psalmisinger for the Richmond Plate; the two last mentioned had the call; several others were beaten off. For the Anglesey Stakes Mr. Rolt, on Coal Black Rose, beat Croton Oil (Lord Maidstone) by a head; Sorella, rode by the Squire, an in different third. Had not Croton Oil broke away, and wasted himself, he would certainly have won this race. The Laird o' Cockpen walked over for two good things. For the Chesterfield Cup, a very good field competed, and after a good race, with a sharp struggle at the close, Ægis was placed first by a head; Needful second; and Semiseria third. Miss Elis, Lothario, Vandeville, and Knight of the Whistle were in the race, and well up; but Remorse, though not placed, was fourth. For the March Stakes, an Irish mare, Beatrice, won the First Class, having less weight than the others; and for the Second Class Wolf-dog, an Irish horse, was placed first. In the challenge for the March Stakes Naworth (11st), and Karnac (10st 6lb) beat both Beatrice (11st 5lb), and Wolf-dog (11st 1lb), a very capital race; all three races were among gentlemen jockeys. Refraction, after a dead heat with Queen Pomare, won the Nassau Stakes; Stich being a bad third; H. Bell, rode Refraction. After a leading race for the Bentinck Stakes by Fickle-wild-rose (Mr. Clifton), Best Bower (Lord Maidstone) went up at the rail, and after a capital race won by a neck, thus ended the Goodwood of 1844, a meeting of a very superior character as to attendance and sport. The last three days were not however what was desired as to weather; very wet, and parts of the course swampy.

At LUTON, July 22, a horse called Laird o' Cockpen ran and was beaten; not the real *Simon Pure* I reckon.

At LEOMINSTER, July 30, Isaac Day's filly Zela, by Bubastes, won the Herefordshire Stakes, and a gelding, the Jailor, won two races.

At Yarmouth, July 30, Mr. Theobald won some races with his Desperation, and the Devil-among-the-Tailors won one race out of five he was in.

At BARDENORTH, July 31, Princess Royal won two races, and Nixmy-Dolly the Gold Cup.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### RABBIT SHOOTING.

To the Editor of THE SPORTSMAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,—No sport is more pleasant to me than rabbit shooting. The rabbit, as every one knows, is very timid and very acute of hearing; for which reason care should be taken to make as little noise as possible; and in particular never to walk or run in the passes or across the woods to get before them, but at those times only when the dogs give tongue; for then the rabbit being occupied with either listening to the dogs or running before them, pays less regard to the noise which the sportsman makes in the pursuit.

Skill and practice, but above all quickness, are eminently necessary to shoot rabbits in a wood, either when the rabbit is hard run by the dogs, or at the moment of starting up or in view; and still more so when pursued by a spaniel who has struck but missed her. If at this time a rabbit crosses a road or a path cut through the wood, she starts like lightning, and scarcely gives the shooter time to prepare himself, unless the way is very broad.

It is also very difficult to shoot her when she gets up from among his feet, whether in a wood or in places covered with heath or brambles, which adjoin a warren, and where they are most commonly found. The course of a rabbit, for some little time at first, is much more rapid than that of the hare, and is at the same time oblique and twisting. It seems to glide, rather than run, and the proper moment of shooting is not easily seized.

If at any time of the day, but principally from nine in the morning until noon, and again in the evening about sunset, the sportsman posts himself near some well frequented burrows, either by getting up into a tree or lying behind a hedge, he will soon see them come out of their holes, and play about the hedges, at which time he may shoot them to great advantage. Or he may in the evening watch those pieces of corn lands which lie near the warren, for thither the rabbits are certain to be at that time to feed.

Rabbits being accustomed to run about much during the night, which is the case in the woody district of this neighbourhood may be more easily shot by moonlight by watching at those places where they come to play or feed, or a ferret may be put into the burrows and the rabbits shot as they bolt out; but this is so rapid a motion that great quickness of shot will be necessary.

Your very obediently,

Ilford, near Christchurch, Hants, Dec. 12, 1845.

W. HUMBY.

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD IV. 1793-1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CRIBB.

## CHAPTER XL.

JACK SCROGGINS,—(continued.)

Four months had scarcely elapsed when Scroggins again made his appearance in the prize-ring, but under very different circumstances. Having in his last combat defeated one of the most scientific boxers of the day, he was now called forth to enter the lists with a complete stranger, and a mere novice. It appears, that Whittaker, from Denbigh, in Yorkshire, and an oilman by trade, had criticised the milling talents of Scroggins rather freely in company; which conversation, ultimately, produced a battle between them. The sum contended for was fifty guineas a-side, and so much confidence did the oilman feel upon entering the ring with Scroggins, (notwithstanding his name was a sort of terror to pugilists in general,) that he put down thirty-two guineas of the stakes out of his own pocket. Scroggins viewed Whittaker with so much indifference, that he thought he had merely to take off his coat and win the fight. On Tuesday, the 9th of January, 1816, the fistic heroes met to decide this trial of skill at Moulsey-hurst. The oilman was understood to be a game man; and so much interest was excited in the sporting circles, that upwards of ten thousand persons witnessed the battle. The odds were two to one upon Scroggins, who was seconded by Oliver and Clark; Whittaker was attended by Cribb and Richmond. The men shook hands, and at one o'clock the set-to commenced:—

## THE FIGHT.

1. The amateurs expected more of a smashing than a scientific fight; Scroggins thought so little of his adversary, that he went to work *sans ceremonie*, but hit short with his left hand; the oilman, in return, planted a slight nobber. The combatants fought their way into a rally, and some sharp blows were exchanged, at the end of which the claret was seen trickling down Whittaker's face. (No variation in the betting.)

2. The oilman seemed full of pluck and eager for battle. Scroggins again hit short, but Whittaker improved on the opening, and made a sharp left-handed blow. Some desperate milling occurred; no want of spirit on either side. In closing, much struggling took place, when the oilman got away, but was ultimately sent down.

3. This was altogether a well-fought round: and if the oilman did not how superlative science, he evinced qualities that convinced the spectators he was not to be beat off hand. Scroggins attacked his adversary with much determination, and Whittaker showed equal resolution in a sharp rally, till he went down.

4. Science was not the forte of the combatants; downright milling was the order of this round. Scroggins missed several hits, and did not appear to such advantage as was expected. The oilman fought with much steadiness and composure, and his left hand, in some instances, was successful. The men rattled in a close, when the oilman, with much dexterity, threw his adversary. The odds nevertheless were still high upon Scroggins.

5. It was evident that Scroggins had paid little attention to training; and, at this early stage of the fight, his wind appeared rather treacherous. The oilman attacked his adversary in good style, and had the superiority of hitting. Scroggins slipped in making a bit, but soon recovered himself upon one knee, and with much force levelled his man.

6. Both combatants on their mettle; reciprocal fighting took place. The oilman proved himself a much better man than he was thought to be previous to the battle, and the odds fell to 6 to 4.

7. Scroggins came to the scratch much distressed and out of wind. The oilman improved upon this circumstance and made several telling blows ultimately finishing the round in his favour. (Applause.)

8. Scroggins could not recover his wind; and, to avoid receiving punishment, resorted to some strange manoeuvres to amuse his adversary. But the oilman was not to be deluded, and stuck to Scroggins hard and fast till he was thrown.

9. Scroggins came up fresher, and attacked his opponent with unshrinking courage. A rally took place, which was desperately contested; but finished to the advantage of Scroggins, who darkened the oilman's left peeper.

10 and 11. Both of these rounds were fought with manliness and resolution; it was plain Scroggins had got considerable work to get through, before victory would crown his efforts.

12. The oilman seemed more conspicuous for high game and wrestling capabilities than a sound acquaintance with the principles of the pugilistic art, he threw Scroggins in great style.

13 and 14. Rather in favour of Scroggins.

15. Here the oilman showed to much advantage. He put in several blows, both down.

16 to 30. Several trifling changes occurred during these rounds; in one of which, Scroggins met with an accident in falling, which might have terminated the battle; but his fortitude as well as policy was so great, that, notwithstanding the excruciating pain he suffered from a severe private injury, he did not even communicate the circumstance to his second, but fought on under considerable disadvantage. From the numerous antics and manoeuvres he played off, he recovered himself in some degree, and succeeded in damaging his opponent's remaining eye.

31 to 49 and last.—It is unnecessary to detail the whole of these rounds; suffice it to observe the oilman contested the whole of them with resolution and true game. He fought till without the powers of directing his blows; in

the last three rounds he was in a complete state of darkness. He resigned the contest with considerable reluctance; urging his not being reduced in bodily strength. In fact, he was humanely persuaded, by Mr. Jackson and his friends, to retire, as he had no chance whatever, from his defective vision. In other respects, there is no doubt but he might have protracted the battle.

Scroggins, had nearly given the chance away on this occasion, by overweening self-conceit, and the contempt with which he viewed the pretensions of Whittaker; the victory indeed was more owing to his good fortune than to judgment. He laughed at the idea of training to beat a novice, and never left his home for a single night. In consequence of this neglect, he took an hour and sixteen minutes to beat Whittaker, which, had he been in good condition, it is presumed he might have accomplished in half an hour. Scroggins, (almost too late,) found out the fault he had committed from neglect of training. It was a fortunate moment for our hero when the oilman was taken from the ground. The memorable defeat and ruin of Broughton ought always to operate as a useful lesson to all pugilists—more especially to conquerors—respecting their preparatory conduct. Scroggins had nearly fallen a victim to this blind confidence; his fame was tottering on a precipice. Scroggins too was extremely incorrect in his distances; but neither of the combatants fought upon the defensive, it was all milling throughout the battle. Whittaker was evidently the better wrestler; and Scroggins appeared more punished about his nob than in any other battle. Had not Scroggins succeeded in closing the remaining peeper of Whittaker, the termination might have been rather doubtful, as the latter was not seriously disabled in body nor distressed in wind; and if he retired from the ring a defeated man, it is but common justice to state, that a gamer pugilist than Whittaker never quitted the field. Thirty pounds was collected on the ground by Mr. Jackson, as a reward for the bravery the loser had displayed. Notwithstanding the latter resigned the contest, he still entertained an opinion that Scroggins was not the best man, and attributed the chance going against him to his being a stranger to the tactics of the prize-ring.

From the rapid conquests he had obtained, Scroggins was at this period the envy of the boxing circles. His lush crib was numerous attended—he was enjoying the fruits of peace and the rewards of his victories—smoking his pipe with ease and pleasure—and laid up as it were in ordinary, resting from the fatigues of war. But “peace” was not the element in which Jack was seen to advantage; therefore, out of numerous challenges offered to him, he accepted one from a countryman of the name of Church, a native of Gloucester, who, it seems, “had heard of battles,” and, thirsting to obtain fighting glory, had determined to lead “a dull inglorious life” no longer. He left Gloucester for the avowed purpose of challenging our hero; and Colonel Berkeley, his patron, had so high an opinion of his qualifications, that, without the least hesitation, he backed him for 100 guineas. Church, it appears, had milled all the best men in Gloucestershire, was well known as a staunch bottom chap; was well-made, taller than his adversary, and possessed a hardy and erect frame. Upon the match being made, he went into training near Enfield; during which period he gave proof that he was capable of performing no little in the milling way. Three countrymen called at the house where he resided, and rudely challenged him to fight. Church, shamefully careless about the engagement he was under, with more rashness than judgment, accepted their offer; fortune favoured him, for in a very short time he disposed of the whole three in the most satisfactory manner, and public report declared he was likely to turn out a troublesome customer for Scroggins.

On Tuesday, August 20th, 1816, the men met, and Moulsey-hurst was once more the theatre of pugilistic display. Myriads of persons left the metropolis, in all directions, to view the renowned Scroggins, among whom were Lord Yarmouth, Col. Berkeley, Captain Barclay, &c. Vehicles of all descriptions, from the barouche and four to the scavenger's mud-cart, were in requisition at an early hour, to reach the destined spot; the blood-horse, in all the pride of high breeding, was galloping by all, and the more humble donkey and spare nacker trotting and snorting along the road, to be up in time. Pedestrians of all ranks formed one moving scene, and by twelve o'clock many thousand persons crowded the hurst. Church appeared first, and threw his hat into the ring; Scroggins shortly following his example. The former was seconded by Tom Belcher and Bill Gibbons, the latter by Cribb and Clark. At a quarter past one the men shook hands; three to one on Scroggins. The battle lasted 58 minutes, and 50 rounds took place, as follow:—

## THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Scroggins, on setting-to, seemed anxious to be at work, but hit short; he, however, soon made up for this deficiency, by giving his opponent two desperate facers, which produced the claret in a twinkling. Church seemed electrified with the severity of his hits, exchanged a few blows, turned round in confusion, and was, ultimately, sent down. (3 to 1 on Scroggins.)

2. Church appeared at the scratch, bleeding copiously. Scroggins set-to

most determinedly, and soon showed his opponent the severe punishment he was likely to encounter, by putting in two severe blows, right and left, on his nob. Church again turned round confusedly, but drew the cork of his antagonist. Scroggins evinced his superiority, and finished this round most decidedly in his favour, by sending his man down. (In this early stage of the fight, the spectators made up their mind to the ultimate event, and 4 to 1 was offered.)

3. Church did not know what to do with his antagonist, he was quickly sent down by Scroggins, who held up both his hands.

4. The position of Church was good, but there was nothing of the scientific boxer about him; nevertheless, he put in some good hits, and, in closing, both went down. Scroggins rolled over like a tumbler.

5. This was rather a severe round, and, in closing, Church endeavoured to fib his opponent, both down.

6. Scroggins went furiously in to mill his opponent, which he did most effectually, and sent Church down. Both their mugs began to show the effects of punishment.

7. Scroggins seemed determined to finish his opponent, but twice hit short; he rushed in and took great liberties with his nob; Church again went down.

8. Church appeared to have no notion of protecting his head from the attacks of his opponent. He not only received two desperate facers, but was punished severely at the ropes, and milled down.

9. In this round Scroggins had it all his own way; he hit Church quite out of the ring. (Great applause.)

10. Some good exchanges; in closing, both down; but Church undermost.

11. Church broke away from a close, and got into a rally, but he was, at length, sent to the ground.

12. In favour of Church, he put in two good blows, but in closing both went down.

13. Scroggins hit him quite round against the ropes, and Church was sent down.

14. Scroggins put in a facer, and Church went down.

15. Church made a hit and fell down. (Nineteen minutes.)

16. Scroggins put in two facers, turned suddenly round with all the agility of a dancing-master, and ended by flooring Church.

17. Scroggins broke from a close, and exchanged some blows; but Church ultimately threw him.

18. Church made one or two good stops, but was sent down.

19. Scroggins milled his opponent in all directions without receiving any return, till Church went off his legs.

20. Scroggins was the principal receiver in this round. In a close both down.

21. Scroggins, with the utmost sang froid, on setting-to, floored his man, and stood over him with the utmost contempt.

22. Scroggins measured his distance again well, put in a tremendous facer, and ultimately threw his opponent.

23. Church felt for Scroggins' nob twice, and threw him.

24. Scroggins received a hit at going in, but, in closing, both went down.

25. Church put in a facer, but Scroggins soon floored him.

26. Church, with much severity, bit his opponent quite away from him, and had the best of the round; in closing both went down.

27. Church seemed in this round totally off his guard. Scroggins put in seven severe facers in rapid succession, till he sent Church down. (Twenty to one.)

28. Scroggins determined to lose no time, pursued his advantage with the utmost spirit, dealing out punishment at every step. His rush was not to be resisted, and Church again went down.

29. Church gave his opponent a check upon his nob, as he was going in, but it did not ultimately prevent Scroggins from boring him to the ropes, and getting him down. (Any odds.)

30. Church was completely on the taking system; the knowledge of giving he seemed totally ignorant of. A greater glutton was never seen, no common caterer could serve his inordinate appetite. Scroggins hit his adversary off his legs.

(To be continued.)

## ANTELOPE COURISING.

BY MASTER HARRY.

Having taken a view of the four leading sports of India, it now only remains to give a sketch of the minor ones, which afford an equally exciting and amusing pastime to those whose sporting propensities are of a less savage and dangerous nature. Foremost among these sports stands antelope courising with the cheetah.

This latter animal is a miniature tiger, or rather leopard, endowed by nature with the same characteristics of cunning, bloodthirstiness, and muscular power as its prototype. In its wild state, the cheetah will hunt down its prey for its blood alone; but when domesticated, as it commonly is in some parts of India, more particularly so in the Bombay presidency, it is used expressly for hunting the antelope, which it pursues with a swiftness and precision truly remarkable in so small an animal.

There is a vast deal of tameness about this sport after one has entered the lists with the tiger, and met the elephant face to face in its native fastnesses; but it affords sport to the ladies at all events, and stands, as it were, in India, in the position of what hawking has done in England. The antelope is found in various parts of India, although this sport is confined to but a few. I believe it is pursued casually in the south of Madras, but not to such an extent as it is in Bombay.

Everybody has seen an antelope, so I need not attempt to describe what Wombwell's showman has done so forcibly and "poetically" to most of us at some country fair, where we doubtless recollect to have heard asked by some innocent country "Phillis"—"Please, Mr. Showman, which

is the lion, and which is the antelope?" And too well we recollect, perhaps, the accommodating answer of the interrogated—"Vich ever you please, my dear."

On the day previous to a hunt, the cheetah which is to be taken out is kept without his dinner, to give him greater satisfaction in the amusement of the morrow, when he earns it for himself. And when the "time is up" for starting on the day of chase (this sport, like all others in the far East, being pursued at day-break), the animal is first blindfolded, by having a cup pulled over his interesting countenance, then muzzled, and finally placed on a hackery—a platform on wheels, drawn by two bullocks—in which situation he bears altogether as close a resemblance to some malefactor on his road to Tyburn in days of old, as can well be imagined; and when all this has been arranged, off he starts, accompanied by his keeper, and followed by a suite of Jaibs and Ma'am Jaibs, either on horseback or on elephants, that would not disgrace the court of a nigger prince.

Instead of the gun, the rifle, or the hogspear, the party arm themselves with the more harmless telescope, and if on the back of an elephant, with a huge umbrella also, made of the leaves of the tallipot tree; whilst those who go for a gallop make a solah toper, an awfully broad-brimmed hat, made from a pulp extracted from the solah tree, do the duty of the monster parasol, and trust to their horses' speed and their natural optics to bring them within sight of the finish.

The ground on which the antelope is generally found and hunted consists of a series of undulations, which can be likened to nothing better than a sea with a long, heavy swell on, being free from jungle, or nearly so; and between these undulations the body of the antelope is entirely concealed, and, as they are proverbially timid, it requires no slight degree of generalship to get near them. On reaching the ground, the eagle-eye of the shikaree wallah and the telescopes of the hunting party wander round the horizon in search of the antler of the quarry, which is, of course, the first visible feature, and at a distance where one of, what Samuel Weller calls, limited vision would fail to descry an elephant, the practised native marks and gives notice of the moving antlers of the antelope.

And now commences the business of the sport. Plucking a handful of dried grass, the master of the ceremonies (which important function is vested in the nigger) throws it in the air, to discover which way the wind blows, as from the power of scent with which the antelope is endowed, it is absolutely necessary to approach them up-wind. When this point is ascertained, and a proper position taken up, the cavalcade moves forwards to as near a contiguity to the prey as is considered expedient, when the cheetah is at last divested of his hood, and taken off his cart. It is not difficult to make him understand the whereabouts of the victim; he catches sight of the antler, or rather, perhaps, he scents the hidden beast in an instant, and crawling, in company with his keeper, who still leads him, he reaches the summit of the "wave," on the other side of which grazes the unsuspecting herd of antelope. His trammels are then slipped off, and the surprised animals view their deadly foe within a hundred yards of them. For a moment all is, "confusion worse confounded!" the terrified brutes break off in all directions. But ere the commotion is begun, one alone has riveted the eye of the cheetah; and, disregarding all the rest, off he dashes into his full stride in pursuit of the victim, the field following as fast as they are able.

And now comes the excitement of the scene, such at least as it possesses. Pressing on at tip-top speed, you keep the chase in view. At first the superior speed of the antelope causes him to gain the ground, but not possessing bottom to back it, this advantage cannot last long. On, on they speed over the sandy flat, the poor antelope straining every muscle to save its life, the cheetah intent only on his prey and his dinner, his previous starvation having added a fresh stimulus to his pace, whilst the field are kept at a respective distance; and he that views the death must boast of a decent bit of horseflesh. Shortly—for it is soon over—the antelope visibly slackens its pace until but a few yards intervene between him and his pursuer; he feels the hot breath of the cheetah already upon him, and plunges desperately forward; but nature refuses to do more. Swift as lightning crouches the cheetah, in his stride as 'twere, to the ground, to gain a better spring, then darting himself forward in the air, literally, as an arrow from a bow, he alights on the neck of the worn-out antelope, and brings it to the earth. Throwing back its head, the stricken deer appears to give one last imploring look to heaven, whilst the tears that roll down its face might betray that there was even a soul within, that prompted that dying glance. Alas! it avails him not from the merciless jaws of his enemy, who either strangles him then and there itself, or holds it until the "field" comes up and cuts its throat. When this is done, the cheetah gets his "blow out" from the blood and entrails of the dead animal, and having been replaced on his cart, together with his prostrate foe, he is again drawn home, apparently as well pleased with the morning's amusement as any one of the party, if not better.

There is a terrible sameness in this sport; a "find" is always certain, or nearly so; and when that is over, the only thing left is a good gallop over the flat. No leaps, no charges, no chance of even a scratch—no fun, "no nothing;" like courising in England without even a "jump"—"like the tragedy of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet omitted."



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"Mr. Anson begs to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Durham's letter of the 30th ult., and to acquaint him that he has laid the knife, with which it was accompanied, before Prince Albert; and his Royal Highness is much pleased with the ingenuity of Mr. Durham's invention."

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White Horse, Fama-street, Aldersgate-street, City.  
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**LONDON**—Printed by JOHN WORTHAM, of 313, Strand, in the parish of St. Mary-le-Strand; and Published at the Office, 42, Holywell-street, by E. DIFPLE.—Thursday Dec. 20th, 1845.

# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 33. FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 3, 1846.

[Stamped to send free by Post, Three-pence.]

THREE HALF-PENCE.



GROUP OF DOGS, AFTER LANDSEER.

**G**HRISTMAS comes but once a year," saith the proverb, and the fact affirmed none can dispute; there is another ancient saw too, full of the pithy wisdom of our ancestors, which declareth "accidents will happen in the best regulated families," and the truth of both our present number exemplifies. Stoutly had we resolved that this, the first number for 1846, should bear upon its front the first of our promised series of Foxhunting Views," when lo! Christmas cometh, and with him the love

of enjoyment, and the "good cheer," which rhymeth with the line that heads this paragraph. Our devil would wash his sooty visage, don a white shirt, and disport an unrecognisable clean face among the Gods at "Ashley's;" the "slaves of steam" who imprint the reams of "transformed rag" which convey these thoughts to thousands "hope that we will be early in the week, as they wish to make holiday;" the engraver hereon declareth, that "unless we wish it spoiled," we must postpone the cut till the holidays are over! And lastly, gentle reader, our lazy self is glad of an excuse. So thus you have a cut intended for a few

weeks hence, and are candidly let into secrets you have no business to know. *N'importe!* here you have a GROUP OF DOGS AFTER LANDSEER, and we doubt not that many an one of our subscribers will approve of the substitution. Of the Group we would observe that it consists of:—

1, An Alpine Spaniel (popularly, but erroneously, called the Alpine Mastiff); 2, The Shepherd's Dog; 3, A Blenheim Spaniel,—and that the pencil from which they have proceeded is sufficient guarantee of their fidelity and truth to nature. To say aught upon the individual animals would be unjust, in the limited space to which this article is, from stress of circumstances, confined; and this is the less to be regretted, as in the promised series of articles on the Doo, we shall take "scope and verge enough," in illustration, anecdote, description, and directions. For the present, therefore, we bid this interesting trio of animals farewell.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### DIFFERENT SORTS OF HARES.

To the Editor of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Xenophon says, "there are two species of hares, one large, mottled with black, and having a great deal of white in the forehead; the other less, of a yellowish color, and having little white." He also observes, "that mountain hares are swiftest; those bred in a plain country, less so; and marsh hares the slowest of any." As to any real difference in the species, it may be, perhaps, difficult to determine; I always found they corresponded in shape and similarity; but vary like other creatures in size and abilities; which I believe proceeds from nothing more than their difference of feed and situation, and may be ranged under the few distinctions of the down hare, the field or inclosure hare, the marshy and woodland hare.

The mountain or down hares feed short and sweet, breathe a fine air and enjoy an extensive compass for exercise; they are found to excel in strength or celerity, and stand a hunt longer than any other hares. In dry seasons they commonly make excursions into the vales for diversion and relief. I have often myself remarked, and have been informed by shepherds and hare feeders, that hares are never more plenty on the hills than in wet weather, the reason of which is plain; they feed, form, and exercise on drier turf than the valleys then afford.

The inclosure, marshy, or woodland hares, are experienced to be slower, weaker, and more unfit to endure hard hunting than the down hares; the situation and manner of their living being opposite; they relieve on too rank strong food, and that too near their forms; their circle of exercise is more confined, and liable to disturbance, and the air they breathe is less pure and correct, whence they become pursey and short winded; of this sort are the hares in the wolds, many of which I have seen, when panned, with ulcerated lungs and unsound.

There is another sort to be met with, (though very seldom), different from either of the kinds mentioned, which wander about like vagrants, living at large and with indifference in all places, seating vastly uncertain, sometimes in the inclosure, hedgerow, brake, or strong covert; at other times in the open common or fields. These are the hares for diversion; they are the most difficult to judge of, and the most dangerous to pursue; they ramble through the barn yard in the night, and disregard the gaunt growling mastiff: traverse the orchard and garden, intrepid and fearless; explore the dangerous pond-head, nor dread the roaring waters; regale on the virgin grass, the tender clover, or young turnip (or as some hidden cause directs) neglect them all, to browse on the budding twig. When started, they seldom keep any certain ring, but drive on irregularly, trying all sorts of ground, the turf, the hard high-way, the watery puddle or dry dusty fallow, and lead the weary sportsman many a painful step and through many a dangerous passage.

In conclusion; it is mentioned by Xenophon and confirmed by Pliny, that hares conceive again before they bring forth their first young; and Sir Thomas Brown, in his "Treatise on Vulgar Errors," (a work in which he would be naturally cautious of introducing the marvellous) asserts this circumstance from his own observation.

Your humble Servant,

H. D.

Carmarthen,  
December 11, 1845.

## ARCHERY.

SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.—Mr. Editor: I beg to forward you the result of a match, for the information of all lovers of the noble pastime, shot by Mr. Marr, the present captain of the Fraternity of St. George, a fortnight since, with nine dozen arrows, viz, 36 arrows, at 100 yards, 24 hits, score 114; 36 arrows, at 80 ditto, 33 hits, score 118; 46 arrows, at 60 yards, 35, hits, score 181; total 423. Such an extraordinary score is not to be found in the annals of archery with the same number of arrows and distances. In comparing it with the great meeting at York, where all the best archers were assembled and which was recorded in the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, you will perceive in a moment its greatness. The match at York was with 24 dozen arrows, viz, 12 dozen, at 100 yards; 8 dozen at 80 yards; 4 dozen at 60 yards; score 535. To encourage young aspirants in archery, I beg to say Mr. Marr twelve

months ago was the worst shot belonging to the club, but by perseverance and constant practice that gentleman is now the first shot in England. I can vouch for the correctness of the above, having had the honour of taking the score.

Yours obediently,

J. HUTCHONS.

(late captain of the Fraternity of St. George.)

Archery Ground, Hamilton.

## EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES OF LONG ABSTINENCE, PARTICULARLY IN THE BRUTE CREATION.

To the Editor of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE.

SIR.—Among the brute creation we see extraordinary instances of long abstinence. The serpent kind in particular bears abstinence to a wonderful degree. I have seen rattle-snakes that have subsisted many months without any food, yet still retained their vigour and firmness. The celebrated Dr. Shaw speaks of a couple of cerastes (a sort of Egyptian serpents), which had been kept five years, in a bottle close corked, without any sort of food, unless a small quantity of sand, wherein they coiled themselves up in the bottom of the vessel may be reckoned as such; yet, when he saw them, they had newly cast their skins, and were as brisk and lively as if just taken. But it is even natural for divers species to pass four, five, or six months every year without eating or drinking. Accordingly, the tortoise, bear, dormouse, serpent, &c., are observed regularly to retire at those seasons to their respective cells, and hide themselves, some in the corners of rocks or ruins; others dig holes under ground; others get into woods, and lay themselves up in the clefts of trees; others bury themselves under water, &c. And these animals are found as fat and fleshy after some months as before.

I recollect, at New York, seeing a tortoise weighed, several years successively, at its going to earth in October, and coming out again in March, and it was found that, of four pounds four ounces, it used only to lose one ounce. Indeed, we have instances of men passing several months as strictly absent as other creatures. In particular, the records of the Tower mention a Scotchman imprisoned for felony, and strictly watched in that fortress for six weeks, in all which time he took not the least sustenance, for which he had his pardon.

It is to be added, that in most instances of extraordinary human abstinence related by naturalists, there were said to have been apparent marks of a texture of blood and humours much like that of the animals above-mentioned. Though it is an improbable opinion that the air itself may furnish something for nutrition, it is certain there are substances of all kinds, animal, vegetable, &c., floating on the atmosphere, which must be continually taken in by respiration. And that an animal body may be nourished thereby is evident in the instance of vipers, which, if taken when first brought forth, and kept from everything but air, will yet grow very considerably in a few days. So the eggs of lizards are observed to increase in bulk, after they are produced, though there be nothing to furnish the increment but air alone; in like manner the eggs and spawn of fishes grow, and are nourished with the water. And hence, say some, it is that cocks, turn-spit dogs, &c., though they eat but little, are usually fat.

## A TEXAS SETTLER AND SUBSCRIBER.

Galveston, November 20th, 1845.

## SAGACITY OF A SHEPHERD'S DOG.

SIR,—Of the sagacity of dogs many instances might be adduced; but none that I have ever met with, can equal the following instance of the sagacity of a shepherd's dog, as related to me the other day, by an old farmer of Hertford's Inn, and which fact among others respecting the dog was authenticated by evidence on the trial of the owner some years ago, who was hanged for sheepstealing. When the man intended to steal any sheep, he did not do it himself, but detached his dog to perform the business. With this view, under pretence of looking at the sheep, with an intention to purchase them, he went through the flock with his dog at his feet, to whom he secretly gave a signal, so as to let him know the individuals he wanted, to the number of, perhaps, ten or twelve out of a flock of some hundreds; he then went away, and from a distance of several miles, sent back the dog by himself in the night time, who picked out the individual sheep that had been pointed out to him, and drove them before him by himself, for the distance of ten or twelve miles, till he came up with his master to whom he delivered his charge.

Yours,

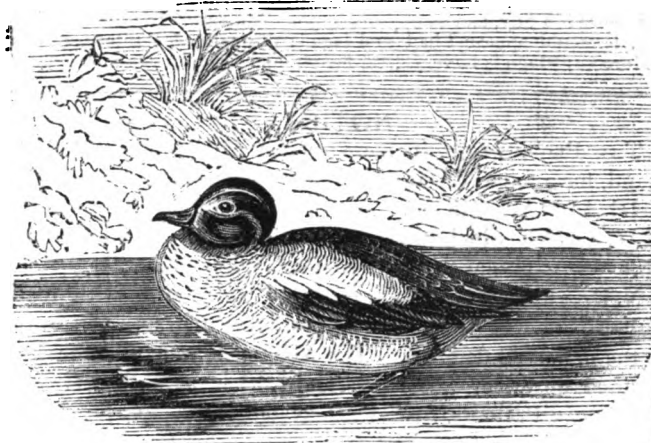
PHILO CANIS.

Hampton Court.

NEW KIND OF GAME.—Not many days ago Major General Wyndham's gamekeeper caught an old carrion crow in a trap, which he took home, skinned it, and threw the carcass out. A female who lives near to the gamekeeper's house gathered up the carcass of the crow, under the impression that it was the remains of a pheasant, took it home, and roasted it for dinner. On seeing the gamekeeper passing by the house in the course of the afternoon the woman inquired of him if pheasants were not very dry birds, stating at the same time that she had found one ready skinned, and had roasted it for dinner, but that it had taken more fat and butter than it was worth.



## BRITISH BIRDS.—NO. XXIV.



THE TEAL.

**T**HIS, the twenty fourth of our illustrations of British Birds, is so intimately connected with the article on the Decoy, in the last number, and of coast gunning and punting begun in the present, that its picture could not fall more *apropos*. This beautiful little duck seldom exceeds eleven ounces in weight, or measures more, stretched out, than fourteen inches and half in length, and twenty-three and a half in breadth.

The bill is a dark lead colour, tipped with black; irides pale hazel; a glossy bottle green patch, edged on the upper side with pale brown, and beneath with cream coloured white, covers each eye, and extends to the nape of the neck: the rest of the head, and the upper part of the neck, are of a deep reddish chesnut, darkest on the forehead, and freckled on the chin and about the eyes with cream coloured spots; the hinder part of the neck, the shoulders, part of the scapulars, sides under the wings, and lower belly, towards the vent, are elegantly pencilled with black, ash-brown, and white transverse waved lines; the breast greatly resembling the beautifully spotted appearance of an India shell, is of a pale brown or reddish yellow, and each feather is tipped with a roundish heart-shaped black spot: the belly is a cream coloured white: black and rump brown, each feather edged with a pale colour: vent black: the primary quills, lesser and greater coverts, are brown; the last deeply tipped with white, which forms a bar across the wings; the first six of the secondary quills are of a fine velvet black; those next to them, towards the scapulars, are of a most resplendent glossy green, and both are tipped with white, forming the divided black and green bar or beauty spot of the wings.

The tail consists of fourteen feathers, of a hoary brown colour; with pale edges: the legs and feet are of a dirty lead colour. The female, which is less than the male, is prettily freckled about the head and neck with brown and white. She has not the green patch behind the eyes, but a brown streak there, which extends itself to the nape of the neck; the crown of the head is dark brown; the upper mandible yellow on the edges, olive green on the sides, and olive brown on the ridge; nail black, and the under bill yellow; breast, belly, and vent glossy yellowish white, spotted on the latter parts with brown; the upper plumage is dark brown, each feather bordered with rusty brown, and edged with grey: the wings and legs nearly the same as those of the male.

The teal is common in England in the winter months, but it is uncertain whether or not they remain throughout the year to breed, as is the case in France. The female makes a large nest, composed of soft dried grasses, (and is said, the pith of rushes) lined with feathers, cunningly concealed in a hole among the roots of reeds and bulrushes near the edge of the water, and some assert that it rests on the surface of the water, so as to rise and fall with it. The eggs are of the size of those of a pigeon, six or seven in number, and of a dull white colour, marked with small brownish spots; but it appears that they sometimes lay ten or twelve eggs, for Buffon remarks that number of young ones are seen in clusters on the pools, feeding on cress, wild chervil, &c., and no doubt, as they grow up, they feed, like other ducks, on the various seeds, grasses, and water plants, as well as upon the smaller animated beings with which all stagnant waters are so abundantly stored. The teal is highly esteemed for the excellent flavour of its flesh: it is known to breed, and remain throughout the year in various temperate climates of the world, and is met with as far northward as Iceland in the summer.

**SHOOTING TEAL.**—Of all the prizes that a wild fowl shooter could wish to meet with, a flock of teal is the very first. Independently of their being by far the best of birds of the whole *anas* tribe, they are so much easier of access, and require such a slight blow, that no matter whether you are

prepared for wild fowl, partridges, or snipes, you may at most times with very little trouble contrive to get near them and this being once done, you have only to shoot straight to be pretty sure of killing.

I have seen teal "duck the flash," though never but once, and then I had rather a slow shooting gun.

If you spring a teal, he will not soar up and leave the country like a wild duck, but most probably keep along the brook, like a sharp flying woodcock, and then drop suddenly down; but you must keep your eye on the place, as he is very apt to get up again and fly to another before he will quietly settle. He will frequently, too, swim down the stream the moment after he drops, so that if you do not quickly cast your eye that way, instead of continuing to look for him in one spot, he will probably catch sight of you and fly up, while your attention is directed to the wrong place. If the brook in which you find him is obscured by many trees, you had better direct your follower to make a large circle, and get a head of, and watch him, in case he should slyly skim away down the brook, and by this means escape from you altogether. You should avoid firing at random, as this may drive him quite away from your beat.

## Reminiscences of Racing and Racers, in 1845.

(For the Sportsman's Magazine.)

BY SOOTHSAYER.

(Continued from page 499.)

At NEWPORT, Aug. 5, a filly by Safeguard won the Stakes, beating T'Auld Squire and several others. The Stand Plate was won by Rhine. At BANBURY, Fama won the Stakes, beating two of J. Day's and some others. The Queen of the Gipsies won the Neithrop Stakes.

My Old Hack won the Willoughby Stakes, at HORWICH, Aug. 6, beating Bedale, by Inheritor, after a beautiful race; and the Cup, after a severe contest, fell to Sir C. Monck, his Glossy beating Xanthus by a head; Millepede, third. A clumsy affair for the Ladies' Plate, ended in Catton being placed first, not without disputes and protest. The Standish Cup, 50 guineas, 10 each added, was won by Coranna easily; Sir Henry and Susan tried hard for second, but the horse beat her. The Champion Stakes were won by Mr. Standish's filly, beating Box and Sir Henry. Glossy won the Bolton Handicap Stakes, beating Erebus, Xanthus (the favourite), and several others.

The Races at BRIGHTON were very badly attended, and the weather unpropitious. A delightful place, those Downs, on a fine day; but with a strong southwester driving the rain through to the skin, I cannot say—content. Tug-Net walked over, for want of a competitor, though one or two named would have beaten him to a certainty, had they started. Pine-apple won the Stakes, beating Jenny Wren and some others; yet some of our friends fancied Jenny Wren for the Cambridgeshire. She carried here 5st 9lb. Alkali, (formerly known as Colonel Peel's Seakale filly,) now Mr. Shelley's, beat Best Bower, Fickle Wild Rose, and Karnac for the Town Plate. Tit-bit beat Ferney and Trebonius, all two years old, for a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 6 subs. Lothario won the 100 guineas. Karnac, (priced at 100*l.*) beat Antonio, Alkali (200*l.*), and several others for the Railway Plate. The Duke of Richmond's colt by Mus, out of Belvidere, won a 50*l.* and was claimed for 80*l.*

At ABERYSTWTH, Aug. 6, Ninety-one carried off the Cup, The Town Plate, the Members' Plate, and the Cardiganshire Stakes. Waterloo won two races, and Jack Cade one. Mr. Parr's Minna Troil won the Johnny Raw Stakes.

At MARLOW, Aug. 6, Stittenham beat Lady Flora for the Ladies Plate, and Lady Flora had her revenge of him for the Quarry Stakes. Miss Robinson won the Ring Stakes.

At WOLVERHAMPTON, Aug. 11, five started for the Produce Stakes, which were won by Carissima, beating Gwalior, Princess Royal, and two others. In the race for the Wolverhampton Stakes, Glossy seems to have had the race in hand from the start, Yardley was second, and Nixmy-Dolly, well in, third; Intrepid a bad fourth, and the Poor Soldier and another or two beaten off. A filly by Jered, dam by Bustard, carrying even weight with General Nott, beat him by eight lengths. Coranna, 3st. extra, and Queen of the Gipsies, the same, were in the race. The distance toe (mile and a half) suited the young uns. A very important race among two years old next came off. For the Chillington Stakes, then, seven started, all of whom are mentioned in my description of the race. It will be recollected this is a half-mile race. They were very fractious, but at the fifth attempt got away, Cherokee in front, with Breastgirth and Lord Harry next. At the distance Twig went up, passed the three, and won easily. Cherokee second; the colt by Stockport, out of Manilla, got third place. The rest, including Breastgirth, Lord Harry, colt by Don John, out of Game Lass, and Birthday, behind. The ancient Shadow beat Coranna, Cœur de Lion, and two others, over three miles, for the Cleveland Cup. Surety, carrying a stone less, beat Fama and Millepede for the Boro' Members Plate. The Jered filly, mentioned above, won the Holyoake Stakes against a fair field, cleverly; Arthur was second. For the Consolation Plate, Gwalior showed himself the best of the beaten horses, beating, among others, T'Auld Squire and My Old Hack.

At the HATCHAM PARK, Aug. 11, Lady Flora beat Stittenham and Elysium. Lady Flora won another race. Tub-thumper one, and Freystrop one. Fair Play won the Hurdle Race.

At the PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, AND CORNWALL RACES, a filly Wild Rose by Vension, won the Saltram Stakes, 6st 7lbs, but lost the United Service Plate, won by Norma Creina, by Nonsense, for which she carried 7st 5lb. Giantess beat Europe for the Queen's Vase. Europe lost another race here. A mare, called Fee, by Physician, won the Devonport Plate, beating some unknown ones.

At CHELMSFORD, Lord Exeter won a Sweepstakes with Topaz, and the Town Plate with Timbria. Miss Robinson won the Queen's Plate.

At LEWES, Aug. 13, Pine Apple and Naworth, giving about 1st, were beaten by Red Deer for the Queen's 100 guineas.

At READING, Aug. 13, (a place where races have been resuscitated after a lapse of many years,) there is not yet anything like good sport. Devil-among-the-Tailors has been a regular frequenter, and has, as yet, very easily carried off the Stakes. For the Reading Stakes, Camelia beat Ferny, both 2-years-old, Corinthian Tom 3-years-old, and the Bard, two. The Devil-among-the-Tailors won the Berkshire Stakes, a pretty good purse. Palemon won two races. Stittenham and Elomi did no good. Carillon won the Calcut Stakes, and Flatfish the Balmershe Court. The Devil-among-the-Tailors won the Ladies Plate.

At RIFON, Aug. 18, the races opened with the Two-years-old Stakes: a race, though not very important, still of some interest. Seven started, and their names can be collected from what follows. Fitzwilliam made the running, with a slight lead, nearly to the chair, where brother to Sir Henry made a rush, and it was announced "a dead heat." Driffield was third. Hydra-colt, Hovingham, Golden Bee, and Lady Abness not placed. Fitzwilliam and brother to Sir Henry in the deciding heat, made a good race for the first place, and the former won by a neck, Lord Saloon won the G. St. Leger Handicap, beating sister to Pedometer. Milpede won the City Stake. In this race Aristotle, once in high favour, uncumbed to the weight of years and work and was withdrawn; he fell lame in the first heat.

At HOVLAKB, Aug. 19, Xanthus beat T'Auld Squire, for the Birkenhead Handicap. T'Auld Squire went in again for the Royal Hunt Cup, and won. A gentleman in these parts fancied to name his mare "Do-it-again," which turned out a misnomer, for it was not her luck to "do it" at all.

At MARLBOROUGH, Aug. 19, as at Reading, the usual lot of travelling second-rate animals were found collected. Their deeds need not much remark. The said Norma Creina (not Nora Creina) won two races. Lady Flora won one race, as did Freystrop and Stittenham. Venatrix won the Savernake Forest Stakes.

The YORK AUGUST (Aug. 20) opened with a walk over by Sweetmeat. The Libel paid forfeit to Inheritress. Mid Lothian beat June, by Stockport, for a 30 sovs. Sweepstakes, after a good race over a mile and a quarter, by a head. Dean Swift (4st 10lb) beat Inheritress, 8st 1lb, Chizelli, 4st 7lb, Pagan, Winesour, Valerian, and Advice. Spur walked over, only three subs., for the Colt Sapling. Cohedress won the Great Ebor Handicap, beating sixteen others; Flattery was fancied at 4 to 1, being "well in," but was out of the race after the first mile. Lydia beat Marian Ramsay for the Filly Stakes. The Shadow won the Queen's Plate, beating several others, including Sailor (mem., in the last number you misprinted this horse Jailer). For the Convivial Stakes, two years old, "Andrew Brandy" changed his name, brought himself more into "Alliance" with the temperance movement, and got up stairs before "Sich-a-getting-up-Stairs," by several lengths, which might have been many more; your readers will have heard, perhaps, the latter is by Hetman Platoff! Philip won the Chesterfield Handicap, beating Godfrey, Semiseria, and Croton Oil. The next race was one your readers will do well to bear in mind. For the Prince of Wales's STAKES (two years old colts and fillies), Malcolm was first; the colt by Stockport out of Manilla, (mentioned before), second, and Sheraton third; these three were placed, and as the others were two, three, four, and five lengths behind, it is hardly necessary to say more than that the Slayer's Daughter, colt by Phoenix dam by Tomboy, Inglewood, and Luminary, came in as Curiesy are named; the others in the race were Cranebrook, Tobaccoconist, Curiosity, Billy Purvis, Banana, Josephine, and Mr. Osbaldeston's Stockport filly. Malcolm took up the running at an early part of the race, and won easily; the second beat the third by a neck. For the County Cup, Mid Lothian beat Flattery and several others. In this race the notorious Zanozi, alias Running Rein, alias Maccabeus, received his quietus, falling lame, and not even passing the post. Mr. Osbaldeston's filly walked over for the Filly Sapling, 3 subs. Spur paid forfeit to Malt. Malt beat Benevolence. For the Consolation Stakes, the Cossack Maid, two years old, 4st 11lb, beat Twig, three years old, 7st, and some others. This is not Mr. Peel's Twig, named for the Derby, but Lord Chesterfield's: the ages, however, tell it is not the same. A capital race then ensued between Sweetmeat and Inheritress over a mile and a half; the mare carried 8st 7lb, the horse 7st 7lb. Nat rode Sweetmeat, and Templeman, Inheritress. The horse won on the post by "a head"! The ease with which Miss Sarah won the Great Yorkshire Stakes I need not enlarge on; there cannot be a doubt her winning is to be attributed to the excellence of her training and the heavy ground.

The Shadow won the Members' Plate; and there being no competitor the Helmsman walked over for the 100 sovs. Sweepstakes. In number, thirty-one, your printer has printed "himself" for "herself."

Science is a filly, and so appears in your Almanac. In number thirty-two, it would appear I had said Iago is disqualified, I intended to say "Morocco;" Iago is in very great favour, and likely to be so.

### NOTICE!

THE PROPRIETORS, in consequence of the unexpected demand, have found themselves under the necessity of reprinting THE ALMANACK and with it NUMBER 28 of THE MAGAZINE which they will still continue to keep on sale for a few weeks, at the price of THREEPENCE together.

N. B.—This is done in order to keep faith with many Subscribers, who have failed in procuring their numbers owing to the increased demand. The Almanack may also be had, strained on linen, varnished, and with neat roller, for suspending in Parlours, &c. Price 2s. 6d. each.

\* \* \* The Stamped Edition of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, can be had post-free direct from the Office or through any News agent for 3s. 3d. per quarter, PAID IN ADVANCE. We insert this notice in consequence of numerous enquiries as to the mode of obtaining the Stamped edition. Observe, a single copy can always be had, but it must be ordered on the Tuesday at latest to make sure of supply, as we print no stock of stamps.

### CORRESPONDENTS.

W. M. Stoke Newington.—Yes, if you discharged your gun within a certain distance of a turnpike road. Sunday morning shooting (if the police choose to be officious) will also bring the practiser within a penalty (upon summons) before a justice of the peace. Numbers 5 and 6 of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE are not out of print. If any newsman in Islington tells you so, the truth is not in him. Send us his name, we have had a dozen such complaints from subscribers; we suspect that certain wholesale dealers, from TRADE motives, check our sale: the remedy for this will be for our subscribers to be determined on getting the publication. The newsdealer will perhaps tell W. M. who is his authority for saying so; send us his name, and we will print shortly in legible type, a list of those agents who WILL NOT sell our MAGAZINE, with some comments that will do them good.

SANCTI LORE.—The pronunciation of Pacha, (the name of Mr. Painter's horse in the late Leges) is Pash-a; this word, signifying a Turkish governor, was, by our older writers, spelt Bahaw, and substituting the P for the B, the broad aw is still used by some persons of taste and education.

S. B.—Tom Smith (the East End Sailor) beat Brittain, Dec. 21, 1830; and McCarthy in March 1831.—R., has therefore lost, as neither fight took place within a dozen years of the present time.

J. K. S. Manchester.—Dick Davis, of Manchester, weighed 10st 8lb, when he fought Young Dutch Sam: we take that to have been his fighting weight, or thereabout. He beat Roger Holt, Jack Wilson, Jem Whittam (twice), and Fiddler Hall; made a draw with Tom Reynolds, and was beaten by Dogherty and Young Dutch Sam. He was a game man, but too slow and too fond of a favourite hit, to contend with success against the activity, skill, neatness, and straight hitting of the deceased "Young Thunderson." To your second question: It was in their second fight that Ned Painter was victor over Spring.

H. CREAM.—We have really taken some pains to procure you a prospectus of the NEW ASSASSINATOR SCHOOL, but none of our acquaintance know anything about such a document. Mr. Smith, of Liverpool, or the agent who supplies you with this paper, will procure you the little handbooks of Boxing, Wrestling, &c. published by Clark, of Warwick Lane.—GURUS GARDNER, by Chifney, has been above a quarter of a century out of print, as also Captain Barclay's "Observations" on training. They can therefore only be picked up by chance; and are not procurable of any publisher in regular course of trade.

R. M. M., South Lambeth.—It is from the Office of Commissioners of Woods and Forests that the permission proceeds; the Earl of Lincoln is Chief Commissioner. A public notification was inserted in the London Newspapers in July or August last, stating that the permissions granted were so numerous that no more applications would be entertained. You are in over-good time at such a season as this in making your application; wait awhile and address your letter in February or March, if you get no answer before. Salmon spawn is a good general killing bait; but there other inferior and more easily procured ones, which do as well for the commoner sorts of fish.

SWAP.—We will gladly avail ourselves of your suggestion when the Angling Season comes round.

PHILOCAVIA.—Both the hot and cold bath may be applied with advantage to the dog as well as to man. In using the warm bath, however, be sure to remember that a dog cannot bear, without suffering, a degree of heat which is no more than comfortable to the human hand. From 100 to 110 degrees of Fahrenheit is the highest that should be resorted to, and that only in violent rheumatism and acute cases, 96 to 98 is sufficient in most others. In large towns where dog-grass cannot be had easily, give a teaspoonful of common salt, as an emetic. Tartar emetic, in doses of one up to three grains, is, however, much better.

S. G., Rugeley.—Another Dog Correspondent.—Sulphur is of no use whatever in the roll state; a lump of it will, placed in water, be of no more service than a piece of brick of the same size. We will wager that a knob of it does not lose ten grains in as many months, exposed to the simple action of standing water. In powder (i.e., flour of brimstone) it is an excellent remedy for piles, mange, and canker, when in combination with cooling alteratives.

POOL.—R. J.—Four play—the game to play upon the last player. No. 1 plays, 2 plays upon 1, 3 plays upon 2, and in so doing brings his own ball into baulk. No. 4 is in hand, can be played upon No. 3, or is the baulk a protection?—The baulk is no protection.

ALL-FOURS.—JAMES FINCH.—C is entitled to the one for game.

JUDEx.—The jack being high, J. P. wins the game.

LEICESTER.—When they count alike for game, the non-dealer scores one for it.

PEDERSTRAN, Nottingham.—The man who stopped half-way has lost the race. The quibble is absurd; as, providing the men started fair, he who first reaches the goal in a foot-race is the winner. He may hop on one leg, or walk in on his hands, if he pleases, for either of these performances would be giving a chance to his adversary.

**NORRIS.**—Does your mother know you're out? We doubt it. Inform yourself on the subject before you give either your opinion or your advice. Even when good, Byron has declared "small thanks is still its market price;" what then is its value when the adviser knows less than nothing of the subject whereon he undertakes to do the *sage* (without the onions to his sauce), while the party he advises has had extensive, practical, *purchased* experience in the matter?

**A WANDERER.**—Thanks; the hint is a pregnant one; we will conceive and bring forth in form to go alone in some *sixty* days; can we *wait*? as the canny Scot would say, and mean no pun.

**AN OLD'UN.**—The execution of the two men, Haggarty and Holloway, for the murder of Mr. Steele, took place on the 28th of February, 1807. The false alarm of fire at Sadler's Wells on the 7th September following.

**S. LUNLEY, Oldham.**—Whist.—A and B against C and D. Two tricks have been played and turned, when C, previous to leading for the third, claims to look at both tricks. Can he do so?—No, only the last turned.

**A LEICESTER COVE.**—The celebrated Jack Mytton died in 1834, on the last day of March. He has therefore been more than ten years dead.

**B. C.**—Newport Pagnell Sweeps: A landlord receiving subscriptions for one race has no right to substitute a draw for another without the consent of all parties, and must return the subscriptions.

**LIBEL.**—Nimrod died in 1843.

#### OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

**SUNDAY, DEC. 28th.**—FIRST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.—Innocents' Day—most of the pretty little dears martyrs to plum-pudding, mince-pie, Epsom salts, calomel, and brimstone and treacle.

**MONDAY, 29th.**—The pursuit of the fox may be now enjoyed in perfection; the fox, the hounds, and the horses having by exercise, obtained good wind and good running condition altogether. Hares which by previous over-feeding were rendered somewhat sluggish will now stand up well before their pursuers, and afford as good runs, if not better, than at any other period of the season.—*Angling.*—Use the same baits as last month. In favourable weather, pike, roach, and chub, may sometimes be taken; but all other fish have retired to their winter retreats, to screen themselves till the voice of Spring again re-animates, and calls them forth to their old haunts.

**TUESDAY, 30th.**—A number of birds, mostly aquatic, and chiefly of a large size, such as the wild swan and laughing geese, pay us a brief visit.—Our old friend robin is musical in all weathers; the little wren sings amongst the snow; and birds of the finch tribe creep near our dwellings for shelter and food, all tending to enliven the cheerless scene.—Baptist Chapoi at Stafford broken into. The "plate" being pester the thieves leave it behind them—the thieves too genteel take a pull out of "petewer."

**WEDNESDAY, 31st.**—Ezrl, Eighteen hundred and forty-five.

**THURSDAY, JAN. 1, 1846.**—Enter, Eighteen hundred and forty-six.—

Come New Year, and bring with thee,  
Joy to sons of Venerie—  
Men who love that joyous sound,  
The challenge of the eager hound,  
When the wily fox is found—  
Men who shout the wild halloo  
When the flying fox they view—  
Men who love the merry lass—  
Men who circulate the glass—  
Men who love "the manly fight,"  
And scorn the base assassin's spite;  
Who boast the "art, without pretence,"  
The English art of "self-defence;"  
All true sportsmen bring with thee,  
Wrapt in the garb of gaiety,  
Cast behind thee sin and sorrow,  
Give us joy to-day, to-morrow;  
Give us life's choice merriment,  
A foremost start, and blazing scent,  
Banish frost and banish snow,  
Give us horses that can go,  
And while our nags are first in blood,  
And men alike are staunch and good,  
Our dogs first-rate in strength and speed,  
Our soldiers, sailors, brave at need,  
Come weal, come woe, or war's alarms,  
Old England dreads not worlds in arms.

Union of Ireland passed 1801.—Dan threatened to repale it before the close of 1843.

**FRIDAY, 2nd.**—In-door Amusements.—January is one of the most festive months of the year. Its calendarial festivities are New Year's Day and Twelfth Day. Although the custom of presenting New Year's gifts is now but little observed by many a mirthful party.

**SATURDAY, 2nd.**—January presents many amusements to sportsmen. Stag and fox-hunting are in the ascendant; and coursing, if not frosty, is in full spirit: while partridges, woodcocks, snipe, and pheasants, are all fair game for those who can handle a fowling piece. If the weather be "fair and frosty," the lover of out-door exercises may indulge in the healthful and exhilarating amusement of skating.

#### THE MOON IN JANUARY.

First Quarter, 4th .. .. .	2 25 morn.
Full Moon, 12th .. .. .	2 1 morn.
Last Quarter, 20th .. .. .	3 51 morn.
New Moon, 26th .. .. .	9 23 after.

#### TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

		High Water at London Bridge.			
		morn.	aft.		
Sunday, Dec. 28th .. .. .	0 56	1 23	Thursday, Jan. 1st .. .. .	4 41	17 3
Monday, 29th .. .. .	1 49	2 13	Friday, 2nd .. .. .	5 20	17 53
Tuesday, 30th .. .. .	2 38	3 5	Saturday, 3rd .. .. .	6 17	18 40
Wednesday, 31st .. .. .	3 29	3 52			

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

#### THE NEW YEAR.

Another and another still succeeds.—SHAKESPEARE.



Reckon not ourselves among those groaning canthers, who mourn over the year's decay, and become lack-a-daisical and maudlin because the leaf falls; to us the eternal revolution of seasons, the spring, the maturity and the decay seem all equally necessary, all equally beautiful. Neither do we take it to heart because "day buries day,

month month, and year the years;" or, that time and tide wait for no man. If we can glance back upon the past without shame, and look forward to the future without apprehension, we care little that we are grown older, or that we are called upon to feel that another Christmas has passed away, and another new year arrived. "Sufficient for the day is its evil," and they are of the wretchedest who anticipate lamentation.

Speaking of our own vocation then, as having embarked time (which is money), cash, and credit in the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, we can conscientiously say that it rejoices us that we can welcome the birth-day of 1846, inasmuch as we hope that the older we get, the stronger we become; and that if, in a legislative point of view, it can be said that the "King never dies," why, change our ministry as we may, shall we not also affirm that an editor living in his work may at least hope to fulfil the wish of the Spaniard, and "live a thousand years?" Honest readers, kind contributors, staunch sportsmen, we are quite sure it will not be your fault if we do not; and hence it evidently becomes us, in common gratitude, as it is to us a pleasure, to greet you, each and all, upon the arrival of another New-year's-day—the starting-place of another twelvemonth's race for fame, for fortune, for existence. This is the

"happy holiday,

When gifts and gratulations go about  
So closely heart-linked, that we well may deem,  
Of those so happy triumphs ere guilt was,  
The time is come again;"

and so ought we to deem it: so ought we, on this day, to teach our hearts to rejoice over national prosperity and individual happiness; over hopes undeferred and prayers accomplished; over our friends' success and our neighbour's fortune; for the peace of the cottage and the pride of the palace; at the glory of the monarch and the attachment of the people. At all these we ought to exult.

Yet, yet, no sorrows in these thoughts we bear.

No grief to dim the sunshine of our life;  
Our sports are honest, healthful, void of care,  
Poisons to envy, and the foes to strife.  
Then let years come and go, we shall not fall  
The sooner, that we dare the gallant chase;  
Nor the cold sheet, nor dim funeral pall,  
The quicker clasp us that we like the race:  
Again, then, hail we, sportsmen, the New Year,  
Nor slack our pace that January's here.

So, too, in our own more particular occupations, brethren sportsmen, it gladdens us to commence our weekly epitome of field sports anew, and to feel that their glory abroad and their interest at home are not decayed,—are still triumphant; that you are still willing to listen, we to speak of that which most delights us, that which giveth health to the body and elasticity to the mind. May it never be said that thus to proceed is to "prattle out of season." Long, long be it our gratification to endeavour to deserve success; long, very long let it be your pleasure to say we may command it.

With alacrity, therefore, we buckle ourselves to our task of illustrating the noble field-sports of England; and, as we are of the same tastes and fancies, so let there be but one heart and mind amongst us; acting thus, to quote a popular writer, "it will be a consolation to feel that, during the progress of eighteen hundred and forty-three, we have endeavoured to lighten care of some of its frowns, grief of some of its tears, contributed somewhat to the information of the young, as often as we could to the comforts of the old, and that we begin this cheerful occupation upon New Year's Day."

**IMPROVEMENTS IN BRIBERY.**—A new kind of bribery has lately sprung up. The "apples with the silver pips" have been discontinued by the omnibus conductors, since trading in them was exposed in our pages. The bribe is now offered in a snuff-box. The conductor, who has tarried at the omnibus-station longer than he is allowed by an act of Parliament, calls out to the vigilant guardian of the peace, "I say, policeman, have a pinch of snuff?" Z 33 accept the offer, and finds amongst the rappee a sixpence, which his instinct tells him is not to be sneezed at, and so it is applied to his pocket, instead of his nose. A sixpenny pinch will secure the owner of the snuff-box an indulgence of five minutes, whilst a shilling ditto will so far obscure the vision of the wide-awake policeman, as to make him blind to the stationary omnibus for the next quarter of an hour. The snuff is known amongst the cads, as the "Policeman's Mixture."

*Inscription for the collar of a young Lady's lap Dog.*

Is it not strange that such a thing as this is,  
Should steal from blooming Fanny balmey kisses?  
That such a little limping cur should sip?  
The native nectar of her luscious lip?  
While many a sprightly, many a pensive swain  
Must sigh whole years for one dear kiss in vain?  
Alas! what head that woman's heart can scan,  
Who gives to Dogs the bliss great nature meant for MAN.

December, 1845.

HIGH-HOI

## COAST-GUNNING AND PUNTING.



WHEN the rigidities of the northern pole are in full sweep; when the towering ice-burys display their snow-clad tops; when the surface of the ocean, arrested even in its mountainous turbulence, becomes a frozen world; and the leviathan and the whale no longer are the terror, nor of benefit to man, then our most blessed genial climes are the resort of the feathered race, compelled by overwhelming nature to seek for food and life in other spheres—receiving, with the imperative necessity an unerring instinct that directs them where softer breezes prevail, and where the fluxes and refluxes of the sea continue in undisturbed regularity.

It would be endless to enumerate the varieties of this migration. In few words, however, it may be said to embrace every species of sea-fowl, from the majestic swan to the diminutive teal; for it is well known to all naturalists that the Arctic regions are the natural climate for their generation. The most numerous class of visitors from those shores is the black or Brent goose, which constitutes the principal object of the punters. They appear in such immense flocks on the coasts of Norfolk and Essex as to darken the atmosphere, and are observable in a combined line of flight apparently without end. As the tide flows, they gradually boom from the horizon; and when it recedes, you begin to see separating gaps in the figure, and can easily trace various parties or detachments directing their course to different quarters of the oozy coast. These movements are closely observed by the looker out; and, according to circumstances, prepare for their nightly occupation; preferring that to the day, although they are ready for any opportunity; they are always in great masses; create an immense disturbance when they pitch; and when they fly again, raise a scream, which with the noise of the rising wings you may hear ten miles off in a still night.

"Bright star-light," says Colonel Hawker, "is the very best of all times for getting at birds, as the tide flows over the mud; particularly if there be not too strong a breeze to blacken the water. Widgeon are easier approached in moonlight than in hazy weather. In white frosts widgeon are often restless; in rain they are constantly flying and pitching; in very dark weather they are suspicious; but if the wind blows fresh enough to drown the noise of a launching punt, some heavy shots may now and then be made, by sweeping the surface of the mud to the sound of where the flock is walking and feeding—a leading feature of attention in an observing gunner. The thicker the weather, the more silent when pitched. A shrill clear pipe denotes a single cock widgeon, as does a long loud 'purrr' a hen; but when the call of the cock is one short soft note, and not so often repeated, you may expect to find a company. If so, you will probably soon hear the birds 'all in a charm,' (that is in full concert)—here requires patience, and a quick ear. When the 'charm' is in full force, they are not minding you; but when silence reigns, and you are sure of a flock, they are suspecting an enemy. At this moment you must keep still, till they open again, and then in starlight you generally get near enough for a large gun to give them a royal salute."

Shore-shooting offers, perhaps, superior sport for those who are partial to this species of diversion. The coast of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight is peculiar, consisting, at ebb-tides, of vast muddy flats, covered with green sea-weed; and they afford the fowler an opportunity of practising arts which are not resorted to elsewhere. Sea-fowl generally feed by night, when, in vast numbers, they visit these flats. Their approach is accompanied by a noise, directing the attentive fowler to their course; and when they have alighted, he edges his boat as near to them as possible, frequently favoured, in his approach, by the winding of some creek. The sportsman is generally prepared with two guns, one of which he directs towards the place where they are feeding, and fires at a venture, and instantly catching up the other gun, discharges it as the flock rises on the wing. Mud pattens (a figure of which is given below) are employed for the purpose of traversing the shore and picking up the game. This amusement is attended with considerable danger, as the sportsman is liable, without great care, to be fixed in the mud, and thus becomes an inevitable prey to the returning tide.

The danger of following wild-fowl in small craft is much increased when there is ice in the rivers, which sometimes encircles the boats, generally ill calculated to sustain pressure against their sides. Those, therefore, who follow this diversion, drop down by night with the tide, taking the advantage of the wind, moon, &c. Guns of an immense size are used, which carry as large a load as a small cannon, and these are laid with the muzzle over the stern of the boat, in a hitch, which regulates the line of aim: the sportsman lies at the bottom of the boat on his belly, and gets as near the game, that are upon the water, as possible: when within range, he rattles with his feet against the bottom of the boat, and just at the moment when the birds spring, he pulls the trigger, and cuts a lane through their ranks.

The best time for wild-fowl shooting in rivers is the first or second day's thaw after a severe frost, and when deep snow has long covered the ground; the fowl are then flying in every direction to dabble in the fresh water, which, at such periods, seems very inviting to them. Another favourable opportunity is at the commencement of a frost, with the wind

strong at east, and sleet or snow falling: the birds are more easy of approach in such weather, and always fly lower than when the atmosphere is clear.

As far as relates to what may be considered as the real amusement or diversion of wild-fowl shooting, there is, perhaps, no part of Great Britain where it can be enjoyed in greater perfection than in the Highlands of Scotland. Great numbers of birds breed on such of the lakes in these parts as are fringed with cover, or where there happens to be small spots or islands in the midst of them; and in winter these places are visited by winged emigrants from other countries, particularly those lakes which have a communication with the sea. The rocky shores, too, contain immense number of wild-fowl at almost any period of the year, and there likewise rock-pigeons are found in abundance.

In the severity of a hard winter, wild-fowl shooting will afford diversion of a secondary order, or enliven a dull season when superior field-sports are not to be obtained; when, in fact, from the state of the weather, the pursuit of the fox and the hare are out of the question; and when, indeed, the pursuit of the partridge, &c. may be considered, at least, very unseasonable, and, frequently, abortive: in a hard frost, pointers cannot range, nor greyhounds course, nor hounds hunt; the state of the ground being such as very soon to cut their feet to pieces.

Thus much of wildfowl-shooting in the general, and now of gunning on our English shores in particular.

Different men have different opinions  
Some likes happles, some likes hinguas,

sings some great poet somewhere, and thus is it with sporting. We have already had occasion to quote the veteran Colonel Peter Hawker, as who must not when speaking of coast-gunning? His name and that cold, hardy, patient, and daring diversion are inseparable. To that gentleman's work, therefore, as the text book of shore-shooting, we shall not scruple to resort for a few illustrative designs to render more clear and intelligible the perilous occupation of those who thus live by "the banks of the great waters," and those adventurous sportsmen who venture to scare the whirring tribes for healthful recreation and pastime.

"The amusement of wildfowl shooting" says Col. Hawker, "is generally condemned, as only an employment for fishermen, because it sometimes interferes with ease and comfort; and bucks (who shoot, as they hunt, merely for the sake of aping the Adonis at breakfast, or recounting their sport over the bottle) shiver at the idea of being posted, for hours, by the side of a river, or anchored, half a night, among the chilling winds in a creek.

This, however, is only the actual service of the sport, as it may, like all others, be enjoyed with moderation.

The usual way of sallying forth, for this purpose, is to drive to an inn on the coast, call the waiter, who recommends an honest boatman, for whom the boots is immediately dispatched. On his arrival, he sees how eager you are to set sail, fixes his price accordingly, shows you thousands of birds, that he knows a boat can never get at, obliges you with a few of his own killing, at double their value, and your day ends with a ten pound bill, and, perhaps, bagging a couple of seagulls.

It is well known, that the generality of wildfowl fly most in the dusk of the evening; and, that no plan then answers so well, as to wait patiently for them, and fire as they pass to and fro. They will, at this time, seldom take notice of one, who stands against a bush or bank, provided he remains perfectly still, and is not conspicuously dressed. Nothing sooner shies fowl than a black hat; or is better and more durable than the seal's down cap, which was originally invented by Messrs Bicknell and Moore. If such places are not to be found, an ambush may be easily made. Thus situated, he will be able to distinguish the different sorts of fowl, long before they come within shot, and be struck with the wild retirement of the scene. He will observe the whistle, which announces the approach of widgeon—the similitude to a storm of the rapid flying dun-birds—the shrill sounding pinions of the wild-ducks—and the mournful notes of the plover, with the roar of a bursting surge, and discordant screams of sea-fowl.

Going to flight (as is provincially called this pursuit) is always followed with most success in very windy weather, when the birds are obliged to fly low; and you may then keep two guns employed faster than yourself and a servant can load them.

Should the weather be clear, and the birds come in high, your best means for getting a good chance is to conceal yourself in a canoe, between the banks of some small creek, as they will lower their flight on reaching the mud, and in all probability give you as many fair shots as you can fire during their arrival; which may continue about half an hour. Be careful to shoot well forward, and if they are fifty or sixty yards above you, at least two or three feet before their heads.

In choosing your station, select either a bank or wall, that divides the sea from detached pieces of water, or marshes, or any other point, which can intercept the flight of the birds to their nightly feed. Should their course be generally up some channel, you may there anchor a boat or two, and either conceal yourself in one of them, or keep your station for the chance of their turning the birds towards you.

In rough weather, you may sometimes have sport for the whole day, by digging a masked intrenchment at the extreme end of some promontory, that divides one well stocked bay from another. It is impossible to direct



about the tides, as in some places the birds come in at low water, and the reverse at others; but, as they indicate a preference to the mud, by remaining there in weather when the canoes and punts cannot be put off, we may infer, that their leaving it proceeds from having been at first disturbed.

If the coast becomes too much frequented by shooters, and you can hear of a neighbouring pond or lake, take a walk to it in the course of the day, and see if the birds use it at night. This you will ascertain by going to the leeward side, where you will most likely find some of their feathers, which will have drifted to the edge of the water, and which, in case other shooters may be coming to explore also, you will do well to gather up or conceal.

When evening comes, take your station at the part nearest the spring, that supplies the pond; or, otherwise, anywhere to leeward, with a good light, and there remain in ambush, with your largest gun.

Here the birds will probably come in as fast as you can count them, and you have then only to wait till they are well packed together; in which case, you would probably get from ten to twenty at a shot.

If the pond is large, place some one concealed on the opposite side, who (should the birds be feeding out of your reach) will, by a gentle noise, be sure to make them swim over; but, if he overdoes his part, or shows himself, they will fly up. Never fire at random on such occasions.

The dunbirds and divers may be easily known by the disturbance they make in the water, and they will generally swim over the whole of the pond in a few hours; so that, in moonlight, you would be almost sure of them.

Should the pond be frozen over, you might sometimes have a very fine shot, by breaking open a large place in the ice, where they would collect together for the fresh water, and most likely be accompanied by duck and mallard. The chief of the shooting on the ponds by night is at the

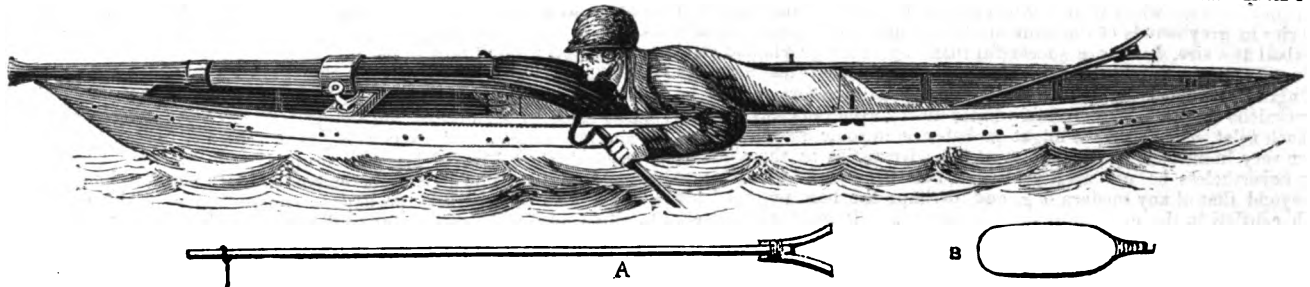
dunbirds, which are vulgarly called red-heads; for, with the exception of the tufted, and scaup duck, the other diving birds prefer feeding by day. The golden-eyes and morillons go out every evening to sea, where, until the winter is nearly over, they will remain all night; though perhaps tossed on billows in the most tempestuous weather.

The following delineations of a shooting punt, with its stanchion gun &c., will convey an idea of the material in use for this diversion.

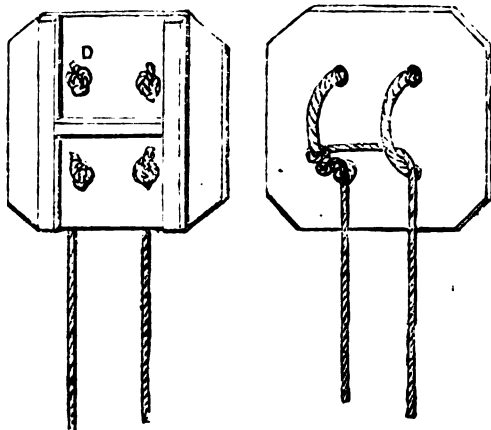
A Hampshire shooting punt though very long, is built so slight and narrow that to hold only one person, and has a stupendous gun, fixed on a swivel to a strong cross piece in the boat. This gun is so arranged, that it rests on the bow, and may be raised or turned a few inches by lowering the butt. You must row with your back to it till you see the fowl, then turn round on your face, and either work along with a stick in each hand, or, if the water be too deep for this, with two paddles. On having arrived within shot, you must relinquish the one on your starboard side, which, to prevent its floating away, should be made fast with a piece of string. You have only then to keep straight the punt with the one on the left, while with the right hand you regulate your aim and pull the trigger, which must be done while the birds are either sitting or just rising.

If they fly up, your labour is lost; but, if not, you may make a most unmerciful havoc; and, at the same time, your boat will be kicked back for some yards. Having recovered the shock, paddle in among your prisoners, and belabour, with a stick, all that have life remaining, or you will, probably, be capsized in trying to catch them. When you have got all your birds into the punt, you must go on shore, were it for no other purpose than to load your gun.

N.B. All punts and canoes, for such purposes (as well as the dress of the shooter), should be white; by which they become less visible on the water.



HAMPSHIRE COAST PUNT, STANCHION GUN, PADDLES, &c. &c.



MUDBOARDS, TWELVE INCHES SQUARE.

This punt must be 14ft. long, scarcely more than 2 broad, or 10 inches high, flat bottom'd, and increasing in width about 4 inches from bottom to gunwales; she must not exceed 1cwt. though the cross piece, in which the gun is fixed, must be very substantial, as well as on a firm and extended foundation, Gun 75 lb. 6 feet barrel, gauge inch and a half.

**DIRECTIONS.**—Sit with back to gun and row. To approach fowl, turn round; and, if deep water, paddle with one of B in each hand; if shallow push along with 2 of A, and, on getting within shot, let go the A on right, and steady punt with A on left, while you draw the trigger, the A's must be made fast with bits of string, to prevent losing them overboard.

N.B. Keep punt well fore and aft, and have her, and every thing about you white; except when the moon shines very bright; you must then rub your punt and paddles with a little mud, and dress a few shades darker.

With these mudboards put heel to one of the E's drawn under D. cross them over instep under D and C, and then tie them tight on instep. E E both spliced to C.

N.B. From these boards being so small and your having entirely to depend on E. E. they are not so safe as the others.

In an early number we will give the reader a further insight into the mysteries of wildfowl-shooting as practised on the coasts of Dorset, Norfolk, and Essex.

**RAVENS.**—The food of the raven varies at different seasons; grains form but a small portion, though they are sometimes eaten; insects and their larvæ, as they occur, may be occasionally preyed upon, but they by no means form so general a portion of food as they do among the lesser species of crows. The small mammalia are preyed on, and in spring, when all creatures are producing their offspring, the eggs of birds and the young of animals are sought after and devoured; and it is this carnivorous propensity which has caused them so much persecution from the shepherd. They are undoubtedly very destructive to the newly dropt lambs and to weak sheep, and the extensive range of a pastoral farm renders watching or attention quite impossible; but from this loss suf-

fered by the tenant must be subtracted the advantages derived from the check which they keep upon many of the smaller members of the animal kingdom, which, unless to a certain extent kept down, might, and on some occasions have, become extremely troublesome; for, on all our reasonings on the harm or advantages produced to man by various creatures, we are much too apt to look only at the question in immediate consideration, without at all examining its consequences on some other portions of beings, or on the productions of the vegetable world. It is, however, from its depredations on the young lambs that its persecution is chiefly carried on, and in many parts very considerable rewards are offered for its destruction.—*Naturalist's Library.*

## COURSING AND THE GREYHOUND.

## SECTION IV.—(continued from page 493.)

## BREEDING.—BLOOD.—SHAPE.

There have always been two extreme opinions as to the breeding of greyhounds; the one party insisting upon *blood*, the other looking to *shape*; but whatever difficulty there may exist in approximating these ultimas, they meet upon one ground in the use of the common term a *running sort*. It is certain that we are more frequently led into error by depending upon the blood only of the horse, than we are by a similar expectation in that of the dog: the reasoning, therefore, must either be fallacious in theory, or imperfect in practice. We well know that amongst horses the performances of two full brothers are seldom equal, but one is much superior to the other; this cannot happen from any difference in blood, and yet there are many sportsmen prejudiced enough to persevere, under the impression that the failing is but temporary, without making the smallest allowance for the deficiency of shape. Now whether this may arise from some defect of constitution in the sire or the dam is not very material for us to know; but the same thing rarely happens to any great degree amongst dogs. It has been observed by a writer of some eminence, "that the skilful huntsman differs from the sportsman in one respect, for the first very often gives away or knocks his hound at head, without trying him at all, if he does not approve his figure; whereas the sportsman always trains, if he likes the blood, let the horse be ever so defective in the formation of parts, &c." In this knowledge of "parts" consists the mystery of sporting science, and one obvious reason why we can form a more ready opinion of those of a dog than a horse is, that the human eye can better take in at one view the parts and proportions of a being so much smaller, than those of the other. This, in addition to the less severe and more rational treatment they undergo when young, accounts for that partial dereliction of celebrity in greyhounds of the same litter, or, indeed, of the same breed. Snowball as a sire, was more successful than any other greyhound, and the blood still continues in high and deserved estimation; his form has at length thoroughly superseded that motley breed used formerly to be so prevalent on the Wolds. As a winner no dog ever yet came off with so much eclat, and though it might probably be in some measure owing to the very indifferent qualifications of his adversaries at the time, it must nevertheless be universally allowed that his style of winning was far beyond that of any modern dog, and perhaps the best proof of his worth consists in the excellence of his progeny. It required, indeed, no inconsiderable share of perseverance to bring about a revolution in a race of animals, which in those days was so cruelly neglected, and so little understood; but luckily the reformer was a man whose knowledge of his subject was excellent, whose perseverance was great, and who by hitting on the right course, led to the vast improvements which the fleet longtails of the Goodlakes, the Ettys, and a long list of the patrons of coursing, have exhibited in the present day.

To arrive at that knowledge and information which will enable a man to contend with others of experience, and support his fame, is an arduous and bold undertaking, for unlike shooting or hunting we must not in this instance rely so much upon physical as mental assistance, which accounts for this species of diversion often becoming the last resource of the experienced and aged sportsman. It is pleasing to consider, that when the infirmities of age are creeping upon us, and the adventurous fights of manhood are settling into a calm and temperate seclusion, we have still the opportunity of gratifying that spark of native fondness, which though burning with a less ardent passion, imparts a warmth of convivial delight, and restores the recollection of past enjoyments. How often have we listened with boyish eagerness to the well-known tale of more prattling experience! How often in fancy gathered laurels of our own, and sighed for the completion of that period which would realise our fondest hopes! These are some of the pleasures of coursing; and we trust in the following sections, to give some valuable hints on the mode of attaining a courser's fame.

## SECTION V.

## MANAGEMENT.—FEEDING.

Greyhounds, above all other dogs should be prevented from running loose and unnoticed, or they soon contract an habit of straying out alone, equally to the prejudice of hares, and the violation of discipline; for however in nature he may be less inclined to ramble than the hound or pointer, still we all know that the greyhound may be tempted to do it, and instances are not wanting to prove where, through such mistaken indulgence, the animal has entirely forsaken his domestic habits, and assumed others of wanton ferocity. The temper of this dog is originally mild and inoffensive, but it will be found to vary considerably according to the mode and period of confinement; even so much so, that after being chained for no long space of time to a common wooden kennel, the greyhound will sometimes become as savage as the most zealous house-dog, and far more dangerous, for he would rush upon a person with the same quick and sudden attack that a hawk seizes its prey: he is almost ever on the watch, appearing to have less occasion for sleep than any other of his species, and his sense of hearing may be

rated in a similar degree with his powers of sight and action. The Count de Buffon mentions the swan as the finest model in nature towards improving the art of navigation; in like manner the greyhound perhaps presents as fine a form for excelling upon another element, for in no animal is the capacity and power of speed so inimitably displayed. In the first place, the position and form of his head when running against the wind, are admirably adapted for cutting and throwing it off his body, which is the contrary with most other animals, as they oppose not only an extended, but generally a more erect front: his width and depth of chest allow him a freedom of respiration which nothing but the most severe exertion can possibly exhaust, and the strength of his loins piloted, if I may so express myself, by the tapered shape and elastic spring of his stern, enable him to make those quick and sudden turnings which is the greatest beauty in a close running dog. His round feet, as I before mentioned, are not in my opinion so well calculated for speed as is generally imagined, but when the form of them is such, the objection perhaps is more than cancelled by the firm and even position of the legs, the length of which from the elbow to the knee before, and to the letting down of the hock behind, aided to the full and muscular expansion of the thigh, form altogether so correct an elegance of parts as enables him to move with an ease and freedom peculiarly his own. If your establishment of greyhounds is small, the plan of kennelling I shall recommend may be easily pursued, though it would not exactly correspond with one more extensive. If you keep no more than three or four brace of greyhounds, they should always lie in a stable purposely set apart for them and a couple of hacks, and made large enough to contain a separate kennel for each, of the following construction: the form should be a square of at least four feet, and two in depth, and altogether similar to a large potter's pannier, placed with the open ends upwards of course, and fixed steady to the ground by means of a piece of wood at each corner, but not so very securely that you cannot at pleasure remove it as necessity may suggest: hay is decidedly the best litter, whether you consider comfort or health of the animal; but it must be good, such, in fact, as you give to your horses, for the refuse of a stable is often damp and mouldy, and would if thus made use of be productive of endless disorder and disappointment. These beds should not be close to each other, but the space between ought to be large enough to admit a broom; and their being thus separated will give each dog a more distinct idea of his own property, which, when he has once ascertained, it will be difficult hereafter to induce him to relinquish; for a day it may be necessary perhaps to confine him by a chain, but seldom beyond that, or two nights at the utmost. If you make any objection to this plan, and say, that on days when your greyhounds are not wanted they will be liable to interruption by those who want your hacks, I answer that these hacks, as I call them, are entirely appropriated to coursing, and therefore can never be required, whether for exercise or work, without their companions; this constant habit of companionship creates a familiarity which in coursing is frequently attended with beneficial effects. There are many reasons for expelling dogs from a stable, and indeed, amongst hunters it is what I never would, upon any occasion, allow; they are when thus confined generally filthy animals, and the sight of one sometimes will damp the most ardent appetite; but the greyhound is certainly a strong exception, for he is neither so coarse in his feeding, nor so voracious of appetite; neither is he so spitefully malicious, nor so rude in his caresses; but altogether exhibits a delicacy of character, and a chasteness of disposition which is not found so decidedly to concentrate in any others of his race.

In the management, however, of this kind of kennelling, particular attention must be paid to comfort and cleanliness, and during the time that your dogs are either at work or exercise, the frames should be taken out into the air, the litter removed from them, and afterwards well shaken and supplied with fresh hay if necessary, for a dog before he lies down will always be observed to reconnoitre his resting place, smelling cautiously all around it, and expressing the utmost anxiety and uneasiness if it is not perfectly agreeable to his taste and fancy. Nothing can reconcile this apparent fastidiousness so effectually as cleanliness, for however strange it may appear, I have seen a dog though absolutely starving with hunger prefer a good bed to the most dainty food, which he no longer refused but greedily devoured the moment it was offered to him in this situation of quietness and rest; it should therefore be an invariable rule to have the food for every description of sporting dog ready to offer him the moment he comes in from work, and not suffer his appetite to be in any degree paralysed by the intermediate indulgence of a comfortable kennel, which only he should be allowed to take a final possession of when you have done all that may lie within your abilities towards the restoration of his exhausted powers.

(To be continued in our next.)

"Shall I cut this loin of mutton *saddle-way*? said a host to his guest. "No," replied the latter, "by all means cut it *bridle-way*, for then I may chance to get a bit in my mouth."

A DEALER IN THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES.—A gentleman, observing a clergyman in the *Gazette* as a bankrupt, expressed his astonishment, and wondered what articles he could deal in, "Thirty-nine," was the reply."

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CRIBS.

## CHAPTER XI.

JACK SCROGGINS,—(continued.)

31. Church only appeared as a mark to hit at. Stopping his adversary was out of the question; and he again measured his length on the grass.
32. Scroggins was truly conspicuous in this round. He did as he liked with his antagonist, till he sent him down.
33. It was astonishing to see Church, considering the severe milling he had already received, continue to face his man with such confidence. He had no chance whatever, except being knocked down.
34. Church exchanged some blows in this round rather to his advantage, but almost laid himself down from exhaustion at the conclusion of it.
35. Scroggins, in making a hit, literally pushed down his opponent.
36. Church was hit down almost upon setting-to, bleeding copiously.
37. Scroggins, eager to put a finishing stroke to this game article, rushed in furiously and sent him down.
38. Church's face looked deplorable; when he received three tremendous blows upon his nose and cheeks. Scroggins put in also a severe body blow with his left hand, when Church, as usual, went down.
39. The battle might be said to be at an end, but Church's game was not yet exhausted; and Scroggins again sent him down.
40. Scroggins ran in to his adversary, like a bull, head foremost, at his body, and caught hold of the waistband of his breeches, but instantly recollecting, as it were, that he had committed an error, he slid his hands upwards. It might have been accidental; but the seconds of Church considering such an attack contrary to the established rules of fighting, thought that to fulfil their duty they ought to take their man out of the ring. The umpires, however, passed it over, and thus, fortunately for Scroggins, saved him from the disagreeable circumstance of a wrangle; or, perhaps, making a drawn battle of it.
41. Though Church could not win, yet he now and then felt for his antagonist's nob sharply, and in this round he put in a severe facer, but, ultimately, Scroggins sent him down.
42. Nothing. Church went down upon setting-to.
43. Scroggins again nobbed his opponent, and, to add to the severity of the punishment, Church received a severe body blow, before he found his way to the grass.
44. Scroggins hit his adversary cleanly down, and it was apprehended that he would not be able to come again; indeed, his backer wished him to desist from the contest. The seconds of Scroggins took the hint and threw up their hats in the air, as the token of victory. The outer ring immediately gave way, but Church insisted upon fighting longer, and the
45. Commenced during this confusion. The mind of Church was good, but his strength could not keep pace with his wishes. Scroggins was awake that victory was certain, and sent his adversary down in quick time.
46. Church was going now very fast, and was sent down upon setting-to.
47. The mortification of surrender urged Church to continue the battle while he was able to stand upon his legs; but it was all up, and he was only receiving unnecessary punishment, being sent down every round.
48. Church went down completely exhausted.
49. Notwithstanding the reduced state of Church he made a couple of hits, but it was only to be sent down.
- 50 and last. On coming to the scratch he was floored, *sans ceremonie*, and not able to meet his man any more. He was led out of the ring dreadfully beaten.

A gamer man never entered the ring than Church; he proved himself a complete taker, but as to the winning consequences of giving, he had much to learn. Scroggins, in the ring, was completely at home; cautious of himself, his judgment was excellent in perceiving when his antagonist was exhausted, and going in promptly to finish him off. He, however, gave a chance away, by running head-foremost at his opponent's body, a proceeding which at the present day would have lost him the battle. Scroggins, however, did not win this fight without considerable punishment about the nob, one of his eyes being nearly closed, and his face much beaten. He never exhibited any thing like such marks before. Church sprained his ankle severely in the third round; and had not this accident occurred, he might have stood up much better, perhaps with more chance of ultimate success. His confidence never deserted him throughout the battle; and he talked to his second between every round of his capabilities to continue the contest. After the great success of Scroggins in the two first rounds, when he in fact reduced winning almost to a certainty, many of the fancy expressed some little astonishment, that fifty-five minutes should elapse before Scroggins was able to send his man out of the ring! Mr. Jackson collected 20*l.* to reward the bravery of Church.

The friends of Tom Hall (known as Isle of Wight Hall), were extremely anxious to match him with Scroggins for 200 guineas a-side; but, after four meetings upon the subject, the last of which was held at the Mansion-house Coffee-house, February, 1817, the partisans of Hall offered to pay half the deposit between Scroggins and Turner, in order to induce the former to relinquish that match. Hall also proposed to add ten pounds which had been forfeited to him in a previous instance, to the battle-money; but the offers were declined. Scroggins had no objection to fight Hall, provided he weighed no more than 11 stone. However,

it was the general opinion among the best judges of pugilism, that Hall was too heavy for our hero.

After six months' interval, Scroggins again entered the prize-ring. His antagonist on this occasion was the afterwards celebrated Ned Turner. The affair came off in a field near Hayes Turnpike, Middlesex, on Wednesday, March 26, 1817; Scroggins fighting Turner 100*l.* against 50*l.* This contest ended in a draw, the particulars of which will be found hereafter in the memoir of Ned Turner.

A second match was afterwards made the 10th of June, 1817, Scroggins fighting Turner 120*l.* against 80*l.*

Upon a review of the merits of the drawn battle above mentioned, some doubts appeared to exist in the minds of the backers of Scroggins respecting the result of the ensuing battle. The following contest, however, which took place *ad interim*, not only tended to remove the doubts in question, but operated so strongly towards increasing their former confidence on Scroggins, as to raise the odds three to one that he was the victor.

A meeting was held at Tom Oliver's house in Peter-street, Westminster, on Friday, May 2, 1817, to complete the stakes for the match between the above pugilist and Ned Painter. Several pugilists were present upon this occasion, among whom were Scroggins, Carter, West-Country Dick, Ballard, Parcell, &c. Scroggy having drank freely during the evening above stairs, descended, in a *non compos mentis* state, into the parlour, and ridiculed Dick upon his defeat by Randall. He also offered to bet two to one upon himself against Turner, which was immediately accepted by Richmond; and, upon the latter's taking up the money, to deposit in some person's hands, Scroggins seized hold of the Man of Colour, and, in the scuffle, both fell. Scroggins now gave some ludicrous imitations of Richmond's mode of milling—calling him every thing but a good one, and offered to fight the Man of Colour, in the room, for any sum. The latter was much pressed, by all the amateurs present, to give Scroggins a thrashing for his improper conduct, but Richmond kept his temper, although called a cur for suffering such a little fellow to insult and triumph over him. Richmond was not to be moved from his resolution, and very properly observed, "That as Scroggins was under an engagement to fight Turner, the sporting world should not experience a disappointment from his disabling the man from fulfilling his agreement." This conduct, on the part of Richmond, was admitted to be handsome and manly by all present. Scroggins, however, would not be denied—fight he would with somebody, and to accommodate his penchant, a match was proposed between him and young Fisher, for twenty guineas a-side, to be decided instantly: the latter having gallantly beat the rough and hardy Crockey, before the Grand Duke of Russia, at Coombe-warren. Previously, however, the opinion of Mr. Jackson was taken respecting the propriety of Scroggins fighting, considering his engagement with Turner. Mr. J. "thought he ought not!" Scroggins over-ruled this objection, by declaring that nothing should hinder him from having a mill, provided Mr. Farmer would make the match. Shelton, in conjunction with some other amateurs, then put down the money for Fisher. The large room at the back of the premises was lighted up, the scratch made—bottles, lemons, &c. produced—the spectators retired to each end of the room, and the door was locked. Mr. Jackson acted as the umpire. Carter and Clark attended Scroggins; Richmond and a novice waited upon Fisher. Three to two on Scroggins. The parties shook hands—half-minute time was allowed—and sixteen minutes before twelve o'clock at night the battle commenced. More spirited betting or greater order never occurred either at Moulsey, Shepperton, or Coombe-wood.

## THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On setting-to mischief being meant, little science was displayed between the combatants; Fisher put in a slight body hit. Scroggins reeled in after his usual mode, and both went to work slap bang—some sharp nobbers were exchanged, and, in closing, both down, Scroggy undermost. ("Well done, Fisher!")

2. Fisher, full of gaiety, again hit, first on the body, and seemed resolutely determined upon following up his success. They both nobbed each other smartly; and, in struggling to obtain the throw, Scroggy, as before, was undermost.

3. Scroggins, from the effects of lushing, came quite noisy to the scratch, and laughing at Fisher, told him, if he could hit no harder than he had done, he must lose it, and he, Scroggins, would soon convince him of that fact. Fisher, not dismayed by this threat, not only fought with his opponent manfully, but threw him completely on his face. ("Go it, Fisher!")

4. This was a good round, and Fisher pelted away so sharply, that Scroggy seemed rather sobered from the contact. Ceremony was out of the question, hit for hit was reciprocally given, till Fisher slipped and went down. (2 to 1 on Scroggy was vociferated by his partisans.)

5. Fisher came to the scratch in the most lively style, and set to with as much *song froid* as if he had been fighting a mere commoner. They soon closed, but Fisher undermost.

6. Nothing but milling was the order of this round; both down.

7. Scroggins rushed at his opponent with all the impetuosity of a bull-dog, and made his one two tell upon Fisher's mug; but the latter stood to him like bricks, and contended gamely till he found himself undermost in the throw. (This change on the part of Scroggy brought offers forward of 4 to 1 in his favour.)

8. Fisher went to work manfully, and Scroggins slipped down from a hit, but, instantly recovering himself, instead of finishing the round, he rushed at Fisher, when some sharp blows were exchanged, till both went down.

9. Fisher with the utmost ease sent Scroggy down. (Bravo, Fisher—stick to him, my lad!)

10. One of Scroggins's peepers seemed a little damaged, but his canvas appeared so impenetrable, that the claret scorned to make its appearance. Both again down; but Scroggins, while on the knee of his second, gave two or three loud hems, as if to improve his wind.

11. This was a truly punishing round. Fisher hit Scroggins alight down—he was up again in a twinkling, and most furiously went in to mill his opponent; he was, however, ultimately sent down.

12. Fisher put in a good facer; but, in closing, both down.

13. As yet, nothing was the matter with Fisher, and considering Scroggins was three parts groggy upon commencing the fight, he convinced those around him what a fine constitution he possessed. Fisher was also viewed with admiration—and making allowance for his greenness in contending with a pugilist at the top of the tree, he proved himself an ugly customer for this modern Dutch Sam! In this round Fisher had the best of it decidedly.

14. Scroggins went down, in closing, but the advantage was on his side. When on his second's knee, he sneeringly observed to Fisher, that, "he could not hit hard enough; he had better give it in, as a few mere of his hits must finish him."

15, 16, 17. Nothing material on either side.

18. In this round Scroggy was flogged. Great applause to Fisher.]

19—23. Though Scroggins was the favourite, yet many present considered the event at this stage of the fight doubtful. (Upon several offers being made, Scroggy observed, "Aye, bet away, gentlemen, I can win it like fun. I lay 2 to 1 on myself.")

24—29. Fisher appeared still fresh, and, notwithstanding the desperate rushing forward of Scroggins to take the fight out of him, he never flinched from his man, but fought with Scroggins like a gamecock. (At the conclusion of this round, which was in favour of the cove of Stangate, he exclaimed with the utmost confidence "Who can beat me, alive? I can mill any of 'em!")

30, 31, 32. Scroggins had the worst of these rounds. He appeared rather distressed, and from the effects of the grog reeled about. Fisher exchanged many blows to his advantage.

33. This round was complete hammering. Scroggins wanted to put an end to the fight, and fought his way in with all the determination of a lion. His blows were terrific—and although he went down from a sharp hit, he instantly jumped up again and milled Fisher furiously till he got him down. (Carter now offered a guinea to half-a-crown. "Bravo, Scroggy—he is an astonishing fellow!" was the general cry.)

34, 35, 36. Well contested on both sides; but in the latter round Fisher missed putting in a blow, that might have materially turned the fight in his favour. He had hit Scroggins away from him twice, near the corner of the room, that laid him open, and instead of following up the chance, he retreated, and got sent down. Scroggins again loudly hemmed, upon his second's knee, for wind.

37. Scroggins sent down Fisher in a twinkling. This blow was on the face, and from its tremendous severity, his countenance changed like the hues of the rainbow. Scroggy shouted with glee, and offered to bet any thing.

38. Fisher again went down from a slight hit. Scroggins, with much contempt and confidence, "What do you think of that? I'll bet 100 to 1, I'll win it."

39, 40, 41, 42. Fisher fought manfully, but a change had taken place; he showed evident signs of weakness, and went down in all these rounds. (£250 to £100 on Scroggy, and his partisans roared with delight.)

43. Scroggins now began to finish in high style, and dealt out some tremendous punishment. (Guinea to a shilling was offered, but not taken.)

44 and last. Fisher came to the scratch much distressed, and Scroggins again milled him down. On time being called, Fisher could not rise from his second's knee, being very faint and rather sick, upon which Scroggins was declared the conqueror. The battle lasted forty-one minutes.

Fisher must be pronounced a good man, and had he fought more at the head he might have been able to have given a better account of the battle. His mug was a little battered; but in other respects he did not exhibit severe marks of punishment. He attributed his loss to the very heavy falls he experienced more than to the blows he encountered, and walked from the scene of action without any help. With a little more experience and good training, it might not be an easy task to conquer him. Scroggins fought under disadvantage; but the confidence he possessed in himself was truly astonishing; he urged that he could beat all the light weights, and entertained an idea that six men in the whole kingdom did not exist who could conquer him. He was much inebriated, and the danger he was likely to experience by losing a chance in his ensuing fight with Turner, seemed not in the least to operate on his mind. Though the above conquest was not an easy fight, he was as anxious to bet upon himself as the most interested looker-on, offering terms almost on every round. He was more beat about the face than his antagonist.

It was now decidedly two to one, and in many instances the odds were still higher throughout the sporting circles, that Scroggins would add another laurel to his wreath, in his second combat with Turner, on the 10th of June, 1817, at Sawbridgeworth, Hertfordshire, but, alas! the smiles of fortune abandoned our hero, and, for the first time in his life, he found himself in defeat! The flooring of this great favourite operated

like an electric shock upon the fancy; and the anxiety manifested by hundreds of persons, assembled at an early hour both within and outside the Waterman's Arms, to learn the event, beggared description. The defeat of Scroggins was not generally believed for some hours after the report reached the metropolis; indeed, such an event was thought almost impossible, so high was the opinion entertained by the patrons of pugilism of his milling capabilities. In fact, his house was not deserted till he arrived at home, about one o'clock in the morning. How changed was then the scene! No loud huzzas, as heretofore, to greet the conquering hero. No over-joyed backers to overwhelm him with their fulsome praises. On the contrary, a gloomy silence prevailed; his partisans had fled, and he retired to his pillow alone, depressed, defeated, and restless, even without the common merit allowed him of having lost his laurels in any thing like a well fought battle!

(To be continued.)

#### A FEW MAXIMS ON HUNTING WITH HARRIERS.

BY NIMROD.

(Concluded from page 489.)

We now come to the chase. When a hare is hallooed away, harriers should not be taken to the most distant point at which she was seen; but from fifty to a hundred yards behind it. If they are taken to the most distant point, and do not instantly take up the scent, their huntsman has then to cast them at a venture, and is more likely to cast from the line of scent than towards it. But if he goes fifty yards or so behind the most distant point where the game was seen, he would then know, for that distance of ground at least, which is the best and surest way to draw his hounds to the point. Let him, at this time stand still, and suffer all his pack to feel for the scent; inasmuch as, if as soon as two or three of them own it, he hurries them all on immediately, the scent is often over-run, and consequently lost. In bringing them up to this point, however, give them the wind if you can.

If a single hound goes off with a good scent, and can be depended upon, his huntsman should halloo on the pack to him as quickly as he can; but if it be with a bad scent, and he hurries them at this moment, they will be in expectation of a fresh scent; the hound that went away by himself will be lifted by the excitement, and the huntsman will often have a fresh scent to seek, if not lose his hare. If he goes gently up to the single chase-hound, and without noise, the rest of the pack will generally settle well to the scent, if it be not too cold.

If harriers divide in a burst, their huntsman should get as near to the chase he wishes to pursue as he can, and give some 'rattling view halloo.' Nothing is more ridiculous or futile than a huntsman hallooing 'hark forward' to hounds, unless he at the same time attempts to show them their way. As hounds do not speak English, they are not likely to understand what 'Hark forward' means. At this time also, the whipper-in must be in his place, and drive the pack up to their huntsman, only as gently as may be; 'keeping hounds together at all times,' says Mr. Beckford, 'is the surest means to keep them steady.' If the huntsman is not forward with the chase at this time, all he can do in the way of casting his hounds, is, to drive them by a rate or crack of his whip, and the chance then is, that he may cause them to lift, if they should be on the scent; whereas they would all instantly fly to his halloo, and join the chase-hounds.

But a word more about hallooing. No person should halloo to hounds, unless he is well forward at the time, except it be in the case of a view back, or a fresh break from a cover. It signifies little what words you use, as a hound's knowledge of language is confined to a view halloo, a call, and a rate. It is the tone of the voice, and not the words, that they understand; and hounds will always turn to the voice, if it be not a rate, which shows the folly of hallooing behind them, unless in the cases alluded to.

The field. It is a mistaken notion that harriers will stand being pressed upon, in chase, better than foxhounds. No person should ride farther forward than the tail of the pack, and then not on the line. If he rides abreast of the body of a pack of harriers, and their game—which it is so prone to do—turns short on the side on which he is, he is necessarily riding on the scent. It must be a bad pack indeed, if a sportsman cannot see the head from the tail hounds; and it is uncivil to the rest of the field, to ride in that place, where, if all rode, the sport could not go on; because it may be presumed that all may have an equal desire to get forward. A few yards wide of the tail is the proper place for a hare-hunter to ride, when the scent lies well; behind the hounds is his place when the scent is not good, because he is then not likely to cross it; and we know that hares will turn and shift more frequently with a bad scent than with a good one, which is not the case with foxes. With the latter, the worse the scent, the more emboldened are they to make for a distant point.

In riding to harriers, be careful not to cross the scent ahead. If you see them inclining towards a road, or foot-path, do not ride on to either but leave the ground unstained, for the hounds to try when they get to it.

In running a good scent, I never object to hear one of the field, if well up with the pack, give a cheering halloo—provided he be a sportsman, and knows what hounds are doing. It does no harm, for hounds seldom



attend much to a stranger's voice, and it is expressive of the pleasure of the hallooer, which necessarily adds to mine.

When there is no game on foot, I like to see my field keep their horses moving; they may ride up a hare; but I check them for riding after my huntsman whilst he is casting his hounds at fault. At that time, they had better stand still, keeping their eyes about them—on the foil, &c.

Never whip any hounds but your own, is a standing maxim amongst sportsmen. A stroke of the whip injudiciously given to an old hound, may make him shy and sullen, if not spoil him for ever. The correction of the whip should be left to those who are intimately acquainted with the tempers and dispositions of hounds.

Whipper-in. When hounds are to be whipped to their huntsman, when casting, it should be done gently, and with not too much noise; by which means hounds will draw towards him, trying as they go; whereas loud, repeated rates and cracks of the whip, too often make them fly towards him with their noses in the air. When a whipper-in observes hounds drawing properly towards their huntsman he should be all but silent. Again, if a hound be cast in a burst, and in using his best endeavours to join cry, he should not be rated at all. It may discourage him, and make shy, without a chance of doing good. But let a whipper-in have little mercy on a skirter. A hound that runs wide, without attempting to get to the chase, merits harsher treatment than another, who by flinging too wide, gets cast at a check, but joins cry the moment the scent is hit off. The best recipe for skilters is the halter. They are seldom or ever cured of the vice, and a couple of determined skilters, are equal to the ruin of the best pack of harriers upon earth.

When harriers are at fault, and a hit is made by one or more, the rest should be hallooed on instantly; it will command the attention of the pack, and get them more quickly to the chase.

Never cap hounds with loud halloos to a bad scent; capping them is then apt to make them wild, and should only be done when the scent is good, and with a flying hare. It cannot then be executed too quickly, and should be done in the true fox-hunting style. NIMROD.

#### THE SPORTING BANKER, OR A COCKNEY'S DISASTERS.

A partner in a banking house, who lived near enough to the abode of our worthy first magistrate to nose his lordship's kitchen whenever turtle was the order of the day, was residing for a short time lately at a small watering place on the coast of Essex. Being in the country he determined to partake of its sports, and for the first time in his life to have a day's shooting. "When we are at Rome," said the cit, "we must do as they *do* at Rome." A vulgar sportsman, such as a country squire, or a rusticated nobleman, sets off on foot or at least on a shooting pony, in pursuit of his game. A city Cresus disdains such simplicity. Accordingly our banker, with a merchant for his companion, got into his phaeton, took the pointers he had borrowed into the carriage, and ordered his servants in livery to follow him.

The dogs, who had never been used to such fashionable style of travelling, soon began to shew symptoms of uneasiness, and even of inclination to desert. They were detained, however, in part by caresses, and partly by force, till they had very nearly reached the scene of action, when, by a violent and unanimous effort, they all jumped out, and ran home except one, who was persuaded to follow by the servants behind. But even he might as well have gone as the rest; for hardly had they hunted three fields over, when the obstinate brute stopped all of a sudden, to the great surprise and chagrin of the city sportsman. They hallooed him on; they whistled to him; but nothing could make him move. "It was very provoking," they said; "they never saw a dog so restive in their lives." So, taking a whip from a domestic, they began to belabour the refractory *Carlo*, who darted into the covey, and away went the birds.

Before the banker could recover from the alarm occasioned by the flapping of their wings, take up his gun and cock it, the partridges were out of sight. These were all he saw that day; nor could he sufficiently regret the bad behaviour of the dog. "If he had not stopped," said the banker, "I should have fired into the thick of the *brood*, and killed one half of them." His companion "made no doubt but he should have killed the rest."

On his return to his carriage, the *man of money*, determined to try his skill at some sparrows on a dunghill. He shut his eyes; and before he could open them again to count the dead sparrows, a pig which was lying under the straw, and which he had shot in the head, came running out, and laid itself at his feet, squeaking most horribly in the agonies of death; and out came the farmer's men with flail and pitchfork; and out came the farmer's dog and seized him by the coat; and out came the farmer himself and took him by the collar.

Perceiving himself thus beset, the banker offered an honorable composition; but when he found that no less a sum than three guineas was demanded, he demurred, and said "that a pig of equal size might be purchased for less money in London." His companion, however, observing "that pigs were more plentiful in Leadenhall Market than in the country," the money was produced; and the farmer, and the farmer's men, and the farmer's dog retired to their respective kennels.

It is the quality of a great mind not to be discouraged. The banker, therefore, reloaded his piece, and ere he had proceeded far, hearing a

rustling in the hedge, he let fly at a venture. The report of the gun was immediately followed by "*Good lort I'm shot. As Got shall shave me I'm shot!*" It was a Jew who had been making a sacrifice which was no that of the Paschal lamb, and who at the close of it, while employed in plucking up grass, and shrubs of broader leaf, and more commodious received a large portion of the charge in that part, according to Butler,

"A kick hurts honour more  
Than deepest wounds received before."

As the banker had never seen a magpie in the city that did not speak, he supposed that the whole species were naturally loquacious, and made no doubt but he had killed one of those talkative birds.

"I have shot a magpie," said he to his companion, and off he ran to pick up his game; when in the passage of the hedge he was met face to face by the furious Israelite. Seeing him in the nakedness of a *sans culotte*, and bleeding from flank to flank, the banker started back in speechless horror. The "circumcised dog" pursued him, and took him by the throat, swearing by the Got of *Moses* that he would have "blood for blood;" and this dreadful threat he would probably have realized, if the banker's friend had not offered him "egregious ransom." At the first mention of money, the bleeding member of the half tribe of *Manassah* relaxed his gripe, examined the paper that was tendered to him by the banker, and was well satisfied when he found it to be a genuine five pound Bank of England note. DOLLY.

#### METHOD OF KILLING BRANTS, A KIND OF WATER-FOWL, ON THE RIVER MERIMASHEE, IN NORTH AMERICA.

On any point of land between two creeks, bays (or which is best), between two rivers, the sportsman takes a small branch or twig from a tree, the small end of which he fixes on the sand, close to the water-edge, to the height of the bird he means to represent; near it he fixes two or three other sticks to the height of the body; round these sticks he wraps some sea weed, so as to resemble, as much as possible, the wings and tail of the bird, and the upper end of the stick the neck and head; so that, to view it at a distance, it will very much resemble a bird. He sometimes makes two or three of these decoys close to each other, which being seen by the birds at a distance as they fly along, entice them to come on, and take a sweep round, supposing them to be some of the fellows. At a proper distance he makes pits in the sand, and around it places some shrubbery, or small branches of the crops of trees, to cover himself where he sits, that he may not be seen by them. This is always done on the windward side of the point, which, for the most part, sea-fowl are fondest of frequenting. A flock of them in passing by, suppose these objects to be real birds, and come close up to them; on which the sportsman fires, and if he happens to kill one or two, he places them on the water, with a sharp-pointed stick, one end of which is fixed in the sand, and the other under the chops of the bird, which holds up his head as if alive, and the motion of surge keeps him heaving up and down, and from side to side, so that it is next to impossible to discover the deception.

The next flight that comes alight close by this, on which he readily fires, sitting; and every one he kills, he places close by the other, in the same manner with the first. This he continues to do, till, in a few hours, he may have as many as will fill a canoe, or as many as he chooses to carry home. The birds are so numerous in these bays, and flocks of them so frequently passing from one point to another, that there can hardly be an end to this diversion, at which, indeed, the Indians are most expert.

#### THE LAST CAPEL COURT STAG.

CONSIDERABLY AFTER MOORE.

'Tis the last stag of Capel-Court—scheming alone?  
All his swindling companions  
Absconded and gone;  
No scamp of his kindred,  
No Jew-boy is nigh,  
To reflect back his wishes,  
And give sigh for sigh!  
They've all left him—that base one,  
To pine in the court;  
While the upright are reaping,  
His pockets are short!  
Thus lonely he shudders,  
When thinking how blest,  
Are those who are honest,  
While he cannot rest!  
And thus may all suffer,  
Who venture to throw  
On those too confiding  
Both ruin and woe;  
When false stags are scatter'd,  
Then honest men may  
Invest tin in railroads,  
Expecting *Fair Play!*

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"Mr. Anson begs to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Durham's letter of the 30th ult., and to acquaint him that he has laid the knife, with which it was accompanied, before Prince Albert; and his Royal Highness is much pleased with the ingenuity of Mr. Durham's invention."

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Starters.....	10	Starters.....	6

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# THE Sportsman's Magazine

No. 34. FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 10, 1846. THREE HALF-PENCE.

[Stamped to send free by Post, Three-pence.]

LIFE IN LONDON



FOX-HUNTING.—PLATE I.—THE KENNEL-DOOR.

LIKE the lyre of Anacreon, which, though newly strung and attuned to warlike measures, still responded only to the chords of love and the praise of Bacchus, so does our spirit, despite various discordant discursions return with alacrity to sound the praises of the "noble science," the glorious sport of Foxhunting; hence do we preface these desultory papers with the sincere wish, that with the rising generation of British sportsmen this manly and soul-stirring amusement may ever continue to hold the high rank it yet does among British sports; nor may the quarrel-breeding, mob-collecting, exhibition of the steeple-chase supplant that noble pursuit which affords gratification to every class of rural society. Beckford says with great truth, that "Hunting is the soul of a country life; it gives health to the body and contentment to the mind; and is one of the few pleasures we can enjoy in society, without prejudice either to ourselves or our friends." It not only finds employment for numerous hands in nearly all our trades and manufactures, but amongst the higher ranks, it is an effectual security against the intrusion of idleness and spleen; it affords to the man of property an ample scope for the display of generous and social feelings, and far better occupies the place of the more fashionable and expensive amusements of the metropolis, which only tend to excite, and not to satisfy our fancied and artificial wants.

BUT: to panegyricize foxhunting is indeed to

Glild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To add another hue unto the rainbow,

all which the "bard of all time" has declared to be "wasteful and

ridiculous excess;" we, therefore, refrain and at once proceed to the subject of our first plate.

## THE KENNEL DOOR.

In future papers we shall have ample opportunity to say all we choose on the larger biped and quadruped performers in the chase, here it will be "our cue to speak" of the staunch hound; for while the hunter has been the subject of almost constant panegyric, it is no less strange than true that his companion the hound seems much overlooked now-a-days by sporting scribes.

Out of a field of one hundred and fifty persons, who call themselves sportsmen, you will not see more than three particularly noticing the hounds. After spending the evening with men, who, from their conversation, might be supposed to live in the saddle, and who seemed to consider hunting as the greatest of all earthly enjoyments, you may go into a kennel the next morning with those very men, and observe that, though they constantly and regularly hunted with them, they did not know the name of a single hound; and while in conversation with the huntsman, you may see them stand with their backs against the wall as unconcerned as if they were amid a flock of sheep. Look at a perfect fox-hound as he stands before you, and show me an animal in the whole creation so admirably formed for speed and endurance? Although, during a chase, he not unfrequently covers nearly twice as much ground, yet he tires the fox, the deer, and the horse. In pursuit of his game he fearlessly plunges into the rapid stream, dashes impetuously down the dangerous steep, and unhesitatingly forces his way through the prickly gorse and thickly entangled thorns and briars. Look at him the next morning as with a groan, expressive of his pain,

he stiffly rises from the bench, his chest raw, his stern half stripped, his nose twelled, and his eyes sore; and although he can scarcely see you, yet when he hears your voice, he gently haile you with a whine of recognition. Your kindly notice cheers him, he forgets his sores, soon recovers his activity, and is ready for your service again. The man who can witness this, and be unmindful of the merits of the hound, is unworthy of participating in the joys of the chase.

Our first remarks then shall be directed to the formation of a pack of foxhounds. If you have sufficient walks or quarters, as they are sometimes called, to enable you to breed your own, begin from a good stock at first; there is plenty of choice, and bad blood once introduced may blight the fruits of your undertakings for many years to come; above all, remember the words of the dying huntsman, "Breed 'em w' plenty of bone." A new pack will seldom allow of the breeding establishment being very extensive for the first season, it is never worth while to breed from very old bitches, the whelps they throw are frequently small and weak, and those which can be really depended upon as being of a good family, and sound constitution, will, of course, not be very numerous. Never breed from those which are delicate, of either sex, and never propagate vice in your kennel, by breeding from any one which is notoriously wild and vicious, though he be ever so stout and handsome. After Christmas, such bitches as you may intend to breed from, should, on their coming on heat, be immediately put to the dog, and on no account should they be suffered to go to work again that season; no bitch should be put to after the first or second week in May, late puppies seldom do much good.

Before the breeding season commences, care should be taken to have every convenience in readiness for the comfort of the bitches. Under the south-side (if possible) of one of the paddocks, should be placed at certain distances, numerous roomy dog-cubs, with small separate enclosures attached to each, made with hurdles, resembling sheets of paling in miniature; the bars being nailed on perpendicularly renders it more difficult for the puppies to climb over, than when they are placed horizontally. Hither should be brought each dam, a few days after she has produced, and her whelps have acquired a little strength. When the bitches become heavy, they should be shut up at night separately, in dry, warm places, made for the purpose, where they can be kept very quiet; here they may be allowed to whelp, and on no account should their puppies be looked at or handled, until some hours after they have come into the world. It is a bad plan to allow them much straw, as when the litter is too abundant, particularly when long, it is apt to get twisted round the necks of the puppies, and strangle them.

Three are quite sufficient for a mother to suckle, that is a moderate nurse, but a good stout bitch, with abundance of milk, will occasionally bring up as many as seven. Mr. Assheton Smith had a hound some years ago, named *Governess*, which was so famous for rearing puppies as she was excellent in the field, and during the spring and summer of 1831, produced and reared two litters, amounting to fourteen, which did well, and went to quarters. The first litter were by that famous hound Watchman, the second by Mr. A. Smith's *Barriester*; a circumstance worthy to be recorded in the annals of breeding hounds. It is an excellent system which is pursued in some establishments, to keep one or two cows for the exclusive use of the puppies. The huntsman is generally allowed the keep of one for his own family; at *Boothby*, where every thing connected with the kennel department is on a scale of the greatest liberality, the huntsman was permitted to keep two cows, and the whippers-in and boiler have the run of one each in the park. I shall not enter into the detail of managing and rearing the young puppies, and shall only add that the cleaner they are kept, and the better they are fed, the more likely they are to arrive at maturity. If the distemper breaks out, those which are affected, should be immediately removed to a distance from the rest which may be healthy, or the most fatal consequences will ensue. Sometimes young puppies, without any apparent cause, become knotty in their skins, and while their bellies are much distended the flesh upon their bones visibly wastes away. This almost invariably proceeds from the place where they lie being more or less damp, and nothing will be found more likely to eradicate the evil, than the removing them to a warmer and drier place; they should have tincture of rhubarb administered to them in small doses, and be dressed with a little of the common kennel dressing, adding but a small quantity of the turpentine, and totally omitting the spirit of tar. Each litter should be separately marked, independently of branding them; otherwise they return from their quarters having rambled about the country, and having changed their walks with others of the same age and colour, it will be totally impossible to remember how they were bred, or to which litters they belonged. These "private marks," as they are called in the kennel, are generally made on the lips, the deaf ear, or by cutting off the ear-buttons; another way of marking them is, by dipping a thread into wet gunpowder, or Indian ink, and drawing it with a needle under the inside skin of the ear, in the shape of a T a V an X, or any other device which may take the marker's fancy—it is a neat way of doing the business, and

attended with less pain than clipping the lips or ears. "It is the judicious cross," says Mr. Beckford, "that makes the pack complete. The faults and imperfections in one breed may be rectified from another, and if this be properly attended to, I see no reason why the breeding of hounds may not improve till improvement can go no farther." And in another place, he gives the following advice. "In breeding, I would advise you to be as little prejudiced as possible in favour of your own sort, but send your best bitches to the best dogs, be they where they may. Those who breed only a few hounds may by chance have a good pack, whilst those who breed a good many, may (if at the same time they understand the business) reduce it to a certainty." The custom of sending out bitches to a distance, is attended with a very great expense; nevertheless, it is the only path to be pursued, where the breeding department is on a large scale, and perfection in the pack is the grand desideratum. Where the establishment is small, and strict economy is continually jogging the memory, it would be an advisable plan to obtain a stallion hound of a good sort, from some quarter that can be depended on. A good judge in these matters might have many chances during the summer, of procuring one, or even a couple, which should be kept for the purpose until the following spring. Few owners of packs are in the habit of parting with a stallion hound, which is worth accepting, early in the year; but in the months of May or June, a young dog of good blood, which may by accident have become stifled, or otherwise injured in his limbs, may generally be obtained for the purpose of propagation, during the ensuing breeding season.

Nothing would be more likely to improve the breed of fox-hounds, than prizes, to be awarded by competent judges, to those who might excel in so delightful a speculation as showing a couple or three young hounds in a sweepstakes. The awarding prizes to the best breeders and feeders of cattle has been attended with the most beneficial results; and I see no reason why improvement in the breed of the fox-hound should not be promoted by the same means. Some years ago, three celebrated masters of hounds, made a practice of showing a few couples of their new entry for a prize, which was most appropriate—namely, a piece of scarlet cloth, to be made up into hunting coats.

The practice of spaying bitches, so frequent in many kennels, although it has its advantages in augmenting the number of your forces in the spring, and in occasionally being the means of giving strength to the sickly, and reclaiming wildness, is by no means to be recommended; it is a most barbarous and cruel practice, extremely difficult to perform, and, in many instances the operation fails to have the desired effect. Not unfrequently bitches thus unmastrated will show the same desire for copulation, as others which have not been so cruelly tortured; and in several instances have even been known to produce whelps. In the spring of the year 1831, when the late Mr. Russel was master of the Warwickshire hounds, and under whose indefatigable care and directions that pack obtained so great a celebrity, the operation was performed upon nine couples of bitches; with what effect the reader may judge for himself, as out of the number several came on heat, and two or three absolutely produced whelps, but much deformed; as some had forgotten to bring their heads into the world, and some their legs, which few will dispute as being most necessary members for an efficient fox-hound.

And here, lest our article should become too prolix, we take leave of THE KENNEL; although in "GOING TO COVER," which will form the subject of our next picture, we will take the opportunity of partially resuming it. We would also refer the reader to the twenty-sixth number of this Miscellany for some observations on the true form and peculiarities of a perfect hound.

**A POEPLISTIC PATRONYMIC.—SINGULAR WAGER.**—A bet was made a few evenings ago at a sporting house at the West end of the town, arising out of the name of *Sambo Sutton*. One party contended that this prefix was not a baptismal name; a second party insisted that it was a nick name; and a third that it was neither, but the name of a caste in the West Indies. Some heavy stakes were deposited, and it was mutually agreed that the question should be left to the decision of a gentleman long resident in the West Indies. In the course of the inquiry arising out of this wager, the following singular details respecting the shades and various castes in that part of the globe were elicited, viz., "That the offspring of a white man and black woman is a *mulatto*; the *mulatto* and black produce a *sambo*; from the *mulatto* and white comes the *quadroon*; from the *quadroon* and white the *mustee*; the child of a *mustee* by a white man is called a *mustee-fine*, while the children of a *mustee-fine* were free under the old slavery laws, and rank as white persons to all intents and purposes. The popular notion that two *mulattoes* cannot have children is proved to be erroneous." From this it will be seen that the word *sambo* is the name of a caste.

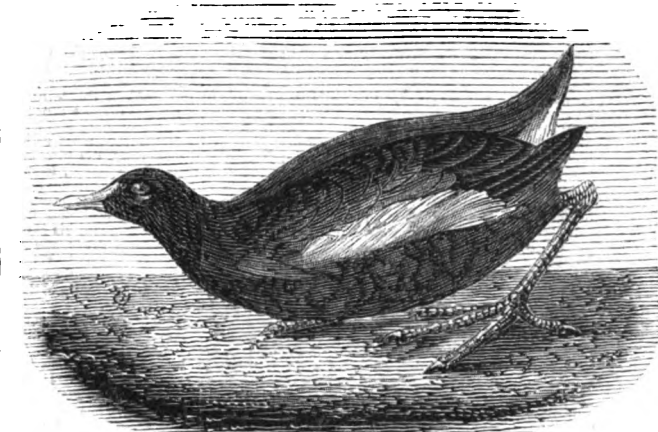
**KEEPING IT IN THE FAMILY.**—Mr. O'Connell has increased the subscriptions of his grandchildren to the Repeal Fund. He knows well enough that it is only taking the money out of one pocket to put it into the other.—*Punch*.

\* Almost the last words of old Tom Grant, many years huntsman of his Grace the Duke of Richmond.

\* Sir Harry Mainwaring, Mr. Wickstead, and Mr. Foljambe.



## BRITISH BIRDS.—NO. XXV.



THE MOORHEN.

**T**HE Moorhen, which goes by the name also of the Waterhen, finds a place here as forming a link between water and land birds. The male called the Moorcock is weight ordinarily about fifteen ounces; its length to the end of its short tail fourteen inches: the breadth twenty-two inches. The plumage of the female is much less brilliant than that of the male; in size she is also inferior. Mr. Willoughby, in his description, takes no notice of the beautiful olive gloss of the moor fowl's plumage; nor that the bill assumes a fuller and brighter red in the courting season: his natural history of it in other respects, however, is very simple. The moor hen feeds on grassy banks and borders, near to fresh waters, and in the very waters, if they be weedy. It builds upon low trees and shrubs by the water side; breeding twice or thrice in the summer; and when the young are grown up, drives them away, to shift for themselves. They lay seven eggs, of a dirty white colour, thinly spotted with rust colour. It strikes with its bills like a hen; and in the spring has a shrill call. It may be observed, that the bottoms of its toes are so very flat and broad (enabling it to swim) that it seems the link that connects the cloven-footed squatics with the fin-toed.

## WRINKLES FOR THE GROOM.—NO. XI.

**E** continue our Wrinkles with a series of the casualties which most commonly present themselves in the stable, after severe field or road-work.

## CORN

Are rarely experienced on the feet of those horses which receive a fair share of attention; indeed, I should almost feel disposed to say that, when they do make their appearance in a stable of a gentleman, something is not right. As far as my small experience of this complaint goes, I have never encountered much difficulty in effecting a cure, though, when they have been suffered to become thoroughly established, it is rather a work of time. I have frequently heard it asserted that shoes which are made to fit close at the heel are a fertile source of corns, but experience has satisfied me to the contrary. Indeed, with hunters it is absolutely necessary that they should be as short as possible, otherwise in deep counties the strain on them will be so great as to cause a never-ending annoyance from this being pulled off. If, therefore, this was a source of corns, hunters could rarely be free from them; but the fact is, it has nothing to do with it. Provided the shoes are not permitted to remain on long enough to become embedded in the hoof, no bad consequences will ever ensue. However, supposing any one so unfortunate as to be plagued with them, the remedy is simple enough, unless they have been suffered to run on to a very great extent. The shoes must never be left without removing, longer than is absolutely necessary to give the horse sufficient time to afford fresh hold for the nails. The seat of corn should be thoroughly well pared out at each shoeing, and a dressing of tar applied. A shoe somewhat wider at the heel than usual should be adopted, which will equalize the pressure, and serve, in some measure, to ease the affected part. Some persons have the shoe "seated" for this purpose, which, perhaps, in the worst cases, is no bad plan. Of course, a bar shoe is the greatest protection of any thing; but that can hardly be adopted with hunters. In purchasing a horse affected with corns, care should be taken to ascertain that nothing worse is the matter: they are occasionally no bad excuse for grogginess.

## CUTTING,

Or what by some persons is termed "interfering," is no uncommon annoyance to the possessors of studs. It may generally be considered a

sign either of weakness or defective formation. There is no end to the different plans which imagination has devised for its prevention; but I believe, in most instances, especially with hunters, the best plan is to have immediate recourse to a boot. Some horses only do it when on the road on their way to covert: with them, of course, any sort of defence will do; but when it is necessary that it should be kept on during the whole day, nothing will answer the purpose like the India-rubber rings. From their elasticity they can never interfere with the action of the limbs, and, from their being the same size all round, the injured part can never be left unprotected by their being turned round, which will always be very liable to happen in going through any thick covert. I have tried having the inside of the shoe rounded, or bevelled off as much as possible, without weakening it too much, but never experienced any permanent benefit from it. As to the system of making the inside of the shoe lower than the outer, I can only say that, even supposing it should have the desired effect, the remedy is likely to be fully as bad as the disease. The plan of allowing the hoof to project beyond the shoe may, I dare say, answer well enough, where the work is of such a nature as to admit of the inside nails being omitted; but this again will not do with hunters.

## GROGGINESS.

Here again we come to a disease which will only admit of palliative measures. Nerving will, no doubt, produce almost certain relief; but we must recollect that with hunters, which have to tread on all descriptions of ground, varying suddenly from rough and smooth, and from smooth to rough, it is hardly safe to deprive the foot of sensation; therefore with them this operation is hardly available. There can be no doubt that, after the disease has arrived at its most distressing stage, the horse can have no business in a stable of hunters; nevertheless, when only in a milder form, he may be capable of performing plenty of work with bounds. Great relief will be obtained by putting the affected foot into a large bran poultice at night, after every hard day's work. Upon its being taken off in the morning, the foot will feel comparatively cool, and a material difference will be observable upon the horse going to exercise.

## OVER-MARK.

Upon this subject I shall be very brief. When a horse is once decidedly over-marked, it will require far more knowledge than falls to the lot of inexperienced persons, or indeed of most grooms, to cope with it, with the slightest chance of success. Inflammation follows on its heels with amazing strides. A regular bred veterinary surgeon is by far the fittest person to deal with it. As I have throughout these wrinkles endeavoured, as much as possible, to avoid a repetition of any thing which has appeared in print elsewhere, I shall content myself with referring my readers to "Condition of Hunters," by the able pen of "Nimrod," where they will find such instructions on this head as, if properly acted up to, will prove effective, if human aid can avail. I would, however, remark that in this, as in all other things, prevention is better than cure, and if all hunters were in proper condition and fairly ridden, there would be very few causes for lamentation from this cause. Nevertheless, after every hard day, however well the horse may apparently return to his stable, it may be advisable to substitute a good large bran mash for the usual allowance of oats and beans: it will tend to cool the system generally, and keep off fever; and the horse will be likely to take his regular feed in the morning with greater zest.

## OVER-REACH.

It is now so thoroughly understood that this injury is not inflicted with the toe of the hind shoe, as was formerly supposed, that I need not dwell upon that point. Indeed, since the system of bevelling off the inner edge of the hind shoes has become general, cases of bad over-reach are of comparatively rare occurrence. When, however, they do occur, they must be treated in the same manner as other wounds, of which I shall speak in due course. Those horsemen who ride loose are much more subject to over-reach than those who hold their horses well together, especially when going through deep ground, at which times the injury is generally done.

**PISCATORIAL OPERATIONS IN THE NORTH.**—That "there is a tide in the affairs of man" is a solemn truth, amounting to more than an axiom. There is also "a time for all things;" and at the same time it must be added that there is not a month in the whole year but the true British sportsman may enjoy himself to his heart's content by "flood and field." The weather being so mild and open, we learn from the North that although the trout season, and that for other fish, is past, some of the thorough-bred disciples of Isaac Walton, enthusiastic devotees to the patient art, have been exercising their rod and line to considerable advantage in the beautiful and romantic lakes and waters of the north. Their sport has been confined to char fishing. The char is generally considered to be the most beautiful and valuable fish of the lakes. In Windermere, Buttermere, and other adjacent lakes, where this kind of fish most abound, large quantities have been killed; it is stated that as many as five to seven dozen have been taken by the rod and line in one day; this extraordinary success is principally attributed to the fineness of the season.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**SELECTION, Cardiff.**—The occurrence is entirely beyond our comprehension. No copy of Number 28 left our office without being accompanied by an Almanac. It must have been detained by the vendor, as in some instances we have known of the Almanac alone being sold for a shilling. The Almanac (stamped) and the paper (stamped) both free by post, can be had for fivepence, by addressing to the office, 42, Holwell Street, London.

**ROBERT HALL.**—Mr. R. loses his stake by not appearing to play at the time agreed on. **A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE MAN.**—Caunt fought Brasseys for 80 minutes, 101 rounds, Oct. 27, 1849. Brasseys was dead. He was beaten by Tass Parker, whose weight is 11st. 10lbs. Brasseys's weight was 12st. 8lbs.; Bendigo's fighting weight is fairly stated at 13st., although he was but 11st. 11lb. when he fought Caunt on the last occasion. Caunt's general weight is full 15st., his fighting weight, on the last occasion, was 14st. 8lbs. He is more than four inches taller than Bendigo.

**R. H.**—The "Handbook of Training for Wrestling and Pedestrianism," is by the Editor of this paper. Clark, of Warwick Lane, is the publisher.

**SECUNDUS.**—Lord Grosvenor (the late Marquess of Westminster) won the OAKS Stakes three successive years. The late Duke of Grafton won the Oaks eight times. The Prince of Wales (afterwards George the Fourth) won one DERRY (in 1788 with Sir Thomas). The late Duke of York won two (in 1813 with Prince Leopold, in 1822 with Moses).

**A PROXIMITY FANCY.**—Really you are too hard upon us. We said in our coast-gunning article last week,

Different men have different opinions.

Some like haggles, some like hingsuns,

and those who prefer the "happle" to the "hingun," or vice versa, have equal claims on our space. We have now four or five continued articles in progress, (too many, we think, rather than too few); viz. the History of Boxing, Wrinkles for the Groom (occasionally); Coursing and the Greyhound; Soothsayer's "Review of the Racing-Season, 1845;" Coast-gunning and punting; Shooting Wrinkles; the Keeper's Tree; Foxhunting Views, (begun in this number); our Series of British Birds; the Gallery of Sporting Celebrities; add to these the promised serial illustrated articles on the Dog and Horse, and we really think, PROXIMITY FANCY will see that it is not "lack of argument" we labour under. His "fancy" shall find an early place, with many illustrations.

**A COVEY VOT SINGS.**—Apply to a music-seller, who will procure them for you.

**J. G. Millburngate, Durham.**—A complete set of "the Sporting World," which preceded this publication, is not now to be had for love or money, that we know of. People should not allow time to slip by, and suppose they can get a dozen sets of periodicals; we should be very happy to forward J. G. a set, or to buy half a dozen sets of the work ourselves. We have it in contemplation to reprint that portion of the History of Boxing which appeared therein in another form, to supply the demand of many subscribers to the present publication. All back numbers of the MAGAZINE are in print, except number thirteen.

**AUTOLYCUS.**—There was a tax, we believe, proposed in Pitt's time, for wearing a watch, but never carried into effect.

**M. B.**—Simon Byrne last fought Deaf Burke before his death.—To the second query: If A give B twenty yards in a hundred in a race, B has but eighty to run.

**SIBTHORP.**—Advertisements sent to the office (42, Holwell-street), accompanied by a P. O. order, or stamps to the amount, will be inserted. Charge 6s. for ten lines and under, 8d. per line beyond. The 1s. 6d. government duty on each advertisement is paid just the same by unstamped publications as stamped ones.

**E. F. Hull.**—The four teeth which are placed between the midding teeth and the tumes (two in each jaw), and which begin to shoot when the horse is four years and a half old, are called the "corner-teeth."

**A STABLEMAN, Liverpool.**—A windgall is an enlargement of a cyst, which contains an oil to lubricate the tendons over joints, and is produced by strain, or continued exertion. If situated above the fetlock joint on the hind legs, they usually cause a stiffness in that joint, thereby preventing the horse from carrying his legs sufficiently high to clear the ground; but we should say seldom to the extent of making the horse lame. The best application is a linen bandage put lightly round, and constantly wetted with a solution of nitre (saltpetre).

**ENTWISLE.**—I am an occupier of land, I find on my land some partridges' eggs which I took care of, and have succeeded in raising them to perfection; can I kill them without being liable to a penalty not having a licence? You will be liable to the penalty.

**ENQUIRER.**—What is the age of Jem Ward?—He will be 48, on the 25th December.

**S. J.**—It is a strictly legal question. To your second: Household furniture, &c., is liable to be seized for rent or taxes owed by your landlord.

**A BRUMMAGEN COVEY.**—We have answered your question three times at least. There is NO COMPLETE HISTORY OF BOXING, embracing the lives of the pugilists and their battles; nor has there ever been such a work published. "BOXIANA; or, Sketches of Pugilism," by Pierce Egan, is an unsurpassed "collection" of Ring doings; it goes no further than 1824. The first volume (partly compiled, we believe, by Smeaton) began with historical method; the others, except a duplicate fourth volume by Jon Bea (John Bedcock), have no plan or arrangement. The able Editor of BELL'S LIFE has given a succinct and admirably condensed history of the Ring in general in *Blaine's* "Cyclopædia of Rural Sports," and also in the Second Part of *Pistiana*. The "History" progressing in our columns is the first of its kind, and will be carried down to the present time.

**H. C. Cornhill.**—Of course: did we not give them during the whole of the spring and summer season. The larks (both *WOODLARK* and *SKYLARK*, have already appeared in Nos. 1 and 2 of the *SPORTING WORLD*, of which this MAGAZINE is a continuation), it would be absurd in the midst of the shooting season, both on land and water, to be busying ourselves with Chaffinches, Greenbirds, &c. Number THIRTEEN can be had (a single copy) at the office; but observe, as that number is scarce, several of the trade have been refused quantities, because they (knowing them to be short) speculate upon enhancing their price, by selling sets of the work, and therefore are anxious to buy them up. There are the tricks of all trades, H. C., and we merely husband No. 13 (which is reprinting), till we have a supply for those who wish to complete their sets. N.B. A complete set (No. 1 to all) can always be procured. We shall give a *TITLIZ* and *INDEX* at the completion of the volume.

\*\* "COURSING AND THE GREYHOUND" is postponed on account of press of matter.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

**SUNDAY, January 4th.**—"On the 4th of January (1664)" says Pepys in his diary, "I went to the Tennis Court, [still standing in 1845.—Ed.] and there saw the King (Charles II.) play at tennis. But to see how the king's play was extolled, without any cause at all, was a loathsome sight; though he did sometimes play very well, and deserved to be commended, yet such open flattery is beastly. Afterwards I went to St. James's-park, seeing people play at *Pail-mall*." The most common memorial of this game, which has been long extinct, is the street so named, which was once appropriated to it, as was likewise the mall, running parallel to it, in the Park.

**MONDAY, 5th.**—Sherwood and Bingham Union Coursing Meeting (and 5th).—Morwell Ball died 1787, aged 25.

**TUESDAY, 6th.**—Burton Agues Coursing Meeting.—Ephphany.—TWELFTH DAY.—Horses may look rough, but don't cordial any, brood mares in particular. Work these less and less as their time approaches. Allow good ventilation to these, and to the used-up hunter and roadster, hurt in the wind. Avoid physic unless the bowels fill up inordinately, in consequence of stall-feeding and standing to his hay; but if you have training in hand, or some fleet one with early engagements, first loosen the hard gut with a mash or two, then give a small aloë ball (four drachms); and as soon as it is well set, you may increase each gallop a little, and thus improve his stretch. Softly does it best, for you must not expect to attain pace and lastingness all at once.

**WEDNESDAY, 7th.**—South Lancashire (Chalworth) Coursing Meeting (and 8th).—South Steeple Chase.

**THURSDAY, 8th.**—Glossop Coursing Meeting.—Union (Southport) Coursing Meeting (and 9th).

**FRIDAY, 9th.**—Nelson's Funeral, 1806.—

FIRE INSURANCES EXPIRE, so my all the All-my-knacks! Alas, if they do

expire, what will become of those insured? Admitting the *Britannia*, like the Brummagen metal tea-pot before us bearing her name, is hastening to the urn; that from want of circulation the *Globe* can never get round, and that the *Standard* deserts her conservative principles; that the *Parnassus*, though itself sunk down to ashes, won't come down with the dust for others in a like predicament; that the *Argus* takes a slight at the concern of its readers, while not a sight will it suffer into the concern itself; and that the *Sun*, thanks to some Phaeton, or Director in a phaeton, having lost his reckoning and being in want of a light, won't put out a fire. Even allowing such to be the limit of this terrible edict, admitting that there is still life in Life Insurance, we yet dread a general chill from the want of a guard to keep us from the fire. Years back and over friend Smith might have heard from his place in the front row, what some hundred and odd other Mr. Smiths might from various quarters, the pleasing announcement "that Mr. Smith's house is on fire;" and does our friend, losing his wits, his price, his place, and the piece, rush out in a flame with anxious inquiries as to his dear Hemma and the tin canister? Not he! He's insured to the full amount—it can't hurt him any-how.—He keeps his seat and his temper like a philosopher, stops for the after piece, sees the Miller and his Men blown up without wincing, then adjourns for a drift to the Coal Hole, and at length turns for home, humming "The man that couldn't get warm." Well, the report's too true—in his absence at a place of amusement, the family have been having some amusement at his place, by making a Wonderful Lamp of the premises, and creating "for that night only" an immense attraction.

**SATURDAY, 10th.**—Royal Exchange burnt, 1838.—GARDENING.—Now begin to plant your Jokers, and dig under the fourth rib to make them tell. Sow tarax in last year's Coddingtons, and prune comic songs for evening parties. Ladies may begin to set caps for summer beaux, choosing a warm sunny border. Frame canons for crusty landlord, and if you want to get a rake begin by laying out a bed. Drain your purse to grow knowing, and look out acquaintances for Sunday's dinner.

**NOTES OF A NATURALIST.**—The shrill cry of the early fisherman begins in the cold mornings of this month, and at twilight the clamorous notes of the crevins boy's bell are occasionally heard in the quiet solitude of the suburbs. The common bat may be noticed on Clapham and other commons, fitting between wicket and wicket, and invariably in company with the Field Cricket.

## THE MOON IN JANUARY.

First Quarter, 4th .. .. .	2 25 morn.
Full Moon, 12th .. .. .	2 1 morn.
Last Quarter, 20th .. .. .	3 51 morn.
New Moon, 28th .. .. .	9 23 after.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High Water at London Bridge.

	morn.	aft.		morn.	aft.
Sunday, Jan. 4th .. .. .	7 3	19 28	Thursday, 8th .. .. .	11 31	—
Monday, 5th .. .. .	7 56	20 28	Friday, 9th .. .. .	0 4	12 39
Tuesday, 6th .. .. .	9 3	21 37	Saturday, 10th .. .. .	0 58	13 21
Wednesday, 7th .. .. .	10 13	22 52			

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

## THE KEEPER'S TREE.

(Continued from page 496.)

IN resuming a subject interesting both to the sportsman and the naturalist, I shall first despatch the more common of the four-legged vermin.

**3. THE MARTEN.**  
though seldom found, except in forests or the most extensive woodlands, is a most destructive creature. It lives chiefly in trees, and often resides in an old magpie's nest. They may be caught in traps, set on wattled hedges, and baited with eggs; and may occasionally be taken in the traps already described.

**4. THE POLECAT.**  
This animal, not unlike the ferret in shape, is of a deep brown colour, and nearly the size of the marten, measuring nearly two feet from point to tip. This is another very great enemy to the game-preserver, and may sometimes be caught by the side of a pond. It is very nimble, and few of the smaller animals can escape it. It is common in most of our preserves; generally preys by night; and is so shy as seldom to be seen. The polecat, or founnart, is also to be taken in traps already described.

**5. THE STOAT, OR ERMINE.**  
The next on our list, and most frequently met with in England of all the four-legged vermin, is the stoat. Like the weasel—for which it is frequently mistaken, and which it resembles exceedingly in shape and colour—is one of the most troublesome of the keeper's enemies. The stoat is, however, much the larger, measuring from fifteen to sixteen inches, while the weasel seldom measures ten, but the chief distinguishing mark is the black tip at the end of the tail of the stoat. Unlike the weasel it seldom approaches the habitation of man, but chiefly confines itself to the hedge-row and the wood. He destroys not only for the satisfaction of appetite, but to glut his natural propensity to blood. His activity is amazing; the highest tree or wall are easily accessible to his varied powers; and in grace and agility he is more than a match for the squirrel. I have seen a stoat roll the eggs from a pheasant's nest before him, into different rabbit or rat holes, rather than pass them by; and have known them kill both leverets and rabbits, draw them beneath the long grass or weeds, and quit them again, in search of fresh victims, without staying to eat a morsel of the flesh. There is a vulgar error in existence, as to their "sucking the blood" of the things they kill; but they do not do so, and only give colour to the charge by the fact, that nature and practice have taught them to bite at the spine or jugular vein, as the spot

most productive of a speedy and fatal result. The favourite portion of their prey is the eye and brain; in nine cases out of ten they touch no other part.

The Hon. Grantley Berkeley, in a paper on the subject of Vermin, says, "At Cranford, I was standing between two covers, accompanied by large deer greyhound, called Smoker, who acted as a retriever; and I saw a stoat crossing the grass field between the two covers, with what appeared to be a young rabbit in her mouth. Being at too great a distance for a shot, I sent Smoker after the stoat, when, to my surprise, instead of dropping her burden, she redoubled her efforts to escape with it; but at last, when the mouth of the dog almost touched her, she threw down her load, doubled between her fore legs, and endeavoured to return to the cover whence she came. Smoker turned her several times, but, from his immense size, and her activity, he could not catch her; however, the delay occasioned by the course brought me within shot, and I killed her, just as she had reached the cover. Having discovered that she gave suck, I then proceeded to ascertain what the burden was that she had been carrying; the grass was as smooth as velvet; but though I searched the spot minutely, it was long ere my researches met with success. At last, lying *perdu* in the bottom of the impression of a horse-foot, and looking-up, yet not daring even to wink its sharp black eyes, I discovered a young stoat, alive and well, which his mother had been in the act of transporting to some new nest, when interrupted by me. Having secured the juvenile delinquent, I reared him tame; and, for a year or so, he was a subject of the greatest curiosity. He ascended the dinner-table every evening at dessert for his sponge-cake, astonished the cloth by bathing in the finger glasses, and committed so many graceful antics, that he grew to be a great favourite. To dogs he never could be reconciled; and, when asleep in his cage, if one was brought to the door of the room, he instantly detected his vicinity, and commenced hissing and chattering. One day, in Lower Berkeley-street, Portman-square, he was frisking about the room, and, to my horror, went best pace up the chimney. Bells having been rung, and servants despatched to intercept his egress to the roof, and nothing having been seen or heard of him for nearly an hour, I was agreeably surprised by the descent, from the chimney to the hearth, of a bushel or two of soot, from the midst of which, after some struggling, the stoat put forth his astonished nose, and, in the way of punishment, was instantly delivered over to his cage. Had I continued to feed him on bread and milk, I have little doubt but that during his life he would have remained tame. However, the desire to witness the combat between a huge house-rat and the stoat overcame my better resolution, and I turned them loose together in a room. The stoat, after no fight at all, very soon, by a sudden spring and unerring bite, slew the rat, and, in the way of reward, I permitted him to eat the brain. After this, it seemed as if Nature had found the key to her legitimate propensities, and the stoat became as morose, intractable, and savage as if he had been bred up in his native wilds; biting at me and at everybody else, and acknowledging no master. During the ensuing winter, I believe, he was not kept warm enough; for, one morning, he was found dead in his cage."

The stoat is an animal very susceptible of cold; and though a cotton bed, and all the enclosures of the sleeping-room of the cage, are at the animal's disposal, nevertheless, during the winter, the cage should be kept in the warmest corner of the house. The trapper very often finds the stoat in his live-catching trap, dead, simply from exposure to the weather.

#### 6. THE WEASEL.

The weasel, which is the smallest of the whole tribe, is most frequently found about hen-roosts and dove-cotes, is a great devourer of the eggs of all birds, and, I need hardly add, a most obnoxious enemy to the sportsman. Its only good is clearing the premises of rats, to which it bears a great hatred. Both the stoat and weasel are of a deep reddish colour, with white stomachs, the weasel rather the lighter.

An infallible method to catch the weasel or stoat, is to plant a small square trap, covered with mould, in a dry ditch, or any place they frequent, and bait with a small bird, the tail feathers of which have been dipped in tincture of musk. I never knew this fail. They may also be poisoned with sal-ammoniac mixed up in a ball with flour and honey.

#### 7. THE FOX.

However we may love and advocate that noblest of all Field Sports, fox-hunting, we cannot deny that the common fox is a great enemy to the game preserver; yet the sport he affords to the huntsman so far counterbalances any damage he may do to the shooter, that the keeper's gun must never be levelled against him. Thanks to the good feeling that exists among sportsmen and farmers in most counties, we seldom hear of the fox falling by gun or trap. Still there are enemies who, while they dare not avow their spite, commit vulpecide secretly, and we have known keepers who could not control their antipathy to reynard. Formerly foxes were so plentiful in Northamptonshire, in the country hunted by the Fitzwilliam hounds, that seven shillings could be obtained for every dead fox, and great was the havoc committed in the sheep-fields. Now, however, nothing of this kind is heard of. After all reynard does not destroy all the game that is laid to his charge; give him plenty of rabbits and he will content himself with a chance visit to the hen-roost and pheasant-preserver.

#### 8. THE BADGER.

The badger is commonly accused of destroying game, and is usually destroyed by the keeper. Their chief food, it is true, consists of roots and insects, yet as I am certain that they will eat young rooks which have been blown out of their nests, and of which they appear very fond, I am inclined to think that they will devour other young birds. Though formidable when attacked, this is a harmless animal, rarely provoking the contest.

#### 9. THE HEDGEHOG.

Last on our list is the hedge-hog, and there appears to be very great doubt whether this animal is a destroyer of game or not. I never saw one in the act of killing or devouring any animal, but as I have frequently taken them in traps baited with eggs, I have little doubt that if they do not destroy the young birds, they devour the eggs.

The proper way to set a trap baited with an egg, is to dig a square place (in the bank or wherever you intend to set your trap) the size of trap and handle, raise a little bank about six inches high round the trap about six inches beyond it, and place the egg against your mound, so that the bird or animal, to reach the egg, must tread on the plate of your trap. Place no mound in front of the trap near the handle, but leave it open for the animal to walk in.

The common snake and adder should also be destroyed wherever they are met with, as they are very destructive to both eggs and young birds.

As we have expressed an unfavourable opinion of the hedgehog, it is but fair to bear both sides, we therefore extract the following vindication of this prickly customer from Mr. Bell's admirable "History of British Quadrupeds":—

"The food of the hedgehog is very various; it is, however, certain that it lives by preference upon animal food, though it will readily eat many vegetable substances. Its usual aliment is insects, worms, slugs, and snails; but it goes higher in the scale of gastronomic enjoyment, devouring frogs, toads, mice, and even snakes. The mode in which it attacks the latter animals is given in a manner worthy of the good old historian of Selborne himself, in a communication of my friend Mr. Broderip, in the first volume of the Zoological Journal. The experiment was made by Professor Buckland, and is thus detailed:—'Having occasion to suspect that hedgehogs, occasionally at least, preyed on snakes, the professor procured a common snake, and also a hedgehog, and put them into a box together. Whether or not the latter recognised its enemy was not apparent: it did not dart from the hedgehog, but kept creeping gently round the box; the hedgehog was rolled up, and did not appear to see the snake. The professor then laid the hedgehog on the snake, with that part of the ball where the head and tail meet downwards, and touching it. The snake proceeded to crawl—the hedgehog started, opened slightly, and seeing what was under it, gave the snake a hard bite, and instantly rolled itself up again. It soon opened a second, and again a third time, repeating the bite; and by the third bite the back of the snake was broken. This done, the hedgehog stood by the snake's side, and passed the whole body of the snake successively through its jaws, cracking it, and breaking the bones at intervals of half an inch or more; by which operation the snake was rendered motionless. The hedgehog then placed itself at the tip of the snake's tail, and began to eat upwards as one would eat a radish, without intermission, but slowly, till half the snake was devoured. The following morning the remaining half was also completely eaten up.'

"The fondness of the hedgehog for insects occasions it to be kept in many houses in London for the purpose of ridding the kitchens of the innumerable hosts of cockroaches by which they are infested, and also renders it useful rather than noxious to the gardener and the farmer. Sir William Jardine, however, mentions their fondness for eggs, and states that they do considerable mischief by destroying game in the breeding season, and that they will even enter a hen-house, and turning the hen off her nest, proceed to devour the eggs.

"That the hedgehog therefore is no less an animal-feeder in fact, than related to the insectivorous group by its zoological characters, is thus sufficiently proved; but, as in many other cases, it is not so exclusively restricted to one description of food, as to be at all inconvenienced when obliged by circumstances to resort to a different one. Thus it will not only feed readily on soaked bread or dressed vegetables when in a state of confinement, but in a more natural and free condition, when turning up the ground, probably in search of worms, it will eat the roots of grass or other plants; and in a garden will eat the ripe fruit which falls from the trees. 'The manner in which they eat the roots of the plants in my garden,' says White, 'is very curious: with their upper mandible, which is much longer than their lower, they bore under the plant, and so eat the root off upwards, leaving the tuft of leaves untouched.' There is an ancient prejudice still prevailing amongst the common people throughout this country, that it sucks the cows during the night, thus disappointing the milk-maid of the expected repletion of her morning pail."

Other curious stories are told of the hedgehog equally absurd. Pliny says that the hedgehog climbs fruit trees, shakes down apples, then rolls on them and carries them off on his prickles! Ælian tells the same story, substituting figs for apples. The traditional libels of many animals are mere old wives' tales. In our next we shall nail sundry winged vermin to "THE KEEPER'S TREE."

## GALLERY OF SPORTING CELEBRITIES.—NO. IX.



THE MOST NOBLE HENRY SOMERSET, DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

The family of Somerset is descended from "Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," and his second wife, Catherine Swynford, who had previously lived with him as his mistress. The children who were born previous to their mother's marriage were subsequently declared legitimate by an act of Parliament. They and their descendants bore the surname of Beaufort, and were ennobled under the titles of Earl of Somerset, Marquis of Dorset, and Duke of Somerset. The legitimate male line having become extinct in the time of the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, Charles, a natural son of Henry Beaufort, third Duke of Somerset of this family, assumed the surname of Somerset; and having married the only child of William Herbert, Earl of Huntingdon, he was created Baron Herbert, of Ragland. In 1514 he was advanced to the dignity of the Earl of Worcester by Henry VIII., and died in 1526. Henry, the fifth Earl, was created Marquis of Worcester in 1642; and in 1682 one of his descendants was further advanced to the dignity of Duke of Beaufort. The present Duke, who was born on the 5th of February, 1792, succeeded to the title on the death of his father on 23rd November, 1835. So much for pedigree; now for performances.

The Duke of Beaufort—Marquis of Worcester previous to the death of his father—was placed when a youth under the care of the Rev. Dr. Fletcher, vicar of Dalston, near Carlisle, and his fellow-pupil was Sir James Graham. One of his earliest sporting performances was in the toxophilitic line;—when shooting, wide of the mark, he nearly knocked out one of the eyes of Miss Fletcher, the daughter of his tutor.

Born to the highest title it is in the power of a British Sovereign to bestow, and to a splendid fortune, more than adequate to the support of such rank, the Duke of Beaufort might have followed the example of many of his lordly allies, and have revelled in the luxuries of home, instead of encountering the comfortless and perilous duties of a foreign campaign. But as he had selected the life of a soldier, his place was the post of one, and in his capacity of aid-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, he brought over his chieftain's despatches in November, 1813, detailing the brilliant passage of the Nivelle. On the restoration of peace and subsequent reduction of the army, his Grace retired from it. He was one of those denominated the '*elegant extracts*,' of the 10th Hussars, and his leaving the regiment has been attributed to this circumstance, that it having become proverbial that the *Tenth didn't fight*, it did not suit his Grace's character to remain any longer a member of it. It would be folly to deny that the earlier portion of the Duke of Beaufort's life has not been marked with a few youthful indiscretions; but, as his subsequent conduct has fully atoned for them, it would be indecorous to enter into a detail of them now.

One circumstance, illustrative of the estimation in which he was held

by those who were acquainted with him, is related by Nimrod, in his letters. Some years back, during the life of the late Duke of Beaufort, a discussion arose at the New Club, Melton Mowbray, as to who was the most popular man in society in England; when, after some debating, the Marquis of Worcester was universally allowed to be the man.

The Duke of Beaufort has always been an ardent sportsman, and especially fond of the "Road." As an amateur, he also patronised the Ring. What his Grace may have been with the gloves we cannot say, but this we know, that when he drove those celebrated Brighton drags, the "Criterion," and the "Age," he was a capital performer with the ribbons. The following little anecdote will show at once his kindness of heart, and passion for driving. Shortly before that celebrated coach, the Southampton "Nimrod," was taken off the road, his Grace, who was driving it, heard from Mr. Apperly, (NIMROD) who was sitting beside him on the box, that, from the heavy expenses and light earnings of the coach, it was feared that John Peer, the proprietor, must drop it. This information much perplexed the kind-hearted nobleman, who asked immediately, if it could not be made a subscription one, like the Exeter coach. That course being determined upon, his Grace whispered into Peer's ear, while coupling his leaders at Hounslow, that he would give him a draft the next day, for 300*l.* which he did. In 1819 he appeared on the turf, with three race-horses; and in most subsequent years his name is to be found in the Racing Calendar, as the owner of a nag or two, but none of any great note. It was not until the death of his father, and his succession to the title, that the character of the Duke of Beaufort was brought fully before the public, when, unshackled from the struggles which even an elder son is sometimes obliged to make, the accession to his patrimony displayed his genuine nature in its own magnificence. He then became, to its fullest extent, as before he had been to a limited degree, the patron and protector of art, in all its manifold professions; and, in his special patronage of the stage its votaries had looked to his Grace's acceptance of the office of Lord Chamberlain to resuscitate the decaying drama. The Duke of Beaufort's splendid pack of hounds, with their excellent huntsman, Will Long, are too well known to comment upon here. His carriages are always remarkable for their elegance, and the neatness of their appointments. On the Queen's birthday, in particular, he vies with the Earl of Pembroke, to produce the handsomest turn-out of the season. His hospitality is unbounded, and his splendid mansion in Arlington-street, and his magnificent seat, Badminton, Gloucestershire, are always full of guests, composed of the highest personages in the land, whom he entertains with princely liberality. The meet of his Grace's hounds on the lawn, in front of Badminton House, is not unfrequently attended by two thousand persons, all of whom are offered refreshment. The Marquis of Worcester, heir to the dukedom, at present in the Life-guards, is much liked, and bids fair to tread in his father's steps.

The Duke of Beaufort, before he came to the title, represented the borough of Ludlow in Parliament, but in the first election after the Reform Bill, was defeated by Sir B. Hall, by a majority of 38.

The Duke of Beaufort has been twice married, first to Georgiana Frederica, second daughter of the Hon. Hew Fitzroy, by whom he has two daughters, Lady Augusta, and Lady Georgiana Somerset; and secondly, on the 29th of June, 1822, to Emily Frances, daughter of Culling Smith, Esq., by Lady Anne Welleles, by whom he has issue the present Marquis of Worcester, and six other children.

## COAST-GUNNING AND PUNTING.

(Continued from page 509.)



HE subject here resumed, will doubtless interest many of our inland readers, whose "local habitation" precludes the possibility of their ever witnessing the patient watchings of the coast-shooter, stationed on the slimy ooze of ocean's shore, or the perilous navigation of the punt-gunner in his frail shallop. Few among us but delight to read of sea-adventures, and the rigours and hardships encountered by the hardy boatmen who seek profit, and the enterprising sportsmen who seek recreation and find health and muscle-bracing excitement, in the pursuit of the wheeling squadrons of aquatic birds, driven in countless myriads by icy winter from their arctic homes, cannot fail to interest and edify them.

In the last paper we gave the figure of a Hampshire Shooting Punt, with its stanchion-gun, paddles, &c., we here present the reader with a POOLE CANOE, together with the appliances, also on the authority of the admirable work of Colonel Peter Hawker, whose love of sport, we doubt not, will more than pardon our borrowing, in consideration of the gratification and instruction we impart to many thousands, to whom his elaborate and expensive work is, of necessity, a sealed book.

The Poole Canoe is built sharp at both ends, on the plan of the Greenland whale-boat, except being so flat at the bottom, as to draw only two or three inches of water, and so light, as to weigh only from one to two hundred pounds. This canoe, although built for other purposes, is, on the western coast, generally preferred, for shooting, to one of any other kind. It is used, both by day and night, at low water, and you manage it thus:—



Sit down, on some straw or rushes, with your gun by your side, and a Newfoundland dog abaft. Cruise about, till you can see or hear a flock of wildfowl on the mud, and when you have rowed within three or four gun shots of them, take in your oars, and reconnoitre the creeks. Having ascertained which is likely to be the best, lie down and push along with a stick (called a set), and, from the mudbanks standing so high above the channel, you are so completely hid, that you will seldom fail to get a shot, provided there is a creek withing reach of the birds' and you do not go directly to windward of them. The decoymen (see Number 32, Article DECOR) can go to windward of the birds, by means of the smoke from a piece of dutch turf, or common peat, which, after having it well dried, they are able to carry lighted in the hand for the short time that is required to drive the wildfowl into the pipes. Another recipe, of which some pretend to make a great secret, is a paste of cowdung and chopped straw; but, before this will ignite properly, it must be baked in an oven for about thrice as long as the time required for making bread.

All these things may answer very well behind the screen of a decoy; but in a canoe, or punt, the fire could not be so easily concealed, and there would be some danger in lighting it where one, without a retreat, was sitting on straw with gunpowder in his pocket. The burnt turf, &c., may be used with success by a person walking behind the high banks of a pond or river, who may light it, when required, by carrying a common lucifer match-box.

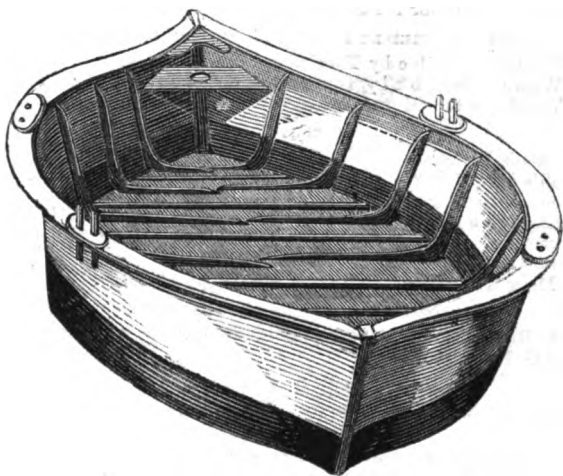
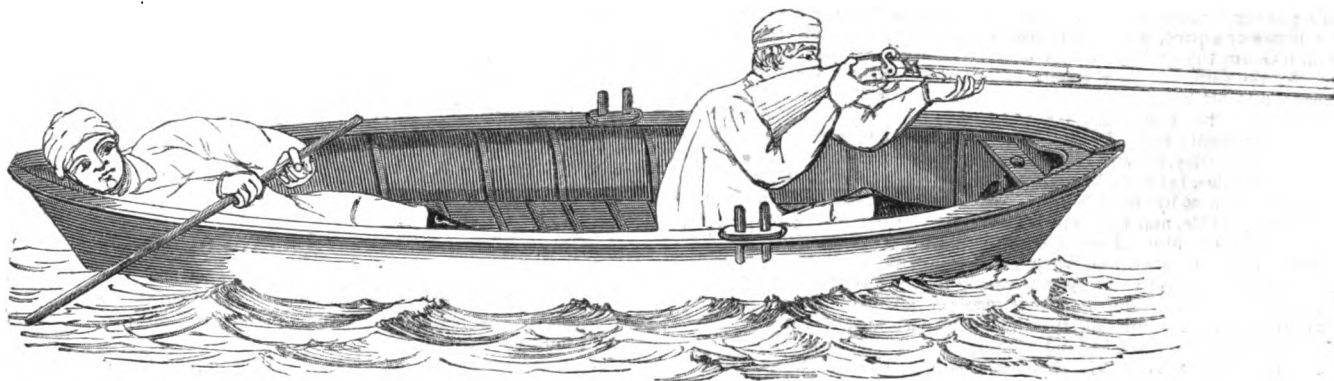
On arriving sufficiently near, should the water be so low that you cannot present your gun at the birds without kneeling or standing up,

you must get aground at the side of the creek, or steady your canoe by means of running one or both oars from between the thowls into the mud, otherwise the recoil of the gun will set her rocking, and, probably, tip you out. Having made all fast, rise up and fire, either sitting (at the heads of the first birds) or flying; and then put on your mud pattens\* (without which you would be lost to eternity), and assist your dog in securing the killed and wounded. The gunner here, generally calculates on bringing home the half only of what he shoots, from the difficulty of catching the whole of his winged birds, which he calls cripples, and those, that (to use the pigeon phrase) fall out of bounds, which he calls droppers. If birds fly up he generally declines firing, knowing, that the moment they are on wing they become so much more spread, that he could seldom get more than three or four, for which it would be hardly worth while to disturb the mud; particularly as widgeon, by night, if not fired at, will probably settle again at no great distance.

This sport is not so likely to fail as that of the punter; and the superior chances that he gets, often enable him to kill as many birds at a shot. He has sometimes a partner, who fires with him: this they call a double gun, and by such means frequently secure forty or fifty widgeon at a time.

The gunners' principal enemy is the curlew, which often springs up from the edges of the creeks, alarms the whole place, and sometimes prevent their earning four or five pounds.

In our next paper we shall generalize on the sport of WILDFOWL SHOOTING.



CANOE FORESHORTENED.

For a guide to builders, if ordered inland or abroad.

**DIMENSIONS** From A to A 12 feet, B to B 10 feet, Bottom (at centre) 3 feet 2 inches, Width (at ditto) from Gunwale to Gunwale 3 feet 7 inches, Height 11 inches at centre rising to 13 do. fore and aft, Weight (about) 200 lb.

N.B. Timbers yew or oak, bottom to be three pieces of elm an inch thick, each side one plank of elm half an inch thick.

Keep her dressed with pitch and tar all over the outside of her bottom, and as far as she draws water up the sides.

**DIRECTIONS.**—Push down creek (as per sketch) when alongside birds on mud, rise up and fire. If mud is too high for this, run canoe aground and stand up. If birds feed out of reach (and the night is not too bright for this) wait in a latch till the tide flows, then lie down close in canoe, and gradually push in with tide, let all be white, and birds will not be able to distinguish you from the water. Boat draws barely 4 inches of water with two men and a dog; the best size gun is from 13 to 18 lbs. weight.

\* Square boards, tied on to each foot, to prevent sinking. Vide figure in page 506, No. 33; where the letters E E should have been placed on the woodblock.

## Reminiscences of Racing and Racers, in 1845.

(For the Sportsman's Magazine.)

BY SOOTHSAYER.

(Continued from page 506.)

There is very little to be said of any of the performances before the Doncaster, but I shall be able to add a hint or two in recording them, which may render the description useful.

At the DEVON and EXETER, Aug. 20, a colt by Glaucus, dam by Comus (good blood), won two races; Subduer beat Fox for the Devonshire Stakes.

At TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Mr. Rolt's Hampton won the Eridge Stakes,

beating Alkali, Corinthian Tom, Satyr, and others; Lady Charlotte was second. Sylvanus, by Slane out of Gaiety, won the Ladies Plate. Tub Thumper beat Jew Boy; Corinthian Tom won a 3 sov. Stake, 30 added.

At ROCHE DALE, Obscurity was beaten by Betsy Bird.

At the PEMBROKESHIRE, Haverfordwest, that prolific provincialist Waterloo won three races, and Lady Charlotte one.

At PAISLEY, Aug. 21, Bretwalda beat Panjaub for the Trial Stakes, and for the Silver Bells. Mildred won the Borough Plate. Glossey beat Brevity and Ravensworth for the Glasgow Cup. The Paisley Cup was won by Mr. Merry's bay colt, John Harris, by Galewood out of Madame St. Clair, who also managed to hit the mark for, what are termed here, the Aftershots.

At STOURBRIDGE, Aug. 26, Princess Royal, by Harkaway, won 2 races. Reliance won the East Worcestershire; Lady Sarah the Stourbridge, and the filly by Glauca out of March First, two trifles.

At EGHAM, Aug. 26, once redolent of Royalty, and typical of our conquests over Tippoo Saib, whose tent was spread to shield patrician heads, and amuse, if not gratify, plebeian eyes—where George the Fourth was a frequent visitor, and which his late Majesty patronized—there is still left the beautiful sward, the winding Thames, and the swelling hills, there is still left what may be remarked as the good luck of a summer's day; for Egham Races almost universally come off in fine weather. I may, indeed, almost say with the Poet,

"Eternal summer gilds it yet,  
But all except that sun is set."

The New and Old Windsor Stakes were won by Elemi, beating some poor ones, and was claimed for 80 sovs.; John o'Gaunt won the Gold Cup, beating Wee Pet, Pic-nic, and two others. Satyr won the Members Plate, beating Subduer and another; Flatfish beat Velox for the Bunnymede.—Aug. 27, the Devil-to-pay won the Egham Stakes, was claimed, and parted with. He is good looking horse, but pulled up dead lame both heats. This is the horse that shot out at a great pace when Ugly Buck run for the 2000 Guineas. There was a beautiful race for the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes, between Pergularia, Devil-among-the-Tailors, and Pine Apple; the mare won it by a neck, and Pine Apple lost second place by a head. A capital race for the Amateur Stakes resulted in Master Stepney, (Count Bathany) beating Coal-Black-Rose, (Mr. Rolt,) and two others; it was a near thing, and lost perhaps by the riding being a "little too fine." For the Queen's Plate, Pic-nic went off at a dence of a pace, was never headed, and beat Wee Pet second, and John o'Gaunt third; Pic-nic and John o'Gaunt carried each 1st heavier than for the Cup. A poor attempt at a hurdle race with Mr. Greville's Trump and Strike-a-Light, against Mr. Heaketh's Canteen, was won by Trump. For the Fern Hill Hunter Stakes, the late Mrs. Theobald (at the last moment) handed over Woodbine, which she had been riding throughout the day, to Lord Glamis, and a good race ensued over two miles and five hurdles, between Woodbine, Kiss-me-now, and Eleanor; Woodbine came in first by three lengths. Elysium was named, but he refused the second hurdle, and was kept back till the return of the others, they clapped 12st on him. Lord George, Count Bathany, Mr. Rolt, Mr. Jaques, Lord Glamis, and very good company were there, and the Count was very effective in his canvassing for next year's subscriptions.

At HUNTINGDON, Ruff won two races; Prairie, by Terry, 5st 13lb, beat Hersey, 7st 4lb, for the Huntingdonshire Stakes; Event was beaten; Fama ran in three races but did nothing.

At HEREFORD, Aug. 27, Redstreak won two races; Blind Hooke, late the Bat, won the Hunters' Stakes; Tariff, once in great force here, lost both his races.

At STOCKTON, Aug. 28, but little more of interest happened than two races between 2-years-old, Fancy Boy won the 10 sov. Sweepstakes, beating the Hydra colt, by a neck after a good race. Curiosity, Lord George's, as usual took the lead, but could not keep it, and was third; Lady Abbess, Charcoal, Miss Georgie, and Monsieur Perrot, were altogether out. Thalia won the Cleveland Stakes, beating the said Hydra Colt by a head; Thernia, Miss Georgie, sister to Skipton, and Fiddle-string were behind. This being a selling race, and as the Hydra Colt was priced at 100l., you may readily suppose what sort of a lot they were. Xanthus won two races here, and Glossy and Flattery one each. Mr. Standish won the Cup with Little Hampton, and Captain Potts the Innkeepers' Plate, with Little Benton. There are some intervening provincials I shall deal of in my next.

The "GREAT" DONCASTER MEETING, as your sporting contemporaries have it, commenced, Sept. 16, with a race between two for the Fitzwilliam Stakes, in which Trueboy beat Little John "one to you, but I can't say many of them." Semiseria was beaten in a match for 200 sov., by Nottingham. The Champagne Stakes, 50 sov. each, for two years old c. and f., were won by The Princess Alice beating The Traverser, (I believe not in the Derby,) and Iago; Kismet, Malcolm, and Mr. Mansfield were next, and a lot comprising Sheraton, Free Lance, Prospect, Banana, Mr. Osbaldeston's Stockport filly, and the Peri colt, (all mentioned in your Almanac,) left behind. The Shadow beat Jinglepot for the Queen's 100 guineas. For the Cleveland Handicap a capital set-to between Godfrey and Knight of the Whistle ended in favor of the former. For a Sweepstakes of 500 sov., 3 subs., Ennui beat Tom Tulloch over the same course as the Champagne. A filly by Sheet Anchor, out of Valencia, won a plate of 50 sov., beating Sowerby and others. On the 17th the ST. LEGER was run for, and, with all that has been said of it, I must say that it afforded no matter of surprise to me. I had declared before the race that Fantasa, Mentor, Annandale, Mid Lothian, and Fitzallen could not fairly be expected to show in front; Weatherbit had no charms left for me, but of Old England I had some hopes. My own opinion, not a "prophecy" or "anticipation," was, that the mare, Miss Sarah, or an outsider, would win it. It was run in something less than three minutes and a half, and ended in favour of the Baron by a length; Miss Sarah second, and Pantasa third. There was an objection made to the Baron on the score of age. The horse

which ran was declared to be but three years old, and it is said to be difficult to tell the color of a colt to a nicety, as a yearling. The observation I am about to make may not therefore seem to be called for, but I cannot let the opportunity pass without remarking, that the Baron was entered for the St. Leger as a "bay" colt, and has run in Ireland, and been entered there, as a 'chestnut.' These sort of entries, being indiscriminate, are calculated to create doubt and suspicion; and as the horse came from Ireland, and there was but little previous opportunity afforded of seeing him, rendered it necessary to have the whole matter cleared up. It was never done as regards the colour, although, from the opinions I have heard expressed by several sporting men, a misdescription in colour would work as a disqualification. Valerian won the Selling Stakes, beating some middling ones like himself. The Municipal Stakes were shared by Lord Chesterfield and Col. Anson, and saved Arkwright and Borghese, the only two out of nine, the trouble of a race. On the 18th, My Mary beat Glossy, Trueboy, Jenny Wren, and others for the Scarborough Stakes. For the Three Year Old Stakes, Chertsey, by Touchstone, beat Weatherbit, who, nevertheless, ran gamely. Cartwright, riding Semiseria, won the Innkeeper's Plate, beating eleven, including Dean Swift, Queen Pomare, Flattery, and Comrade. In a previous race, by an odd turn, Comrade beat Mid-Lothian. Miss Sarah won the Park-Hill easily, beating Hope, Miss Elis, and As-you-like-it. The Two Year Old Stakes, 20 sov. each, c and f, brought out a filly by Velociped out of Garland, in competition with a good field. She won it by a length; Mr. Osbaldeston's Stockport filly second, and Malt third. In this race the Princess Alice was thoroughly beaten, and the following colts and fillies, (all enumerated in your Almanac,) left behind; Free Lance, Punch, Sister to the Devil-among-the-Tailors, (confound the name), Fancy Boy, Retriever filly, Fair Helen, Turpin, the Peri colt, Brother to Millepede, Tobacconist, Therites, and Prospect; the course is much longer than for the Champagne. Pam beat Mentor for the Gascoigne Stakes. Godfrey won the Town Plate, beating Jinglepot, Little John, and Flattery. Sweetmeat won the Cup, weight for age, carrying 7st, beating Alice Hawthorn, 9st.; Pantasa third, and Miss Elis fourth. Lord Harry paid forfeit to the Traverser. I shall have to mention the Garland filly again; she is now called Vanish—but your readers must not fail to keep her in sight.

#### HINTS FOR DERBY SWEEPSTAKES AND OTHERS.

##### THE DERBY

##### HORSES DISQUALIFIED BY WRONG NOMINATION.

Dolo—described as being by St. Martin, out of Lady; but it should have been by Galewood or St. Martin.

Erin-go-Bragh—described as being by Harkaway, out of Maria, by Sir Hercules; but it should have been by Harkaway or Ishmael. (See nomination for the St. Leger.)

##### DISQUALIFIED BY THE DEATH OF THE NOMINATOR.

Lord Westminster's b c by Touchstone, out of Laura.  
Lord Westminster's b c by Touchstone, out of Isabel,  
Lord Verulam's bl c Morocco, sold to Sir J. Gerard.

##### HORSES DEAD.

Col. Anson's Ardennes	Mr. Melkham's Abbotsford
Mr. Bell's Harpstring	Duke of Richmond's ch c by Elis
Mr. Collin's Redbreast	—Prism
Lord Exeter's b c by Colwick—	Mr. H. S. Thompson's Marine
Macremma	Mr. Watt's b c by Mulatto—sister
Mr. Gratwick's b c by Elis—The	to Baveno
Margravine	Mr. Webber's Esau.

##### SOLD WITHOUT HIS ENGAGEMENTS.

Duke of Rutland's colt by Slane, out of Voluptuary, now the property of Lord G. Bentinck.

##### GONE TO AMERICA.

Mr. A. Jodnson's b c Fireman | Mr. A. Johnson's St. George

##### THE OAKS

##### DISQUALIFIED BY THE DEATH OF THE NOMINATOR.

Lord Westminster's b f by Pantaloon, out of Languish  
Mr. Rawlinson's b f Cherry Bounce  
Lord Verulam's f by Sir Hercules, out of Duvernay.

##### DEAD.

Col. Anson's Ardennes	Lord Exeter's ch f by Beiram—
Mr. Wilson's b f Lady Teazle	Marinella.

##### THE ST. LEGER

##### DISQUALIFIED BY THE DEATH OF THE NOMINATOR.

Lord Westminster's b c by Touchstone, out of Laura.  
Lord Westminster's br. c by Pantaloon, out of Pasquinade.  
Lord Spencer's Titbit, now the property of Mr. Shelley.  
Lord Verulam's Morocco, now the property of Sir J. Gerard.

##### DEAD.

Ardennes	Marine
Lady Teazle	b c by Colwick—Macremma.

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CREEK.

## CHAPTER XL.

JACK SCROGGINS,—(concluded.)

The only consolation Scroggins experienced, after his mind had overcome the shock of defeat, was in attributing his loss to an accidental blow he received upon the throat in the third round, and which swelled so rapidly as almost to deprive him of the power of breathing; nothing could satisfy his wounded feelings but another opportunity to retrieve his lost laurels. Turner, without hesitation, agreed to accommodate him, and Scroggins was so confident of victory, that he put down the principal part of the money himself, to make the stakes 150*l.* a-side, for a mill to take place on Tuesday, October 7, 1817. But the charm was broken—the invincibility of Scroggins, in the sporting world, was at an end—no longer a winning man his defects were now too prominent to be overlooked. A material falling-off was also observed at his benefit, and he was altogether so much reduced that the odds on the third contest were 7 to 4 against him.

During the time allowed for training, Scroggins, as in a former instance, unmindful of the necessity of paying the greatest attention to his frame, to render everything secure towards conquest, in an inebriated moment had an accidental turn-up with Bob Gregson at Belcher's. In this skirmish he went down, and sprained one of his legs so severely that he did not recover from its effects for upwards of a month; but, to make amends for the above indiscretion, so much did he fancy this match, that he sold his house, quitted the character of a publican, and became a private individual, "in order," as he observed, "to be more able to keep to his training."

His third battle with Turner was fought at Shepperton (which, as well as the former, will be found in the Fifth Period of this history, under the Memoir of TURNER); and, notwithstanding his contempt for regular training, Scroggins appeared in the ring in better condition than his opponent. It was evident to every one present, that Scroggy strained every point to win; and it is but common justice to remark, that his character as a boxer rose higher, in every point of view, on that day, than in any of his previous battles.

Poor Scroggy's course was now a downward one. He had survived his fame; and never heeding the cautions of precedence, he paid the penalty, which men in every profession, pugilism by no means excepted, must pay for disregarding her dictates.

He was successively defeated by Jack Martin, the opponent of Randall, see Period V), at Moulsey, on the 18th of December, 1818, after a game fight of 65 rounds and 122 minutes; by Josh. Hudson, at the same place, August 24, 1819, in 11 rounds, occupying 18 minutes; and twice by David Hudson, the first time in May, the second in July, 1820.

Scroggy, however, was still game, and ready for anything. And determined, as he himself said, "to lick somebody afore the year was out, perceiving he could get backers," Jack looked in on the 30th of November, 1820, at a *spread* given at Randall's, in Chancery-lane, by sundry pugilistic amateurs and patrons of the fistic art. Spring, Purcell, Randall, Turner, Martin, Phil. Sampson, the late Harry Holt, and others were among the guests, and the patter turned on battles past and matches to come. A swell observed, that "if he could be got into condition, he should like to see a mill between Holt and the old Tar, on account of the contrast of their styles." Holt expressed his approbation of the proposal, and six weeks was mooted as the period. Jack, always rough and ready replied, "Why, as to that there matter, 'tain't no match between me and Holt; I can lick him like a baby. I never was so ill with a cold in all my born days; but as to time—why I'll fight him any time you like, even now, bad as I am." Holt returned Scroggins thanks for his candour; but, in return, thought Scroggins would have no chance, "however," concluded *Cicero*; "far be it from me to aggravate the gentlemanly sort of man's impatience; I too think, if it can be managed, there's no time like time present." "I'm ready," retorted Scroggins; "but the winner shall have the whole of the purse." "And I am agreeable," replied Holt. Ten guineas were quickly posted, and the usual preparations were made for the contest. Turner and Martin seconded Scroggins; Purcell and Sampson were for Holt. Spring was time-keeper. Five to four on Scroggins, on one side of the room; and five to four on Holt, among the other party.

## THE FIGHT.

1. The attitude of Holt was elegant, and he appeared also difficult to be got at. Scroggins was not long in commencing his favourite rush, and he bored in upon his opponent till he absolutely ran down Holt in the corner, and fell upon him.

2. This round was all fighting; and the wistly-casters flew about till both went down, but Holt undermost.

3. The fine science of Holt here told; and he planted two nobbers with his left hand without any return. Scroggins, however, went in upon the old tack when, after some exchanges, Holt got him down.

4. After some exchanges of blows upon their nobs, the combatants closed, and Holt weaved his opponent in the Randall style. Scroggins got the throw, and Holt was undermost.

5. The left hand of Holt told severely, and Scroggins went away with the force of the hits. Both down.

6. Scroggins rushed in on Holt, but, in making a hit he missed his opponent, and fell. He immediately got up, and said, "Gentlemen, I beg your pardon; I could not help it."

7 and 8. Nothing else but fighting—giving and taking without finching, till both went down. "Bravo!" from the Finks, "it's an excellent fight: Both are good men; and Jack's as good as his master." Scroggins seemed rather touched in the wind, and he gave a loud hem.

9. Holt, in this round, was everything. He gave Scroggy three facers with out any return, and also hit him down. "Scroggy, he'll spoil your beautiful mug if you don't take care."

10 and 11. Two slashing rounds. In the last, Scroggy went down from a slip. Ten minutes had elapsed.

12. Holt, after making a slight blow, slipped down. Six to four on Holt.

13 to 15. The blows of Holt were not effective, so as to take the fight out of Scroggins. It was hard milling in all these rounds. Scroggins said to his seconds, "Don't water me so much; it's all right; I can't lose it."

16. Holt's left eye was rather damaged, and the claret had made its appearance on his mug. This was a tremendous round, and Scroggins threw Holt; but he behaved handsomely to his fallen opponent,—instead of falling upon him, as he might have done, he walked away. "Brave; you are a good little fellow."

17. Scroggins's nob was a little changed, and he again received two facers Scroggins also went down.

18. After an exchange of blows, Scroggins laughingly observed to Holt, "If you don't hit harder, my boy, you can never win it." Both down—Twenty minutes.

19. Sharp fighting; but Scroggins went down. Here Randall took some brandy to Holt, and gave him advice. "How many seconds are there to be?" said an amateur. "If there are forty it will make no odds," observed Scroggins.

20. In this round, Scroggins received a severe hit on his throat; two facers were also added to it; but he would not be denied, and scrambled his way in till they both went down.

21. Scroggins now began to wink, and he was as much distressed as an old worn out, broken-winded post pad; he, however, got Holt down.

22 and 23. "Go along, Harry, it's all your own; he'll not come above two more rounds." The left hand of Holt did some execution, and Scroggins had now the worst of it.

24. This was a tremendous round. Scroggins went to work like a blacksmith hammering at a forge, and bored Holt into a corner. Hit for hit was exchanged, till they both went down; but Holt was undermost, and the back part of his head came in contact with the window-seat. "It's all up," and Martin offered 15 to 10.

25. Holt was quite an altered man, and he seemed stupified from the effects of the fall. The whole of the falls throughout the fight were heavy indeed. When time was called, Holt came to be scratch with great difficulty. Scroggins down, and undermost.

26. The science of Holt was much admired; and, although terribly distressed, he put in two facers before he went down. "He's nothing else but a game man," from all the swells.

27. Holt got better, and Scroggins, in going down, was undermost.

28. It was not yet safe to Scroggins. Both down.

29. This round was severely contested; but the heavy fall Holt received shook him all to pieces. 10 to 5 on Scroggins.

30. Holt was game to the last; he exerted himself, and got Scroggins down.

31. Scroggins was very much exhausted, but the fight was not out of him and he came up first to the scratch. Both down. 10 to 3.

32. It was evident Holt could not win, and he was sent down in an instant 10 to 1.

33 and last. Holt was sent down, and his second could scarcely get him or his knee. When time was called, the Birmingham Youth said he should not fight any more. Scroggins immediately came up to Holt, and said, "Harry, give us your hand; you are a good fellow, and here's a guinea [for you!]" Great applause from the swells, and "Jack, you shall lose nothing by your generosity and feeling."

For two men out of condition, nay, both unwell, particularly Scroggins, it was a much better fight than has frequently been seen when boxers have been in regular training. Scroggins had still some tremendous points about him, and the old tar's rambling hardy made of boring in, told severely at close quarters. It was a gallant battle on both sides; but the blows of Holt were not hard enough to stop the rush of Scroggins. The accident Holt received in the 24th round, perhaps lost him the fight; he also complained of a sprained thumb before he commenced the battle. In a ring some of the amateurs thought Holt might have stood a better chance. The smiles of victory, which had now been familiar to Scroggins in his last six battles, seemed to give him new life. It was an out-and-out concern altogether; and the patrons of the science, manliness, and true game had a treat.

This flash of success, was followed by another gleam of sunshine

Scroggins found backers, and was pitted against Joe Parish the Waterman, who having beaten Davis, Harry Holt, and Laashbrook, was thought a promising plant, in spite of his having fallen beneath the all-conquering arm of the Nonpareil, Jack Randall. Banstead Downs, in Surrey, on Saturday, March 3, 1831, were the spot and time, and fifty guineas the sum; it was the second fight on the above day. The rain was pouring down in torrents when Scroggins appeared and threw his hat into the ring, attended by Randall and Paddington Jones as his seconds. Parish showed soon afterwards, followed by Spring and Harmer. Both men appeared in excellent condition. For one hour and a quarter, the rival pugilists exerted themselves in the highest style of courage to obtain the victory. The changes were frequent indeed; 2 to 1 on Scroggins—3 to 1 on Parish—3 to 1 again on Scroggins—then other changes. In the 52nd round, from the distressed state of Parish, Randall threw up his hat, as it did not appear that Parish would be again able to appear at the scratch. He, however, recovered, and fought till the 69th round; but, in the last three rounds, it was a hundred pounds to a farthing in favour of Scroggins. The latter behaved extremely well, was remarkably steady, and reminded the spectator of his best days. He was, however, terribly punished. The greatest anxiety prevailed among the old fanciers, who were more than friendly in their good wishes towards their old favourite. In the second round, Scroggins fell with his shoulder against one of the stakes, (which circumstance was not known to the spectators, and operated as a great drawback to his exertions.) Had not this accident happened, Scroggins thought he could have won it in much less time. Parish was punished but little about the head; yet he remained in a state of stupor a short time after the fight was over; and Spring carried him in his arms, out of the ring. Parish displayed a great deal of game, and suffered very severely from heavy falls. If Parish had gone in to fight first, he might have given a better account of the battle. Spring this day convinced the amateurs he was entitled to their praise, not only as a most attentive second but as a most active one; and it would not be doing common justice to the anxiety and exertions he displayed to make "ould Jack" win, to pass them over without notice.

On the Thursday after the above fight, at Josh. Hudson's benefit, Parish addressed the Court, observing, "that although he had been defeated by Scroggins, he was not satisfied, and was ready to have another trial." Scroggins, in reply, said, "from the advice of his friends, he had not intended to have fought any more; but as how he was too much of a gentleman not to accommodate Mr. Parish, who was also a gentlemanly sort of a man; so he would give him another trial." A guinea a-side was deposited; but on the arrival of the night to make the stakes good, Parish did not make his appearance, and the guinea, of course, was forfeited.

This sunshine, however, was evanescent, and the course of Scroggins's history tends henceforth downwards. In April, 1822, as related in the life of Tom Belcher in page 285 of this HISTORY (No. 14 of SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE), the hardy hero came in contact with the scientific Tom; on this occasion if Tom was stale Scroggy assuredly was but a shadow of his former self, and he was moreover in that state of lush which had now become almost habitual to him. Still, however, "ould Jack," as he was already called, haunted the ring at every mill of note, unable to quit the arena of his many triumphs; and the milling "spirit strong within him," was shown on the 12th of June, 1822, at Mousley-hurst. On that occasion the fights between Ward and Acton, and Burke and Marshall, having gone off unsatisfactorily to the patrons of boxing there and then present, a brace of countrymen offered themselves for a purse and had actually "peeled," when Scroggy roared out, "Gentlemen, as you've had but little fun to day, suppose I fight the Gipsy, that will produce sport?" Cooper instantly replied that he was ready; and the extemporaneous mill quickly commenced. Scroggins was seconded by Harry Harmer and Bill Eales, Abbot and Turner picked up the Gipsy. In this battle the rash and hardy little Tar, showed the folly of entering the ring out of condition. He was full of oranges, ginger beer, and heavy wet, taken as antidotes to the heat of the day, and as unfit to fight as stall fed ox; nevertheless he came up to sent down for twenty-five minutes, during which seventeen rounds were fought; Scroggins was at length persuaded to leave off; he afterwards observed, "he could not win but wasn't half-licked." This was our hero's last appearance in the P. R.

Poor Scroggins now became a mere hanger-on of pothouses: a droll, diverting vagabond, occasionally picking up a few shillings as second, or receiving precarious assistance from those who had known him in more prosperous days. Among these Cribb was long his friend, and "wittles" (for which Jack had an inordinate penchant, until brilliant Juniper utterly destroyed his digestion) were often set before him from the larder of the generous host of the Union Arms. Occasionally, too, Jack would get in office as a waiter at one or other of the Sporting Houses; but his invincible love of liquor soon lost him these temporary asylums. The EDITOR of BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON, by frequent generous appeals, and taking Jack's name as the comic pseudonyme for innumerable admirable burlesque poems on public affairs, political, and pugilistic, kept the once formidable pugilist, now the poor pothouse buffoon, from actual starvation.

May the example of John Palmer have its proper weight with every

man whose physical capabilities lead him to adopt pugilism as a profession, and enforce the truth—that no constitution, however good, no strength, however superior to that of ordinary men; no amount of courage, no degree of determination, can supply the want of caution, of attention to training, of prudence, of moderation, and, in short, of steadiness of conduct, and becoming behaviour in and out of the ring. This is the deduction which every attentive reader of this history cannot fail to draw from a perusal of the lives of our most eminent boxers; that in the Ring, as in every other pursuit, honesty of purpose, self-denial, and sobriety are indispensable—at least while engaged in struggles to attain distinction.

Scroggins departed this life on the 1st of November, 1836, in extreme poverty, having not quite completed his 49th year.

#### HOW TO PURCHASE A HUNTER.

ON all sides, we hear of retrenchment and the hardness of the times, and even at the street corners our eyes are greeted with exhortations to "reform our tailors' bills," seriously, why should we not endeavour to introduce economy into the hunting stable? Let not any one imagine that I am about to offer hints calculated for those who keep regular hunting grooms; enough has already been written on that subject by a far more able pen. I only address myself to "detrimentals," and other poor men, who have a desire to indulge in the sport of fox-hunting; and, in the first place, I must beg of them to discard the idea, that everybody who pursues this diversion must do so at a ruinous expense. No; I will undertake to say that a good horseman and judge of horses may see as much hunting as any provincial country can afford, at a comparatively very trifling cost. This may be effected in two ways: first, by making raw colts into accomplished hunters; secondly, by riding "screws," and other low priced horses; but possibly the two methods may be beneficially combined. The "screws" will save the young ones, and the colts will be at hand and up to the mark, to realize any tempting price that may offer. Let me, however, at once disclaim all idea of metamorphosing foxhunters into horse-dealers; my only desire is to assist those who, though equally attached to the sport with their more favoured brethren, are troubled with the infirmity of short purses. The reader must not imagine that this is the plan I would recommend indiscriminately, nay, even for general adoption, but merely as a kind of make-shift for limited incomes, and one by which the stable may be made to defray a portion of its own expenses.

With regard to procuring what, in stable language, is commonly denominated a "screw," the purchaser need not trouble himself so much about the known good qualities of the horse, as his general make, so that it is adapted for the services to be required of him; and, above all, he must be particular about the condition of the animal. If he is just out of his pasture, and clogged with grassy flesh, nothing but trouble, annoyance, and expense can be expected; but, on the other hand, though he may be poor, yet, provided he has been living some time on hard meat, and performing tolerable strong work, he may soon be got into a fit state to follow hounds. One mild dose of physic, succeeded, after the interval of a week or ten days, by some alteratives, with a liberal allowance of good old oats, hay, and beans, accompanied with good grooming and regular exercise, will soon perform all that is required. Or, possibly the physic might not be required, although I should, in most instances, doubt the policy of omitting it, if only as a precaution; and, as this horse should not be purchased later than the last week in September, there will be no lack of time, I need scarcely add that, although it is not necessary that a horse, to be a brilliant hunter, should be perfectly sound, yet he must not be wanting in all material points. By this means the sportsman may be saved the expense of several months' keep during the summer, and still be possessor of a horse capable, in every respect, of carrying him to hounds by the commencement of the hunting season. But, before proceeding further, it may be necessary that I should enter more fully into detail on the subject. I will, therefore, endeavour to lay before the reader, in as concise a form as possible, the probable expenses incident to an establishment, consisting generally of two horses during the hunting season, and one for the remainder of the year.

The plan which I should adopt, were I about to form such an establishment, would be to purchase during the spring, or very early in the summer, a promising colt of four, or, what would be better, five years old, which may be met with in most counties for from 75l to 100l. If a "weight carrier," it would be so much the more in my favour, as they always command the highest prices; but at any rate, being very particular that he is fully equal to the weight he will be required to carry. If he is not this, there will always be danger of accidents. He will at this time, most probably, be just out of the hands of the breaker, or, if of the latter age, may have seen a little of hounds, and have acquired some little knowledge of his business, such as jumping, &c. From the moment he is bought, to the commencement of the hunting season, too much pains cannot possibly be bestowed upon getting this animal into proper form, and he will be better for steady riding during the



interval. Upon him the main hopes of the stable are to depend. By the first of November, if he has been treated properly, he will be quite fit to go to hounds, at least as far as his condition is concerned, and should be taken out regularly; though, if only four years old, he must be ridden with considerable caution. Before proceeding further, it may be better that I should explain what I wish to be understood by riding a colt with caution. I do not mean the mere act of what is inaptly called "shewing him the hounds"—that is, riding him about all day, just within hearing them, for he is rarely allowed to see them after they have begun to draw. This will answer no good purpose, but, on the contrary, will bid fair to do irremediable mischief: it will not only be useless, as far as teaching him anything of his business, but, should he be a colt of high courage, will in all human probability render him exceedingly fretful, if not fractious. No; let him be ridden in the place which he is intended to occupy when arrived at his full strength, and as soon as he shews any symptoms of having had enough, he must be immediately stopped, and taken quietly home. By this means he will at once understand what is required of him; he will enter into the spirit of the thing in as great a degree as his rider; and from being accustomed from the first to take his fences as they present themselves in his line, he will never after think of refusing, which would be too apt to become a habit if ridden in the other manner. With this management in the field, coupled with proper treatment in the stable, I think I may venture to say that, with anything like good luck, 200 sovereigns will not be much above his value towards the end of the season; and in most districts a customer may be found without difficulty. By this time also, if his owner has had his eye about him, he will in all probability know where to pick up another young one, to supply his place for the ensuing year.

I have already said something on the subject of purchasing a "screw" by which, of course, is meant a horse that has done some work, and very possibly may not be perfectly sound; but here good stable management will show itself, in keeping him on his work; and in what some of this management consists shall be treated of briefly hereafter. He may, or he may not, have been used to hunting: if he has, it will save the trouble of teaching: if he has not, he will soon learn; so no matter upon that score; but, as he is not to be purchased till near upon the time when his services will be called for, it is absolutely necessary that he should not be without hard condition. Should he unfortunately be in possession of a long coat, the scissors must be had recourse to, from which a wonderful change will be experienced in an incredibly short space of time. From being poor, he will begin to take on flesh; his eye will become bright and lively, his cold sweats after work will gradually disappear, and, in fact, in the space of a fortnight or three weeks he will become quite a different animal, both in appearance and, what is of more consequence, in real health. I need scarcely observe that physic and alteratives, and in many instances tonics will also be found of the greatest benefit. Let not any one be deterred from clipping for fear of the consequence of cold; with anything approaching to care, and a comfortably warm stable, nothing is to be apprehended from that cause. I had a tolerably convincing proof of this a few years since. I was, one very cold winter's night, getting into a carriage hired for the purpose of conveying myself and some friends to a ball, and upon observing that the horses were both clipped, and standing without rugs, I was induced to remark the circumstance, and asked the man who drove them if he did not consider they would be very likely to take cold? He immediately assured me that he entertained no fears of the kind, as he had always found that those of his horses which were clipped were less subject to the influence of cold, when standing about at night, than those which had been suffered to retain their natural covering. This, I must own, was rather more than I was prepared to hear, knowing, as I did, that these horses were in the habit of standing about most nights, and in all weather, although I had always been very sceptical about the great danger which has been said by some to exist. The only way I can account for it is, that they were never chilled by wet coats. But to resume. This horse will have cost from 25*l.* to 35*l.*, and, with tolerable luck and good management, will hold that price together, so that there will be no loss by him. No apprehension need be entertained as to whether a horse can jump or not. For my own part, in my love and zeal for the sport, I have repeatedly ridden post and coach horses with hounds, but never yet did I find one that could not get to the right side of his fences. Be assured that every horse can, and there are very, very few that will not jump when properly ridden, and with hounds, though there can be no disputing that some are more "*au fait*" at it than others.

OBSERVER.

### OLD ROBERT DARLING.

MANY YEARS EARTH-STOPPER TO THE HOLDERNESS HOUNDS.

A Yorkshireman and a Sportsman have, from time immemorial, been almost synonymous terms, and I have always fancied that there is invariably a certain degree of character stamped upon the inhabitants of this my favorite county, which in no degree loses its interest even in the more humble of its examples. Amongst the numerous latter class whom circumstances have placed in my way, not one is more deserving of

notice than that extraordinary character who is the subject of the following short memoir. Robert Darling, who was so well known for a great number of years as earth-stopper to the Holderness Hounds, by the appropriate sobriquet of "Dog Bob," was a native of that Southern part of Durham bordering upon Yorkshire, where in the humble and retired capacity of a ploughman he first imbibed a passion for the chase. Upon an occasion of Lord Darlington's (afterwards Duke of Cleveland's) hounds running a fox through the field where our hero was at work, he, totally unable to resist the temptation, unyoked the "fore horse of the team," who had been an old hunter, and with nerve and judgment far surpassing his years, went to the end of a long run, when the hounds killed their fox, and the Noble Master of the Hounds presented him with a guinea for the gallant manner in which, without a saddle, he had distinguished himself through the chase. Upon his return home to his master's house in the evening, he got, what he most richly deserved, rather more than a slight taste of the farmer's hunting whip, and without supper or bed was turned adrift to seek his fortune as he could. He then entered the service of a horse-breeder, and, subsequently emerging from man to master, he started on his own account as a horse-dealer, and settled at the town of Hedon, in the East Riding. These might be considered as the "palmy days" of our future earth-stopper. To the precarious profession of horse-dealing was added that of the farmer of a pack of harriers, which he kept for many years, they being chiefly supported by the subscriptions of some sporting trades-people at Hull. As time passed away, and hare-hunting became less fashionable in that neighbourhood, poor Bob very soon, without the assistance of the subscriptions, "brought his noble to ninespence," and taking his pack to London upon speculation, sold the finest of his hounds at Tattersall's; but failing to find customers for the whole, and not fancying a second taste of keeping hounds out of his own pocket, he, to use his own words, "gave the poor things their liberty on the streets of London," leaving them, as their master once before had been left, to seek their fortune through the wide world. Upon his return to Yorkshire, still loving any kind of life which was attached to hunting, he was installed earth-stopper and watcher of the fox-coverts belonging to the Holderness Hounds. In this capacity, dressed in the cast-off scarlet coats and caps of the Whippers-in, both Summer and Winter did "Dog Bob" perform the office above-mentioned till upwards of seventy seasons had bleached his scanty locks, regularly attending the pack at the covert-side mounted in full costume, and frequently appearing at the end of the day's sport riding over fences, even during his last season, which would have tried the nerves of many men of only half his years.

ACTION.

### "TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL."

Hail to the Twelfth-Night King! whose reign  
Is short, but truly merry;  
His ministers are cake, champagne,  
Hot negus, port, and sherry.  
His subjects are the young and gay,  
Who their allegiance own;  
Over the drawing-room is his sway—  
An easy-chair his throne.  
It once was very truly said,  
By poet of renown,  
Somewhat uneasy is the head  
That's doomed to wear a crown.  
The Twelfth-Night King is free from care,  
No crown his ease can balk;  
'Tis much too small for him to wear—  
That little crown of chalk.  
No cares of state before him rise,  
No treaties, but a treat;  
Sugar in every shape and guise,  
Gives sweets into his suite.  
Hostilities he need not dread,  
Like some in regal stations;  
A Twelfth-Night King is at the head  
Of friendliest relations.

A PIG FOR A GUIDE.—A friend of mine has always contended that a pig is a sagacious beast, and he instances it by the following fact:—He describes himself as having been lost in a very extensive park, the undulating and wooded character of which prevented him from catching any glimpse of the house, or any point of exit; and after riding about until he became even more bewildered, he at last disturbed a pig in a heap of fern. That it was turned out to feed on the acorns and beech-nuts, then thick on the ground, was evident; and it struck him that, by riding at it, it would run homewards for protection. It galloped off, and, after the run of a mile, brought him to one of the keeper's lodges, which was hidden by trees and ivy.—*Note-book of a Naturalist.*

A SIMPLE RULE.—To ascertain the length of the day and night at any time of the year, double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night, and double the time of setting, which gives the length of the day.

# ADVERTISEMENTS.

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**NOVELTY, UTILITY, CONVENIENCE,  
COMFORT, AND ECONOMY.**

THE DAGUERREOTYPY PORTABLE LOOKING GLASS.  
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86, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.  
December 16, 1845.

**EVERY MAN HIS OWN HARNESS MAKER.**  
**THE DURHAM DUCIE HUNTING AND**  
Travelling Knife.—J. B. Durham, Manufacturing Cutler, 241, Regent-street, near Portland-place, begs to call the attention of noblemen, sportsmen, and all persons in the habit of riding or driving, to his newly invented Knife, by means of which, harness of every description can be effectually repaired in less than five minutes; the knife itself containing every requisite for the purpose. Also, to his harness mending apparatus, without the knife; this article is so very compact, that it can be carried conveniently in the waistcoat pocket, and is particularly adapted for the use of persons travelling post, stage, or gentlemen's coachmen and omnibus drivers.

By these inventions the great inconvenience which unavoidably takes place when an accident happens to harness, and to which the very best is liable, is effectually prevented, as the delay need now never exceed from three to five minutes.

Windsor Castle, Oct. 4, 1845.  
"Mr. Anson begs to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Durham's letter of the 30th ult., and to acquaint him that he has laid the knife, with which it was accompanied, before Prince Albert; and his Royal Highness is much pleased with the ingenuity of Mr. Durham's invention."

**T. PARISH'S SWEEPS NOW OPEN.**

White Horse, Fann-street, Aldersgate-street, City.  
Subs. 1st. 2nd. 3rd. Start.  
180 at £1..... £118..... £30..... £10..... £1 0s.  
180 at 10s..... 50..... 15..... 5..... 0 10s.  
180 at 5s..... 29 10s..... 7 10s..... 2 10s..... 0 5s.  
180 at 2s. 6d..... 14 10s..... 3 15s..... 1 5s..... 2s. 6d.  
A draw every afternoon and evening. Prizes paid at the judge's place, Five per cent. less. Post-office Orders attended to. Tickets sent to any part of the country as soon as drawn. Chances disposed of by raffle every evening.

**BATHE'S DERBY SWEEPS,**

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Subs. 1st. 2nd. 3rd. Starters.  
180 at £5..... £500..... £300..... £150..... £120  
180 at 20s..... 100..... 35..... 15..... 30  
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180 at 5s..... 22..... 10..... 6..... 7  
180 at 2s. 6d..... 12..... 7..... 3  
The 2s. 6d. Derby is fast falling, drawn as soon as full. All Money divided, less Five per cent. Post-office orders to Mr. JOHN BATHE punctually attended to.

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Horses. 1st Prize. 2nd 3rd Start.  
180 at £2 2s..... £250..... £60..... £30..... £50  
180 at 1 1s..... 125..... 30..... 10..... 25  
180 at 0 10s. 6d..... 60..... 20..... 5..... 10  
Disqualified horses not drawn.—Prizes go with the stakes. Draw nights, Tuesdays and Fridays.—Post-office orders to Mr. N. F. Okey, Hero of Waterloo Inn, Waterloo-road, London. N.B. These sweeps will be drawn as soon as full, and the tickets forwarded according to the address given.—The prizes will be paid the first Tuesday after the race, less five per cent. If any horses should die or be disqualified prior to the draw, the amount will be deducted from the starting money, as above.

N.B. A 10s. 6d. Sweep is expected to fill every month.

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**VEGETABLE PILLS** safely and speedily remove sick head-ache, heartburn, loss of appetite, souring of the stomach, flatulency, habitual constiveness, with other symptoms of indigestion and torpid liver. With each box is enclosed a concise essay on diet by an eminent London Physician. Sold in boxes, 1s. 1d., and 2s. 9d., each, by W. S. Worboys, 76, New Cut, Lambeth; Barclay and Sons, Farringdon-street, and by all respectable medicine vendors.

N.B.—A dose sent gratuitously to persons enclosing penny stamp, or a box for the amount in stamps.

THE MOST POPULAR WORK OF THE DAY.  
On the 30th of October was published, beautifully bound in cloth, gilt and lettered, price Six Shillings and Sixpence  
Volume I. of

**THE MYSTERIES OF LONDON,**

By George W. M. Reynolds,  
Author of "Pickwick Abroad," "Robert Macaire," "The Modern Literature of France," &c.  
"This magnificent volume contains 424 royal octavo pages, printed in double columns, and embellished with seventy beautiful engravings on wood by the first artists of the day. As a literary production it has been pronounced by the leading newspapers to be one of the best and most extraordinary works ever issued from the press. In a serial form, its sale has amounted to the enormous circulation of forty thousand copies."  
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HOWELL'S, HAND-IN-HAND, HIGH HOLBORN**

190 Members at £1 1s.—Three Horses each.  
1st Horse..... £60 1st Horse..... £30 1st Horse..... £16  
2nd Do..... 25 2nd Do..... 15 2nd Do..... 8  
3rd Do..... 12 3rd Do..... 7 3rd Do..... 5  
Starters..... 10 Starters..... 6

1.—That this Club to consist of 190 Members, at £1 1s. each, including the secretary, to whom a chance will be given. Each member to pay 2s. 6d. entrance, and 1s. a week after, till the whole is paid.

2.—All members not having paid up their subscriptions by the night of the draw, shall absolutely forfeit all they may have paid.

3.—That on the second Tuesday in April, a general meeting take place, and a night fixed for the draw, which is to take place in the usual way.

£5 to be spent in wine, which is set apart for that purpose.  
55 Members at 10s. 6d.—Two Horses each.

First Horse..... £25 1st Horse..... £5 10s  
Second Horse..... 11 Starters..... 7 0s

55 Members at 5s.—Two Horses each.  
First Horse..... £12 1st Horse..... £3 0s  
Second Horse..... 6 Starters..... 2 10s

55 Members at 2s. 6d.—Two Horses each.  
First Horse..... £7 10s. Second Horse..... £3 10s. Third Horse..... £1 5s

Mr. HOWELL, Treasurer.  
S. STRIPLING, Secretary

\* \* N. B.—Sweeps for all principal races.

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No. 6, of the

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Price One Penny. Contains the following Songs:

Thirteen of which are by the above-named Popular Writer, together with a beautiful Portrait.  
The Heart, the Heart  
The Old Water Mill  
Trouble your Heads with  
your own Affairs  
I miss Thee Mother  
The Old Clock  
The Poor Irish Boy  
Song of the Modern Time  
Song of the Haymakers  
Manly Love  
Summer is Nigh  
Teddy O'Neale  
Love On  
Ode on Burns  
The Old Arm Chair

And Twenty-three other Popular Songs.  
Remember No. 6, Fourteen Songs, and Portrait of Eliza Cook.

The Nos 1 to 5 are constantly on sale. No. 7 will be published January 27, 1846.

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IN TEN MINUTES AFTER USE, and instant Relief and a rapid Cure of Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, and all disorders of the breath and lungs, are insured by

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Gentlemen,—Many and surprising are the testimonies of relief afforded to confirmed cases of asthma and consumption and long standing coughs, and it will gratify me to refer to many respectable parties who are really anxious to make known privately the great benefit they have derived from this truly reasonable remedy. I enclose a testimonial of no ordinary value, as it is the genuine expression of a grateful man's feelings. I remain, J. C. REINHARDT.

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Sir,—Having been cured of a most obstinate hoarseness and cough (which for a considerable time totally deprived me of my voice) by means of Locock's Pulmonic Wafers, and having spent pounds in seeking relief, but all to no purpose, I scarcely know how to express my gratitude for the surprising and sudden change they have wrought upon me. I feel the least I can do is to assure you it will give me unfeigned pleasure to satisfy any one who favours me with a call, as to the wonderful efficacy of these Wafers.

(Signed) J. MEMELL.

No. 7, Alliea-street, (Sculptors, Hall.

The particulars of hundreds of Cures may be had from every Agent throughout the kingdom.

DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS give instant relief, and a rapid cure of asthma, consumption, coughs, colds, and all disorders of the breath and lungs.

To SINGERS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS they are invaluable, as in a few hours they remove all hoarseness, and increase the power and flexibility of the voice. They have a most pleasant taste.

Price 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., and 11s. per box.  
Agents: DA SILVA & Co., 1, Bride-lane, Fleet-street, London. Sold by all Medicine Vendors.

CAUTION.—To protect the public from spurious Imitations, Her Majesty's Honourable Commissioners have caused to be printed on the stamp outside each box, the words DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS in white letters on a red ground. If purchasers will attend to this caution they will be sure to get the genuine article.

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The Earl of Aldborough cured of a Liver and Stomach Complaint.

Extract of a Letter from the Earl of Aldborough, dated Villa Messina, Laghona, 21st Feb. 1845.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.—

Sir,—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thanking you before this time, for your politeness in sending me your pills as you did. I now take this opportunity of sending an order for the amount, and, at the same time, to add that your Pills have effected a cure of a disorder in my liver and stomach, which all the most eminent of the Faculty at home, and all over the Continent, had not been able to effect; nay, not even the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad. I wish to have another Box and a Pot of Ointment in case of any of my family should ever require either.

Your most obliged and obedient servant,  
(Signed) ALDBOROUGH.

These truly invaluable Pills can be obtained at the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, near Temple Bar, London, and at most respectable Vendors of Medicines throughout the CIVILISED WORLD, at the following prices:—1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N.B.—Directions for the Guidance of Patients in every Disorder are affixed to each Box.

Just Published, price 2s. 6d. Free by Post (in a sealed envelope), 3s. 6d., a new and improved edition of

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on the infirmities of the Generative System in both sexes; and on the loss of reproductive powers, with means of restoration. The beneficial effects of solitary indulgence, neglected Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Strictures, Secondary Symptoms, &c., are fully pointed out. Illustrated by engravings; followed by observations on Marriage, with plain directions for the removal of certain disqualifications. By R. and I. PERRY and Co., Consulting Surgeons, London. Published by the Authors, and may be had at their residence, 19, BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET.

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The CORDIAL BALM OF SYLIACUM is exclusively directed to the cure of nervous and sexual debility; obstinate gleet, irregularity, weakness, impotency, barrenness, loss of appetite, indigestion, consumptive habits, and debilities arising from venereal excesses, &c. In bottles, price 11s. or the quantity of four in one bottle for 33s., by which 11s. are saved. The Five-pound cases may be had as usual.

PERRY'S PURIFYING SPECIFIC PILLS, price 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. per box, are the most effectual remedy for Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Strictures, Inflammations, Irritation of the Bladder, &c. without hindrance to business.

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LONDON:—Printed by JOHN WORTHAM, of 313, Strand, in the parish of St. Mary-le-Strand; and Published at the Office, 42, Holywell-street, by E. DIDDLE.—Thursday Jan. 1, 1845.

# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 35. FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 17, 1846.  
[Stamped to send free by Post, Three-pence.]

THREE HALF-PENCE.



THOMAS MOLINEUX.

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME. PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BEECHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CRIEB.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### THOMAS MOLINEUX.

(THE COLOURED COMPETITOR FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.)



**M**OLINEUX, the hardy, determined, and dangerous opponent of Cribb, under whose memoir will be found the details of the Championship contest, will be the last of the series, in the Fourth Period of our Fistic Annals. Unnoticed, unfriended, and unknown, this sable gladiator made his way to London, in search of fame. His skill and strength had been tried in several contests in his native America; he felt confident in his own capabilities, and no sooner did he arrive in the "world's metropolis," London, than proceeding to a celebrated sporting house, he offered himself as a candidate for pugilistic fame. He was not long ere he attracted the notice of the patrons of those gymnastic sports, which, from their practice and support, have installed principles of valour into England's hardy sons, and have not only added greatness but given stability to the national character.

Molineux came as an open and bold competitor for boxing fame; he challenged the proudest heroes to the hostile combat. It was, however, objected to Molineux, that he was too ambitious; if so, he paid for his

temerity: yet, as his claims to pugilism were of a high order, the greatest honour attaches to the conqueror of such a formidable antagonist.

Molineux's trial set-to in England was with a Bristol man, of robust make, and about six feet in height, in Tothill-fields, on July 24th, 1810. Richmond second Molineux, Cribb his countryman. It was a game fight, and continued for an hour. Molineux punished his opponent so severely, and gave such specimens of dexterity and science, as to attract the observation of every spectator; and on his being declared the conqueror, he was immediately matched to fight Tom Blake, a man denominated, from his fine bottom and resolution, Tom Tough; a boxer of great repute and practice.

In less than a month from the above-mentioned battle, this contest was decided upon the coast, a few miles from Margate, on August 21st, 1810, on the same spot of ground on which Richmond and Maddox had so bravely contended. Molineux was attended by his friend Richmond; Blake had for his second Tom Cribb, and his bottle-holder was Bill Gibbons.

#### THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The fame of Molineux having spread abroad, considerable anxiety was manifest; good sparring was exhibited for a short period on both sides, when Blake showed himself clever with both right and left, stopping the

return of Molineux; they closed, but Blake, in slipping from his antagonist, received a terrible hit on the back of his neck, which was repeated by the Black so severely as to send Blake down. (Even betting.)

2. Blake soon discovered that his opponent was not to be easily disposed of, and that his blows, however well directed, were not heavy enough to knock his adversary down. Molineux seemed to disregard the attempts of Blake, and showed himself tolerably versant in science, by beating down his adversary's guard with his left hand, while his right levelled Blake with stunning severity.

3. Blake appeared rather exhausted, which Molineux perceiving, went in to improve; but Blake hit him on the jaw; they rallied and fell, Blake undermost.

4. A truly obstinate round; but evidently in favour of Molineux, who broke down Blake's guard and punished him severely in the face; notwithstanding, Blake put in several body-blows, but they were not effective, and he was ultimately knocked down. (5 to 2 on Molineux.)

5. Blake distilled the claret freely, but with great resolution rallied, when Molineux held his man round the neck with his left arm, and flogged him so tremendously, that he fell completely exhausted.

6. Molineux had it all his own way this round. Without ceremony he went in, and knocked down Blake's guard with his left hand, and with a terrible blow, with his right, levelled his adversary. (All betters but no takers.)

7. Blake's game was not yet daunted, he rallied with considerable spirit; some good blows were exchanged; Blake fell from weakness.

8. Molineux determined to finish the contest, went in with uncommon fury; Blake endeavoured to retreat, from the violent efforts of his opponent; but was compelled to rally, and got in a good blow upon the cheek of his opponent. Molineux returned with a tremendous hit upon Blake's head, that so completely took all recollection out of him that he was deaf to time, when Molineux was proclaimed the conqueror.

The amateurs were completely astonished at the improvement exhibited by Molineux in this contest, and the punishment he dealt out was so truly tremendous, and his strength and bottom so superior, that he was deemed a proper match for the Champion, Tom Cribb. A match was in consequence made for two hundred guineas a-side, and a subscription-purse of one hundred was to be given to the winner. And now the jealousy commenced, and the aspiring ambition of Molineux to obtain the Championship of England, excited the anxiety and interest of the sporting world; the honour of the country was at stake, and it may be safely asserted that no boxer ever entered the ring with so many wishes for his success as Tom Cribb.

It was on December 18th, 1810, at Copthorn, a few miles north-west of East Grinstead, Sussex, that Tom Cribb added fresh laurels to the Championship, and honour to his country, for the minute particulars of the "how," we refer the reader to pages 408 and 428, Nos. 25 and 26.

Notwithstanding this defeat, Molineux felt that he was entitled to another chance, and accordingly sent the following challenge in three days after the battle:—

TO MR. THOMAS CRIBB.

St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square.

December 21, 1810.

SIR,—My friends think that had the weather on last Tuesday, the day upon which I contended with you, not been so unfavourable, I should have won the battle; I therefore challenge you to a second meeting, at any time within two months, for such a sum as those gentlemen who place confidence in me may be pleased to arrange.

As it is possible that this letter may meet the public eye, I cannot omit the opportunity of expressing a confident hope that the circumstance of my being a different colour to that of the people amongst whom I have sought protection, will not in any way operate to my prejudice.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

Witness, J. Scholfield.

T. MOLINEUX.

After the defeat of Molineux, a young man of the name of Rimmer, a native of Lancashire, about twenty-two years of age, and who had distinguished himself in two or three battles in his own county, was matched against the competitor of the Champion, for one hundred guineas, under the auspices of Gregson. Moulsey-hurst was the scene of action, in a twenty-five foot roped ring, on May 21st, 1811. Molineux was seconded by his friend Richmond, Bill Gibbons was his bottle-holder; Rimmer was attended by Power and Jones. Three to one in favour of Molineux.

#### THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Two minutes elapsed in sparring, when Rimmer hit right and left; but his distances were badly judged, and they proved of no effect, he, however, got away—resuming a sparring attitude, Molineux put in a left-handed blow with great violence on his opponent's neck, which was returned slightly by Rimmer, who fell. (Molineux the favourite, 4 to 1, Rimmer exhibited the first display of claret.)

2. Rimmer hit right and left, made some play, and got away, but his distance was erroneous; Molineux, on the look-out, made some excellent stops in a desperate rally, but they both disengaged. Another rally immediately commenced, and here the Black's tremendous powers were witnessed, he punished Rimmer in all directions, finally flooring by blows right and left, with uncommon celerity and science.

3. Molineux now appeared confident that he was "at home, from the success of the last round, and viewing his adversary with a supercilious grin, sparred low, as if treating Rimmer with contempt. He waited, as before, till his opponent made play, when the Black hit away, and followed his man up so hard and fast that Rimmer appeared to go to the ground from a wish to avoid punishment.

4. The head of Rimmer was completely pinked; and he seemed at fault,

from a severe blow he received on the temple in the last round. Molineux put in several severe hits, right and left, over his guard, when Rimmer instantly fell, as if shot. (Molineux was the hero of the piece, and punished his opponent with considerable ease and effect. Eight to one on Molineux.)

5. Rimmer greatly distressed, and fell in making a hit.

6. Rimmer judged his distances incorrectly, and fell from weakness.

7. Rimmer in this round appeared to great advantage, he put in a good blow with his left hand, and rallied courageously—several good hits were exchanged, when Rimmer fell over his opponent's legs.

9. Rimmer strained every nerve to change the state of the battle, hit his adversary away in their rallying, and, in closing, threw Molineux.

10. Rimmer's spirited conduct made Molineux quite ferocious; he went in desperately, and was intemperate enough to make play, but in pursuing Rimmer, and punishing him to all parts of the ring, at length succeeded in flooring him.

11. Rimmer showed himself entitled to the appellation of a game pugilist. Several good blows were exchanged; but Rimmer appeared to have no judgment of distance; he also tried to avoid the severity of his opponent's hits by holding his head down, whereon he received several blows before he fell.

12. Rimmer was losing the battle fast, and hit his adversary's body without effect—Passion was now uppermost, and he ran in after the Lancashire method, lifting Molineux by the thighs, and throwing him down. (Some murmurs of "Foul! Fair!" &c.)

13. Rimmer hit his antagonist over the mouth, but was thrown by him.

14. Rimmer rallied and the men closed, when each tried to show his strength, but both fell in the attempt, owing to a Lancashire touch of Rimmer.

15. It was all up with Rimmer, he retreated to every part of the ring, followed closely by Molineux, who put in a dreadful stomacher, which floored him. A scene now took place which begged all description; during the time Rimmer lay prostrate on the ground, the ring was broken, owing, it is said, from the antipathy felt against a man of colour proving the conqueror:—if it were so, the illiberal were disappointed by this manoeuvre, as those who had taken the odds gained nothing by the event. Rimmer was completely exhausted, almost in a state of insensibility. Corinthians and Costermongers were in a rude contact; Johnny Raws and first-rate swells jostling each other; pugilists and novices, all jawing and threatening, but no hearing. The confusion was beyond every thing; sticks and whips at work in all directions, ten thousand people in rude commotion, and those persons in the interior of this vast assemblage suffering from their attempts to extricate themselves from so perilous and unpleasant a situation. Twenty minutes elapsed in this chaotic manner, when the Champion of England, assisted by some brave followers, once more formed something like a ring. The men again set-to. It proved a short-lived advantage to the latter, notwithstanding extraordinary exertions were made to renovate him and get him upon his legs, but it was all in vain. During six more rounds Rimmer was so severely punished, that he was unable to stand up, when he acknowledged that he had received enough!

In this fight Molineux had exhibited such tremendous powers of mil-ling, that after the defeat of Rimmer no other pugilist possessed temerity to call the man of colour to the field, till he once more entered the lists with the Champion of England, at Thistleton Gap, in the county of Leicester, on September 28, 1811, and was again vanquished; but in a much shorter space of time, the contest continuing only nineteen minutes and a few seconds! (See pages 429, 440, Nos. 26 and 27 Sportsman's MAGAZINE.)

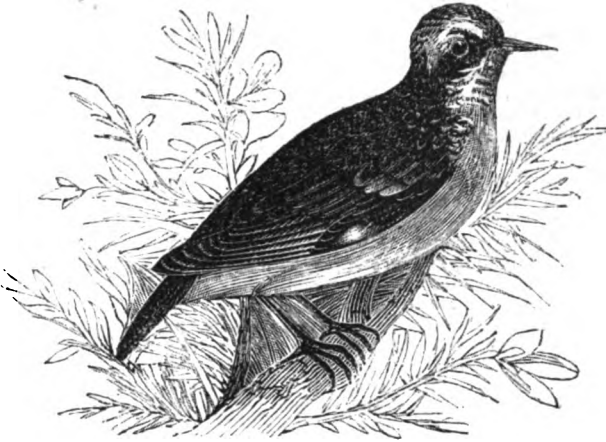
The joy of the flash side cannot be described—and considering the depressing disadvantages under which Molineux fought, he performed wonders. It is not meant that Molineux had not fair play throughout the fight in the ring—it is well known that he had—but the Black contended before a partial multitude; the pugilistic honour of the country was at stake, and the attempts of Molineux were viewed with jealousy, envy, and apprehension.

It was this prejudice, a disheartening one to bear up against, that Molineux, by never even approaching to unfairness, and the exercise of a manly forbearance in critical situations, was called on to remove; he could not help seeing the applause and cheering were decidedly on the part of the Champion; in fact, the man of colour experienced from the bulk of the spectators a very different reception, occasioned, by the extreme anxiety of the friends of Cribb for the safety of his honour and renown; for his sable opponent was truly formidable. These observations, nevertheless, do not pluck a single leaf from his well-merited laurels; but impartiality must supersede every other consideration. It would be absurd to say that Molineux underwent any thing like a regular training; on the contrary, he indulged himself to excess—without a patron, he had to range from town to town, to support himself by exhibitions of sparring, and entering into all the glorious confusion of larks and sprees that might present themselves; while far different was the position of the Champion. Placed under the immediate direction of Captain Barclay, and secluded from the world, at the estate of that gentleman in far Scotland, his condition was in the finest possible tone, his mind cheerful, and he felt confident that every chance was in favour of his success. Molineux, in spite of his undoubted high courage, laboured under considerable depression; wherever he went he was unpopular; which circumstance was considerably heightened upon his public appearance to face his antagonist. His constitution, too, was by no means so good as in the former contest: but his efforts were tremendous and terrible, and for the first few rounds of the battle the flash side trembled for the result.

(To be continued in our next.)



## BRITISH BIRDS.—NO. XXVI.



THE NUTHATCH.

**BY** way of a little variety we this week alternate the water-fowl and their closely allied species, with a lively little chirruper whom the cold season often sends from his favourite woods to haunt the neighbourhood of man's abodes. The nuthatch is admired for its plumage, its liveliness, agility, and great cunning in catching and hiding its food. Its length is six inches and a half, of which one and a half is included in its tail, and three quarters in his beak, which is strong, straight, a little flat at the tip; the eyes are greyish brown; the feet yellowish grey, the claws very strong. The forehead is blue only in the male; the rest of the upper part of the body is of a blue grey; the cheeks and throat are white; a black streak passing across the eyes extends from the base of the beak to the neck; the belly and breast are of a dingy orange colour.

When wild it generally frequents woods. In the winter it approaches villages, and will even fly into barns and stables.

In the house it must be kept in a cage made entirely of wire, as wood cannot resist the strength of its beak.

A bird of this species, which had been accidentally winged by a sportsman, was kept in a small cage of plain oak wood and wire. During a night and a day that his confinement lasted, his tapping labour was incessant; and after occupying his prison for that short space, he left the wood-work pierced and worn like worm-eaten timber. His impatience at his situation was excessive; his efforts to escape were unremitting, and displayed much intelligence and cunning. He was fierce, fearlessly familiar, and voracious of the food placed before him. At the close of the second day he sunk under the combined efforts of his vexation, assiduity, and voracity. His hammering was peculiarly laborious, for he did not peck as other birds do, but grasping hold with his immense feet, he turned upon them as a pivot, and struck with the whole weight of his body, thus assuming the appearance, with his entire form, of the head of a hammer, or, as birds may sometimes be seen to do on mechanical clocks, made to strike the hour by swinging on a wheel. The Rev. W. T. Bree, of Allesley, says, that having caught a nuthatch in the common brick trap used by boys, he was struck with the singular appearance of its bill, so unlike that of any bird he had ever seen. It was blunt at the end, and presented the appearance of having been truncated in an oblique direction, as if the natural beak had been cut off. He naturally inferred that it had been fairly ground down to about two-thirds of its original length, by the bird's pecking at the bricks, in its efforts to escape from the trap.

**Food.**—In its wild state it lives on insects, which it seeks for in the trees, being able to cling to and run about the branches in any way: it also eats nuts and beech mast, which it skilfully fixes in the chinks of the trees, that it may crack them more easily.

In the house, it may be fed on hemp seed, oats, barley meal, or even bread. The way it crushes the hemp seed and oats is very curious; it takes as many as it can in its beak, and ranges them in order in the cracks of the floor, always taking care to put the large end lowest, that it may break them more easily; it then begins to despatch them one after another with the greatest skill and agility.

A lady, whom we were in the habit of occasionally visiting, amused herself in the winter, and particularly when the snow was on the ground, with throwing, several times a day, different kinds of seeds on the terrace below the window, in order to feed the birds in the neighbourhood. These soon became accustomed to this distribution, and arrived in crowds when they heard the clapping of hands, which was the signal used to call them. She put some hemp seed and cracked nuts even on the window-sill, and on a board, particularly for her favour-

rites, the blue tits. Two nuthatches came one day to have their share in this repast, and were so well pleased that they became quite familiar, and did not even go away in the following spring, to get their natural food and to build their nest in the wood. They settled themselves in the hollow of an old tree near the house; as soon as the two young ones, which they reared here, were able to fly, they brought them to the hospitable window where they were to be nourished, and soon after disappeared entirely. It was very amusing to see these two new visitors hang or climb on the blinds, whilst their benefactress put their food on the board. These pretty creatures, as well as the tits, knew her so well, that when she drove away the sparrows which came to steal what was not intended for them, they did not fly away also, but seemed to know that what was done was only to protect and defend them.

These nuthatches remained near the house for the whole summer, rarely wandering, till one fatal day, at the beginning of the sporting season, in autumn, they no sooner heard the report of a gun than they disappeared, and were never again seen. It is possible that fear alone had driven them so far that they could not find their way home again; they did not know that there they would have been in greater safety.

If these birds are left at liberty in a room, they are accustomed, like the tits, to hide the greater part of what is given to them, to keep it for another meal; but their trick of piercing holes in the wood makes them inconvenient, and therefore it is better to keep them in a cage.

The nuthatch builds its nest in the holes of old trees, and lays six or seven eggs spotted with red. As it has the same taste for hemp seed and oats as the tits, it may often be caught in the same snare; it may also be taken in the area or barn-floor trap.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Should the following account of a combat between a horse and a lion, taken from a very old and rare volume of Sporting Annals, be deemed worthy of insertion in your valuable pages, it may conduce to the amusement of some of your readers.

"A nobleman in the early part of the reign of Louis XV. having a very vicious horse, which none of the grooms or servants would ride, several of them having been thrown, and one killed, asked leave of his majesty to have him turned loose into the menagerie against one of the largest lions. The king readily consented, and the animal on a certain day was conducted there. Soon after the arrival of the horse, the door of the den was drawn up, and the lion, with great state and majesty, marched slowly to the mouth of it, when seeing his antagonist, he set up a tremendous roar. The horse immediately started, and fell back; his ears were erected; his mane raised; his eyes sparkled; and something like a general convulsion seemed to agitate his whole frame. After the first emotions of fear had subsided, the horse retired into a corner of the menagerie, where, having directed his heels towards the lion, and having reared his head back over his left shoulder, he watched with extreme eagerness the motions of his enemy. The lion, who presently quitted his den, sidled about for more than a minute, as if meditating the mode of attack; when, having sufficiently prepared himself for the combat, he made a sudden spring at the horse, which defended itself by striking his adversary a most violent blow in the chest.

"The lion instantly retreated, groaned, and seemed for several minutes inclined to give up the contest; when recovering from the painful effects of the blow, he returned again to the charge with unabated violence. The mode of preparation on the second attack was the same as the first. He sidled from one side of the menagerie to the other for a considerable time, seeking a favourable opportunity to seize upon his prey, during all which time the horse still preserved the same posture, and still kept his head erected and turned over his shoulder. The lion at length gave a second spring with all the strength and velocity he could exercise, when the horse caught him with his hoof on the under jaw, which he fractured.

"Having sustained a second and more severe repulse than the former, the lion retreated to his den as well as he was able, apparently in the greatest agony, moaning all the way in most lamentable manner."

What became of the lion afterwards is not mentioned, but the horse was soon obliged to be shot, as no one ever dared to approach the ground where he was kept.

Yours, &c.,

OTHO.

[The antiquity of our correspondent's extract, we fear, is quite equal to its incredibility, we have read a similar story, more plausibly told, of a tiger and a powerful wild stag.—Ed. SP. MAG.]

## DISTEMPER.

SIR,—Having lived most of my life in a sporting county, I have seen in my days numberless instances of distemper, and, like most people I have tried many medicines in order to cure it; and now I can assure you I make as certain of bringing a dog safe through the complaint, as I do of ridding myself of a slight cold or cough.

As I should like all my brother sportsmen to be acquainted with my method of cure, I make bold to beg the favour of your inserting it. The recipe consists of crude opium, calomel, and tartarized antimony, of each twelve grains, mixed with honey or syrup, and made into six pills; two of which are to be given to the dog every other morning, fasting, keeping him in a warm situation. Should this not effect a cure, the same may be repeated a week afterwards.

I have here given the quantity sufficient for a large full grown dog; consequently spaniels and smaller dogs should only have half. Although I have ordered the physic to be given fasting, I generally myself offer to the dog, towards the middle of the day, some warm food—gruel, or thin crowdy. Many remedies have I tried, but none have ever answered so well as the above: and with proper attention to the dog, and taking the disease in its infancy, I have seldom known these pills to fail. Great care should be taken, as it is a powerful medicine.

P. B. T.

#### REMARKS UPON DOGS AND DOG-BREAKING.

SIR.—I doubt not many of your readers will start at this formidable title, which of itself might be made to embrace sufficient matter to fill a volume. The point, however, to which I would at present wish to attract attention is the great deterioration of late years amongst the breed of dogs used for the purpose of field sports, hounds excepted, as they are confessedly as near perfection, both as regards shape, speed, and bottom, as they can ever be expected to reach. I am now alluding to pointers and setters, a good brace of which, of either sort, can hardly be procured, unless by paying an exorbitant price, upon the average from £15 upwards, and even then with the uncertainty of procuring first-rate dogs. After dipping deeply into your pocket for their purchase money, it will generally be found that one of them at least will chase hares or mouth its game, break fence, or, in short, commit one or more of those numerous faults to which a partly broke animal is liable, and so trying to the temper, and consequently steady shooting, of its master. Besides, if one of the brace take it into his head to run riot, it is ten to one that his companion will not take his cue from the other, and will thus contract his bad habits in a very short period. Now, this difficulty of obtaining good dogs may be attributable to two reasons:—

First, that owing to the increase of sportsmen for several years past (would that I could say game!), so many buyers are to be found, that the number of well-bred and well-broke dogs are not sufficient to meet the demand; the consequence is, that in order to supply the numerous purchasers, every method is had recourse to; those remaining of really pure blood and high breeding are crossed over and over again, and, as may be supposed, after a lapse of two of three generations, the race is merged into a mongrel description of animal (amongst pointers especially), comprising frequently three-fourths of those to be met with in the kennel of the dog vendor.

The second reason to be assigned for their scarcity is the difficulty of meeting with good dog-breakers. The very few to be met with of this class are so much sought after, and their charges are generally so exorbitant, that they are far beyond the reach of the sportsman of moderate means, and he is consequently often obliged to tutor his young dogs himself, rather than submit them to the tender mercies of a common breaker.

Very few gentlemen are there competent to undertake this very laborious task. The most unconquerable patience and forbearance is required, as by your losing your temper you will not only probably neutralize all your previous lessons, but ruin him completely by spoiling his disposition as well as your own, and making him sulky, savage, and uncertain. Still, if you can be tolerably sure that you are so fortunate as to possess the qualifications I have enumerated necessary for such a task, coupled with a tolerable knowledge of the system to be observed, and have moreover good raw material to work upon, then the best plan by far that you can pursue, in order to obtain a good and dependable team of dogs for the field, is to break them in yourself, as you will have them obedient to your own hand, docile, affectionate; and withal, there is the satisfactory knowledge that you have made them what they are—it is, in fact, like catching a trout with a fly of your own manufacture. Although myself but a novice, yet I will here take the liberty of suggesting a few remarks on the subject—of but little or no importance, I confess, to the matured sportsman, yet still to the tyro perhaps not uninteresting, the more so, perhaps, as they have been tried by myself, and not found wanting. In the first place, take out your puppies as soon as you can; nothing is better calculated to inure dogs to their work, harden their feet, and bring them into perfect subjection, than to commence their instruction as early as possible. When about five or six months old, let them follow you in your short beats, say of two or three hours at a stretch; they will thus become accustomed to the report of the gun, and will see what the other dogs are about, and what in their turn will be expected from them; in fact, a well-bred puppy will generally have a very fair idea of pointing and backing without any previous instruction. There are few trials more severe for the temper of a sportsman than to see one or more of his recently broken dogs at the very first shot making the best of his way home to his kennel; and this is

by no means a criterion of an indifferent dog, as the best may do so, but from the neglect of the breaker in omitting to accustom them to the report of a gun. A pistol charged with power is sufficient, and by discharging this occasionally, both in the field and over them at their meals, the most timid animal will in a short time be brought to stand fire. Let them now and then smell to a dead bird, and caution them against biting it or pulling out its feathers, and you will thus teach them to be tender-mouthed, and retrieve their game without mutilating it or injuring its plumage. One of the most difficult natural propensities to be overcome is the fondness all dogs have for chasing their game (hares especially), when it is once a-foot; and in many the habit is so strong, that although at a point they may be immovable, and will stand to their game with the greatest patience, yet the moment it is up, they lose all command over themselves, and give chase in the most provoking manner, heeding neither whistle nor threats. The best method to be adopted here is to hunt them with a cord of from twenty to thirty-yards long, and when the dog comes to a point, walk immediately up to him to spring the game, at the same time placing your foot upon the cord; as usual, as soon as the hare or bird moves, he makes his customary rush, and then is your time to pull him with a jerk flat upon his back, and this repeated some half dozen times will seldom fail in its intention.

There are many opinions as to the number of dogs requisite to take into the field. Some sportsmen, with whom I am acquainted, say, that if your dogs are good and properly broken, you can hardly, in reason, take out too many (happy the man who has the option of doing so); and again, many—in fact, the generality of sportsmen—are content with a brace, and some with even one steady dog, and the last mentioned, be it observed, has not generally the smallest bag, especially where game is abundant. With an excellent pointer lying now on my rug in my barrack-room, I have had many very satisfactory days' sport single handed, yet I confess that in this way much, very much of the pleasure in shooting is lost, namely, that of seeing your dogs working well together, and each taking their own beat in turn—not, as is often the case, one following the other in Indian file, trusting to one only to find the game: this is a fault which ought instantly to be checked. Time is also greatly saved by dividing the work, especially if there is a large extent of country to beat. A friend told me that he had several times seen a keeper working a team of no less than seven brown pointers, if I recollect aright, belonging to the late Colonel Whitney, of Herefordshire, all ranging in a separate direction, and on one of them coming to a point, the remaining six immediately dropped, and not one would stir until the game had been sprung and the signal had given for them to rise and resume their work: this must have been a sight worth travelling many miles to witness. Pointers for work are generally in greater demand than setters, both on account of their acknowledged superior staunchness and nose, that "*odora canum vis*," described by Virgil, and also of their ability to continue for a longer period without water; but many give setters the preference for their appearance, more dashing style of ranging, and greater capabilities for cover-work, from their rougher and better protected coats. I have, however, possessed pointers which neither the thickest gorse nor the strongest underwood would deter, and setting aside my partiality for this description of dog, my opinion is, that pointers will, if properly trained, stand any description of work equally well with setters. Still, cover-ranging is out of the proper line of either pointers or setters, and is very injurious to their steadiness, and their place should there be supplied by spaniels. In those who do not regard their own trouble, and who are determined, as all sportsmen should be, to possess first-rate dogs; my best advice is, for them to break their own themselves, and if they have not the means of breeding puppies in their own kennels, let them procure them from well-known and authentic sources, upon the purity and goodness of which they can depend. The best work I know, to assist them in their undertaking, is "*A Treatise on Dog-breaking*," by W. Floyd, game-keeper to Sir James Sebright, containing much useful information, and many hints, valuable to all interested in field-sports.

I will conclude these few remarks with a short extract from one of them, which is the best I am acquainted with—"The Modern Shooter," by Captain Lacy; a desirable addition to the library of all young sportsmen.

"Nothing can be more delightful than sporting with good dogs, nor more discouraging and annoying than having ill-bred or badly-trained ones to accompany you: with the former, you get half as many more shots as with the latter, and those often much fairer shots, and are never put one of temper. In short with the one shooting is all pleasure; with the other, it is, comparatively, all toil and vexation." W. B. D.

SIR.—As I profess myself a sportsman, I consequently admire your agreeable weekly publication. The cause of this my first essay in the theory part of field diversions is to record (if possible) the merit of a favorite pointer.

With persons not used to sporting dogs many things appear incredible that are oftentimes related for positive facts. Had I not witnesses of veracity ready to acknowledge how frequently their credulity has blushed at the sight of her performances, I should be diffident of announcing her actions in this public way. The little information I have gained

respecting what constitutes a true pointer, has been wholly owing to her superior sagacity at finding; and perhaps the declaration may appear presumptuous, when I assert I never yet found her equal although hunted with numberless first-rate dogs.

I have frequently endeavoured to learn of my sporting friends what were the most valuable qualifications of a pointer; their different replies were—to find the most game, steady when found, to back the find, come into charge, bring the game, &c. I will add, in my opinion, the greatest of all qualifications to this list—and that is, when, having several times found a straggling bird or birds of a scattered covey at a remote part of the field or heath, (for she ranges wide) but sufficiently within rate in making to the point, I have frequently trod upon one or more birds; (perchance I killed); the game has often dropt in her sight, and several times within a few yards of her, and provided the game at her nose withstood the first report, I never yet lost the advantage of her find. At two years old she first acquired this habit. Being out with a friend last season, in beating the first snipe ground we came to, she very soon found; in making up, within about thirty paces of the point, I sprung a whole snipe, it fell close before her, she turned her head towards me (as if to rebuke me for trying her patience so long), then to the point as before. I rather delayed reloading, and wished my companion the shot, (but he declining) I walked on and trod up the jack snipe, which she highly enjoyed to see drop to her.

That same day at the request of my friend I made a mark in my pocket book of every point she had; and at the close of that day's sport, her performances of finding amounting to thirty-two brace and a half of snipes, two coveys, and a single bird; notwithstanding I hunted with her a brace of dogs, half brothers to her, and allowed by the first judges to be as excellent dogs as any in the kingdom. The gentleman in whose possession they now are would not part with them for any consideration. It is needless to enter into the particulars of miles I have beat after different parties, on many separate days, when they have traversed the snipe bogs with one and sometimes two brace of pointers each (names I could mention); and when snipes were supposed rather scarce, have left the ground, despairing of sport. I have beat the same spot in which their dung-hill breed only bemired themselves and found nothing, and have brought away two, three, and four brace of snipes, and oftentimes moved double and treble the number. I could add an immense catalogue of days to those mentioned, but consider I have sufficiently tried your patience with these ill placed (but plain) truths to her credit.

I beg pardon for keeping you in such a dull and barren beat so long, and remain yours, &c.

A WORCESTERSHIRE SPORTSMAN.

Malvern, December 16th, 1845.

### HOYLE IMPROVED,

BEING FACETIOUS FANCIES ON SHORT WHIST. BY A QUEER CARD.

If you have three cards of a suit, lead one of them first.

Never win your partner's trick, except under very particular circumstances. For instance, it is generally advisable to do so when you can't help it.

If your partner lead spades, and you have no spade in your hand, you must be careful not to follow suit. Should either of your antagonists lead spades under like circumstances, it is usual to refuse in like manner.

If you have a strong reason for not desiring to win the odd trick, you can easily avoid it by a couple of revokes.

Honours do not always score at three, as some of the works on whist state. For example, you cannot score honours at three if you haven't got them; nor even if you have them, unless you have three also.

If you are elder hand you must play first. No deviation from this rule is ever allowed except amongst the Jews, who are presumed to play from right to left.

Every person has a right to shuffle before the cards are dealt. But any shuffling after that is liable to be objected to.

You may make as many tricks consisting of four cards as you can; but no tricks of any other kind are allowed.

No intimations of any sort are permitted to be made during the play. This law applies equally to strangers and to the most intimate friends.

When you are called upon to cut the cards, you must not use a sharp instrument, nor leave the table, which would be cutting them in another sense. The expression is figurative, and is on that account liable to be misunderstood by beginners.

When a card is faced in the deal there must be a fresh deal, unless it happens to be the last card, which ought to be faced.

A faced card does not necessarily imply a card with a face on it. Every card is a faced card when it is turned on its back. But your partner is said to face you, although it is not imperative to turn him on his back for that purpose.

It is generally held to be good play to return your partner's lead, but there are exceptions. You should never return it unless you have got the lead yourself.

The old maxim of win the trick when you are in doubt holds in all cases but one, and that is when you cannot win it. In this case you are

worse off than the criminal in the dock, for you are clearly disentitled to the benefit of the doubt.

That are several technical terms in whist with which it is necessary to be acquainted. The common phrase "playing cards" is obviously absurd. Cards never play of themselves. For the same reason you should never invite any person to play cards with you, but to play whist, &c. It is the game that is played, not the cards. Cards are the instruments which form the orchestra, not the tune played by them. You do not say "Play the band," but "Play the Rogue's March."

"Finessing" is an attempt to gain an advantage. It is very common in other games besides whist, and may be varied according to circumstances. Thus, if you have the ace, seven, and six in your hand, you put on your seven third player, and deceive your adversary into the notion that the seven is your highest, so that next round he puts on the five and you trick him with your six. It is much the same as when a debtor makes a poor face, and his creditor, glad to get anything, is betrayed into a composition of five shillings in the pound, whereas he could get the full sum if he only put on the screw.

"Forcing" is playing a suit which your adversary is obliged to buy dearly with a trump or lose the trick altogether.

You will understand this more clearly from an analogous case which occurs every day in real life. If you have possession of a house and can't pay the rent your best play is to force your landlord. He will come down handsomely to get you out.

"Long trump" is the technical name of the trump that remains in your hand after all the rest are out. But it also means a capital good fellow, upwards of six feet high.

"Score" signifies the account you have run up either at whist or in a tavern. The latter is more difficult to clear off than the former.

### A TRICK ON THE CARDS.

Place three people, together with yourself, at a square table, one opposite to you and one on each side. Keep their attention engaged (the great secret in all tricks) while you pretend to shuffle the cards, but while you are in reality arranging them so that every fourth card shall be one suit—says clubs—the last being one of indifferent value to avoid suspicion. Then give the pack to the person on your right hand to cut, which done, suddenly occupy their attention again, while you resume the pack exactly as it was before, the lookers-on believing that you have accepted the cut. Then deal the cards as for a game of whist, which you may now play out in the ordinary way, giving or taking any odds (if you can get them) that you will win every trick. This is a very curious piece oflegerdemain, which is witnessed at the west-end nightly by thousands of people who are utterly unable to detect how it is done.

### NOTICE!

Numbers THIRTEEN and EIGHTEEN of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, are reprinting. All OTHER NUMBERS and back PARTS ARE IN PRINT, and may be procured at the office, 42, HOLYWELL STREET, STRAND.

\*.\* Observe: many country dealers who trade with Town Agents, NOT FAVOURABLE to the circulation of this paper, are in the habit of stating that the back NUMBERS ARE OUT OF PRINT: this is a DISHONEST FALSEHOOD; and upon the name of the country vendor being forwarded (under cover, to the EDITOR of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, at 42, Holywell Street, Strand,) enquiry will be made; and if the non-supply has been wilful, the name of the agent shall appear in a BLACK LIST, for four successive weeks in a prominent part of the Magazine, and also in handbills—as one who WILL NOT supply this paper.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUBURBY.—Harry Broome beat Joe Rowe on the 13th of May last year. The fight lasted 57 minutes.

A. E. D., Liverpool.—The symptoms of Worms in a Dog are, a slight cough; a voracious appetite; irregular evacuations; and wasting of the body. If tenia, or tapeworm, give oil of turpentine in doses of two, three, or four drachms according to size of dog, night and morning, mixed with the yolk of an egg for three days successively.

J. P. B., Goswell Road.—Distemper in Dogs. Opium two grains, Emetic Tartar (an invaluable dog-medicine) three grains, to be given at night. This is a sufficient dose for so young a dog as you mention; repeat the dose every third night till the dog recovers; keep him in a warm place, and feed with a liquid diet, such as broth, gruel, &c. If nostrils should discharge, syringe or wash them twice a day with half an ounce of alum dissolved in a pint of water, or weak goulard water (diluted extract of sugar of lead).

A COURSER.—THE TREATISES in this Magazine, on the GAMCOCK, COUSING, &c. are not procurable in any other form. The back numbers may all be had by order, except 13, which is reprinting.

SANDERSON, Alton.—THE LAWS OF COURSING, both ancient and modern, will appear in the Treatise on "COURSING AND THE GREYHOUND" now in progress. We exert ourselves in catering for the amusement and edification of all classes and grades of Sportsmen, but feel sorry as well as ashamed to say, that we do not reach the sale of

many miscellaneous periodicals, not half so costly or troublesome in the getting up. A little activity on the part of sporting friends and subscribers would extend our circulation without cost to themselves, and give us the means of yet further improvements. 8000 copies weekly will not cover the expenses of so cheap a publication as this, and leave a profit.

G. S., Highbury Vale.—We answered your first query last week in replying to another correspondent.—2. The following are the most approved varieties of Canaries. The Canary (cock) with a Goldfinch (hen). The mules between a Canary and a Siskin. A Canary and a Greenbird; or a Canary and a Linnet. Other mules are more difficult to obtain.—We cannot advertise bird dealers, at our own expense, but there are several in Compton-street, Soho, and a very respectable one in Great St. Andrew-street, Seven Dials, from whom we have purchased some very good birds. Have you tried the SALTCAT with your pigeons, the recipe for which we gave in number 18, page 323, in answer to a Correspondent?

H. W. K.—Eggs are never allowed in training—they are heating and bad diet. Laugh at your brother in return. Is the knowledge he is acquiring more healthful, pleasant, and useful than that you are, under difficulties, attaining? Such knowledge tends to the health of the mind as well as the body, and can never therefore be deemed useless, except by those incapable of comprehending its scope and bearing. A well-informed sportsman is a perfect gentleman; an ignorant one on all points relating to field amusements is a vulgar, half-informed cockney, whatever may be his other attainments; and so he will find, directly he gets out of the dark corner he hopes in into the light of the great world of general society.

THOS. E., Finsbury-square.—The time the egg of any bird will keep good depends entirely to the temperature of the atmosphere to which it is exposed. It may be good for months, or added in a few days—fresh at a twelvemonth's end, or musty in a week. Young pheasants, in a domestic state, are generally produced under bantam hens, as the hen pheasant, though a good layer and a good mother when wild is far otherwise in the house. Pheasants (especially the cock) are addicted to preying on small animals, and are fond of flesh. The food for young pheasants is boiled egg cut small, bread and boiled milk, alum curd, and ants' eggs (if procurable). Feed them often. Alum curd is thus made: take new milk and boil with it a lump of alum, sufficient to make it custard-like, but not hard. Hog-llice, ear-wigs, or any insects, may be given if ants' eggs cannot be got. An occasional scoured gentle will not be amiss.

TORO.—"COURAGING" is resumed in the present number. Mr. Nightingale, Mr. M'George, Mr. Dalzell, at present, Mr. Thacker in his day. SEPTIMUS SEVERUS.—It is a question for the Society of Antiquarians, which we believe is no more. Address a note to the secretary of the Camden Society: we can't tell whether it is a dog or a fox, the drawing is so grotesquely unnatural. Mr. Akerman, the medallist, might throw some light on it, though a farthing candle would be ill-spent on its investigation.

R. S.—Josh. Hudson was beaten by Martin, (both their lives will appear in Period V.), Dec. 14, 1819. It was won by an accidental blow in the second round, Josh. falling and dislocating his shoulder, time 9 minutes.

H. C., Liverpool.—There is no third volume of Darvill that we know of. We presume the regulations of the Veterinary College are procurable; they are in a book form, and presented to pupils on their paying the entrance fee. There is also a Conspectus issued as a sort of Programme of the Lectures delivered by each professor, on Chemistry, the Materia Medica, Veterinary Surgery, &c. &c. It would cost us a walk of four or five miles out and in to make the inquiry of the secretary, but if you address him your letter will find him just as quickly as ours, and whatever documents the heads of the College have issued, if published or sold, he will transmit to you. The address is, "To the Secretary of the R. V. C., College-street, St. Pancras, near London." Ruff's Guide to the Turf, published at Bell's Life Office, contains the Laws of the Turf and Betting, &c. as promulgated by the Jockey Club, besides much other Racing Information.

TOBY HUGHES.—We fear you are too late in the day. The remainder stock of the "SPORTING WORLD" was sold off by its proprietors, with whom we have as much connexion as the Pope of Rome. We want a set or two ourselves. Has your fowl any discharge about the nostrils in addition to the symptoms you state? If so we will give you a recipe next week. At present give a little pounded sulphur in the drink, keep the fowl warm (in a room if you can), and give scalded pollard, mixed with skim milk or pot liquor.

#### OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

SUNDAY, JAN. 11th.—FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

#### THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

Long ere the morn'-veild dawn, the bird of morn  
His wings quick claps, and sounds his cheering call:  
The cottage hinds the glimmering lantern trim,  
And to the barn wade, sinking, in the drift;  
The alternate flails bounce from the loosened sheaf.  
Pleasant these sounds, they sleep to slumber change;  
Pleasant to him, whom no laborious task  
Whispers, *arise!*—whom neither love of gain,  
Nor love of power, nor hopes, nor fears, disturb.  
Late daylight comes at last, and the stained eye  
Shrinks from the dazzling brightness of the scene,—  
One wide expanse of whiteness uniform.  
As yet no wandering footstep has defaced  
The spotless plain, save where some wounded hare,  
Wrench'd from the spring, has left a blood-stain'd track.  
How smooth are all the fields! sunk every fence;  
The furrow, here and there, heapt to a ridge,  
O'er which the seldom plough-shaft scarcely peers.

MONDAY, 12th.—Plough Monday: the day derives its appellation from the custom of the peasantry returning to their labours after the festivities of Christmas. The morning was devoted to the examination of their ploughs and implements, and with the day ended the pastimes of the season.—The grasshopper placed on the top of the New Royal Exchange, 1844; do they expect he'll find any green blades there?—Day 8h. 9m. long.

TUESDAY, 13th.—Middleham Coursing Meeting.—Harry Walker and Barnash for 25l.; see the Report in our Stamped Edition next Thursday.—Hilary Term begins.—Cambridge Lent Term begins.—In an old Almanack called Pond's, for 1678, we find this day called "Marrying day," and he adds the following—"Marriage comes in on the 13th day of January, and lasts till Septuagesima Sunday; it is out again till Low Sunday; thence it is not forbidden until Advent Sunday; but then it goeth out and cometh not in again until the 13th of January next following." Protestant countries have outgrown these fooleries, but they are still observable in many parts of the continent.

WEDNESDAY, 14th.—Oxford Lent Term begins.—MALLARD-DAY AT OXFORD: See article next week, on this subject.—Newcastle Coursing Meeting (and 15th).—Average coldest day in the year a day or two after or before this, say the weatherwise.

THURSDAY, 15th.—South Essex Second Coursing Meeting.—Tarleton (open) ditto, (and 16th).—A CURIOUS FACT.—You never called to a waiter, when he was leaving the room, but he answered, "Coming, sir."—CONSUMPTION OR MILK.—The great dairy for the milk of human kindness is Somerset House. Seek an interview with the Poor-Law Commissioners, and they will show you how delicious they strain it.

FRIDAY, 16th.—Old Twelfth Day.—Hoax of the Bottle Conjurer, 1749, and the interior of the Haymarket Theatre destroyed.—Battle of Corunna, 1809.

SATURDAY, 17th.—Big Ben beat Johnson, 500 gs. 1791.—RAILWAY GARDENING.—With a view to standard fruit, cultivate good trunks, but keep clear of all unprofitable branches. Take care that the stock is of the right sort or it will not be worth putting in, and will not pay for the outlay.

#### THE MOON IN JANUARY.

First Quarter, 4th	.. .. .	2 25 morn.
Full Moon, 12th	.. .. .	2 1 morn.
Last Quarter, 20th	.. .. .	3 51 morn.
New Moon, 28th	.. .. .	9 23 after.

#### TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

High Water at London Bridge.

	morn.	aft.		morn.	aft.
Sunday, Jan. 11th	1 44	14 3	Thursday, 15th	4 2	16 18
Wednesday, 12th	2 23	14 40	Friday, 16th	4 34	16 50
Tuesday, 13th	2 59	15 15	Saturday, 17th	5 5	17 28
Monday, 14th	3 31	15 46			

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

### Reminiscences of Racing and Racers, in 1845.

(For the Sportsman's Magazine.)

BY SOOTHSAYER.

(Continued from page 522.)

At SALISBURY, Aug. 28, Idleness beat Ajax for the City Members' Plate; and, for the Queen's Plate, Old England beat Red Deer and Sparsholt. Carillon won a 5 sov. Sweepstakes, and beat Dexterous in another sweepstakes of the same amount. Ajax, for a poor 3 sov. affair, beat Sparsholt.

At the ECCLES RACES, Sept. 1, Alice, h. b., beat a middling lot over a mile. I am not aware what Alice this was. For the Trafford Park Stakes, April Noddy beat T'Auld Squire and two others. The old one fell in this race, notwithstanding which mishap he beat April Noddy and several others the next day for the Gentlemen's Purse. Cerito won the Ladies' and the Town Purse.

At DARLINGTON, Sept. 2, Robin Burns won the Clervaux Stakes, beating the Castaway filly. For the Terrace Stakes a tolerable lot of 2 years old c and f came to the post, and after a sharp half-mile race Ada was first; Driffield, The Slayer's Daughter, and Cranebrook, second, third, and fourth, and a lot, including Curiosity, Thersites, and Grimston, were not placed. Vates won the Tees Stakes. For the South Durham Stakes, for two and three years old, Cranebrook showed in front, beating Grimston, Pluto, Thersites, and the others. Cataract won the Raby Castle Stakes, and Montgomery, priced at 100l. the Town Plate.

At MORPETH, Sept. 3, Northumberland won the Stewards' Plate, beating Flagman and Xanthus.

At WARWICK, Sept. 2, Wee Pet beat four good ones for the Leamington Stakes, but Pythia carried nearly the same weight, and gave two years. Gwalior won the 50 sov. Maiden Plate, beating the March First filly and some tolerable good ones, in both heats. For a 10 sov. Sweepstakes, 50 added, two and three years old, c. and f., Baronet beat the two fillies, Amazon and Regalia, being the only three which came to the post. Yardley won the Cup, beating Rochester. Columbus beat Hampton for the Stand Stakes; and Gwalior beat Kilgram and Carissima for the Queen's 100 sov. At this meeting the speculation on the St. Leger mentioned in my last was very great, the Baron being at 30, 25, and 20 to 1.

I do not recollect anything of sufficient importance in provincial racing to make mention of before the LEICESTER RACES, Sept. 10, when there was a very good lot of animals brought together. Lord Saltoun won the Leicestershire Handicap, beating The Shadow and Pergularia among others. The Hon. G. Ongley was very successful in his nominations; The Queen of the Gipsies winning two Handicaps, and Fama, one.

LICHFIELD Races were well attended, and Kitchener on Jenny Wren beat Lord Saltoun, Intrepid and Roderick for the Staffordshire Stakes. Rosa won the Members' Plate in three two-mile heats, beating Hooton and others; she is but three years old. There was a very good two years old race, which, for the hints it contains on relative running, your readers will do well to bear in mind. It is a half mile race between c. and f. Burlesque beat The Tomboy; Lapwing filly, second; Twig, third; and the colt by Don John, out of Game Lass, and Toronto not placed. Yardley won the Gold Cup, beating The Shadow but was beaten by Little Hampton in the heats for the Queen's Plate.

There was some fair sport at ABINGDON, but as it was confined to such horses as Waterloo, Columbus, Teetotaller, and Venatrix, I can hardly bring myself to trouble your readers with their performances. There was, however, a good purse, in the Marcham Stakes, which was won by Giantess beating five others.

With reference to my last communication your readers will bear in mind that The Traverser is in the Derby.

(To be continued.)

DREADFUL FOG.—The fog in the City was so intense, the other day, that a person actually got into St. Paul's Cathedral without paying—Punch.





FOX-HUNTING.—SCENE II.—GOING TO COVER.

**S**HALL we with this, our second initiatory picture, resume the hound, leaving "the horse and his rider" for more stirring scenes? We may nevertheless find room anon, for a brief say on that valuable, but less pretending animal the Cover-hack, ere we treat of his after-coming more brilliant brother, the thorough-bred hunter.

The close of the last article left us at the subject of breeding the hound, we now turn to his condition. "This is a subject," says Mr. Vyner in his *Notitia Venatica*, "continually talked of, but very little understood among the general run of sportsman. How frequently do we hear high encomiums passed on a pack of hounds for their *fine condition*, when in fact they are an army of skeletons without even a show of muscle!

Some men think that a pack of hounds must be drawn as fine as hurdles, to run; and, as long their ribs and points are all visible, they are considered in splendid going condition. There is no other animal which will endure reducing and raising again in condition in so short a period as the game-cock and the dog will; nevertheless, the latter, with all his natural propensities to improve most rapidly, in being prepared for hard work must be allowed a certain time necessary to get him fit to perform such extraordinary labour as the foxhound is called upon to endure. Not only from mine own experience, but also relying on the opinion of those, whose judgment can be depended upon, I should say that a dog, whether hound, or greyhound, or any other dog used in the chase, was at the greatest perfection of condition when raised again to a certain pitch, after he had been reduced below that pitch, than if he had been merely reduced from a lusty state of body down to that certain standard of condition. The flesh which is then on him is all muscular and healthy, whereas, in the case of his being merely reduced down to his condition, he is more frequently than not as loose and flabby as a Smithfield bullock. Perhaps some of my readers may ask, "Why then begin with hounds in cub-hunting in high condition, as they generally become lower after?" I answer, that they have been prepared for three or four months, or ought to have been; moreover, they generally sink a little after a week or ten days' work, and then go up again, after the first feverish excitement of cub-hunting is got through, before the regular season begins. A hound, to be well and really fit to go, should not only look clear and bright in his coat, with the muscles on his shoulders, loins, and thighs well developed, but he should also be firm to the touch, and be able to travel on the road at a jog-trot, with his mouth shut, and his stern up over his back. His eyes should be clear and free from any mucous secretion; when much of which is seen in a morning in the inner corners of his eyes, you may be well assured that he is feverish, usually the result of hard work without a due and proper preparation beforehand. He should also not only empty himself with freedom, his evacua-

tion being firm and free from a bilious or slimy mixture, but he should also stale without difficulty, and rather frequently than otherwise, or he should have administered to him in his feed a small quantity of cream of tartar for about two days, which will set matters all right on that point. Take a handful of the skin of a hound on his back, and pull it up; and, if it flies back to its place like India-rubber, with a nervous shiver, he is all right; but, if it remain in an unsightly ridge, clammy and sluggish, as it returns to its natural position, depend upon it that his condition is far from being what it ought to be—in fact, he is not fit to be put to hard work without further preparation.

Dressing the hounds will affect many of them equally as if they had had a strong dose of physic; some of them will be more or less swelled in their limbs and testicles, particularly if the turpentine or spirit of tar is rather stronger than usual. During the time they are confined to the kennel from the effects of the above discipline, which will be about four days, the whole of the court-yards and the floors of the lodging rooms should be carefully covered with straw, particularly in the door-ways, to prevent them from slipping and breaking their thighs, which I have known to occur, the grease from their coats rendering the ground as slippery as ice. Sometimes I have seen a portion of mercury added to the dressing, but, unless the mange has shown itself, it had better be omitted, as, from the heat and fever occasioned by the ointment, the hounds will be continually lying on the open floors, and when under the influence of that powerful mineral, animals are more likely to take cold than at any other time. By the first of August the whole of their physic requisites to prepare them for their approaching labours should have been administered, consisting of two or more doses of salts and sulphur, as before directed; and after the old ones have been walked two or three times into a deer park and amongst hares, particularly the two and three-year olds having had a few extra bouts by themselves, the new entry may be taken out with them, and regularly exercised until cub-hunting commences, going every day, if possible, into that country where the covers are situated in which they are about to hunt. The exercise of hounds during the summer should be slow and protracted rather than quick, particularly in the early part of that season. The keeping them out with slow walking exercise does their constitutions as well as their legs infinitely more good than "long trots" or "brushing gallops."

For the sort of hound which you will find most advantageous to put forward, I will again trespass on Mr. Vyner, than whom a more experienced M.F.H. has not put pen to paper on the subject before us. No two descriptions of hounds could differ more widely than those of the late Mr. John Villebois, and those of Squire Osbaldeston, both being allowed to be first-rate judges in every way connected with hounds and hunting. The

symmetry of those of the former was, in the opinion of many sportsmen: spoilt by a loaded neck, and quarters inelegantly short, that is, short from the hip-bone to the setting on of the stern; in other respects they were perfect, with deep chests, wide backs, round ribs, and legs and feet formed to endure the incessant flint beds of Hampshire. Now "the Squire's" were, in many respects, the very opposite to these, as to some of their points; for example, he never put a hound forward that was not clever in his quarters; however, they did not give much trouble to the selector, coming as they did, nearly all fit to go forward, the result, no doubt, of first-rate judgment in the breeding of them. His good taste led him to prefer light necks, and perfectly-formed shoulders; in fact without the latter no hound can go in any country. You seldom saw a throaty hound amongst Osbaldeston's, but old Finder was an instance to the contrary, from whom he bred for several seasons, warranted by the excellency of his work on the line, and his extraordinary stoutness in the chase. Still, with all this variety in taste, there are certain rules to go by, a deviation from which must inevitably end in failure and disappointment: for instance, a puppy may be not be quite straight in his fore legs, and yet as strong and speedy as those which are as straight as darts, but then the crookedness must be at the knee-joint, and not at the elbow; if he turns his toes out from the elbows while those joints turn in, he is not worth a farthing, and if his knees bend back, a defect which is called by some "calf-kneed," as resembling the limbs of that interesting animal, he is only fit to sell to the foreigners. But he still may be a little crooked at the knee, as you stand before him, and on looking at him sideways, you may perceive that his knees are straight that way, and full of bone, with the ankles large and not bent in; if he came of a good family, and was clever in other respects, I would never reject such a hound, unless very strong in the year's entry. The next point is his ribs, both fore and aft; if he is not deep and thick through the heart, he can never have wind to chase and run up—don't try him, and if he has no back ribs, it is ten to one about his lasting through a day's work, unless he has an extraordinary good back and loins, and then he may, but he must have strength somewhere about his middle piece. I don't object to a "wheel-back," or "roach-back," as it is sometimes called; hounds so formed are generally speedy and strong, especially in hilly countries. Of shoulders I have spoken before; if in the least upright, reject them at once. As to hind-quarters, they should be chosen the same as a racehorse, but plain ones go well sometimes. The houghs should be near the ground, angular, and bony; what are termed sickle houghs are generally weak; at any rate they are very unsightly, although they may sometimes stand. Hounds which are loaded about the neck, or fleshy under the throat, or, as it is generally termed, throaty, are usually found to be slow, patient hunters, but not quick enough for modern fox-hunting; and I have, moreover, frequently observed that where extreme elegance of form existed about the head and neck, the possessor was nine times in ten, a rogue, when he had the opportunity of so distinguishing himself. The form of a hound's foot should be round and compact, like that of a cat; and although some sportsmen fancy that a more open foot is more capable of enduring hard work, my experience has always led me to prefer round hard feet, especially in a flinty country, and I am convinced that hounds which have too open feet are continually laming themselves in climbing banks, and in various other ways getting them chafed and injured. A hound ought to carry his stern up, and slightly curved over his back, although many excellent hounds travel with them level with their houghs; nor would I reject a curly-sterned hound, if good in other respects, for the sake of one of the best and truest hunters I ever knew, and that was Osbaldeston's old Rambler. As to their tongues, we can say nothing about that point till they are entered and tried; they must then learn to "speak out," and as an old writer has it, "with such tuneful notes to assemble their fellows, and give tidings to their master," when they have got master reynard on his legs, or, as Will Price once expressed himself, they should have "a nice tuning tongue" to call the others to the line.

The most extensive breeders of hounds of the present day are the Dukes of Rutland and Beaufort, the Earls of Yarborough and Fitzwilliam, Lord Fitzhardinge (late Lord Segrave), Mr. Foljambe, Sir Tatton Sykes, and the master of the Cheshire hounds.

Young hounds, after they have commenced their education, should on no account whatever be trusted at exercise, or even when moved out into the paddock, without a sufficient and effective number of persons to attend them, and prevent the possibility of their breaking away, or getting into the slightest mischief; the ice once broken, and then there is an end of all confidence in them, and if the old hounds are taken out along with the puppies to exercise, as is the case in some cockpit establishments, the matter is made a thousand times worse. I once knew an instance of a lot of wild young hounds being moved out into a field adjoining the kennel where they were kept, and where a long-tailed black pony was grazing, attended by the feeder alone; from wantonness one of the hounds bayed at the pony, which induced another to do the same, and the pony to declare his approbation or disapprobation by repeated snortings and caprioles; the main body concluded it was a signal for a rush, when away went the little horse over the fence into the adjoining lane, and away went the hounds full cry, to the dismay of the feeder and the rest of the establishment, who were so suddenly summoned by the music of the pack; however, to conclude my story, they were not stopped until they ran the

pony five miles, but without any further damage to any of the party excepting sowing the first seeds of irrevocable wildness, whenever an opportunity might offer itself. There is an old story told of the Beaufort hounds, when that pack was being first formed many years ago; a new draft of hounds, which had arrived on the previous day, were let out into the paddock to be inspected, when they commenced running the crows, which frequently fly skimming along close to the ground in windy weather; and as the old kennel man who had the care of them declared, that he believed they would have never been stopped, if they had not, by the blessing of God, changed for a jackass. Beekford also mentions the fact of the whipper-in belonging to a pack of foxhounds being thrown from his horse when at exercise, when the horse galloping off caused the hounds to break away after him, they being full of zest and wildness; after which, finding themselves without control, they commenced rioting, and, falling upon a flock of sheep, destroyed many of them before they could be stopped.

Thus far of the Hound; our next picture will find us at THE COVER SIDE, which will furnish matter for more lively comment.

#### LITERATURE.

1. *Margaret of Navarre; or the Massacre of the Huguenots*; a Romantic Tale. From the French of Alexander Dumas. Part I.
2. *The Prisoner of If; or the Revenge of Monte Christo*. By Alexander Dumas. Part I.
3. *Marie Antoinette; or the Chevalier of the Red House*. London: G. Peirce, 310, Strand.



ALTHOUGH it is not our ordinary practice to devote space to critical notices, yet there are exceptions to all rules; and we take it to be a legitimate one, that we can here recommend to our readers, many of whom might not otherwise be aware of their issue, a series of translations of works of fiction of the highest class, produced at a price, and with a neatness of printing and embellishment, (to say nothing of the literary merit of the works themselves), which forms a contrast as pleasing as it striking, with the vamped-up, fetid filth, and barbarous block-chopping, accompanying the morbid, maudlin, muddy, murderous muck which has at length earned the distinction and appropriate title of "Lloyd Literature." We have here in monthly parts and weekly Nos., three of the choicest productions of an author who ranks as high in France as Scott, Galt, Bulwer, or James in this country; and at a price which is not a whit beyond the cheapest *reprints* of works of which the copyrights have utterly expired. The books, too, are uniform; and may be had for a sum not exceeding a few shillings in the whole. They comprise the *elite* of the works of the celebrated Dumas (at least those, the popularity of which has stamped the impress of public approval), in neat small octavo volumes, with steel title-pages and frontispieces, and of a neatness that will do credit to the book-case, as the contents will mark the taste of their purchaser and reader.

We trust to see these better productions of our French neighbours flourish in their transplantation to the garden of English literature; for, heaven knows, our principal imports from that field have been of its most purulent, poisonous, and noxious weeds.

**BITING HORSES.**—I never knew an instance of a biting horse being cured of the vice, and for this reason, we never hit upon any expedient (at least I never heard of one) that would make him, like the boy striking the wall, hurt himself; if we could find any mode of doing so, he would be cured at once. A somewhat curious mode of doing this appeared in the public prints, namely, to give the horse a hot roast leg of mutton to seize. Absurd as this appears, it is really not so much so as many things that are done towards horses; in fact, if a horse was addicted to biting legs of mutton, it would be a rational and certain way of curing him of the propensity; but as legs of mutton do not often come in his way, and arms of men frequently do, unless he was stupid enough not to be able to distinguish the one from the other, I fear the mutton plan could not avail much. Now if we could cover a man with a coat of mail with inviolable spikes standing from it, two or three times seizing the man would, I doubt not, radically cure the horse, not of his disposition to bite, but of attempting to do so; but as we cannot well do this, I believe a short stick, and keeping an eye on him in approaching or quitting him, is the only thing to be trusted to. Flogging him after he has bitten will tend to increase his propensity to do it, for this reason—it is either dislike to man or fear of man that makes him bite; he seizes us to prevent our hurting him, or in revenge for having been hurt; consequently, punishing him only confirms his fear and hate; so, probably, if we do this, and he finds he dare not bite, he tries the efficacy of a kick.—*Sporting Magazine*.


**WILD FOWL.**—The early appearance of wild fowl in the lake districts is generally considered indicative of a severe winter. A few days ago a large flock of wild geese were seen near Windermere, flying unusually near the ground. Other species of wild fowl have also made their appearance on several of the Cumberland and Westmorland lakes, which afford fine sport for the fowler.

## COURSING AND THE GREYHOUND.

(Continued from page 510.)

## SECTION VI.

## TRAINING GREYHOUNDS.



HE training, or, in other words, the getting of greyhounds into running condition, resembles in a great measure the preparation of most animals for similar purposes, all efforts combining towards the same end; viz. speed, wind, and stoutness. There may be various opinions concerning the best method of accomplishing these purposes; yet I fancy there exists but one as to the necessity. The interest which is excited by turf competition continues to increase, and the stake which many are induced to hazard upon such events receives no diminution from the pressure of either times or circumstances, so that, amongst a certain class, the events of the Derby and Leger are more frequently discussed and more anxiously anticipated than the downfall of a dynasty, a New Railway Speculation, the Repeal of the Corn Laws, or a change of ministry. In an age where science has made such rapid improvement, and where its principles have been so generally diffused, it would have appeared extraordinary if they had not manifested themselves equally in matters of high and minor importance; and, I believe, at this moment the knowledge of training has acquired a character far beyond that of any former period. To assist us, however, in this pursuit, something more is necessary than the mere experience of stable exercise, and a proper understanding of constitutional powers can alone perfect the attainment. It must be obvious to all, but more particular to him whose habits are that way disposed, how nice a matter it is to form a correct judgment of the full and effective power of those animals whose physical capabilities we are inclined to prove, and what a long acquaintance we must have with various seeming inconsistencies to enable us to draw any tolerable degree of accuracy and conviction. The smallest deviation from accustomed regularity will frequently overthrow the most scientific system, and those events which to an experienced person appear the most trifling, are sometimes of a magnitude to blast the fairest promise of fancied triumph. I mention this particularly to shew what little dependence should be placed upon the expected performances of any animal without his previous preparation be thoroughly established, and even how liable he is in every stage to suffer a relapse from the slightest degree of either real or seeming neglect. From a certain knowledge of his ground, and the distance he is to run, a horse can be most assuredly brought fitter to the post than a dog, and his exercise also may be more or less severely proportioned: now the work of a greyhound for instance, or a hound, cannot be forced upon him to a degree we should probably wish, and the only expedient which is left to us is to endeavour to effect this in a great measure by constant stratagem; as if you were to course your dog too frequently or too severely, (and from the uncertain length of courses this might unavoidably happen) he might chance both to lame and overwork himself: all therefore we have to do is to give him that kind of exercise and food which shall enable him to go stoutly through a long course, and with a degree of superior speed in a short one; and this, I shall endeavour to describe in a manner which I flatter myself upon trial the reader will approve; it was communicated to me by a friend whose uniform success, and long experience gives him the best claim upon our attention. I confess, however, I do not like running greyhounds too young; with horses we may do it, as their work can at all times be proportioned to their age and strength; but the former exerts himself from the natural impulse of a violent appetite, and which cannot be allayed without the object which provokes it is either overtaken or removed. On this principle then, I certainly object to bringing out a greyhound, especially in public, before he is eighteen months old; and, as I look upon a dog to be in his prime betwixt the ages of two years and a half and five, every encouragement should be given him to perfect his maturity before he contends for the honour of his breed.\* It may be said, perhaps, that running whelps together is not so likely to injure either, as classing them with more experienced dogs, where a laudable effort of emulation might eventually prove injurious; but it is an experiment which in neither case do I recommend, and my reason for disapproving it is the many evil consequences so frequently witnessed from its adoption.

Before you proceed to enter upon a training system, be very certain that your dog is in good health, and let him be rather high than low in flesh, and take him up fourteen days before the time of running; provided he is in both respects as above stated, this will be sufficient for the period of his training, but if he is not so, it must be extended according to the urgency of the case. Commence your operations with two doses of physic, allowing a couple of days to intervene betwixt the administering of each dose; and this physic should be given over night, as its effects will be more beneficially promoted, and the ease of your dog considerably assisted. On the morning of the fourth day he must be taken out

early, and allowed to run about and stretch himself (only upon turf) for half an hour, then brought home and fed; in the evening again taken out, and his exercise be something stronger for the same space of time, and afterwards brought home and fed: on the following day the same rules must be observed with this difference, that his exercise (in the morning particularly) be more severe, and he must now also be taken out from eleven till one in the middle of the day in addition to what I have already named, but only for the benefit of air and water. On the sixth day, if all things proceed as you wish, you may venture upon a course, and also on every third day until he runs; on which days I think it advisable that he should not be out longer than three hours, and if possible to avoid looking for a hare to any tedious length. The plan of exercise morning and evening which is generally pursued is as follows; let a person hold your dog until yourself on horseback get to a considerable distance from him, then halloo him forward for about a mile at his speed, coaxing him at the end, and making every possible demonstration of real pleasure; this work may be increased or diminished according as you see a necessity for either, but the dog that can take it regularly and keep strong, is the most likely to prove well on the day.

The next thing to be considered is the food, and its effects as to reality and appearance. In times of scarcity it may be thought somewhat out of character to recommend articles of consumption by many not to be procured, and by others even considered as occasional luxuries; as it is my object, however, to give the results of experience, and to write what I know, I trust candour will save me from any idea of unnecessary indulgence. The meat you are to give must be good beef or mutton boiled, but not to excess, and as the liquor or broth should on no account form any part of it, you will be careful to prevent the waste of that which is most nutritious: this must be assisted by eggs, lightly poached, given occasionally in the morning, and bread made according to the following recipe: take of the best flour two-thirds, and of oatmeal one, and of the whites of eggs in the proportion of eighteen to a peck loaf, with a little yeast, working the whole well up with good ale: about equal quantities of each (bread and meat) must be given at the times I have stated, and after a course you will find a sop in the pan an excellent relish. In the course of preparation you will probably observe a frequency of constitutional changes in your dog, and which can only be assisted or removed by a close attendance to the hours of feeding and exercise, and allotting them as your judgment may direct.

The great art of training appears to consist in bringing your dog to the post without any material reduction in flesh, and only taking especial care that what he has got on him may be perfectly corky and light; in fact every part about him should be as elastic as possible, and, quite contrary to that most erroneous of all opinions that he should be as hard as a board, he cannot feel too compressed and springy. It is not, however, in my power to direct you in these matters with any degree of certain success: experience can alone render you competent to decide, but I think I may with truth venture to affirm that these hints will not mislead, and as they are in no sense contrary to reason, so will the result be favourable to the wishes of the experimenter. Cleanliness is moreover a grand consideration, and all the minutiae of the brush and the wisp should be as rigidly attended to as with those animals that more apparently require them: I am not an advocate for clothing; clean hay is the best litter, and, as it never harbours any description of vermin, will be found very preferably to straw. Above all, be regular in your attendance, morning and evening; and should the weather, at your stated hours of exercise, but not exactly to your mind, take the first advantage of a favourable moment to reclaim that you may have lost. I think no dog ought to undergo more than three preparations of this kind in one season, and as it will not do to have him always under a regular course of training, the intermediate space must be considered as one of pastime and relaxation.

I have thus brought the reader to the post, and before we start for the prize, I will devote a couple of sections to the Laws of the Leash, and some observations on the office of Judge, or, as he was formerly called, the *Tryer*.

**TOTAL ABOLITION OF SMOKE.**—The Duke of Wellington has prohibited smoking in the army. Queen Isabella has forbidden smoking to the Spanish students. The King of Naples, too, we understand, has sent a similar prohibitions to Mount Vesuvius. If these prohibitions are carried on much further, there will be nothing left shortly in the way of smoke, excepting the Queen's Speech.

**UNREMITTING KINDNESS.**—A comedian went to America, and remained there two years, leaving his wife dependent on her relatives. Mrs. F.—t expatiating in the green-room on the cruelty of such conduct, the comedian found a warm advocate in a well-known dramatist. "I have heard," says the latter, "that he is the kindest of men, and I know he writes to his wife every packet." "Yes, he writes," replied Mrs. F., "a parcel of flummery about the agony of absence, but he has never remitted her a shilling. Do you call that kindness?" "Decidedly," replied the other, "unremitting kindness."

\* The most proper time to enter greyhounds is a bitch at twelve, and a dog at eighteen months old, and that both are at their best at the expiration of six months from their respective periods of entrance.

\* In general the meat should be rather under-done, but varied as your dog is high or low in flesh, well done if the former, and in the opposite extreme when otherwise.

## HUNTING A BAGMAN.

The following lively description of a singular fox-chase is from the pen of R. T. Vyner, Esq.

"I may have once or twice in my life hunted a 'put down fox,' as it is sometimes called; but it is a custom I never approved of, nor have I ever known any good judges of hunting who recommended it. I once killed a fox in rather an extraordinary manner: he was not a bagman, although he appeared to have been just shook from the soot-sack of a chimney sweeper. The facts were as follows: I was sitting late one winter evening, and just upon the eve of retiring for the night, when a neighbouring farmer brought me a fox in a large basket, which he had just taken in an outhouse. As everybody was gone to bed excepting myself, and not being able to shut him up in a better place of security, I left him in the room where I was then sitting, for the night, and gave orders that he should not be disturbed till I came down in the morning; however, the next day, a maid-servant, going in to light the fire as usual, about seven o'clock, opened the shutters, when the fox, perceiving the light, jumped from the chimney where he had gone to ground, and darting through the window like a rocket, made his escape. I was immediately informed of the departure of the prisoner, and, perceiving that a heavy storm of snow had fallen, it being ankle-deep and still snowing, and the chance of hunting on that day at the regular hour being completely gone, I ordered the horses to be saddled; and in less than ten minutes they were out, the men mounted, and every hound in the kennel (forty-one couples) on the line of the fugitive: it proved to be a most burning scent, and, after a sharp burst of about two miles, we killed him as he was running in a direct line for a well-known head of earth; if the scent of reynard was good, the smell of the soot was much more pungent, as it might be winded the whole way. The animal, when killed, certainly looked like a hunted devil, and the hounds, after they had eaten him, appeared as if they had had their mustachoes blackened for a masquerade. The hole through which he had escaped was triangular, exactly the shape of his head, and so small that it seemed impossible for him to have forced his way through it. He had been during the night up and down the chimney some dozen times, as might be seen by the black marks all over the room. He had tried the chimney-piece, pictures, all the chairs, and had entered, as far as he could, into a hat and two caps which were on a table, to try to find an exit. This calls to my remembrance the anecdote of—

"Mr. Stubbs, a crack rider no doubt in his time,  
Who hunting on Sunday considered no crime."

He kept a pack of harriers, with which he used occasionally to hunt bag-foxes, and his plan for getting them into condition was, to shut them up in a small place, with a hole to admit the light about six feet above their heads, at which they would continually employ themselves in jumping, to endeavour to escape, and by that means get into good wind and condition."

I must here be permitted to write a few words on the cocktail and unmanly amusement of bag-fox hunting. I cannot but express my surprise and disgust that any one, calling himself a sportsman, should be found to advocate the practice of so barbarous and pitiable a substitute for hunting. Let the hard riders of Ireland catch their foxes in the mountains, and shake them in the plains, if they please; or let the English residents at Naples solace themselves with a four mile gallop after an unfortunate cur-dog, rendered more than half mad by a good shaking, and then ejected from a sack; but never let that gallant animal, the fox, be tortured or vanquished in any other manner than by legitimate hunting.

Some owners of packs have been known to possess a fox that has lasted their hounds for half the season, when, by a little mobbing and manœuvring, they have been enabled to pick him up by the brush, and thus save him before he could be injured by the hounds, then reconduct him to his dungeon, and reserve him for another day's torture. Talking of making a fox "do for twice" puts me in mind of a story told of Jack Shirley, who so long hunted Sir R. Sutton's hounds, some years ago. He was out with the hounds of a noble lord, which hunted within reach of the country where he lived, viz., the Barton, when, after a severe run, every one being beaten off but himself and a hard-riding young farmer, the hounds caught hold of their fox. Shirley, who was close at hand at the moment, took him from them uninjured, and, cutting off his brush, pitched him over the hedge, which, being an awfully thick one, allowed master reynard time to escape to some distance, refreshed as he no doubt was by the galvanic application of the knife, before the hounds could get once more upon his line. Just as Shirley had climbed into his saddle, the huntsman of the pack and the rest of the horsemen came up, but too late to witness the operation. After about half a mile more running, the fox was killed the second time, when the regular huntsman took him from the hounds, and was about to cut off his brush and present it to Shirley, who had requested to have it: what was his astonishment when he found it gone! It certainly was a strange and wonderful occurrence; he was first up; no one could have got it, or he should have seen him taking it; he looked round amongst the hounds to see if one of them had pulled it off in worrying their fox—no; it was not there! When Jack Shirley pulled the brush

from his pocket, and in perfect good humour threw it to his brother knight of the couples, giving him the following piece of advice:—"The next time your hounds are killing their fox, take care and stick a bit closer to 'em, or maybe I shall cut his brush off again before you, if I happen to be out, Master W—." The late Mr. Mytton was, I am sorry to record it, rather addicted to bagfox hunting; but this arose from that innate impetuosity of disposition which marked all his actions through life. On one occasion he absolutely turned out a fox during a hard frost and deep snow, and then letting out the whole pack, unattended by any horseman, retired with his visitors to the top of the house at Halston, to see what he termed the fun; after this frolic some of the hounds did not return to their kennel for two days. On another occasion the turning out of a bag-fox was attended by circumstances of a more ludicrous nature, and, as it proved, was a capital *exposé* of so childish an amusement. At the period above alluded to, the man who had the shaking of poor Charley had strict orders to make himself invisible as soon as possible after he had enlarged his charge, either by treeing like a martin-cat, or in any other way he thought best. But whether the fellow considered the servants' hall at Halston was the most retired spot in the neighbourhood, or whether he was compelled by the pangs of hunger, occasioned by two hours' close watching in the wood previous to the hounds being thrown off, has never been decided; he was determined, however, to "break cover," and, creeping along a thick hedge in the opposite direction to the field where the horsemen were collected, he escaped nearly to the house. The hounds, who had found the fox, but in a ring which he had described in the cover, changed for the line of the bearer, who, being lazy, had dragged the bag along the ground instead of carrying it, when they fairly ran into him full cry, in view of the whole field, who were no doubt much amused at the stupidity of the fellow who had marred the plot.

A "Friend to all Sports," in an excellent letter which appeared in a popular sporting weekly paper some short time ago, very justly observes—"Give each sport its fair patronage; encourage fox-hunting with foxhounds, hare-hunting with harriers, but do not encourage them to interfere with each other's game, and, above all, let the non-hunting portion of the community know, that half the pleasure of the chase consists in giving the hunted animal a fair chance—a bag-fox never has! You might as well expect a convict escaped from the condemned cell of Newgate to run as stout as a trained pedestrian, as a bag-fox to show the sport of a wild one.

**EXTRAORDINARY FIND.**—While a gentleman was looking at the salmon essaying to pass Powick weir the other day, his dog, a bitch of the Newfoundland breed, discovered a very curious magazine. She begun scratching and sniffing violently at a rat-hole situate under a beam at the extremity of the weir, and some couple of yards from the water; guessing there was something extraordinary there, it was examined, when it was found to contain nineteen lampreys, all alive, and in good order, which some fishermen insisted had been stored by the rats. As the water had not reached the spot for a long time previous, the lampreys clearly had been carried there by some means, and the fishermen say that the rats are continually in the habit of robbing their putcheons.

**A PRIZE PEASANT SHOW.**—The custom of stuffing cattle to an unnatural degree, is, we are told, desirable, for the purpose of improving the character of stock, and we should be very glad to see the experiment tried of improving the characters of peasants and agricultural labourers by feeding them. We should very much like to have an annual show of prize poor got up in the numerous districts where the "friends of the working man" are so very busy in cramming cattle with all kinds of herbaceous luxuries. If a good quantity of fat stock is a sign of their owner being a good farmer, surely a good quantity of plump, portly-looking labourers would be a testimonial to the goodness of their employer. We fear, however, there is no chance for any experiment being made which would involve the necessity of generous dieting. There is a much greater probability of a competition between the Norfolk and Buckland principles, by a show of rival peasants, fed respectively on peas, starch, and mangel-wurzel, or the celebrated promoter of warmth lately introduced to the notice of the poor in the shape of curry powder. We can fancy what a capital catalogue could be made up from the materials of such an exhibition. No. 1. A short-legged Norfolk labourer. Fed on boiling water and curry powder. Walked 30 miles to the exhibition. Bred in the Norwich workhouse. 1st prize.—No. 2. A Hampshire labourer. Supported entirely on starch. Brought in a cab half a mile to the exhibition, by Dr. Buckland. 2nd prize.—No. 3. An old bankrupt thimble-rig proprietor, who since the abolition of gambling at races has been living entirely on his remaining stock of peas, with a slice of mangel-wurzel twice a week, and a little starch on Sundays, 3rd prize. We think that in order to make the rivalry complete, the union workhouse should be allowed to send in a limited number of paupers for competition.—*Punch*.

**WILD GESE ON WINDERMERE.**—On Sunday night last a "gaggle" of wild geese, twenty-four in number, was seen on Windermere lake. At times they flew very low, and were within gun-shot, partly owing to the hazy mist. Notwithstanding it was Sunday, many would-be sportsmen were out with their old "Copenhagens" pelting away at the poor geese.—*Westmoreland Gazette*.



## ANECDOTES OF THE HORSE.

The following anecdotes appear in the 68th part of *Knight's Weekly Volumes for all Readers*, (just published), "The History of the Horse;" by Mr. W. C. L. Martin:—

"A curious circumstance came under the personal notice of Col. Hamilton Smith, at once proving both the memory and attachment of the horse. The Colonel had a charger in his possession for two years, which he left with the army, but which was brought back and sold in London. About three years afterwards the Colonel chanced to travel up to town, and at a relay, on getting out of the mail, the off-wheel horse attracted his attention. On going near to examine it with more care he found the animal recognising him, and testifying its satisfaction by rubbing its head against him, and making every moment a little stamp with its fore feet, to the surprise of the coachman, who asked if the horse was not an old acquaintance. It was—it was his own old charger.

"A lady, remarkable for benevolence to the brute creation, observed from her garden-gate one day a miserable horse, with the shoulder raw and bleeding, attempting to graze on an open spot adjacent; having, by means of some bread, coaxed the poor animal to the gate; she then managed, with some assistance, to cover the wound with adhesive plaster spread on a piece of soft leather. The man to whom the animal belonged (one of those ignorant and careless beings who are indifferent to the sufferings of any but themselves) shortly afterwards led the horse away. The next day, however, the horse made his appearance again at the gate, over which he put his head and gently neighed. On looking at him it was found that the plaster was removed, either by the animal's master or by the rubbing of the ill-made collar in which he worked. The plaster was renewed. The third day he appeared again, requiring the same attention, which he solicited in a similar manner. After this the plaster was allowed to remain, and the horse recovered; but ever after, whenever it saw its benefactress, it would immediately approach her, and by voice and action testify its sense of her kindness and notice. This anecdote, for the truth of which we can personally testify, proves how sensible the horse is of humane treatment, and how grateful for benefits bestowed. Considerate treatment and every care are due to an animal from whose services man derives such important benefits; but too often does man forget that he has a duty to perform, not only towards his fellow-man, but towards those domestic animals which Providence has intrusted to him for his welfare.

"We know nothing that shows the docility of the horse more than the feats it is taught to perform in the 'spectacles' of the modern circus. To lie down and rise at command, to perform various tricks at given signals, to feign death, to take its part as an actor in mimic combats, to endure with patience the bizarre actions of the laugh-exciting buffoon, are among the lessons which it is taught, and which it admirably executes. In docility there is no comparison between the horse and the ass; for though with kind treatment the latter is more tractable than is generally supposed, still its disposition is not so pliable, nor its tractability so complete, as that of the horse; and we doubt whether it could be brought to supply the place of that animal in the exhibitions alluded to. It has not the mercurial fire and the mettle of the horse, but is more staid and sober—at least in our climate; indeed from old times its stubbornness of disposition has been noted, in contrast with the generous temper of the horse; though it must be confessed that among horses there are many exceptions to the rule, and occasionally we meet with animals exceedingly vicious and obstinate; but in most cases they have been spoiled when young by improper severity.

"A curious instance of the cunning and memory displayed by the horse is exemplified in the following anecdote from the 'Plain Englishman.' The late General Pater, of the East India service, was a remarkably fat man: while stationed at Madras he purchased a charger, which after a short trial all at once betook itself to a trick of lying down whenever the General prepared to get upon his back. Every expedient was tried without success to cure him of the trick; and the laugh was so much indulged against the General's corpulency that he found it convenient to dispose of his horse to a young officer quitting the settlement for a distant station up the country. Upwards of two years had subsequently elapsed, when, in the execution of his official duties, General Pater left Madras to inspect one of the frontier cantonments. He travelled, as is the usual custom in India, in his palanquin (a covered couch, carried on men's shoulders). The morning after his arrival at the station the troops were drawn out; and as he had brought no horses, it was proper to provide for his being suitably mounted, though it was not easy to find a charger equal to his weight. At length an officer resigned to him a powerful horse for the occasion, which was brought out duly caparisoned in front of the line. The General came forth from his tent and proceeded to mount, but the instant the horse saw him advance he flung himself flat upon the sand, and neither blows nor entreaties could induce him to rise. It was the General's old charger, who, from the moment of quitting his service, had never once practised the artifice until this second meeting. The General, who was an exceedingly good-humoured man, joined heartily in the universal shout that ran through the whole line on witnessing this ludicrous affair."

**EXTRAORDINARY SAGACITY.**—A singular instance of canine sagacity occurred near Horsham. Mr. A. Blackiston, the landlord of the Queen's Head Inn, Horsham, went with his horse and cart to Newick on Saturday last, and took with him his dog, a very sagacious animal of the terrier tribe; but soon after his arrival at Newick his dog left him and returned home, and remained there all day Sunday and Monday until six o'clock in the evening, when he was seen to go on the road to Newick, and proceeded as far as Burchenbridge-mill (a very dark and lonely spot, about one mile and a half from Horsham,) when he must have heard his master coming, as he struck up howling, as if to warn him of approaching danger. (Mr. Blackiston heard a howling as far as a mile on the road.) The dog waited there and continued howling until Mr. Blackiston came up; then appearing very much pleased, trotted a few yards' distance before the horse for about two hundred yards, when, all at once, he flew in the face of a man concealed in the hedge, and immediately another man sprang out of the other side of the road and tried to catch the rein of Mr. Blackiston's horse, but, being alarmed so suddenly by the dog, missed his aim, and of course Mr. Blackiston made as fast as possible for home. Now, there may be many questions arise from this. How came the dog to go off just at six on Monday evening? How came he to know his master was coming that night? How was it he was as far as the mill and then began howling? To these questions we can make no satisfactory reply, except as regards the last; we conclude the animal must have seen these men standing behind the hedge, but then he must be possessed of more than usual sagacity to suspect them of mischief. All we can say is, it is a fact.—*Brighton Herald*.

**THE BIRDS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.**—This collection, which belongs to the Ornithological Society, at the present time contains upwards of three hundred birds, including twenty-one species, and fifty-one distinct varieties. Although some of the specimens occasionally wander to some distance, but few comparatively are lost, as they generally return, even after a long absence, the secluded plantations and islands being quite congenial to their habits.

**AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR DECEMBER.**—Notwithstanding we have now arrived at the close of 1845, the atmosphere during the whole of the past month has been extremely mild and vegetative. In all parts of England, as well, indeed, as throughout the United Kingdom, farm labour have progressed remarkably well, and it affords us great pleasure to be enabled to assert that the winter wheat plants are every where represented as looking strong and healthy, although they stand much in need of a sharp frosts to check premature exuberance.—*Farmer's Magazine*.

**THE SALMON FISHERIES.**—With the last day of the year terminate the 'close season' for salmon in the river Severn and its tributaries, and on New Year's Day it was again lawful to take seasonable salmon. We use the word seasonable, because at the very early period at which, by the present law, the season commences, there are so many spawning fish in the river. Fortunately the present high floods will bring down the spawn before the netting begins, and consequently a vast number will be saved for next year's supply. The late high waters have been most favourable for the spawning season.

**RAILWAY SCALE OF MANNERS.**—We have often been struck with the difference of manner assumed by railway officials towards different people. Shut your eyes, and you can tell from the tone of their voice whom they are addressing. The following examples will best illustrate our meaning. The railway potentate is calling upon the passengers to get their tickets ready. He calls:—"To the third class (*fortissime*), 'Tickets, tickets, come get your tickets ready.' To the second class (*forte*), 'Tickets, gents; get your tickets ready, gents.' To the first class (*piano*), 'Get your tickets ready, gentlemen, if you please; ticket ready, if you please, gentlemen.'—*Punch*.

## THE SPORTSMAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS HORSE.

My noble steed, my gallant grey,  
Thou well deserv'st my song!  
For ne'er was seen the pace of day  
For thee too fast or long.

A roadster good, not straddling high,  
Nor shuffling low I find thee;  
But stepping straight and cheerily,  
Thou leav'st the miles behind thee.

At cover side, not wasting force  
In fretting like a novice,  
Thou calmly ey'st the prickly gorse,  
And wait'st to hear the office.

But when he's gone!—then like a bird  
Thou clearest rail and river;  
No weary sob from thee is heard,  
Nor gives thy tail a quiver.

And when at night we home return  
Thou need'st not gruel thin,  
But greet'st with welcome neigh thy corn,  
Clean sifted, from the bin.

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By these inventions the great inconvenience which unavoidably takes place when an accident happens to harness, and to which the very best is liable, is effectually prevented, as the delay need now never exceed from three to five minutes.

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Sir,—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thanking you before this time, for your politeness in sending me your pills as you did. I now take this opportunity of sending an order for the amount, and, at the same time, to add that your Pills have effected a cure of a disorder in my liver and stomach, which all the most eminent of the Faculty at home, and all over the Continent, had not been able to effect; nay, not even the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad. I wish to have another Box, and a Pot of Ointment in case of any of my family should ever require either.

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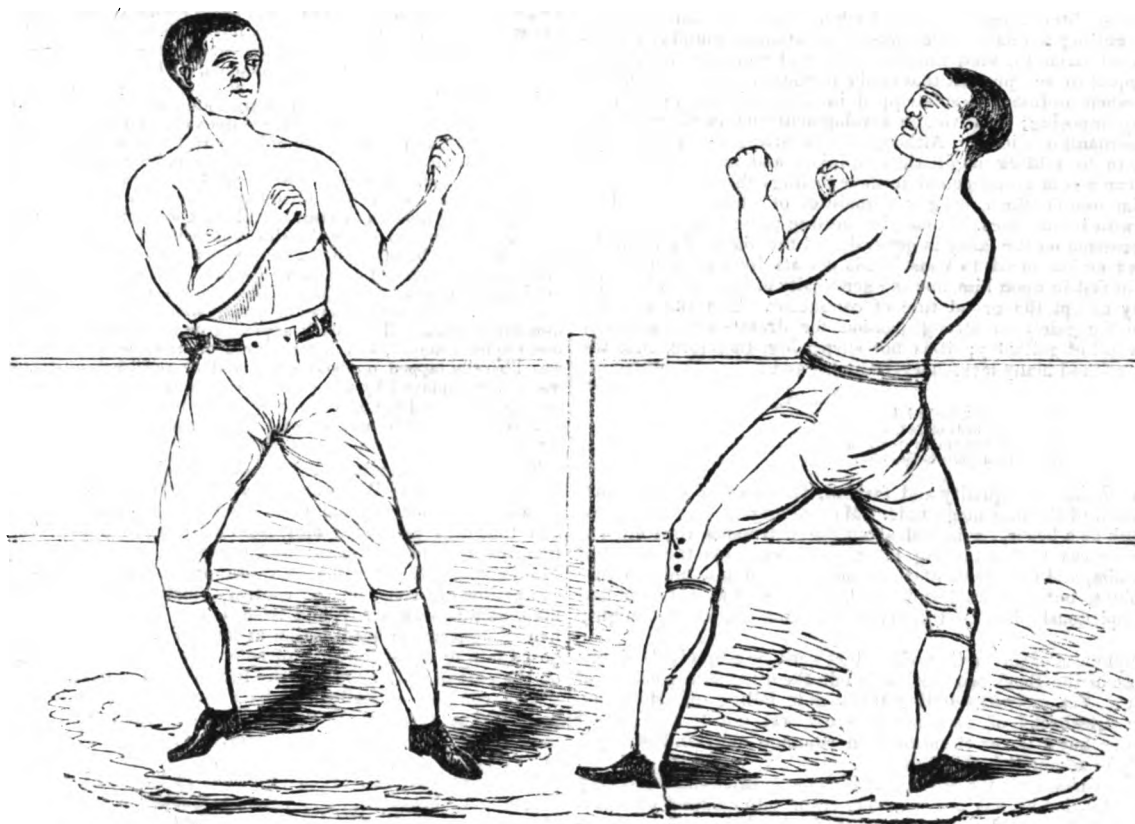
LONDON:—Printed by JOHN WORTHAM, of 313, Strand, in the parish of St. Mary-le-Strand; and Published at the Office, 42, Holywell-street, by E. DIPPLE.—Thursday Jan. 8, 1846.

# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 36. FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 24, 1846. THREE HALF-PENCE.

[Stamped to send free by Post, Three-pence.]

## FIGHT BETWEEN HARRY WALKER AND BARNASH, JANUARY 13TH, 1846.



[For Particulars see STAMPED EDITION.]

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME. PERIOD IV. 1798—1820.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF JEM BELCHER TO THE LAST BATTLE OF CRIER.

### CHAPTER XL

THOMAS MOLINEUX—(concluded.)

FROM the time of this important and all-absorbing contest upwards of eighteen months elapsed (until March 31, 1813) before Molineux met with a competitor, (in Carter, though he had publicly challenged all England; this contest, however, did not take place, owing to Richmond arresting Molineux.

A short time after this match was off, Molineux was engaged in a brush with Power, the cause of which has been variously related. Power having been dealt with by Richmond not in a way satisfactory to his feelings, had publicly declared vengeance against the man of colour; and on meeting with Molineux at the house of Richmond, some words

ensued, in which Power committed himself in some observations on colour which were resented by Molineux; a challenge followed, and the men immediately stripped, to decide the affair of honour in the street. It was a most irregular contest, and impossible to be described with any degree of accuracy; but the science of Power was visible, and he milled the nob of the Black in good style and got away; yet still Molineux was too heavy for him, and upon closing in the crowd science proved but of little advantage. At times they both fell, and after seventeen minutes of considerable confusion this row ended: the friends of Power interfered, deeming it advisable that he should no longer contend with so powerful a man as Molineux.

The following paragraph having appeared in the Leicester paper of Feb. 3, 1813:—"Jay, the pugilist, has challenged Molineux to fight at any notice; but Blackee remains both deaf and dumb to this challenge, as

he did to Cribb's immediate acceptance of a vaunting challenge to him. The Champion promises him a love-dressing for his bounce, if he could be prevailed on to come to London."

To which Molineux thus replied—"I, the said Molineux, do declare, that I never received any challenge, but through the medium of your print, but I am ready to fight Jay at any place, within the county of Leicester, for a sum not exceeding 200*l*., if accepted within one month of the above date. In opposition to that part of the paragraph which relates to Cribb, I do declare that I sent him a challenge within two months, but I have received no answer; my friends being mentioned in the challenge, who would back me to any amount; and that I have never received any challenge from Cribb since I last fought him.

N.B. Letters left at the Post-Office, Leicester, will be duly attended.

The mark of THOS. MOLINEUX.

Molineux was also a pretty good wrestler, and displayed great activity and powers at the Exeter meeting of July 27, 1812, where he entered himself for the public prize of Ten Guineas, but received a dreadful fall from John Snow, of Moreton.

After his second defeat by Cribb, Molineux became an object of attack to such boxers as aspired to the top of the tree, and Scotland was the theatre of his exploits. From his irregularity of life at the period, (May 1814,) when he entered the ring with Fuller, he was nothing like the pugilist who first entered the lists with Cribb. Molineux came to this country with milling requisites inferior to none, stamina sound and vigorous, Herculean strength, wind undebauched, and confident in himself that he was equal to any pugilist that could be found. It is but justice to state that when Molineux first stripped in England, his appearance was extremely imposing; his muscular development fine in the extreme; and his frame manliness itself. Although the sporting world preferred having a white to a black pugilistic champion, and an Englishman's wearing the cap was more congenial to their feelings than an American, still it was impossible the courageous qualities of Molineux could be passed over with indifference. In fact, his milling pretensions had made a strong impression on the fancy in general, and the higher flights of the boxing circles endeavoured to console his defeats by liberal presents. Cash flowed in fast in upon him, and the generosity of the swells left him little to envy except the proud title of conqueror. The Black had a natural taste for gaiety—a strong passion for dress—was amorously inclined, and full of gallantry; it is not surprising, therefore, that the Black Samson found many mercenary Dalilahs, and

Plung'd  
In general riot, melted down his youth  
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd  
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd  
The sugar'd game before him.

With togs of the best quality and fashion, the man of colour soon appeared a swell of the first magnitude. Maintaining, then, the highest secondary rank as a boxer, he dashed about the metropolis, regardless of future consequences to his milling fame. Pleasure was the order of the day with him, and the stewards of the capital tended not only to ease him of his blunt, but soon undermined that overwhelming power and pluck, so conspicuously displayed in his terrible combats with the mighty Cribb.

The consequences of such a line of conduct need be scarcely dwelt on; the iron-frame of the Black soon seriously felt the dilapidating effects of intemperance. Yet, notwithstanding this visible falling off, Molineux, with all the drawbacks of enervating excess, was not to be beat off hand, and none but a boxer of more than common skill and strength seemed likely to accomplish this task.

Fuller, whose character for science and game entitled him to every consideration, fancied he was able in every respect to contend with this renowned milling hero, and the amateurs of Scotland, in order to facilitate a match between them, entered into a subscription, purse of 100 *g*., to be fought for in a forty-foot ring. Early in the morning, on the day appointed for the above trial of skill to be decided, Friday, the 27th of May, 1814, at Bishopstorf, Paisley, Ayrshire, the fancy were in motion. Numerous vehicles of all descriptions were seen rattling along the road to the scene of action, and scampering pedestrians out of number, to witness the novelty of a prize-mill in Scotland. Some thousands of spectators formed the ring, and upwards of one hundred carriages belonging to gentlemen were upon the ground. Molineux was seconded by Carter, and Fuller had the veteran Joe Ward and George Cooper. Five to four on the Black. At one o'clock the ceremony of shaking hands was performed, and the men set-to. Both the combatants displayed good science; but the blows of Fuller, although he put in several with much dexterity, appeared more showy than effective. However, on Fuller's planting a desperate ribber, Joe Ward ironically observed, that "if he continued to hit his man so hard, they should all be baulked, and the fight be over too soon." The battle had continued only eight minutes, when the sheriff of Renfrewshire, attended by constables, entered the ring, and put a stop to it in the 4th round. Both the combatants appeared much chagrined, particularly Molineux, who vauntingly declared, "had he foreseen such an interruption, he would have finished off his opponent before the arrival of the sheriff." The man of colour, it seems, was so confident of victory, that, previous to the fight, he betted five to two he drew first blood

—this bet he won; and also two to one he floored Fuller first—the latter was not decided. Fuller expressed himself ready to settle the matter the next day, but Molineux insisted the fight should not take place till the following Tuesday.

The above arrangement was agreed to, and, on Tuesday, May 31, they again met at Auchineux, twelve miles from Glasgow. Fuller was attended by Ward and Cooper, Molineux by an Irish serjeant, of the name of Hallward, assisted by a private. The umpires were Capt Cadogan and Mr. George Stirling, and in case of any dispute, Mr. Graham, of Guntmaux, as the referee. This battle is without parallel. There is nothing like it in the annals of pugilism. It is thus described by the veteran Joe Ward, from whom the account given in BOXIANA was gathered, and which we here reprint:—

#### THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Fuller displayed some good positions, and convinced the spectators that he was a scientific boxer. His guard was firm and imposing, and he seemed confident of success. They sparred a considerable time, with good skill, before any punishment was exhibited; at length Fuller, by a tremendous hit, drew the cork of his antagonist. Molineux, upon the claret making its appearance, became rather impetuous, and attacked Fuller fiercely; but the latter stopped with much adroitness, and gave some heavy nobbling returns. A desperate rally now took place, during which severe milling was dealt out on both sides; the men broke away, and again resorted to sparring. Fuller's nose was much peppered, and the crimson flowed abundantly. In short this unprecedented round was filled with rallies—retreats—retreating—following each other alternately round the ring—stopping and hitting with various success—and both exhausted by turns, till at length Molineux was levelled by a tremendous blow, and the round finished after a lapse of twenty-eight minutes.

2. To describe anything like the various changes which occurred during this set-to, would fill the space of an ordinary report of a whole fight. Suffice it to observe, that almost every "dodge" of the milling art was resorted to, from beginning to end. The skill, practice, and experience of both the combatants were made use of to the best advantage. Fuller proved himself a boxer of more than ordinary science and game. Molineux was convinced he had got a troublesome customer to deal with, who required serving out in a masterly style before he could be satisfied. In fact, the strength of the Man of Colour seemed materially deteriorated as compared with his former exhibitions, when he used to hit his men away from him, and levelled his opponents with the most perfect sang froid. The severe blows of Fuller, who stuck close to Molineux, made him wince again! The Black appeared much exhausted from the great portion required to give, and heartily tired of what he had to take. The claret was liberally tapped on both sides, and as regarded Fuller, stancher game was never displayed by any pugilist whatever. Upon the whole, it was a truly singular fight, and the people of Scotland witnessed the most unique specimen of English prize-fighting. In sixty-eight minutes two rounds only had taken place.

The contest terminated in rather a singular manner. Molineux asserted that "Joe Ward had behaved foul, in pulling Fuller down, when he was much distressed and had been beaten all over the ring in a rally; and that this prevented him from putting in a decisive blow." The umpires decided it was so; and the purse was accordingly awarded to Molineux. The latter did not appear any thing like the once tremendous competitor of Cribb; on the contrary, instead of going boldly up to his man, he was always shy, and tried to win by tiring out his man. Molineux fought at the head, Fuller at the body. Notwithstanding the supposed falling off of the man of colour, it was considered great temerity on the part of Fuller to enter the lists with Molineux.

The conduct of Fuller in the above fight gave such general satisfaction, that a purse of 50 guineas, which had been subscribed for at match between Cooper and Carter, in consequence of that battle not taking place, was presented to Fuller.

Molineux attracted much attention in Scotland, and a match was at length made between him and George Cooper, a boxer of superior talent. On the 11th of March, 1815, these first-rate heroes of the fist met at Corset-hill, in Lanarkshire. In twenty minutes Molineux was defeated.

Intemperance was the ruin of Molineux; and, it would seem, that within a brief period his fame had become so tarnished, that every strong commoner entertained an idea that he could serve out the once formidable Mas of Colour, as the following anecdote will evince. During Molineux's provincial tour of 1813, he visited Derby, to give the natives an exhibition of his milling accomplishments. The competitor of Cribb was well attended, and several Johnny Raws had the temerity to have a taste with the Black; but these, possessing little more than strength and courage, soon found themselves inadequate to contend against the science of Molineux, and therefore wisely laid down the gloves. Not so a country pugilist of the name of Abraham Denton, possessing Herculean strength, and the stature of a giant, added to which his fame was well abroad in these parts for milling, in which none dared to oppose him. Abraham had rather "crept into favour with himself" and entertained an idea that, with the mufflers, he should be able to serve out the Moor in style, and increase his renown as a miller. Great things were expected from the countryman; and considerable interest was excited among the spectators upon their setting-to. But, unfortunately for Abraham, he had calculated somewhat too hastily upon his great size and strength, and two rallies with the Black were quite enough to convince him of his error. Molineux punished the chaw-bacon most severely for his self-conceit, and, with one of his favourite left-handed lunges, gave

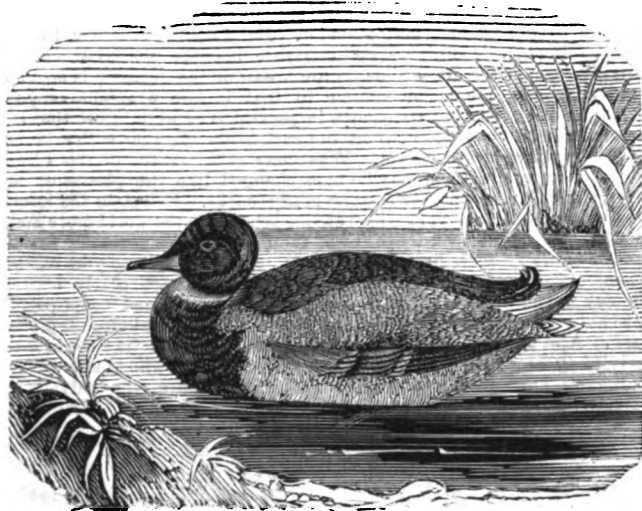


him such a remembrancer under his left eye, that the claret flew in all directions, and the big 'un found his way to the ground, saluting it roughly with his seat of honour. The conceit of Abraham now evaporated, and he hastily retired amidst the laughter of the audience.

From Scotland, Molineux went on a sparring tour into Ireland; and at the latter end of the year 1817, he was travelling over the northern parts of that country, teaching the warm-hearted natives the use of their fists. But the sun of his prosperity was set; and according to an obituary sketch (given in the *SPORTING MAGAZINE*, vol. 2, p. 230, 1818) he was dependent for bare existence on the humanity of two coloured compatriots, serving in the 77th regiment, then quartered at Galway; he expired in the band-room of that regiment, on the 4th of August, 1818, a wasted skeleton, the mere shadow of his former self. For the last four years he strolled about the country. Intemperance, and its sure follower disease, brought down the once formidable gladiator to a mere anatomy, and he latterly declined to fight the oft-defeated, and gone-by Dan Dogherty. Molineux was illiterate, and ostentatious, but good-tempered, liberal, and generous to a fault. Fond of gay-life, fine clothes, and amorous to excess, he deluded himself with the idea that his strength of constitution was proof against excesses. Alas! poor Molineux found out the vanity of his conceited boast, and repented, but too late, his folly. Peace be to his manes! he was a brave, but reckless and inconsiderate man, on whose integrity and straightforwardness none who knew him ever cast a slur; nevertheless he was the worst of fools, inasmuch as he sacrificed fame, fortune, and life, excusing himself by the absurd plea, that "he was a fool to no one but himself."

END OF PERIOD IV.

### BRITISH BIRDS.—NO. XXVII.



THE MALLARD.

**T**HE Mallard, or Common Wild Drake, weighs from thirty-six to forty ounces, and measures twenty-three inches in length, and thirty-five in breadth. The bill is of a yellowish-green colour, not very flat, about an inch broad, and two and a half long, from the corners of the mouth, to the tip of the nail: the head and upper half of the neck are of a glossy deep changeable green, terminated in the middle of the neck by a white collar, with which it is nearly encircled: the lower part of the neck, breast, and shoulders are of a deep vinous chestnut; the covering scapular feathers are of a kind of silvery white, those underneath rufous; and both are prettily crossed with small waved threads of brown: wing coverts ash: quills brown, and between those intervenes the beauty-spot (common in the duck tribe), which crosses the closed wing in a transverse oblique direction; it is of a rich glossy purple, with violet or green reflections, and bordered by a double streak of black and white. The belly is of a pale gray, delicately pencilled, and crossed with numberless narrow waved dusky lines, which, on the other sides and long feathers that reach over the thighs, are more strongly and distinctly marked: the upper and under tail coverts, lower part of the back and rump are black; the latter glossed with green: the four middle tail-feathers are also black, with purple reflections, and, like those of the domestic drake, are stiffly curled upwards, the rest are sharp-pointed, and fade off to the exterior sides, from a brown to a dull white: legs, toes, and webs red.

The plumage of the female is very different from that of the male, and partakes of none of his beauties except the spot on the wings. All the other parts are plain brown, marked with black. She makes her nest, lays from ten to sixteen greenish-white eggs, and rears her young gene-

rally in the most sequestered mosses or bogs, far from the haunts of man, and hidden from his sight among reeds and rushes.

We have known the wild duck to have bred on dry heaths, and three instances of their nests being found in trees: one in an old magpie's nest, situated in a Scotch fir growing on a heath; the two others on the crown of willow pollards near the margin of a stream. For richness and harmony of colour, the mallard can vie with any of the British birds. The cock pheasant, though splendid, looks artificial and tawdry when compared with it. The flavour is delicious to the epicure; and to the sportsman the sight of one springing from a reed bed is delightful. It requires both caution and skill to approach their haunts to get a successful shot, as the mallard is one of the most wary of birds, and delights in lone and sequestered places; consequently awake to every sound of intrusion on its retirement. In the autumn these birds pass from north to south, and in spring again seek their northern abode. Franklin, in his "Narrative of an Overland Journey from Hudson's Bay, to discover a north-west passage," says, "In the spring vast flocks of wild ducks, &c., made their appearance in this northern latitude for the purpose of incubation." Many breed with us, and about March may be found in pairs,

"Calm on the bosom of some little lake,  
Too closely screened for ruffian winds to shake."

To the unsophisticated sportsman the pursuit of wild-fowl yields infinite delight; to the clamorous battue abortive; to the skilful decoymen it is profitable; and to a man seated in a punt, firing his swivel guns, it is drudgery—profit though there may be.

The Game Act has a clause to prevent wild-fowl from being killed from the last day of March to the first of October: this will prevent those squabs called flappers being destroyed in a very unsporting-like sort of sport. The penalty will save the birds until they arrive at maturity.

The following curious account of MALLARD Day at Oxford, and its origin, will interest many of the readers of the *SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE*. At All-Souls College, Oxford, there is annually on the evening of this day a great merry-making, occasioned by a circumstance related in "Oxonienis Academia, or the Antiquities and Curiosities of the University of Oxford, by the Rev. John Pointer," who says,—

"Another custom is that of celebrating their Mallard-night every year on the 14th of January, in remembrance of a huge mallard or drake, found (as tradition goes) imprisoned in a gutter or drain under ground, and grown to a vast bigness, at the digging for the foundation of the College.

"Now to account for the longevity of this mallard, Mr. Willughby, in his Ornithology, tells us (p. 14 speaking of the age of birds) that he was assured by a friend of his, a person of very good credit, that his father kept a goose known to be eighty years of age, and as yet sound and lusty, and like enough to have lived many years longer, had he not been forced to kill her for her mischievousness, worrying and destroying the young geese and goslings.

"And my lord Bacon, in his Natural History, p. 286, says the goose may pass among the long livers, though his food be commonly grass and such kind of nourishment, especially the wild-geese: whereupon this proverb grew among the Germans: *Magis senex quam Anser-nivalis*—older than a wild-geese.

"And, if a goose be such a long-lived bird, why not a duck or drake, since I reckon they may be both ranked in the same class, though of a different species as to their size, as a rat and a mouse.

"And, if so, this may help to give credit to our All-souls mallard. However, this is certain, this mallard is the accidental occasion of a great gaudy once a year, and great mirth, though the commemoration of their founder is the chief occasion. For on this occasion is always sung a merry old song."

This notice caused "A complete vindication of the mallard of All-souls College, against the injurious suggestions of the Rev. Mr. Pointer:" a publication by a pleasant writer, who, with mock gravity, contends that the illustrious mallard had, through a "forged hypothesis," been degraded into a goose. To set this important affair in a true light, he proceeds to say—

"I shall beg leave to transcribe a passage from Thomas Walsingham, a monk of St. Alban's, and regius professor of history in that monastery about the year 1440. This writer is well known among the historians for his *Historia Brevis*, written in Latin, and published both by Camden and archbishop Parker: but the tract I am quoting is in English, and entitled, "Of wonderful and surprising Eventys," and, as far as I can find, has never yet been printed. The eighth chapter of his fifth book begins thus:—

"Ryghte wele worthie of note is thilke famous tale of the All-Soulen Mallarde, the whiche, because it bin acted in our daies, and of a surety vouched unto me, I will in fewe wordys relate.

"Whenas Henrye Chichele, the late renowned archbishops of Cantorberye, had minded to founden a collidge in Oxenforde, for the heale of his soule and the soules of all those who perished in the warres of Fraunce, fighteing valientlye under our most gracious Henrye the fiftie moche was he distraughten concerning the place he myghte choose for thilke purpose. Him thinkyth some whylest how he myghte place it withouten the eastern porte of the cite, bothe for the pleassuntesse

of the meadowes and the clere stremys thereby runninge. Agen him thinkyth odir whylest howe he mote buiden it on the northe side for the helpeful ayre there coming from the felde. Nowe while he doubteth thereon he dremt, and behold there appereth unto him one of righte godeleye personage, sayinge and advyising as howe he myghte placen his collidge in the highe strete of the cite, nere unto the chirche of our blessed ladie the Virgine, and in witnesse that it was sowthe, and no vain and deceitful phantasie, wolled him to laye the first stane of the foundation at the corner which turneth towards the Cattys-strete, where in delvinge he myghte of a suretye finde a schwoppinge mallarde imprisoned in the sinke or sewere, welle yfattered and almost ybosten. Sure token of the thriveance of his future college.

"Moche doubteth he when he awoke on the nature of this vision, whether he mote give hede thereto or not. Then advyisyth he there with monie docters and leamyd clerkys, who all seyde howe he oughte to maken trial upon it. Then comyth he to Oxenforde, and on a daye fixed, after masse seyde, proceedeth he in solemne wyse, with spades and pickaxes for the nonce provided, to the place afore spoken of. But long they had not digged ere they herde, as it myghte seme, within the wam of the erthe, horrid strugglings and flutteringes, and anon violent quakings of the distressyd mallarde. Then Chichele lyfeth up his hondes and seyth Benedicite, &c. &c. Nowe when they broughte him forth, behold the size of his bodie was as that of a bustarde or an ostridge. And moche wonder was therest; for the lycke had not been seene in this londe, ne in onie odir."

Upon this "historical proof" the vindicator rests the verity of the venerable mallard, and goes on to prove that "Mr. Pointer, by taking the longevity of the mallard for granted, hath endeavoured to establish thereon the hypothesis of the goose in opposition to all truth and testimony, both historical and prophetic." The vindicator further affirms that he is greatly surprised to find "an orthodox clergyman, like Mr. Pointer, abetting errors, and proposing (though obscurely) dangerous innovations." For, he enquires, "would any one but this author have represented so august a ceremony, as the celebration of the mallard, by those vulgar circumstances of eating and drinking, and singing a merry old song?"

However, to conclude all that can be reasonably said of this commemoration and its origin, and, because this "merry old song" hath not been given by either the alleged asperser or the asperser of the bird of All-souls, the ballad is extracted and printed below, from a collection well known to Oxonians. It must not however be forgotten that the reverend author of "A companion to the Guide, and a Guide to the Companion," which purports to be "A complete supplement to all the accounts of Oxford hitherto published," says, in his preface, that the Reverend Mr. Pointer, rector of Slapton in Northamptonshire, was but little acquainted with our academical annals, is evident, from his supposing the mallard of All-souls college to be a goose."

#### THE MERRY OLD SONG OF ALL-SOUL'S MALLARD.

Griffin, bustard, turkey, capon,  
Let other hungry mortals gape on;  
And on the bones their stomach fall hard,  
But let All-souls' men have their mallard,  
Oh! by the blood of King Edward,  
Oh! by the blood of King Edward,  
It was a swapping, swapping mallard.

The Romans once admired a gander,  
More than they did their chief commander;  
Because he sav'd, if some don't fool us,  
The place that's called th' head of Telus,  
Oh! by the blood, &c.

The poets feign Jove turned a swan,  
But let them prove it if they can,  
As for our proof 'tis not at all hard,  
For it was a swapping, swapping mallard,  
Oh! by the blood, &c.

Therefore let us sing and dance a galliard  
To the remembrance of the mallard:  
And as the mallard dives in pool,  
Let us dabble, dive, and duck in bowl.  
Oh! by the blood of King Edward,  
Oh! by the blood of King Edward,  
It was a swapping, swapping mallard.

**MORE THAN A MONTH WITHOUT FOOD.**—The following anecdote is one of the many examples we have of animals sustaining life for a great length of time without food; and seems to be decisive as to the possibility of the fact, which many have doubted, and who have sought to account for their living long in such situations by finding other food where they were confined. "A cock, the property of Mr. Edward Lemin, of Mr. Edward Lemin, of Truro, in October 1793, fell into a shaft four fathoms deep, where it remained for one month before it was discovered: it was taken out alive and unhurt, though in a very emaciated state, and by proper treatment perfectly recovered. It was impossible that it could have received any food or water whilst it was in the shaft."—*Captain Brown's Anecdotes of Horses.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### OBSERVATIONS ON THE SEX OF BIRDS, PARTICULARLY PARTRIDGES AND PHEASANTS.

To the Editor of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Shooting has been a species of sport in which I have always taken great delight. In one of my excursions a few seasons back, accompanied by a friend, I brought down a pheasant, which we concluded to be an hermaphrodite, as its feathers so much resembled those of a cock bird, only fainter in their lustre. Since however I had the pleasure of receiving full satisfaction as to this circumstance; for being lately on a visit to a gentleman who keeps pheasants I there saw several hens in the state above described, and others beginning to change, which I was told was a common thing, and that they never bred afterwards. And in confirmation of this assertion during our conversation upon the subject, the gamekeeper of a neighbouring baronet came to beg some hens, for all his were changed, and consequently would breed no more.

The change begins at the breast where those beautiful feathers are seen in the cock bird: and though some of the hens, which were but young, had only a few feathers changed in that part, yet I was assured, that all those hens would cease laying in a year or two and be totally changed. But though this be not uncommon with tame birds, yet I apprehend it is otherwise in their wild state because I never saw but the one above mentioned; my companion was also of the same opinion, who being an excellent marksman, had killed great numbers of pheasants but never before seen one of this description.

Whether the same change takes place in the nature of partridges or not, I am ignorant. Yet some years ago I was with a friend who had in his garden a covey of partridges, that had been bred there, and were used to come into a basket every evening. I observed that several of them had two or three colored feathers on their breasts which I took notice of to him as something singular. But I do not recollect to have seen the like in wild birds. The difference between the cock and hen partridge except the horse shoe on the breast of the former, is so small that a change in the latter similar to that in the pheasant may not readily be observed; but sportsmen in general very well know that it is common to find two three or more old cock-birds together without a hen at the beginning of the season. What may be the reason of this I know not, whether any of them may be hens changed like the pheasants and so past breeding or whether they be really cocks. For as in the human species Providence for very wise reasons sends into the world more males than females: so in several species of the fowl kind we generally find the number of cocks exceeding that of hens. And this if I may be allowed to conjecture is a very wise provision in pheasants particularly because the cock is a more varying disposition than the hen, and consequently more able to be found; and he is moreover a larger and more tempting mark. And the cock partridge by his chattering when he rises is more likely to attract the notice of the fowler than the hen who is silent.

Yours very truly,

H. A. D'ALTON.

Lyndhurst, Hants, Dec. 15th, 1845.

### A FEW WRINKLES ON "MODERATION."

To the Editor of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE.

London, January, 8th. 1846.

SIR.—At this season of the year, which is no month at all, but a sort of prosaical preface to the real beginning of the New Year, of course but little can be reasonably expected in the way of sport. The only amusement left to the sportsman is the repair and putting in order of his implements for the season, and the perusal of his library, this, *certainly* I shall take to be well stocked with the best authors of the sporting order, not forgetting the "SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE," which, if done in the proper mode and systematically, a considerable fund of amusement tempered with instruction can be derived from them, which is always essentially useful in the career of the sportsman. This is the grand secret of making the life happy, and at the same time allows to the physical powers an opportunity of relaxation in such a degree as will appear surprising to any one who has not hitherto accustomed himself to it. Besides, it is a duty that is imperative; the sportsman is no more than human, and it is not likely that he can devote his whole time and energies (sometimes pretty considerably exerted) to his favourite pursuit, without impairing those functions which are so necessary to the well being of his physical system. Many of my readers may be inclined to dispute this doctrine, but I can fearlessly champion it, conscious of the advantages to be derived from my suggestions. Sporting, when it becomes as fixed to the habit of the sportsman as opium to the opium eater, is as bad in its effects, and on this point I believe that I am supported by the most distinguished medical men of this and other ages; sport then ceases to be sport, it becomes an "unenjoyable practice," and divided from that enthusiastic ardour of the "moderate" sportsman, who avoiding the "too much" of the insatiable pursuer of enjoyment, blends the *stille* with the *dulce*, and finds in moderation, and a short relaxation from his favourite pleasure, a renewed zest for its resumption.

"The bow that's always bent doth lose its spring."

F. B. T.

## WILD BOAR HUNT IN LUXEMBURG.

On the 17th ult some sixty sportsmen and a hundred beaters met at the cottage of the keeper at Berisemil. The order of the governor of the province, who had authorised this *batue*, had placed it under the guidance of the *garde general* of the place.

In the evening ten woodsmen of the neighbourhood started to ascertain the whereabouts of the wild boars, and reported that recent traces of these animals were discoverable, and that they would be found in an immense marsh covered with thick tufts of birch, alder, and willow trees, almost impenetrable to the sportsmen.

Before daybreak the expedition, guided by this information, commenced their march, observing the most profound silence. At four o'clock in the morning the beaters, led by an experienced keeper, were placed *en echelon* round three-fourths of the circumference of a circle enclosing the game. At the same time the *garde general* ranged the hunters on the opposite side, so that the wild boars were surrounded on all sides. At a given signal the hundred beaters rushed in shouting and driving the game before them towards the spot whereupon the hunters were placed in wait. Reused by the clamorous shouts of the beaters the inhabitants of the old forest rushed pell-mell towards the only spot from whence no noise was heard. A wolf was the first that showed himself at the cordon, fencible by the hunters, and was immediately knocked over by a shot from an English tourist, who had joined the hunt. Two roebucks followed the wolf, but passed scatheless, it being forbidden to fire at them, an innumerable crowd of foxes, hares, &c. &c. then passed from out the forest, but no wild boar was as yet met with.

Several of the hunters now began to despair. Some complained of having been brought for no purpose from their homes, others dreaded the jokes and quizzing which they would meet with on their return to their village, whilst some did not hesitate to accuse the *garde general* of incapacity, or doubted altogether the existence of the wild boars which they had come out to hunt. The old woodman, however, smiled sullenly, and listened up the wind, with their necks stretched out, for the herd of wild boars. At last they came on. An extraordinary noise, as if a squadron of cavalry were galloping through a copse was heard, and every moment seemed to approach nearer. An undulation was heard among the bushes, produced by the wild boars, who came on in a long black file. At their head was a monstrous animal, who was recognised as having done much mischief in the neighbourhood. The report of a gun was heard; the whole band of the animals dispersed, and the leader rolled over upon the ground, but, quick as thought, he recovered himself, stopped an instant to view his rash enemy, and then rushed upon him. The hunter sprang a little on one side, and the boar running at full speed, missed his aim, and received in passing a second shot, which broke one of his legs.

Notwithstanding this, he cleared the circle and fled towards the surrounding woods, and was on the point of escaping, when two men, named Titeux and Jacobs, accompanied by dogs trained to the sport, set off after him. For some time the dogs could not come up with him, at last they headed him, and one of them, at a bound, seized him by the ear, which compelled the boar to run with his head all on one side. By a sudden dart the boar shook off the dog, and instantly ripped him up with one blow of his tusks; other dogs then took the place of him who was thus disabled, and at last brought their enemy to bay. Titeux then got up, armed with his knife, and at a bound sprang astride upon the boar's back, and endeavoured to cut his throat. Jacobs, who had watched his comrade's motions, followed instantly, and still bolder than his friend, seized the animal by one of the hind paws, turned him up and laid him upon his back; Titeux, who had fallen under the boar, withdrew himself quickly from his dangerous position, and the spectators, who had watched him with terror, now saw him seize the boar by the ears, hold his head against the ground under his knee, and then cut the throat of the monster as quietly as if he was operating upon a tamed pig.

At another spot a sow, weighing 150 kilogrammes, followed by her pigs, and furious from the wounds she had received, rushed upon an imprudent hunter, who had suffered himself to be surprised in a narrow passage between two rocks. Having no time for flight, he waited till the animal was quite close, but his gun having missed fire, he had only time to throw himself down flat on his stomach, and the sow passed over him. He jumped up, and having reprimed his gun, began shouting, to provoke his enemy to renew the fight. The sow, with her head and breast covered with bloody foam, darting fire from her eyes, returned, and charged him, and having approached within ten paces, she received the fire of the huntsman, and fell.

These terrible scenes were not altogether unaccompanied by others sufficiently ludicrous. At one point a regular Brussels dandy, who had come expressly to assist at this hunt, was pursued closely by an animal, and throwing away his gun, he sprang at one bound, with extraordinary agility, nearly ten feet high into a beech tree, where he sat perched up, whilst some of the beaters, armed with sticks, having followed some of the young swine into a bog, lost their footing, at the very moment they had reached them, and rolled headlong pell-mell together into the mud, from whence they were only rescued by the spectators forming a chain and dragging both out.

The resus of the hunt were a wolf, two enormous boars, and three pigs killed, and five young swine taken alive.

## A PEEP AT A LONDON "LEG-OF-BEEF SHOP."

It is a melancholy sight to witness the half-starved, anatomical looking small youths, dressed in every variety of poverty, wardrobe, that linger for hours near a certain little bay-window in St. Giles's; where the nobility, gentry, and public are informed, that by laying down the sum of threepence, they will be allowed peaceably to depart with an imperial pint of leg-of-beef soup in their own jug. It is a moving sight. Seldom, very seldom, is it the good fortune of these watchful youths to revel in such luxuries as leg-of-beef soup, or its rival, a-la-mode; they are beings only destined to view such things afar off, and make vain speculations upon their ravishing flavour; to contemplate them as amalgams expressly prepared for the affluent—those happy ones who could spend threepence and not feel it. Oh! what facility to be master of such a shop! to eat as much as he likes and nothing to pay! Now two happy beings are entering the edifice. One of them is a dustman, in spotted neckerchief, red wrist-cuffs, and a cap peculiar to a gentleman in that line of business; the other is his lady, glorying in the Euphonic name of "Doll." See with what a majestic air he strides in and takes his seat, as if he could buy up the whole establishment twice over if he chose. Hark with what a lordly voice he calls the waiting-boy, whose benevolent master, for sundry services rendered rewards him with ninepence per week, and the gratuitous licking of all the crockery soiled on the premises.

"Waiter!" again vociferates he of the neckerchief.

"Yes, sir!" is the reply.

"Didn't you hear me call waiter, afore?"

"Sorry, sir; but the gen'l'man as is just gone was a goin' to forget to pay, sir—that's all, sir."

"That's nuffin to do with me. Ven I calls 'waiter,' I wants yer. I can't afford a waste my precious breath to no purpose, as the members of parliament do; so just prick up them long ears of yours, and then I think you'll grow the wiser."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, bring this here ledly and me a free-ha'penny plate each, and two penny crusties."

With another professional "Yes, sir," the urchin vanishes from the presence. Once more the purveyor's ladle dives into the bright tin kettle. Again he tortures the hungry beholders outside the windows—as they look on with outstretched necks and spasmodic mouths—with glimpses of its treasures. They see the choice bits of gristle but for an instant, and no more; for whilst gazing at the sight in a paroxysm of longing and fever of desire, the plates are borne off to the dustman.

"Now, Mr. Impudence," says the lady, addressing the purveyor's protegee, at the same time with much dexterity and elegance, converting a fork she has discovered upon the seat into a toothpick. "Now, Mr. Impudence, I hope you've brought a little less paddywack in it than there was yesterday."

"Bravo, Doll!" ejaculates her lord approvingly, as leaning back with extended leg he draws from his pocket a coin of the realm. "Here, just walk your laziness across the way, and travel back ag'in with a pint of half-and-half. Now, vot do you stand rraging o' the money for? Do you think other people is as vicked as yourself?"

"Th' s'picious little warmint!" rejoins the lady, swallowing a spoonful of soup with alarming expedition, and fulfilling the purposes of a napkin with the back of her hand. "Did you see what a himperant grin the little beast give?"

In due time the boy and the solution of malt and hops present themselves, and after a hearty draught of the grateful beverage, the dustman evinces a disposition to become musical, and whistles an air or two with perhaps rather more of good will than of good taste. He suddenly looks round, and discovering his lady has finished the plate of soup and the last drain of beer also, summons the juvenile waiter from behind a little partition, just at the mortifying moment when his tongue is making clean the interiors and exteriors of two recently-used plates.

"Now, then, young imp, what's the damage?"

"Sixpence, please sir," said the waiter, vainly endeavouring to quiet his tongue, which keeps playing round the sides of his mouth; "two plates and three loaves, please, sir."

"We aint had free, you cheating little wagaband!" screamed the lady; "we've only had two—you know that!"

"Oh, beg pardon, ma'am," replies the boy; "it was t'other box where he gen'l'man was as had three. Fippence, then, please, sir—two plates and two new 'uns—fippence."

"You're a nice sample o' thievery for your age," says the dustman contemplating the boy with one eye, and then counting out four penny-pieces and four farthings with curious deliberation. "You're a nice article to cast a gen'l'man's bill. Do you happen to know a cove in London by the name o' Ketch—Jack Ketch?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, the next time as you go his way, have the goodness to save your card, and say you was strongly recommended to him by me."

## A PRESENT WITH NO. 37.

Every purchaser of No. 37 of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE will receive GRATIS No. I. of

## LIFE IN LONDON,

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Every vender will receive an equal number of the Present with the papers he may purchase.

# The Sportsman's Magazine.

## Reminiscences of Racing and Racers, in 1845.

(For the Sportsman's Magazine.)

BY SOOTHSAYER.

(Continued from page 532.)

I will now resume my reminiscences of events subsequent to the Doncaster meeting.

At BEDFORD, Sept. 21, Symmetry won the Preparation Stakes, beating Master Stepney and Judex. A tolerable two years old race then came off between the following:—filly by Cæsar out of Ramadan's dam, first; colt by Redshank, dam by Lancastrian, second; and Tit-bit a clove third; Lord Verulam's Corumb, filly, Bæstgirth, and Moose Deer to ten off: it was a half-mile race, 10 sov. each. The Queen's Plate, three miles, was won by Misdeal, over a good field, including Keppel, Hawk-bury, Plantaganet, and Mystery. Young Eclipse, puffed for the Derby by those who knew better, was in and yet out of the race. Fama beat Master Stepney, second; Hampton, third; for the Stratton Park Stakes. A colt by Bentley ran two good races here, priced at 50/., and was claimed; he was rode by Marson, and beat a filly by Jerry out of Pastile, Judex, Symmetry, Devil-among-the-Tailors, Hampton, and Isleworth. The Queen of the Gipsies won the Bedfordshire and Consolation Stakes, beating some middling ones.

At CANTERBURY, Sept. 24, Alkali beat Dalesman, Bonnet Rouge, and Tippoo, for the City Members' Plate. In a small Sweepstakes Teresa beat Jew Boy and others; and she also won another race. Alkali won the City Plate; and Red Deer the Queen's. There was much confusion, and consequently dispute here, owing to the want of a professional judge.

At OSWESTRY, Sept. 28, Sweetmeat walked over for 100/. Dr. Hubbard won the Cup, beating Tippoo and two three years old; he also won the R. S. C. Members' Stakes. Sinbad, by Bran, won the Shropshire Stakes, 20 sov. each, 50 added, beating Alvanley and Tippoo. Mr. Standish won two races with Susan.

At RICHMOND, Sept. 23, the Dundas Stakes brought a tolerable lot to the post. Hovingham, now Duke of Richmond, carrying 5-t, beat Therapist and Mr. Mansfield, both same age and weight, and the Mole Colt, Thalia, and Lucy three years old 7st 10lb each. It is a one mile and three-quarter race. For the Grand Stand Stakes, 25 sov. each Two-year-old Eulogy, by Euclid, beat Heedsman (D) and Lutestrating (D). The Baby Stakes, rather a racing matter, of 25 sov. each with twenty added, were won by Cranebrook beating Burlesque, Ada, Banana, Malt (D) Fair Star, and Fair Helen. Malt although badly started, got a good fourth position, though not placed. Inheritress won the Richmond Handicap beating Advice, Coheirress, Queen of Tyne, and another; a brown gelding by St. Martin won the Town Plate, beating Lycurgus, Miss Burns, and a Touchstone Colt. Godfrey, on the next day, won the Racing Club Stakes, beating a good field. For the Wright Stakes a tolerable lot of two years old contested, Ada being first, and colt by Phoenix, dam by Tomboy second; the others, including the Hydra Colt, and some of the same class, were third, fourth, fifth, and last. Inheritress beat Extempore for the Queen's Plate easily. I fancy that it was Fancy Boy's running in the two years old Sweepstakes against Cranebrook and Benevolence which got him his present position in the betting—he won cleverly; that is, by making up for an apparently lost race, he came within a few strides from home, and won by a head! Cartwright rode him and Holmes the second; Benevolence being beaten for second by a neck only. I will now with pleasure relate a good race and a victory for Trueboy "not unknown to fame," as it is decidedly the most agreeable reminiscence I can recall of him for the year; he won the Gold Cup, over rather short of 2 miles, beating Pagan, Lucy, Coheirress, a Colt by Confederate and Winesour.

At WALSALL, Sept. 24, Nix-my-Dolly, and the Filly by Glaucus out of March First, won two races each. T'Auld Squire, Roderick, Ivanhoe and the Rhine having no luck. At Monmouth, Sept. 24, Tariff was beaten again in two races. Mr. Ball's Rein Deer won the best thing.

At Hastings, Sept. 19, a Mr. Way's horses took it in their heads to be out of the way and both bolted. A losing plate, by way of paradox

and a finish, was won by Miriam. Auld-Lang-Syne was a winner of the St. Leonard's Tradesmen's Plate, beating Alkali, Spectator, and Fee Simple.

At the GORTON RACES, Sept. 25, for a Sweepstakes of 10 sov. each two years old c. and f., a filly of Tomboy, out of Lapwing beat Lord Harry and Chartist. Roderick won the Manchester Cup, beating Jack Sheppard and Lord Saltoun. The Maid of Auckland, by Tomboy, won two races. Lady Flora won the Claret Stakes, and for the Sloan Purse Bretwalda (6st 4lb) beat Princess Royal (6st 12lb) and Xanthus (8st.)

At PORTSMOUTH, Sept. 24, there was a capital race for the Town Plate, which was won by Adrian, beating Miriam, Waterloo, and Young England. Waterloo lost another race here, being beaten by Sir Edward.

At LINCOLN, Sept. 25, Glossy won the Queen's Plate and the Subscription Purse. Rosina, by Romulus, two races, and a filly by Sheet Anchor, out of Valencia, the Brownlow Stakes.

In conning over these reminiscences I must beg of your readers to bear in mind that it is just likely I may omit stating, in relating a two years old race, which of the starters is in the coming Derby and Oaks. I must beg of them therefore, having the names of the horses before them and their performances, to refer at once to your Almanac, if handy, and mark by a tick opposite, which will serve as a guide on the future day. Owing to the press of business, I suppose, at the time, I have frequently found the Sunday Times and the Era, as well as Bell's Life, incorrect in these details.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. B.—Mr. Payne's Polka, (in the Oaks and Leger), is not in the Derby. She lost all the 3 of her races last year. She is by Emilian, dam Tarantula. For your other queries see our "ALMANAC," which is still on sale (with No. 28) for THREEPENCE the two.

H. C. Weather, Wilt.—If you are "a subscriber," surely it would be much easier to refer to our "Almanac" (where you will find your question answered) than write to us. If you are not, just refer to the preceding answer to another correspondent.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—For the tenth time we reply, the "HISTORY OF BOXING" in this column will be carried down to the present time. The early chapters of the History will be reprinted in a quarto form (along with the Titlepage and INDEX to the first volume of the SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE, and given with the 52nd number. Observe, No. 13 is reprinting, and the 52nd number to complete sets must order all other numbers they may want, that we may know how many will be required of that number; a set of plain paper and complete sets can be supplied.

STRIKEHARD.—Johnny Brown was beaten as before. His fight with Bungaree was subsequent to his marriage; it was for £200 a side, and lasted 42, occupying 57 minutes. You have therefore won in laying it was under the hour, but lost on the former point. Harry has fought three times in the F. R. once with Mirson, the Bull-dog, and twice with Joe Rowe, although the first fight ended unsatisfactorily.

ESTER-ROSE.—The time for Morley and Gil's desired meeting is not yet fixed. It will doubtless take place soon after Paddy's "time" is up.

A BATH CHAP.—Gayer kept the Duke's Head, near Bow-street, but did not die there. He died at his house in Grosvenor-street, Bow-street, in 1831.

A FANCIES, CORNHILL.—If you can supply a will complete the volume, and an Index and title will be given. The back Number is all to be had (excepting 13, reprinting). Your recommendation would be yet more acceptable if subscribers took back numbers—as in their sale alone, unfortunately, they lose our profit, and it is only by ascertaining the demand, that we can recover a supply by reprinting. There is no method by which the egg that will produce a profitable and profitable market, would be most likely attended with success, so far as the London market is concerned.

W. S., Conington.—All Nos. after 16 are procurable of the Stamped Edition. We did not take out the licence to stamp until the 14th number of the MAGAZINE, but can forward the UNSTAMPED Nos., provided you give us the address of any bookseller or news-vendor, who will take charge of them on their arrival. We can then direct them through that Bookseller's Town AGENT, who will forward them for TWO-PENCE according to the practice of the trade, and thus save you expensive carriage. Or any News-vendor will take your order for them, upon payment, and you will receive them in his regular London Parcel.

RECTOR, Norwich.—Thanks for the book. It shall be dipped into, and we doubt not to find therein matter well worthy of extract. The chapter on Fly-fishing for Dace, will be acceptable, so soon as the funny and insect world awake from their hibernating torpor.

CHRONOS.—It was on the 21st October, 1805, and the funeral took place in the January following. The hero of Trafalgar, lies buried in St. Paul's Cathedral—not Westminster Abbey.

C. B. R.—"Newmarket," in tossing, means but one show of the coin. The question of who "calls" is a matter of mutual arrangement; if you can't settle who is to "call" you can toss, that's all.

CHAS. RUTLEY, Bristol.—Supposing a person is playing a game of Billiards and in the course of play says (without addressing any body in particular) I will bet a crown I win the game; and a party in the room says "done," can that party insist upon its being a bet. If the player refuses to: gree to it? Secondly.—Is the 21st Rule of Burroughes and Watts on Billiards correct, viz. Should the striker in making a cannon or hazard knock his own or either of the balls off the table he cannot score the points made by such stroke, and the opponent plays, but the balls are not broken? To the first.—It is usual in some way for the challenger, or he who offers a bet, to signify that he adheres to his offer. Wagers are so often proposed by way of vaunt that it is absurd to hold a party strictly; and in all cases there can be no contract unless both parties finally assent. To alter the practice would be opening a door to the extension of the "heads I win, tails I don't lose" principle. The 21st rule of Burroughes and Watts, which you will find is the 13th of Hoyle, is correct.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

SENDAY, JAN. 18th.—SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.—Old Twelfth Day. MONDAY, 19th.—Jenkinson (the London Stag) and Handley, of Nottingham, run 500 yards for 20/. a side.

TUESDAY, 20th.—Aberystwith Steeplechases (and 21st). WEDNESDAY, 21st.—Nelson's statue, in Trafalgar Square, inaugurated, 1844.—Louis the Sixteenth guillotined, 1793.

THURSDAY, 22nd.—Lord Byron died, 1828: Thorwaldsen cuts him (in marble), and the Dean of Westminster won't have him in stone.

FRIDAY, 23rd.—Bedford Steeplechase.—THE ORIGIN OF RAILWAYS.—The first idea of Railways is of very ancient date, for we hear of the Great Norman line immediately after the Conquest.

SATURDAY, 24th.—Charles James Fox born, 1759.—NATURAL PHENOMENON.—A Rook caught of a pure white: it is supposed that the bird had emigrated from St. Giles's, and had turned pale with fright at the destruction of "the Rookery" in that ancient quarter.

## TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

		High Water at London Bridge.			
		morn.	aft.	morn.	aft.
Sunday, Jan. 18th..	..	5 38	17 56	Thursday, ..	.. 8 55 21 23
Monday, 19th ..	..	6 15	18 31	Friday ..	.. 10 13 22 43
Tuesday, 20th ..	..	6 58	19 19	Saturday ..	.. 11 34 —
Wednesday, 21st ..	..	7 45	20 23		





## FOX-HUNTING.—SCENE III.—HE BREAKS AWAY.

**I**N literature as in love and human life, all will not always run smooth. By a process of condensation or abridgment, our artist in his last picture, for which we gave as a subject "Going to Cover," took time by the forelock, and, like a hasty huntsman, has thrown his hounds "in." In consequence thereof we have of necessity omitted the subject of THE COVER-SIDE, and having got the tuneful pack busily engaged in the gorse, have made No. III. represent "sly Charley" breaking therefrom.— See how Dauntless, Boniface, and Dexterous feather as they approach the spot! And now, dashing in a with a whimper and a long drawn howl, the huntsman, taking off his cap, and waving in the pack, cheers them to the echo. The hunter pricks his ears; mad with delight he can scarcely be brought to stand with his head towards the cover as his master stands erect in his stirrups, with one hand on the cantrel of his saddle and the other holding his whip and reins, while his eagle-eye roves over every part of the dell. "Have at him there, Beauty!" cries he to old Bonny-bell—a favourite milk-white bitch that can scarcely be persuaded to quit his horse's heels,—as she stands whining, lifting a foot and looking him earnestly in the face;—"Have at him there, old lass!" echoes he, looking down upon her, and waving his right hand, to induce her to join cry. The old bitch dashes in, and the chorus increases. The gorse is close, or the hounds must have chopped the fox, for he has made two efforts to break up hill so as to fly for the woodland country, and has twice been driven from his point by the huntsman's voice and the crack of his wip, right upon his very foil. A momentary silence ensues as they over-run the scent. "Look out, Peter!" cries the huntsman to his whipper-in, stationed on the opposite hill, when the fox dashes over a piece of stone wall between two large ash trees in the high hedge at the foot of the cover, and with a whisk of his brush, sets his head straight down the vale, crossing over a large grazing ground of at least a hundred acres. "Silence!" cries the huntsman holding up his hand to the foot people, congregated on the hill, as he turns his horse short and gallops to the point at which the fox broke away, where with one cheer of his bugle, he presently has the old hounds at his heels; hat in hand he waves them over the wall. Jolly-boy feathers for a second on the grass, then with a long-protracted howl, as if to draw his brethren to the spot, away he goes with his head in the air, followed by Dexterous, Countryman, Bonny-bell, and True-boy, and after them the body of the pack.

"Gone away! gone away! tally-ho! tally-ho! tally-ho!" "Get away, hounds! get away!" hollas Peter, cracking his whip as he trots down the steep hill; and putting his bay mare straight at the fence at the bottom, crash he goes through it, with a noise that resembles the out-bursting of a fire in a straw-yard. Then comes the rush: the grey throws the stone wall behind him, as a girl would her skipping-rope;

and James Fairlamb's cob comes floundering after, bringing down the coping stones with a rattle and clatter that would have been awful if hounds had not been running. The third man is the doctor on the dun, he makes it still lower; and after him come "all the field" hollaoing and swearing away—as obstructed gentlemen in a hurry generally do. The foot-people seeing how hopeless is the case, stand upon the hills, lost in mute delight, eyeing the merry hunt careering over the meadows and hedges in a straight line with the pack, followed by Peter on his bay, and Fairlamb on his cob, until the plum-coloured coat of the latter assumes the same hue as the scarlet of the hunt, and hounds, horses, and men, grow

"Small by degrees, and beautifully less."

And now, as Reynard has "broke cover," in our next we shall see him "Gone away!" let us turn for a few paragraphs to the practical portion of working the hounds in cover, from Beckford's "Thoughts."

While hounds are drawing for a fox, let your people place themselves in such a manner that he cannot go off unseen. I have known them lie in sheep's scrapes on the side of hills, and in small bushes where huntsmen never think of looking for them; yet, when they hear a hound, they generally shift their quarters and make for closer covers. Gentlemen should take this necessary part of fox-hunting on themselves, for the whipper-in has other business to attend to.

Huntsmen, whilst their hounds are drawing, or are at fault, frequently make so much noise themselves that they can hear nothing else: they should always have an ear to an halloo. I once saw an extraordinary instance of the want of it in my own huntsman, who was making so much noise with his hounds, which were then at fault, that a man hallooed a long time before he heard him; and when he did hear him, so little did he know whence the halloo came, that he rode a couple of miles the wrong way, and lost the fox.

Though a huntsman ought to be as silent as possible at going into a cover, he cannot be too noisy at coming out of it again; and if at any time he should turn back suddenly, let him give as much notice of it as he can to his hounds, or he will leave many of them behind him; and should he turn down the wind, he may see no more of them.

**BEATING HOLLOW.**—"What an extraordinary curve my horse has in the spine," said an English gentleman to an Irish groom; "can you account for it?"—"By the powers, sir, and to be sure I am able. I have heard, sir, that before the baste was your property, he was backed against an Irish horse, your honour, who bate him hollow; and I dare say it's the reason that his back never got straight again."

Why is a lawyer like a sawyer? Because, whichever way he goes' down must come the dust.

## COURSING AND THE GREYHOUND.

(Continued from page 535.)

## SECTION VI.

**E**S a copy of the laws which regulate Coursing at the present day, may be profitably contrasted with the "Laws of the Leash," as subscribed to by our forefathers, the following code promulgated by the Duke of Norfolk in the reign of Elizabeth, and approved by the chief gentry of the period, and for some two centuries subsequent, will doubtless be acceptable.

## Ancient Laws of Coursing.

As framed by the Duke of Norfolk, temp. Elizabeth.

1. That he that is chosen Fawtner, or that lets loose the greyhounds, shall receive the greyhounds matched to run together into his leash as soon as he comes into the field, and follow next to the harefinder, or to him who is to start the hare, until he come unto the form, and no horseman or footman is to go before, or on any side; but directly behind, for the space of about forty yards.
2. You ought not to course a hare with more than a brace of greyhounds.
3. The harefinder ought to give the hare three soboes before he puts her from her form or seat, to the end the dogs may gaze about and attend her starting.
4. They ought to have twelve score yards law before the dogs are loosed, unless there be danger of losing her.
5. That dog that gives the first turn, if after that there be neither cote, alip, or wrench, he wins the wager.
6. If one dog gives the first turn and the other bears the hare, he that bears the hare shall win the wager.
7. A go-by, or bearing the hare, is accounted equivalent to two turns.
8. If neither dog turns the hare, he that leads last to the covert wins.
9. If one dog turns the hare, serves himself, and turns her again, it is as much as a cote, and a cote is accounted two turns.
10. If all the course be equal, he that bears the hare shall win; and if he be not borne, the course should be adjudged dead.
11. If a dog takes fall in a course, and yet perform his part, he may challenge the advantage of a turn more than he gave.
12. If a dog turn the hare, serve himself, and gave divers cotes, and yet in the end stand still in the field, the other dog, if he turns home to the covert, although he gives no turn, shall be adjudged to win the wager.
13. If by misfortune, a dog be rid over in his course, the course is void; and to say the truth, he that did the mischief ought to make reparation for the damage.
14. If a dog gives the first and last turn, and there be no other advantage betwixt them, he that gives the odd turn shall win.
15. A cote is when the greyhound goeth endways by his fellow, and gives the hare a turn.
16. A cote serves for two turns, and two trippings or jenkins for a cote: and if she turneth not quite about, she only wrencheth.
17. If there be no cotes between a brace of greyhounds, but that one of them serves the other as turning; then he that gives the most wins the wager; and if one gives as many turns as the other, then he that beareth the hare wins the wager.
18. "Sometimes the hare doth not turn, but wrench; for she is not properly said to turn, except she turns as it were round, and two wrenches stand for a turn.
19. He that comes in first at the death of the hare, takes her up, and saves her from breaking, cherisheth the dogs, and cleanseth their mouths from the wool, is adjudged to have the hare for his pains.
20. "Those which are judges of the leash, must give their judgment presently before they depart out of the field."

These rules, though established by a duke, and regulated by a queen, rendered the coursing of that period but of a very sterile description. Pointers were used for the purpose of finding the game, and when any of these made a point, the greyhounds were uncoupled as a necessary prelude to the sport which was to ensue. The greyhound then employed was probably larger than even the warren mongrel, resembling more the shaggy wolf-dog of former times than any sporting dog of the present day. To found the era of improved coursing, and for introducing greyhounds of superior form, and higher blood, was reserved for the late princely owner of Houghton.

It is the distinguishing trait of genius to be enthusiastically bold, and daringly courageous. Nothing in art or science, nothing in mental, or even in manual labour, was ever achieved of superior excellence, without that ardent zeal, that impetuous sense of eager avidity, which to the cold, inanimate, unimpassioned, bears the appearance, and sometimes the unqualified accusation of insanity. Lord Orford had absolutely a phrenetic furor of this kind, in any thing he found himself disposed to undertake; it was a predominant trait in his character never to do anything by halves, and coursing was his most prevalent passion beyond every other pleasurable consideration.

There were times when he was known to have fifty brace of greyhounds; and, as it was a fixed rule never to part from a single whelp, till he had a fair and substantial trial of his speed, he had evident chances of having, amongst so great a number, a collection of very superior dogs; but, so intent was he upon this peculiar object of attainment, that he went still farther in every possible direction to obtain perfection, and

introduced every experimental cross from the English lurcher to the Italian greyhound. He had strongly indulged an idea of a successful cross with the bull-dog, which he could never be divested of, and after having persevered (in opposition to every opinion) most patiently for seven removes, he found himself in possession of the best greyhounds ever yet known; giving the small ear, the rat-tail, and the skin almost without hair, together with that innate courage which the high bred greyhound should possess.

## The Modern Laws of Coursing.

As altered and amended from the Code adopted and published by the Thatched House Tavern Committee.

The importance of the stakes run for at many of our Coursing Meetings, and the extremely difficult and delicate duty that devolves upon the parties deputed to decide them, render it most essential that the laws by which this sport is to be governed should be combined in a recognised code, as clear as comprehensive. The subjoined are the rules that have been adopted and published by the Thatched House Committee as the LAWS OF COURSING.

1. Two stewards shall be appointed by the members at dinner each day, to act in the field the following day, and to preside at dinner. They shall regulate the plan of beating the ground, under the sanction of the owner or occupier of the soil.
2. Three or five members, including the secretary for the time being, shall form a committee of management, and shall name a person, for the approbation of the members, to judge all courses; all doubtful cases shall be referred to them.
3. All courses shall be made from alips, by a brace of greyhounds only.
4. The time of putting the first brace of dogs in the alips shall be declared at dinner on the day preceding. If a prize is to be run for, and only one dog is ready, he shall run a bye, and his owner shall receive forfeit; should neither be ready, the course shall be run when the committee shall think fit. In a match, if only one dog be ready, his owner shall receive forfeit; if neither shall be present, the match to be placed the last in the list.
5. If any person shall enter a greyhound by a name different from that in which he last appeared in public, without giving notice of such alteration, he shall be disqualified from winning, and shall forfeit his match.
6. No greyhounds to be entered as puppies unless born on or after the 1st of January of the year preceding the day of running.
7. Any member, or other person, running a greyhound at the meeting, having a dog at large which shall join in the course then running, shall forfeit one sovereign; and if belonging to either of the parties running, the course shall be decided against him.
8. The judge ought to be in a position where he can see the dogs leave the alips, and to decide by the colour of the dogs to a person appointed for that purpose; his decision shall be final.
9. If, in running for prizes, the judge shall be of opinion that the course has not been of sufficient length to enable him to decide as to the merits of the dogs, he shall inquire of the committee whether he is to decide the course or not; if in the negative, the dogs shall be immediately put again into the alips.
10. The judge shall not answer any questions put to him regarding a course unless such questions are asked by the committee.
11. If any member make an observation in the hearing of the judge respecting a course during the time of running, or before he should have delivered his judgment, he shall forfeit one sovereign to the fund; and if either dog be his own he shall lose the course. If he impugn the decision of the judge, he shall forfeit two sovereigns.
12. When a course of an average length is so equally divided that the judge shall be unable to decide it, the owners of the dogs may toss for it; but if either refuse, the dogs shall be again put in the alips, at such time as the committee may think fit; but if either dog be drawn, the winning dog shall not be obliged to run again.
13. In running a match the judge may declare the course to be undecided.
14. If a member shall enter more than one greyhound, bona fide his own property, for a prize, his dogs shall not run together, if it be possible to avoid it; and if two greyhounds the property of the same member remain to the last tie, he may run it out or draw either, as he shall think fit.
15. When dogs engaged are of the same colour, the last drawn shall wear a collar.
16. If a greyhound stand still in a course when a hare is in his or her sight, the owner shall lose the course; but if a greyhound drop from exhaustion, and it shall be the opinion of the judge that the merit up to the time of falling was greatly in his or her favour, then the judge shall have power to award the course to the greyhound so falling, if he think fit.
17. Should two hares be on foot, and the dogs separate before reaching the hare slipped at, the course shall be undecided, and shall be run over again, at such time as the committee shall think fit, unless the owners of the dogs agree to toss for it, or to draw one dog; and if the dogs separate after running some time, it shall be at the discretion of the committee whether the course shall be decided up to the point of separation.
18. A course shall end if either dog be so unlighted as to cause an impediment in the course.
19. If any member or his servant ride over his opponent's dog when running, so as to injure him in the course, the dog so ridden over shall be deemed to win the course.
20. It is recommended to all union meetings to appoint a committee of five, consisting of members of different clubs, to determine all difficulties and cases of doubt.

The following general rules are recommended to judges for their guidance: The features of merit are—

1. The race from slips, and the first turn or wrench of the hare (provided it be a fair slip), and a straight run up.

2. Where one dog gives the other a go-by, when both are in their full speed, and turns or wrenches the hare. (N.B. If one dog be in the stretch, and the other only turning at the time he passes, it is not a fair go-by.)

3. Where one dog turns the hare when she is leading homewards, and keeps the lead so as to serve himself, and makes a second turn of the hare without losing the lead.

4. A catch or kill of the hare, when she is running straight and leading homewards, is fully equal to a turn of the hare when running in the same direction, or perhaps more, if he show the speed over the other dog in doing it. If a dog draws the flock from the hare, and causeth her to wrench or rick only, it is equal to a turn of the hare when leading homewards.

5. When a dog wrenches or wricks a hare twice following without losing the lead, it equal to a turn.

N.B. It often happens when a hare has been turned, and she is running from home, that she turns of her own accord to gain ground homeward, when both dogs are on the stretch after her: in such a case the judge should not give the leading dog a turn.

There are often other minor advantages in a course; such as one dog showing occasional superiority of speed, turning on less ground, and running the whole course with more fire than his opponent, which must be left to the discretion of the judge, who is to decide on the merits.

#### LOCAL RULES.

1. The number of members shall be regulated by the letters in the alphabet, and the two junior members shall take the letters X and Z, if required.

2. The members shall be elected by ballot, seven to constitute a ballot, and two black balls to exclude.

3. The name of every person proposed to be ballotted for as member shall be placed over the chimney-piece one day before the ballot can take place.

4. No proposition shall be ballotted for unless put up over the chimney-piece, with the names of the proposer and seconder, at or before dinner preceding the day of the ballot, and read to the members at such dinner.

5. Every member shall, at each meeting, run a greyhound his own property or forfeit a sovereign to the club.

6. No member shall be allowed to match more than two greyhounds in the first class, under a penalty of two sovereigns to the fund, unless such member has been drawn or run out for the prizes, in which case he shall be allowed to run three dogs in the first class.

7. If any member shall absent himself two seasons without sending his subscription, he shall be deemed out of the society, and another chosen in his place.

8. No greyhound shall be allowed to start, if any arrears are due to this society from the owner.

9. Any member lending another a greyhound for the purpose of saving his forfeit (excepting by consent of the members present) shall forfeit five sovs.

10. Any member running a dog of a stranger in a match, shall cause the name of the owner to be inserted after his own name in the list, under a penalty of one sovereign.

11. No stranger shall be admitted into the society's room, unless introduced by a member, who shall place the name of his friend over the chimney-piece, with his own attached to it, and no member shall introduce more than one friend.

12. The members of the clubs shall be honorary members of this society, and when present shall be allowed to run their greyhounds, on paying the annual subscription.

#### ARTICLES FOR A COCK MATCH.

[We give at the request of several correspondents, the following Form of Articles for a cock-match, by way of Postscript to our series of papers on the GAME-CK. — EDITOR.]

ARTICLES of Agreement made the \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ 184 between W. S. and J. C.

1. The said parties agree, that each of them shall produce, shew, and weigh at the \_\_\_\_\_ Cockpit, on the \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ next, beginning at the hour of seven o'clock in the said morning, \_\_\_\_\_ cocks,

none to be less than three pounds six ounces, nor more than four pounds eight ounces; and as many of each party's cocks as come within \_\_\_\_\_ ounces of the other party's cocks, shall fight for \_\_\_\_\_ a battle—that is, \_\_\_\_\_ each cock, in as equal divisions as the battle can be divided

into, as pits or days play, at the cockpit aforesaid; and that the party's cocks that win the greatest number of battle-matches out of the number aforesaid, shall be entitled to the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ l. as odd battle money; and the sum is to be made stakes into the hands of Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ before

any cocks are pitted, in equal shares between the parties aforesaid; and the parties further agree to produce, shew, and weigh, on the said weighing day, \_\_\_\_\_ cocks, for bye-battles, subject to the same as the main

cocks before mentioned, and those to be added to the number of main cocks unmatched; and as many of them as come within one ounce of each other, shall fight for \_\_\_\_\_ l. each battle, to be as equally divided as can be,

and added to each pit or day's play with the main of cocks;—and it is also agreed, that the balance of the battle money shall be paid at the end of each pit or day's play; and to fight in fair reputed silver spurs, and with fair hackles, and to be subject to all the usual rules of cock-fighting as is usually practised;—and the profit of the pit or day's play to be

equally divided between the said parties after all charges are paid and

satisfied, that usually are thereupon. Witness our hands this \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ 184.

Witness  
J. W.

W. S.  
J. C.

#### RULES FOR MATCHING AND FIGHTING COCKS.

To begin the same by fighting the lighter pair of cocks (which fall in match) first, proceeding upwards to the end: that every lighter pair may fight earlier than those that are heavier.

In matching (with relation to the battles) it is a rule in London, that, after the cocks of the main are weighed, the match bills are compared.

That every pair of deade or qual weight are separated, and fight against others, provided that it appears that the main can be enlarged by adding thereto either one battle or more thereby.

#### ERGOT OF RYE.

Rye is subject to most of the diseases which attack the plants of the family of the *Gramineæ*, such as "rust," "mildew," "burnt ear," and "smut-ball." But there is one remarkable disease which, although sometimes found in wheat, is much more commonly observed in rye. It is called the Ergot, the French name for cock's spur, which the diseased grain resembles in shape. By some perversion of the vital functions of the plant, the germs, instead of growing into a regular seed filled with farina, shoots out a long, black, spungy substance, several times the length of the common seed, which rises above the chaff, and has the appearance of a pyramid, bent slightly on one side. The substance contained therein, is soft, easily broken, and uniform in its internal texture, without any husk over it. If it were merely the loss of the grain of which the Ergot takes the place, the mischief occasioned would be but comparatively trifling, but this spungy substance when taken internally, mixed with the rye flour converted into bread, has a most powerful and deleterious effect on the digestive organs, and when taken in any considerable quantity, it produces the most dreadful diseases. This was first observed in France, where a great scarcity, from the failure of the rye crops, accompanied with a more than usual production of the Ergot obliged the poorer inhabitants of certain districts to make bread of the diseased rye. The consequences were horrid to behold; their limbs rotted and separated from the trunk before death relieved them from their misery. The superstitions ascribed it to witchcraft, but experiments, made on animals by feeding them on Ergoted rye, soon proved the real cause. A similar effect is recorded, and supposed to have been produced by the Ergot of wheat, on a family in the parish of Wattisham, Suffolk, in 1762, of which an account appeared in the "*Philosophical Transactions*" for 1762, and which is mentioned by Professor Henslow, of Cambridge, in a paper, "On the diseases of wheat," in "*The Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England*," (vol. II, No. 1, page 17).

The extraordinary effects of the Ergot of rye have made it the subject of experiments in medicine, and it has been extremely useful in some cases. It has now consequently become an article of commerce as a drug, and is chiefly imported from the continent. By an attentive observation of the circumstances which favour this disease in the rye, it might be profitable to cultivate the plant expressly for the Ergot it produces. The seed which grows on the same ear with the Ergot might be selected for seed, and a cold, wet soil, with a barren aspect, might be chosen as the most likely to perpetuate the disease. The Ergot is sold by druggist at from ten shillings to one pound per ounce, so that if only a pound of Ergot could be collected, it would be worth more than the produce in sound grain of an acre of the best land! At all events, it will well repay the trouble in picking out the Ergot from the rye, where it is infected. It is easily discovered, before reaping, from the appearances before mentioned.

HOW TO GET A DINNER.—One evening, Sheridan, not knowing where to go for a dinner, sat down by Michael Angelo Taylor, in the House of Commons, and said, "There is a law question likely to arise presently, on which, for your legal knowledge, you will be wanted to reply to Pitt, so I hope you will not think of leaving the house. Michael sat down with no little pleasure, while Sheridan slipped out, walked over to Michael's house, and ordered up dinner, saying to the servants, "Your master is not coming home this evening." He made an excellent dinner, came back to release him, saying, "I am sorry to have kept you; for after all, I believe this matter will not come off to-night. Michael walked home, and heard, to his no little consternation, when he rang for dinner, "Mr. Sheridan had it, sir, about two hours ago."—*Life of Wilberforce*.

TESTIMONY TO ART BY A DOG.—Mr. John Harrison, painter, of Cardiff, some time ago painted the likeness of a favorite dog, the property of Mr. William Castleugh, ironfounder, of Cardiff. The work was left at the Rummer Hotel, where some gentlemen found fault with particular parts of it. The dog was, therefore, brought to the inn, to be compared with the drawing, and while the observers were pointing out some of the leading features of the picture, so striking was its resemblance to nature that the dog sprang from under a table at the painting and partially defaced it.

## A PASSAGE IN LION HUNTING.

"*Donner en blitzen*, what a night it is!" exclaimed Martinus Appel, the leader of my band of Baastaerds (as the half-bred Hottentots of South Africa are designated), " 'twas well we reached the wagon before night-fall, mynheer."

And so it was; but that the reader may be able to agree with the said Martinus, I must mention, that myself and party of Hottentots had been, for some days, shooting antelopes and gnus, on the wide extent of undulating grass land, styled "the Bontibock flat." On the day in question, we had killed our usual number of antelopes, and, on our return home, had fallen in with, and shot, a very fine male lion, about three miles from the spot where my wagon and tent stood. Slight drizzling rain had been falling all the afternoon, which had, about eight o'clock, changed into one of the heaviest pours I had ever seen. Anxious to preserve the skin of the lion, I had had it brought into the small single round tent, in which I slept, and pegged to the ground, which it occupied more than the half of, while my bed of dried skins covered the remaining space. The Hottentots and myself had just finished stretching and pegging out the skin, when Martinus Appel made the above exclamation, which the weather, certainly, amply warranted. The rain beat down in torrents, and with a violence quite terrific, making the tight-drawn canvass ring like a drum-head, the thinness and diaphanous nature whereof, allowed the incipient lightnings to play, as it were, through and through the tent; while the loud voice of thunder added its terrific base to the plaintive wailings of the oxen, who, tied to the wagon-wheels and yokes, were exposed to the pitiless raging of the storm.

The Hottentots crouched on the ground, near the door of the small tent, while I sat upon my bed of skins, and served out to them their nightly portion of the narcotic weed, and their dram of cape brandy. At length the leader, having swallowed his dram, observed, "It is a bad night this, mynheer, for the wife (the Dutch name for the lioness) to go her rounds; and, if she meets any one on the flat, she will do mischief to night."

"What do you mean," asked I, "by going her rounds?" "Why," replied Martinus, "whenever a lion is shot, its mate, not finding it, traverses, during the succeeding night, every nick of the flat, searching for him; and at such times they are excessively fierce, although they will not touch any game, but traverse the plain openly, and without any attempt at concealment, continually calling to their lost companion."

"Yes," said Janshell (or *Hair Trigger*, a nickname given him for his good shooting), "many a tale used old Hans to tell me of wives searching for their *mannikees*. But come, men, let us take advantage of this momentary lull, and get into and under the wagon to sleep, and let mynheer, too, get to sleep."

"*Goeden nacht*," was pronounced by all; and the baastaerds betook themselves to my wagon, which was about one hundred yards off, and were soon fast asleep in spite of rain and thunder, while I, too, got into bed, and very shortly followed their example, leaving Loudon and Princess, two large Scotch staghounds, to keep their accustomed watch at my feet.

How long I had remained in the arms of Morpheus I know not; but I was suddenly aroused by a sound, as if the thunder had been imprisoned in the earth under my tent, and was striving, with terrific force, to gain its freedom: the earth literally shook. I started up to a sitting posture, and instinctively, without any definite notion of danger, seized my roer (or large gun), which lay by my side, and at the same moment, a flash of vivid lightning shewed me my two dogs in the act of springing through the half-closed doorway of my tent, every tie whereof was broken by the violence with which, in their alarm, they sprang to face the coming danger. A moment afterwards, I heard the rush of the dogs, as in chase of something, and then I struck a light, and, lighting a candle, looked to the caps of both my guns, and slipped a second bullet into each barrel. Having done this, gun in hand, I sat on my bed, with my face to the now open doorway of the tent, fully expecting an attack; for I had, by this time discovered, that the sound which had awoke my dogs and myself, was the roar of the lioness close to my head, she having just scented the warm and steaming skin of her mate, that was spread in the tent by me. In a few minutes the dogs returned, Princess free from hurt, and old Loudon but slightly scratched on the face; both of them, however, in a state of extreme excitement, full of pluck, and very determined, but without that appearance of dash and cockiness which was their wont when their blood was up. They both lay down at the door of the tent, with their heads on their paws, peering into the dense darkness, and every few minutes uttering a low and angry growl as the lioness, who had removed to some distance, made the earth tremble with her peculiar roar. I now bitterly lamented having brought the skin into the tent; but it was too late to remedy the evil. Vainly and ineffectually did I strive to make the Hottentots, or my servants, hear me calling to one of them to keep a look out, and fire, at all hazards, when the lioness re-appeared, if he could see her, as was probable, when she approached the circle of light which the candle shed around, through the transparent canvass of the tent. Tired with their day's work, they would have slept though Jove himself had been thundering in their ears. I had just come to the pleasing conclusion that I must depend on myself for my escape, and

had settled the mode of proceeding as follows, namely, that the moment the lioness appeared at the doorway, I should alit, with my knife, the canvass behind me, and so make my exit, leaving the tent to her, when her roars growing momentarily louder, shewed she was again advancing to the attack. On she came, slowly and quietly, till I could hear her deep growl behind me, and then she went gradually round the tent, as I fancied by the sound, till the dogs saw or scented her. With a growl and a bark away they went at her. A few snaps and growls were heard, and then the dogs returned, again unscathed but by some trifling scratches. It seemed as if the lioness in her anxiety to reach the place where she fancied her mate was confined, scorned to do battle with the dogs, while they were determined to prevent her too near approach to the tent, which, had she once got close to, the inherent dread of fire, that all animals have, would, probably, not have been strong enough to prevent her entering. The above advance and retreat were several times repeated; during the whole period of which I sat on the bed, with one gun in hand, the other by my side, and my long knife lying on the bed, looking through the doorway, in the hope of being able to see and get a shot at the lioness, without exposing myself to her vision, which would have certainly brought her at me at once, at all hazards.

At length the long wished for morning began to dawn; the rain had ceased, and, as the first few streaks of daylight tinged the horizon, I stole to the door of the tent and looked forth. The dogs, who preceded me, stood a few yards in advance, barking and growling at an undefined and undistinguishable object about fifty yards off. I was doubting whether or not I should risk a shot, when the voice of Martinus Appel, in the wagon, was heard, giving out the two first lines of the Dutch psalm, with which my Balfour Hottentots invariably welcomed the morning. Often, and sometimes in peril too, had I heard the voices of these rude, wild men, raised to celebrate the return of the glorious day, but never did sound convey to me the delight which I now experienced. It was not only an assurance of present succour, and of the perils of the night over, but told me that I had those at hand who would aid me in avenging on the animal my disturbance and fears of the past night.

The Hottentots' usual alarm signal—a low, long whistle—brought two of my followers to the tent. They were forthwith despatched on the spoor, or trail of the lioness, which was now seen making off, slowly and unwillingly, across the flat, every moment turning and casting an indignant look at the tent, and then, with her mouth close to the ground, giving vent to her rage, in one of those long deep roars which those who have once heard can never forget. As these sounds grew fainter I lay down, and slept for some hours; and then the party, having breakfasted cleaned their guns, and made every preparation for a severe fight, we started, taking only our stanchest horses, to shoot the lioness, which Janshell and old Hans had marked down, and the latter was still watching while the former came to guide us.

We found her, as we anticipated, very savage (*al te kwai*, Martinus called it), and she nearly disabled a good horse for me; but her skin, that night, was pegged by the side of her *mannikee's*, but not, as may be imagined, *inside* my tent. The lesson of that night should not be forgotten by lion hunters.

## LORD BARRYMORE AND LORD G. BENTINCK.

It may seem strange to institute a comparison between a young nobleman who perished two-and-fifty years since, being then only twenty-four, and my Lord Bentinck, who is now forty-three, and the acknowledged "Napoleon of the turf;" but what Lord George now is, Lord Barrymore was rapidly becoming when a fatal accident deprived him of his life. The same love of racing, the same enthusiasm during a race, the same desire to carry the details of sport as nearly as possible to perfection distinguished both.

Lord Barrymore came on the turf in 1787 (he was then but 18). The first racer he bought was a filly called Yarico; he matched her against Mr. Davis's Copernicus, and won. The next year he bought of Mr. Bullock (the Gully of that day) Elm, Alarm, Jericho, Rockingham, Gray, Pumpkin, and Sir Christopher; of Mr. Vernon, Nimble; and of Sir John Lade, and others, Freenow, Brewer, Columbine, Tipsey, Ventilator, Tinker, and Tiffany. Thus, at the age of nineteen, he had sixteen first-rate horses; for Rockingham alone he gave 3,000 guineas; he won large sums by this horse, and declared him to be the cheapest horse he ever bought. Rockingham's last run was in a match with a mare (Mr. Wentworth's) for 300 guineas; Lord Barrymore rode Rockingham, and won. His lordship was considered the best gentleman rider in England. In 1789, he bought Skewball of Sir John Lade; he also purchased Skiff, Highlander, Tom Thumb, Smoke, The Captain, Palafox, and Tass. In 1790, Sir Charles, Musquito, Imprudence, Tully, and Kiss-my-Lady, from Sir John Lade's stables; Pilgrim he bought of Mr. Bullock; Little Flyer, Chanticleer, and Seagull of Charles James Fox; for the two latter he gave 4,000 guineas. By Chanticleer he made vast sums, and afterwards (1792) sold him to the Duke of York for 2,700 guineas. Chanticleer beat Lord Grosvenor's Asparagus several times for 500 guineas each match, Lord Barrymore won in bets alone between 15



and 16,000*l.* on the events. "Why did you sell him?" said the Duchess of Bolton. "He was too good, your grace," was the sportsmanlike reply. In 1791 Lord Barrymore bought Moose, Pat, Old Gold, Halbert, and Treecreeper, of the best of the day; he was then just twenty-one years of age. The parallel between the two Lord B's is best expressed in this description of Lord Barrymore at that period. "In all matters pertaining to the turf he was proficient. The veterans would ask 'What does Lord B. say?' No man was a better judge of pace, he knew every horse's distance to a length. He was the universal handicapper; in fact had not his other pursuits been equally notorious, you would have thought his heart and soul occupied by the turf alone." There the parallel ends, for Barrymore lost at night at cards more than he won in the morning on the course. He raised a little before his death 130,000*l.* towards liquidating his debts; he also sold his stud, and devoted it to the same purpose. Sir John Lade said of him "He had more of what they call genius for the thing (sporting) than any man I ever met or heard of. He was the best gentleman rider and coachman I ever saw; the latter over all sorts of roads, and with all sorts of cattle; he would drive a rattler through Petticoat-lane, as readily as he would his own curricule in the Park."

As many may not know the manner of Lord Barrymore's death we shall describe it, though it was nothing to do with the partial parallel we instituted. Lord Barrymore was a lieutenant of the Berkshire militia stationed at Rye, and was marching a party of French prisoners to Deal. They marched through Folkestone to the top of the succeeding hill, and halted at a small public-house to refresh his men and the prisoners. Admiral Macbride and General Smith met his lordship there; he was in high spirits, and accepted an invitation to dine with them at Deal. Lord Barrymore had marched at the head of a party from Rye; he now ordered his valet-de-chambre, who drove his curricule in the rear, to procure him a pipe of tobacco, saying "I'll ride and smoke while you drive." He was in high glee, counted up the score with chalk on a slate à la Boniface—imitated Hob, from "Hob in the Well," a farce he was very partial to—treated all about him—gave the landlady a kiss, and leaped into the curricule. He gave the fuses to his servant, who placed it carelessly between his legs and drove off. They had scarcely proceeded fifty yards when the piece went off. The contents entered his lordship's right cheek—forced out the eye and lodged in the brain: he was pointing to the coast of France at the moment. He lived forty minutes, grooming heavily, but never spoke again. The fusée was loaded with swan shot; he had been killing gulls and rabbits on his way from Rye to Folkestone. An inquest was held on the 8th of March, the verdict "Accidental Death." He was interred on Sunday, March 17, 1793, in the chancel of the church at Wargrave.

#### SPORT IN THE PAST GROUSING SEASON.

The pursuit of the grouse, it is well known, ceases in December, and the business of the fowling-piece may now be said to be on the wane. Partridges, however, are still fair game; but, unless in places where they have been but little disturbed, they will not suffer the approach of the sportsman. Partridges have been found in great abundance, as we have observed in former numbers; more were killed than usual, yet more than usual will be left at the close of the season, which we need hardly observe, is the close of this month, or, as some persons interpret it, the 1st of February.

The season for the pursuit of the pheasant closes at the period already mentioned. These birds, in many places, have been slaughtered by hundreds in the way of battue-shooting, and many hundreds more will fall in the same wholesale way during the present month. A much wiser and better plan than was formerly followed, in respect to the propagation of these beautiful birds, has been lately adopted in many places, and will, no doubt, become general. The male bird, which was uniformly marked for indiscriminate destruction (under the mistaken idea that the female would be sure to find a mate), is now more sparingly killed. They are left in the proportion of one male to three females, which is as it should be. The shooting season for grouse, ptarmigan, and black game, ended on the 10th December, and the mountain solitudes are now left to repose under the snows of winter. The bygone season has proved a very bolsterous one throughout to the sportsman; hence, more than the usual stock of game remains for another year. From the courtesy of our southern friends we are enabled to give some notes of their sports. On the Glengarry moors, C. P. Leslie, Esq., M.P., Lord Huntingfield, Lord E. Hill, and the Hon. P. Talbot, bagged 172 brace of grouse, black game, and ptarmigan, 4 red deer, and 14 roe deer. At Farnakyle, J. W. Eyston, Esq., Mr. Goodlake, and Mr. Gatacre, shot 1,400 brace of grouse, 100 brace of ptarmigan, and 21 red deer, nearly all stags. On the Auchintoul shooting, S. Bateson, Esq., Mr. Water, and Mr. Beresford, shot 400 brace of grouse and six stags. One of these, stalked by Mr. Bateson, had a noble head of large horns, of the most admired form. They were in length 34 inches, span inside of the bows 80½ inches, space from tip to tip of top antlers, 35 inches, four brow antlers 10 inches in length each, forming a semicircle in front of the head. Colonel Towers stalked two stags, with fine heads, at Aulnaharrow. At Lochkreig, W. H. Clarke, Esq., bagged 600 brace of grouse. Mr. Clive, Mr. Ince, and Mr. Merrick

had 803 brace at Kinrara. On Lower Killin moors Mr. Eversfield, Mr. Ibbetson, and Mr. Tredcroft had upwards of 1,000 brace. J. M. E. Jones, Esq., at Lomberoy, shot 2,000 head of game, consisting of grouse black cock, and ptarmigan, also, 2 rein deer. The Auchinault party, Captain Chearnley, and Mr. Chearnley, Mr. Flood, and the Hon. C. E. French, bagged 3,700 head of grouse, ptarmigan, and black game, 9 red deer, 11 roe; and in one of the lakes Captain Chearnley caught, with a small rod, 70 pike. At Rosehall, J. Jones, Esq., and Mr. Gade, shot 550 head of grouse, and 7 roe deer. At Inverbroom, Sir St. George Gore, Bart., had excellent sport on the moors; and from the deer forest he shot 15 stags and 11 roe deer; one stag was the largest seen in that part of the country—his weight was upwards of 26 stone, and the tops of his horns were broken off, either from combating an adversary, or falling down a precipice; the feet were uncommonly large, and part of the shin was of a deep brown colour, approaching to black.

#### AMERICAN BOWLING ALLEYS.

Anything new in the field of healthful, manly sports is deserving our special notice. We have to announce the introduction, for the first time in this country, of the American game called "Bowling Alleys," which is capable of eliciting the science shown at bowls, and also affords the muscular exercise enjoyed by nine-pins or skittle-players, but the Bowling Alleys, (a game combining Skittles and Bowls in one) are likely to prove a gentlemanlike substitute for the now much vulgarised English game of "Knock 'em down."

The first trial of Bowling Alleys has been made in the Saloon of the National Baths, Westminster road, which has been converted into a novel kind of skittle ground. Many gentlemen, admirers of such diversions, as quoits, bowls, golf, &c., attending to participate in the amusement of the new game.

Bowling Alleys is played in the following manner. First, to describe the machinery in the game. Three long alleys or stages, constructed on a wooden framework, run on a level for upwards of 80 feet distance, to what must be termed diminutive skittle-frames. There are ten pins instead of nine (the usual number) to each frame. The pin or skittle used is smaller, considerably, than those used in the English game, being only five inches in circumference, at the bulge. The skittles are ranged diamond shape on the plane, and stand at equal distances from each other. The player, stationed at the foot of any one of the alleys, bowls a heavy wooden ball up the stage, aiming at the centre-skittle, which he hit properly is the science of the game; for a "flore," or the tumbling down of all the skittles is generally the result of good bowling. The difficulty consists in casting the ball so that it shall run centrally along the alley. An inexperienced player is almost sure to run his ball off the stage before it arrives at the frame. With practice, however, the bowling alleys are soon understood well enough to bowl correctly. The inventor of the game stated to the writer on the ground that in the United States ladies were particularly partial to the sport, and he referred to a Baltimore beauty, who had floored the skittles eight times successively. One of the gentlemen present on Thursday, who had never played before, knocked down the ten pins at one bowl twice following. But ordinarily, they are not to be got down under four, five, or six bowls.

The saloon is handsomely fitted up, suitably to the game; and one remarkable part of the fittings may be here mentioned. Alongside of each alley runs an ingeniously constructed gallery, on an inclined plane, on which the balls are placed when taken up from the frame, to be returned on the locomotive principle to the player.

There can be little doubt that the game of Bowling Alleys will become equally popular in this country as in America.

#### THE FLEET STREET RACES.

A very animated race took place last Tuesday at this celebrated meeting. The City Tollman and the Butcher-Boy started precisely at three from the corner of Chancery Lane, and went off in beautiful style, the Butcher-boy taking the lead, though he carried many pounds extra-weight, and maintaining it as far as St. Dunstan's Church. Opposite Serjeant's Inn, he was full two wheels ahead of the City Tollman, but when they neared Bouverie Street, the City Tollman picked up a bit, owing to the badness of the ground, and was gaining rapidly upon the Butcher-boy, when the latter, by dexterously applying the whip, shot by before him, and completely distanced him. He would certainly have won the race, in glorious style, if a Patent Safety driver, who was quietly exercising his horse up and down the middle of the course, had not cut in before him, and nearly thrown him from his seat. As it was, the Butcher-boy protested against the City Tollman pocketing the stakes. The winner was not claimed. We feel bound to state, before concluding our report of this well contested race, that the police regulations all along the line were shamefully deficient, and that the grand stand was occupied as usual by the same number of unhired cabs.

A western editor, who is an old bachelor, says, "We never cared a farthing about getting married until we attended an old bachelor's funeral. God grant that our latter end may not be like his."

# ADVERTISEMENTS.

**THE MAMMOTH HORSE. — MR.**  
 Carter's Colossal Horse continues to attract crowds of sitters, but as he will positively leave town in a few days for America, Mr. Carter begs to remind those persons who have not yet seen this remarkable animal, aptly termed the "Model Horse," that the present time is the only opportunity they will have of viewing the largest horse in the world. Count D'Orsay says, "he is a magnificent animal." The Mammoth horse is 20 hands in height, and weighs 5,000 lbs. He will be exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, from 11 a.m. till 9 p.m. Admission 1s.

**G. Y. BALL,**  
**REGISTERED DAGUERROTYPYAN PORTABLE**  
**LOOKING GLASS.**  
**NOVELTY, UTILITY, CONVENIENCE,**  
**COMFORT, AND ECONOMY.**

**THE DAGUERROTYPYAN Looking Glass.**  
 If you value personal comfort, neatness of appearance, cleanliness and acceptability at the social board, or the society of the fair sex, provide yourself with the last triumph of cheapness, ingenuity, and utility. It is a portable pocket mirror, in a brass case, suited to suspend against the wall, hold in the hand, lie flat, or be self-supported at an angle of forty-five degrees on table or shelf, presenting in a commodious form a looking glass, a shaving reflector, and an invaluable counsellor after the heat of the race, the tide, the promenade, or before the entering a ball room, and in fact no person ought to be without one.

To be had Wholesale and for Exportation at 86, Newgate-street, London.

**SHIPPERS, MERCHANTS, AND COM-**  
**MERCIAL TRAVELLERS** are respectfully requested to inspect the **DAGUERROTYPYAN LOOKING-GLASS.** It will be found the most novel, useful, attractive, and saleable article at home and abroad, in the City or the provinces, ever offered to their notice. The Registered Proprietor and Manufacturer, **G. Y. BALL**, is prepared to execute orders in any amount, for the various sizes of the **DAGUERROTYPYAN Looking-Glass**, on terms particularly advantageous to dealers.

86, NEWGATE-STREET, LONDON.  
 December 16, 1845.

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**TOM THUMB SONGSTER,**  
 Containing Eighty Songs.  
 Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 of this now popular Song Book are still on sale.

No. 6 contains, by permission of Miss Eliza Cook, Thirteen of her best songs, together with Forty other Songs, and a neatly engraved Portrait of this talented Lady.

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**THE LONDON GENERAL RECITER,**  
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 New Ready, No. 1 of  
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Containing sparkling Witticisms, Jokes, Riddles, Puns, Bulls, Jonathanisms, and everything likely to cause right good Merriment. Everybody ought to have this, to create mirth for Holiday Times. Thirty-six pages, a Comic Engraving, beautifully designed Cover, and laughable Frontispiece, the whole for One Penny.

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**OKEY'S DERBY SWEEPS OPEN.**  
 Horses. 1st Prize. 2nd 3rd Start.  
 142 at £2 2s.....£200.....£80.....£30.....£15 0s.  
 142 at 1s.....125.....30.....10.....5 0s.  
 142 at 10s. 6d.....60.....20.....10.....5 0s.  
 Disqualified horses not drawn. — Prizes go with the stakes. Draw nights, Tuesdays and Fridays. — Post-office orders to Mr. N. F. Okey, Hare of Waterloo Inn, Waterloo-road, London. N.B. These sweeps will be drawn as soon as full, and the tickets forwarded according to the address given. — The prizes will be paid the first Tuesday after the race, less five per cent. If any horses should die or be disqualified prior to the draw, the amount will be deducted from the starting money, as above.

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SIR,—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thanking you before this time, for your politeness in sending me your pills as you did. I now take this opportunity of sending an order for the amount, and, at the same time, to add that your Pills have effected a cure of a disorder in my liver and stomach, which all the most eminent of the Faculty at home, and all over the Continent, had not been able to effect; nay, not even the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad. I wish to have another Box and a Pot of Ointment in case of any of my family should ever require either.  
 Your most obliged and obedient servant,  
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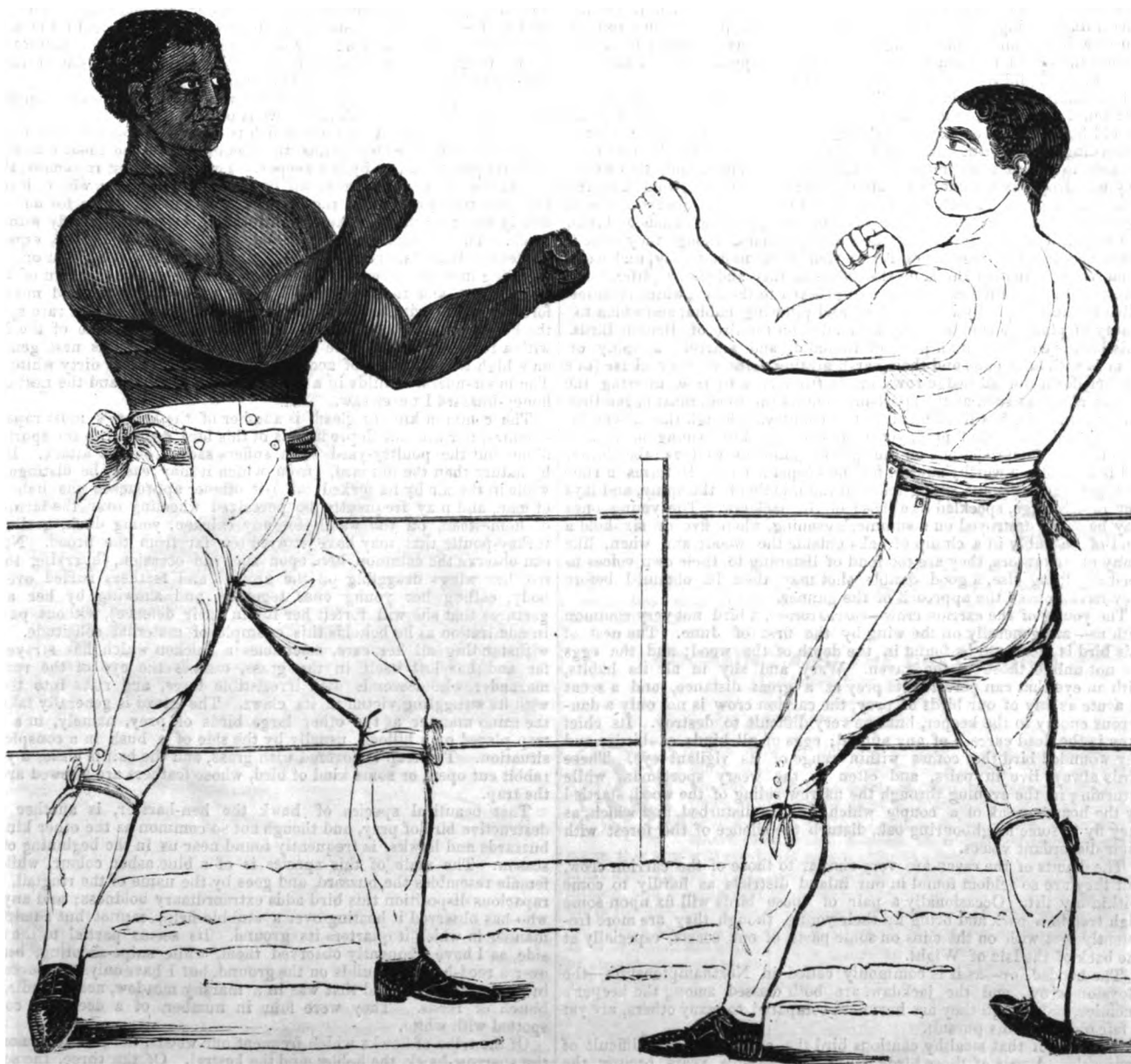
**PERRY'S PURIFYING SPECIFIC PILLS**, price 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 11s. per box, are the most effectual remedy for Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Strictures, Inflammations, Irritation of the Bladder, &c. without hindrance to business.  
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**LONDON**.—Printed by JOHN WORTHAM, of 313, Strand, in the parish of St. Mary-le-Strand; and Published at the Office, 42, Holywell-street, by E. DIPPLE.— Thursday Jan. 15, 1846.

# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 37. FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 31, 1846.  
[Stamped to send free by Post, Three-pence.]

THREE  
HALF-PENCE.



**FIGHT BETWEEN PERRY THE BLACK, AND  
BURTON OF LEICESTER.**

[For Particulars see STAMPED EDITION.]

## THE KEEPER'S TREE.

(Continued from page 549.)

At no time of the year are the energies of the keeper so much called into action against his enemies as in the spring. At that period most of them are occupied in rearing their young, and, rapacious at all times, their rapacity is then doubled. In June, when the sports of the field are at a stand still, the destruction of vermin, and the preservation of the clutches of eggs and the nides of young birds, which so frequently are cut over by the scythe of the mower, should be now the keeper's chief care. Now is his time to seek out the nest of the buzzard and the hawk—generally in some old oak in the depth of the forest—and when the old bird is on the nest blow the whole into the air.

The nest of the magpie is more easily discovered. In some small thorn spiny, or at the edge of the wood, does this chattering pilferer build its nest; and as evening draws on the old couple may be seen departing from bough to bough, and their incessant clamour betrays the locality of their abode. I have often been surprised, considering the general shyness of this bird, at the little caution with which it usually selects its breeding place. Often do we see its nest perched in a solitary ash tree, in the middle of a hedge-row, with scarcely a bough to screen it from the eye of its enemies, and often does it approach the habitation of man, and build its nest close to his abode.

In a small plantation in front of my house, a couple of magpies every year build their nest in the same fir, and though for the last three years the old birds have been shot, and the eggs or young destroyed, yet each succeeding winter brings another pair, who as soon as twilight draws on, are seen in the air at an immense height over the plantation, into which they will drop like a stone, and after a little chattering, and hopping from one tree to another, they retire to roost, and always leave at day-break. Magpies are great enemies to the eggs of all kinds of birds, and will kill the young of all the smaller species, though they seldom attack those of the larger ones. As we shall have more to say under our usual head of British Birds, on the habits of this audacious pilferer I here refrain from further remark, and proceed to the JAY, which is closely allied to the magpie by its chattering and pilfering habits, and which for beauty of plumage stands nearly unrivalled on the list of British Birds. This bird is common in all parts of England, and scarcely a spiny or cover is without a pair, and their harsh grating voice, as they chase one another down the tall hedge rows, or fly from tree to tree, uttering the note of alarm as soon as the sportsman enters the wood, must be familiar to every one who has lived much in the country. Though the jay can be scarcely called a bird of prey, yet it occasionally kills young birds, and commits great depredations on the eggs of game as well as other birds, and is therefore a worthy subject for the keeper's tree. It forms a rude nest, generally in some young tetter in the middle of the spiny, and lays four or five eggs, speckled like those of the jackdaw. The young ones may be easily destroyed on a summer's evening, when five or six hold a kind of assembly in a clump of oaks outside the wood; and when, like many other orators, they are too fond of listening to their own voices to heed any thing else, a good double shot may then be obtained before they have noticed the approach of the gunner.

The young of the carrion crow—*corvus corone*, a bird not very common with us—are generally on the wing by the first of June. The nest of this bird is mostly to be found in the depth of the wood; and the eggs are not unlike those of the raven. Wary and shy in all its habits, with an eye that can perceive its prey at a great distance, and as acute as any of our birds of prey, the carrion crow is not only a dangerous enemy to the keeper, but one very difficult to destroy. Its chief prey is the dead carcase of any animal; eggs of all kinds of birds; and any wounded bird that comes within range of its vigilant eye. These birds always live in pairs, and often is the weary sportsman, while returning in the evening through the narrow riding of the wood, startled by the hoarse croak of a couple which he has disturbed, and which, as they fly to some neighbouring oak, disturb the silence of the forest with their discordant voices.

The habits of the raven are very similar to those of the carrion crow, but they are so seldom found in our inland districts as hardly to come within my list. Occasionally a pair of those birds will fix upon some high tree in a park and bring up their young, though they are more frequently met with on the cliffs on some parts of our coasts, especially at the back of the Isle of Wight.

The hooded, or—as it is commonly called in Northamptonshire—the Royston crow, and the jackdaw, are both classed among the keeper's enemies, and though they are harmless compared to many others, are yet a fair object for his pursuit.

The nest of that stealthy cautious bird the owl, is usually difficult of approach. A pair of those birds will for successive years occupy the same ledge in the old belfry, the same hole in the gable end of the old barn, or the same hollow pollard in the wood or hedge-row adjoining, from whence as soon as the shades of twilight envelop the earth, they commence their discordant screech, or melancholy hoot, rendered more audible and solemn by the stillness which then prevails. The owl is seldom seen by day. As soon as the face of the country is ever-shadowed by the sober grey of evening, this solitary bird sallies from

its retreat, and, even in the dim twilight of summer, its form may be indistinctly seen through the mist flitting by on its steady course, either beating the fields regularly, like a sower in search of game, or hovering over the top of the barn or hedge of the stack, in quest of mice or other prey. Now is the time to shoot them. For though shy and timid by day, they appear at dusk to lay aside their fear, and will frequently approach near enough to be knocked down with a stick. The two species most commonly met with are the yellow or barn owl, also called the screech owl, and the tawny or common brown owl, called also the howlet. Both I believe equally destructive to game: both lay five or six whitish eggs in a rude nest, and bring up their young in the same manner.

By far the most numerous of the larger species of birds of prey, and which are well known to every sportsman and keeper, are the genus *Falco*—falcons, hawks, and buzzards. The king of birds, the eagle, is rarely met with in our southern latitudes, but in the dreary wilds of the mountainous districts of the Highlands, where human foot rarely wanders, and where the mountain roe, and ptarmigan, offer a more tempting quarry than can be met with in our midland districts, does this bird fix his eyrie, on the side of some rock, inaccessible to the boldest mountaineer. One was shot by a keeper as passing over Lilford park, in this neighbourhood some years ago. It was the white-tailed eagle, I believe the commonest of the whole tribe.

The peregrine falcon is another rare visitor to our shores, though it is not unfrequently met with in the wilds of Ireland.

The next on our list, and one which is not so common in our country, is the buzzard; of which genus the common and the moor buzzard are most frequently killed by the keeper. Though a most rapacious, this is a cowardly bird, and rarely, till compelled by hunger, will it leave its favourite tree, perched on the top of which it may be seen for hours, patiently watching the approach of any small bird that may fly within its reach. The common buzzard frequents all parts of England, especially the fenny districts, and I have seen eight or ten in the air at one time, wheeling in circles over the mead-beds and sedge on the margin of Whitestone-mere, and the fens near Yarmley. The water-rat and moor-hen form their favourite food, and last winter I killed one of that rare species, the honey-buzzard, as it rose from a reed bed by the side of the Nene, with a rat in its claws. The common buzzard builds its nest generally on a high tree, difficult of access, and lays two or three dirty white eggs. The moor-buzzard builds in a bush near the ground; and the nest of the honey-buzzard I never saw.

The common kite, or glead, is another of the keeper's most rapacious enemies, nor are the depredations of this bird confined to the sportsman alone, but the poultry-yard often suffers sadly from its attack. Bolder by nature than the buzzard, (from which it may easily be distinguished while in the air by its forked tail,) it oftener approaches the habitation of man, and may frequently be perceived wheeling over the farm-yard or homestead, on the watch for any chicken, young duck, gosling or turkey-poult, that may have strayed too far from the brood. No one can observe the common hen upon such an occasion, (hurrying to and fro, her wings dragging on the ground, and feathers ruffled over her body, calling her young ones together, and showing by her angry gestures that she will forfeit her life in their defence), without pausing in admiration as he beholds this example of maternal solicitude. Notwithstanding all her care, sometimes a chicken which has strayed too far and has lost itself in the grass, catches the eye of the ruthless marauder, who descends with irresistible force, and rises into the air with its struggling victim in its claws. The glead is generally taken in the same manner as the other large birds of prey, namely, in a steel trap placed on a hillock, usually by the side of a bush in a conspicuous situation. The trap is covered with grass, and the bait is either a young rabbit cut open, or some kind of bird, whose feathers are strewn around the trap.

That beautiful species of hawk the hen-harrier, is another most destructive bird of prey, and though not so common as the other kinds of buzzards and hawks, is frequently found near us in the beginning of the season. The male of this species is of a blue ashen colour, while the female resembles the buzzard, and goes by the name of the ringtail. To a rapacious disposition this bird adds extraordinary boldness; and any one who has observed it beating over a stubble-field, cannot but admire the manner in which it quarters its ground. It seems partial to the river side, as I have frequently observed them, while snipe-shooting, beating over a reed-bed. It builds on the ground, but I have only once succeeded in finding its eggs, and that was in a marshy meadow, near Oundle, in a bunch of reeds. They were four in number, of a deep red colour, spotted with white.

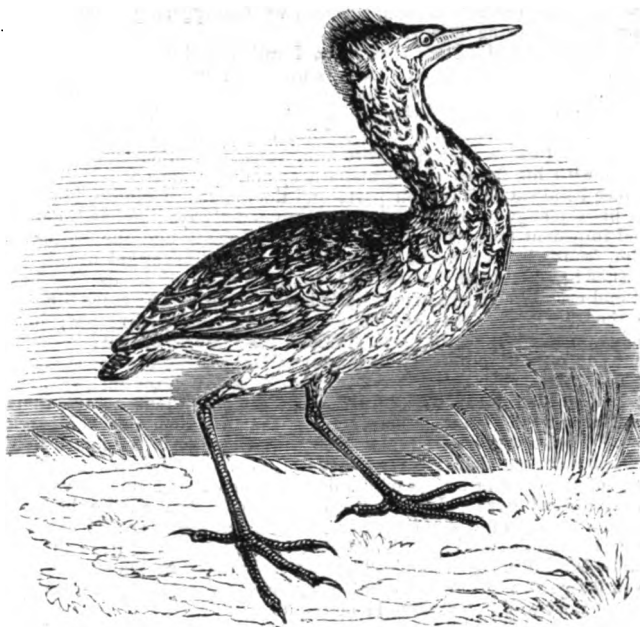
Of the tribe of hawks which frequent our woods, the most common are the sparrow-hawk, the hobby, and the kestrel. Of the three, the second is the most scarce, and the last the most common. The hobby is about the size of the sparrow-hawk, and may be easily known by the dark black spot behind each eye. The kestrel is larger, and the male and female differ so much as scarcely to appear to be of the same species; the male being of a bluish lead colour, spotted with black; while the female is of a beautiful brown, very much variegated with black. The eyes of this species are black, while those of the other two are of a yellow or orange



colour. The sparrow-hawk is of a dusky leaden hue, the tail barred with black, and may be distinguished by the streak of white which runs across the back of the neck. The habits of the whole genus are nearly alike. They choose much the same places for building, either in old ruins, or in the hollow of decayed trees, and not unfrequently in the old nest of a crow. The female sparrow-hawk lays five or six eggs spotted with red. Those of the hobby are a bluish white; and those of the kestrel deep red, spotted with black. They are rapacious and fierce in their disposition; and are by far the most numerous and obnoxious of all the British birds of prey. Like most thieves they unite great cunning to their other attributes, and seldom come within range of the gun, but are chiefly taken in traps placed in the same manner as for the larger birds of prey. In all our birds of prey the female is the largest.

Although the heron or hern cannot be classed among the enemies of the game preserver, it is nevertheless so great a destroyer of fish, that every sportsman should consider him as a common enemy, and never lose a single opportunity of ridding the fish-stew and river of this foe to the sport of the angler. In the day time this bird may be observed standing perfectly motionless for hours together up to its knees, in some shallow ford and in the river, or by the edge of a pond or meer, almost always in such a situation as not to be taken by surprise. Here he will patiently wait till a fish approaches within reach, when he darts on his prey, and bears it away to a distance, where he quickly swallow it and returns in search of more. Sometimes he will watch for a whole afternoon without appearing to catch a single fish. Their nest is easily found; a colony of these birds fixing on a clump of high trees in a park, where for ages successive generations will bring up their young; leaving their nests and returning to them each season in the same manner as rooks. They may sometimes be shot in the evening by a person stationed under any tree near the river side which they frequent, and they are sometimes taken in a wire noose pegged to the bank of a pond or river, where they are observed watching for fish.

### BRITISH BIRDS.—NO. XXVIII.



THE BITTERN.

**T**HIS handsome marsh-bird inhabits most of the fenny districts, where it breeds, making its nest in April with the leaves of water-plants, on some dry clump among reeds or rushes. The female lays six or eight eggs of a pale greenish colour. Hawks, which plunder the nests of most water-fowl, seldom venture to attack that of the bittern. Concealing itself in the midst of an extensive marsh, it lives upon frogs, insects, and vegetables during the summer; but in the autumn it repairs to the woods in pursuit of mice, which it seizes dexterously and swallows whole. The bill is four inches long, of a greenish brown colour with jagged edges; legs, of a pale green; claws, long and slender; the inner side of the middle claw finely serrated, for the purpose of holding its prey more securely; the breast feathers, long and loose; the plumage of the bittern is, indeed, beautifully variegated. The most remarkable trait in this bird, however, is that hollow dismal noise which it commences in the spring and ends in the autumn, and which distinguishes it from the

feathered creation. To describe this booming, as it is termed, is impossible; it must be heard. However awful these loud bellowing explosions may seem to us, they are the calls to courtship or of connubial felicity. As the bittern flies sluggishly, it presents an easy mark to the gunner, and though generally timid, when wounded, makes a desperate resistance. At the latter end of autumn, however, in the evening its wonted indolence appears to forsake it, and it soars into the air with a spiral ascent to a considerable height, making at the same time a singular noise very different from its former boomings. In the reign of Henry VIII. it was held in great esteem at our tables. Its flesh has much the flavour of the hare, and nothing of the fishiness of that of the heron. In some districts it is called the bitter-bum, and in others the miredrum.

In a delightful little work entitled "Observations on the Fauna of Norfolk," by the Rev. Richard Lubbock, Rector of Eccles, we find the following remark on this bird. (We shall shortly make a few extracts from this work on the subject of the Norfolk decoys):

"The bittern has decreased much in number in the last twenty years. I remember when these birds could be found with certainty in the extensive tracts of reed about Hickling broad and Heigham sounds. Four or five might be seen in a morning. The nest and young of this species appear to have been always difficult to find. After diligent inquiry, I could ascertain only two instances in which the nest had been seen with the young. In both these, and this is a curious fact, the finders asserted to me, that, of four young in the nest, two were apparently much older than the others: so great was the difference, that they spoke of one pair as more than half grown and nearly fledged, and the other pair covered with nestling down, and but a few days hatched. There is a similar notice with regard to the habits of the white owl, and its nest containing young of different ages, in Mr. Yarrell's *British Birds*. Besides the bitterns which still breed here, a few migrate hither in autumn. From its skulking habits, and its being nocturnal, this bird appears rather rarer than it is. It seems to dislike broad sunshine as much as the owls. One, compelled to take flight in the full blaze of a July noon, flew hither and thither, as if quite dazzled and confused by so much light. Mr. Yarrell, speaking with caution, says that he can verify only three instances of the bittern recently breeding in England; but I believe that a few pairs still regularly breed around our larger broads. The difficulty of finding the nest, was, as I have said, very great, when the bird was far more common than at present. The want of actual knowledge of the nest itself does not in the least invalidate the fact of the bird breeding with us. A water dog once brought me a very young bittern; but, from the precarious nature of the reed bed, and the difficulty of moving even a few yards further, I could not discover the nest whence he took it. I have many years back seen several killed, in the same morning in August, by sportsmen searching for young wild ducks, and it was easy to distinguish young birds from those more aged. The bittern probably breeds early in the season: I find amongst my friend Girdlestone's notes, notice of a bittern shot at Ranworth on the 18th of May in the act of feeding her young ones. The bittern has been shot with a water-rail, a bird of some size, whole in its stomach; and Sir T. Browne speaks of one which he kept tame in his garden, which managed to subsist greatly upon small birds, which it caught when they were tempted down by corn scattered to allure them.

### COURSING AND THE GREYHOUND.

(Continued from page 546.)

#### SECTION VII.—THE JUDGE.

**W** E now come to the responsible, arduous and unthankful office of the judge (or tryer) of a course. We have said he has a most arduous as well as a most unthankful office to fill, for he must both do justice, and give satisfaction to all parties; and in a field of fifty sportsmen, where each prides himself upon his individual discernment, this you will say in no easy matter to accomplish. Moreover, he must have an eye to see, and a head to retain; a judgment to discriminate, and a confidence to declare; and, unawed by the silly babble of the multitude, follow the disinterested impulse of his own unbiassed skill. He should also be a bold and good horseman, and of such rank in society as to be above the temptation of a base or mercenary action: in a word, he should come recommended by his experience, respected for his worth, and pleased with his employment. His station in the field should be constantly in advance, forming a line of demarcation betwixt the company and the slipper\*, so that when a hare is started nothing may impede his view of both her and the dogs; and in order still more effectually to assist his observations, the crowd should never intrude themselves within the forbidden space, nor by hallooing first, "now black, now blue," "now blue, now black," bewilder his divided attention; in fact, it would be politic if upon these occasions the judge was to exclude this auricular intelligence, and abide solely by the evidence of visual testimony; unless,

\* The slipper, or, in other words, the person to whose care the dogs in couples are committed, is a person of no mean consequence, and ought to possess considerable powers, for he should never be allowed to ride.

indeed, like the philosopher of Molière he could destine one ear, "pour les langues scientifiques et étrangères, et l'autre pour la vulgarie et la maternelle." The system of enclosing open fields and commons, which increases annually, makes it more than ever necessary to have a JUDGE well mounted, which, without a very considerable salary, it is impossible he can do individually. The members, therefore, of every coursing society would do well to consider this, and take upon themselves alternately to prevent the possibility of any disappointment occurring, as it frequently happens that a course must of necessity remain undetermined when the horse of the judge either balks a fence, or, in attempting to clear it pulls away a whole rood of railing after him: not but there are some men who, let the event be ever so properly decided, still remain discontented, and think they see with so much better eyes themselves, that no fair reasoning can prove to them the absurdity of their pretensions. It is however a happy circumstance that there are those faithless beings; it no doubt promotes an amusement which might otherwise perhaps sometimes stand still, and though these unfortunates are generally obliged to seek for consolation amidst the lamentations of disappointment, they constantly attack you with renovated vigour, "nor dread," as Ovid terms it, "to implore the assistance of a deity whose sanctity they had previously violated." It is indeed amusing to witness what little decorum they observe in transactions of this nature, and how trifling a circumstance will throw a gloom over that countenance which the moment preceding shone in meridian splendor! I have known instances notwithstanding where the decision of a judge has been very far from correct. A judge should only decide upon what he absolutely sees, and not on matters of supposition or hearsay. Indeed, I think it better where a match takes place for any considerable sum of money, to have it judged by a gentleman; for whatever we may hereafter think of his decision, we must at any rate refrain from giving utterance to our thoughts, and though the judgment of the common judge might have been equally correct, in the one case we necessarily avoid a discussion, which, under the supposed dependent circumstances of the other, we perhaps feel ourselves authorised in prolonging. It is, however, a hard matter to persuade any man of the falsity of his opinions; especially if he pride himself upon the quality of his experience, and all the beating in the world will never drive him to the adoption of a more wise and profitable system.

It was customary some years ago, when a number of dogs were to contend for the same prize, to run the whole together, and if any two or more of them were so alike as not to be perfectly distinguishable in a crowd, to tie different coloured pieces of ribband round the neck of each, so that the judge might be better able to judge of their several performances; this plan has been very wisely abandoned, and substituted by another much less liable to create confusion; the name of each dog is now written upon a separate piece of paper, and the whole are thrown into a hat or any similar situation where they can be drawn out by two at a time; according to the number of dogs these form a main of so many matches, and the winning dog of each attacks the next in succession, until the contest is reduced to a single trial. This is certainly the only plan which can be pursued with any degree of accuracy to determine the superiority of so many dogs. Still there are various reasons which combine to render it imperfect: in the first place, a course may prove long or short according to the good or bad qualities of a hare; and the ground at one moment may be open for miles, which presently after shall be occasionally intercepted with cover; so that the winning dog of a very long and unsuccessful course will stand a poor chance of rivaling him whose endeavours may have been not only less severely, but more fortunately exerted. This might indeed be prevented, or at least in some measure remedied, by never suffering two dogs to be slipped at a hare but which was found in her form; and in a country as little liable to interruption from cover as could be conveniently selected; and if any doubt still prevailed, a hare in this case might be allowed as much law as is consistent with propriety.

Formerly the speed of greyhounds was tried by running them at deer, which were provoked to take a certain line by a species of slow lurcher; at a particular spot was fixed the goal or winning post, and the first dog which passed this obtained the prize; but the method was so tame, and so decidedly hostile to all ideas of correct sporting, that it has long been consigned to that oblivion so justly its due, and at present scarcely lives within the remembrance of a single individual. There is a sad absurdity in thus seducing any animal from his proper sphere of action, and I do not see how it is to be reconciled either on the score of singularity or amusement: we all know what an animal is capable of being taught; but, I think, that unless absolute necessity compels the experiment, it were much better to avoid such an extravagant display of unnatural propensities

(To be continued in our next.)

**SINGULAR UNANIMITY.**—Dr. Buckland and his brother savans have been unanimous in one thing about the potato, which was, that the first thing requisite to save it was instantly to "remove the peel." Russell and his party, in their desire to save England, seem to have been impressed with precisely the same necessity.—*Punch*.

## ON THE CHOICE AND DUTIES OF GROOMS.

"From what I have said, Sancho, thou art to draw this inference, that there is a necessity for maintaining some distinction between the master and his man, the gentleman and his servant, and the Knight and his Squire; wherefore, from this day forward we are to be treated with more respect and less provocation; for if ever I am incensed by you again, in any shape whatever, the pitcher will pay for all."—*Don Quixote*.

A gentleman is known as well by his servants as by his associates: I do not mean to say that the richness or the smartness of the liveries proclaim them, but that gentlemen's servants have a certain manner that common servants are without. Nor is this manner confined to the upper servants: a respectful demeanour pervades the whole establishment. Take the servants attendant on a pack of fox-hounds: how different are my lord's from the huntsman down to the helper, to the Tom and Jerry sort of fellows with a scrambling town hunt. My Lord's servants take off their caps as the field come up; the scambler grins a familiar grin. This paper I mean to devote to the consideration of stable servants, their choice, their duties, their dress, their delinquencies, &c.

First, of the groom.—A groom, in my acceptance of the term, is a sort of cross between the dignified stable strutter, who does nothing, and the helper. In short, my groom is to be a man that can either dress a horse or ride behind his master as occasion may require: a helper is a sort of fallen angel from the heaven of servitude: they are grooms out of place: what is said of a groom will therefore apply to them. Some people, bachelors particularly, require their grooms to have a touch of the valet in them as well: others require them to be able to wait at table also: these are called "tea-kettle grooms." A servant who can and will do anything is a very useful being, and a good one is a treasure: the difficulty is to prevent their getting spoiled—servants are so apt to mislead each other, one declaring he wouldn't do this, another "he wouldn't do that," until a good but soft man fairly gets his head turned, which generally ends in his being turned off bodily. The plausible arguments of supporting the rights of "their order" draw many to acts they would never think of unprompted.

That amusing fellow Sam Slick has some capital hits at English servants. His first is at a footman, who went swaggering along, and drew forth the following observations:—

"That," said Mr. Slick, "is what I call a rael 'English gentleman' now. He lives in a grand house, is well clad, well fed; lots of lush to drink, devilish little to do, and no care about corn-laws, free-trade, blowed-up bankers, ran-away lawyers, smashed-down tenants, nor nothin.' The mistress is kind to him, 'cause he is the son of her old nurse; and the master is kind to him, 'cause his father and grandfather lived with his father and grandfather; and the boys are kind to him, 'cause he always takes their part; and the maids are kind to him, 'cause he is a plucky handsome feller (and women always like handsome men, and impudent men, though they vow they don't); and the butler likes him, 'cause he can drink like a gentleman and never get drunk. His master has to attend certain hours in the House of Lords: he has to attend certain hours in his master's house. There ain't much difference, is there? His master loses his place if the ministry goes out; but he holds on to his'n all the same. Which has the best of that?"

"The only difference is, his master calls the castle my house; he calls it our castle: his master says my park, and he says our park. It is more dignified to say the plural: Kings always do; it's a royal phrase, and he has the advantage here. He is the fust commoner of England too. The servants' hall is the House of Commons. It has its rights and privileges, and is plucky jealous of them too. Let his master give any of them an order out of his line, and see how soon he votes it a breach of privilege. Let him order the coachman, as the horses are seldom used, to put them to the roller and roll the lawn: 'I can't do it, Sir; I couldn't stand it; I should never hear the last of it; I should be called the rollin coachman.'—The master laughs; he knows prerogative is a dangerous ground, that an Englishman values Magna Charta, and says, 'Very well, tell farmer Hodge to do it.'

"If a vine that hides part of the gable of a coach-house busts its bondage, and falls trailin on the ground, he says, 'John, you have nothin to do; it wouldn't hurt you, when you see such a thing as this loose, to nail it up. You see I often do such things myself; I am not above it.'—Ah! it may do for you, sir; you can do it if you like, but I can't; I should lose caste; I should be called the gardener-coachman.'—'Well, well; you are a blockhead; never mind.'

But to the groom.

A groom is a character of easy personification. The outline, and what theatrical people call the "properties," are easily acquired: a close-poll'd head, diamond tied neckcloth, brown cut-away, step-collared waistcoat, tops and cords, with a copy of Taplin, or some of the old drenchers, and they think themselves perfect. Beware the man with the book!

A pressed groom is to the stable what an architect is to the house—a sort of highly-paid person, who prevents your doing as you like with your own. Now there is something very pleasant in having one's own way, and if one does lose that privilege, at all events it does not do to pay a man for depriving one of it. Horses are articles

of present enjoyment; most people hope to survive their whole studs; and as any particular system, or any particular style of horse, or any particular deck, entails no inconvenience on posterity—as an unsightly, ill-proportioned, or ill-placed house does—it seems very stupid for people to place themselves in the hands of dictators who will hear of no will but their own.

I have always thought the following the perfection of impudence in a groom. It is one of Nimrod's stories of Tom Penn, pad-boy to the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, who, Nimrod justly says, "was the coolest subject to his superiors that ever wore a livery"—indeed that he was Sir Watkin's master, as I think the story shews. "Travelling," says Nimrod, "one day with a brother sportsman (the Hon. Phillip Pierrepont), he passed his stable in Oxfordshire. 'We shall see the horses,' said Pierrepont. 'Of course,' said Sir Watkin; 'and they are worth seeing.' But if I recollect right, Xerxes said, 'sail,' but Zephyrus said 'no,' and Tom Penn said 'ne,' and after the following fashion too. 'Well, Tom,' said the Baronet, after alighting from his carriage, 'how are the horses?'—'The horses are well enough, Sir Watkin, but I am very ill.'—'What ails you?'—'Damnationest pain I ever had in my side.'—'I should like to see the horses.'—'You can't; they have been shut up these two hours.'—The Baronet and his friend re-entered the drag and pursued their journey." The best of the joke was, that Nimrod justified Tom Penn, thought he was right, and then drew a lamentable picture of the cruelty of disturbing a poor animal the day after a run over the deepest part of the Bicester Vale, when banged, bruised, and sore, he was mustering courage to lie down, and says, "we must all come to the same conclusion, that Tom Penn was right, and his master wrong."

But then for the purpose of making Tom right and his master wrong, Nimrod has recourse to a fictitious argument. He supposes what had not happened. If they had had a desperate run the day before, Sir Watkin would most likely have known it, being the rider of the horse, and could judge of the propriety of seeing it on the rest as well as his groom could; and even supposing that one horse was distressed, where was the reason that they should not see the fresh ones? Moreover it seems the parties were "travelling," so the chances are there was neither hurt nor distress in the case. The story is a good one as a story, but, told in sober earnestness, is mischievous, being apt to put impudent ideas into the heads of parties who have no occasion to be furnished that way.

The first glance at a groom or a horse generally goes a long way in settling their business. There are some people and some horses that it is worse than useless giving oneself any trouble about after a glance. A great strapping six-foot fellow, for instance—who would be at the trouble of talking to him? The only thing is to bow him out with as few words as possible, and there are none more potent than saying "you have suited yourself." I have known fellows try to argue one into taking them, until stopped by that valuable clincher. He then goes away, and tells the next person he applies to, that Mr. So-and-so would have taken him, "only he had just engaged a servant." A groom should be little: five-foot eight inches is as high as they should be. Lord Fitzhardinge's stud-groom, Smith, stands six feet three, but then he is a stud one, and has charge of forty or fifty horses—nothing of the "tea kettle order" there.

Some parties—and a very good plan it is—make it a rule never to look at a horse that is fagged: they don't fit them for use, and they want to see them as they will be in use. If masters and mistresses would adopt a somewhat similar rule, and insist upon servants appearing before them in the costume of the situation they are applying for—footmen as footmen, coachmen as coachmen, grooms as grooms—it would be a wonderful saving of trouble and disappointment. Servants have established a sort of absurd etiquette among themselves, which forbids their appearing as candidates for a new situation in the liveries or clothes of the place they are leaving. The consequence is, they make the most perfect "guys" of themselves; and in London, where servants are not known as they are in the country, it is the most difficult thing to speculate on what they will be like when they are dressed that it is possible to conceive.

It is very difficult to hit the *juste milieu* with these men—to get them with sufficient strength and substance to strap a horse properly, and yet not too heavy for riding. This difficulty is increased also by the quantity of clothes grooms generally wear, most of them seeming to think it necessary to carry all they have on their backs: it is almost as necessary to strip them as it is to strip a horse to see what they really are. On presenting themselves for inspection, they sometimes further bewilder one, by appearing in a sort of mufti composed of the mixed costume of the groom and butler, or groom and valet. Nothing indeed can be more absurd than the whole system of negotiation for service generally. First comes a letter, written in a fine flowing hand, that induces the recipient to suppose that the applicant is a scholar as well as a servant (this letter being generally the production of the schoolmaster, agent, or lady's maid): then comes the party applying rigged out in the very contrary costume to what he would have to wear; and perhaps, after half an hour's bartering and dialogue, when you are just beginning to deal, he upsets the whole proceeding by observing incidentally that he is a married man.

Supposing, however, size and situation seem right, let us proceed to the other requisites, for we are a long way off hiring yet. A good countenance is a *sine qua non* with a stable servant. When we reflect how much horses are at the mercy of their attendants, we cannot be too particular in having servants good-tempered. Many horses are ruined by their brutality. If a groom takes a dislike to a horse, it is wonderful what tricks they have recourse to run them down. It is a bad plan for a master to consult his groom as to the merits of his horses: the master ought to know what they are as well, if not better, than the groom. Besides, one always hesitates about taking advice where the adviser has a direct interest in the question. The absurd custom of feeling grooms and coachmen on each deal will keep an unscrupulous fellow on a continual look out for faults. A fault-finder is a detestable animal. One cannot go into a stable with a fellow of that sort at one's heels with any sort of comfort: it is a continued grumble from stall to stall. A good countenance, though a decided requisite, is, as we all know, by no means an infallible criterion of goodness. Two of the most atrocious characters I ever met, both murderers, and one something more, had as good countenances as ever I looked at. Still I would never hire a bad-countenanced servant; neither would I hire a sulky-mannered fellow. Some men take their orders much more pleasantly than others, and that perhaps is as good an indication of good temper as a good countenance. Where there are brains and a good disposition to work upon, a good master will generally make a good servant: but then a master must have brains too, and must not be always fretting and fuming, ordering and counter-ordering, as if for the mere object of showing his authority.

A good countenance of course includes the appearances of health and sobriety. An unhealthy man is worse than nobody, and the same drunken man ought never to be seen twice on the premises. Unfortunately drink does not tell on the face so soon as one could wish, and some fellows will muddle on for years without, perhaps, ever being in such a state as to enable a master to say "you are drunk." And here let me caution masters not to say more than that. No man ever admits himself to be drunk at the time; but let the master fix the charge upon him then, in the presence of another servant, if possible, and rely upon it the truth will come out either that day or the next. If he is drunk, the other servants will not attempt to justify him, and a summary dismissal will not only be admitted to be strict justice, but will have a very beneficial effect upon the master's own and other establishments. Of course there are times when a master would overlook an appearance of that sort; but those times should be when the servant has leave out, and not when he is liable to be called upon at any moment on his master's service.

Tippling at exercise is one of the great vices of grooms, especially in the country. A ride to such a public-house and back makes nice exercising distance, and a dram or two corrects the sharpness of the morning air, and horses and men come home all the quicker for them. Gentlemen, when riding about home, should always give their horses their heads when they come near a public-house, and see whether they will make for them or not. If they do, the master can easily feign an excuse, and, after beating about the bush, may ask if they have a warm stable that the grooms put up in when they come to exercise, or if they leave their horses standing at the door? A woman will be almost sure to say they put them up, thinking that will be all right, and that she is protecting her customers. Dram-drinking on the way to covert is very common. I have seen a whole file of fellows pull up more than once on a ten mile ride.

Drink makes some fellows mad: they neither know nor care what they do—a pretty state for a fellow to be in with the charge of a couple of hundred-guinea horses, and master in bed! One of the most vexatious things about a drunken servant is, that everybody knows he is a drunkard except yourself. When at length you discover it, all the country could have told you so, most likely with the addition that he had been turned out of half a dozen other places for the same vice.

Perhaps drunkenness ought to have come under the catalogue of "Delinquencies," with which I purpose closing, but it is so blended with "countenance" as to be hardly separable.

A fine flowing-haired fellow, with his hair hanging about his ears, and nicely parted down the middle, should be viewed with suspicion. He will most likely be too busy arranging his own hair to have much time to spare for the horse's. Besides, a groom with long hair looks nasty: they should all be clipped.

If I had the opportunity, when hiring a groom I would take him into the stable and bid him do a few things. Men on their preferment are generally civil enough, but still there is a something between a really respectful servant and a respectful one "for this time only," as the play bills say, which a practised eye can easily detect. Asking questions is an unfavourable sign; servants come to be asked questions, not to ask them. Calling their late master by his name without the addition of "Mister" would be fatal in my view: there is no truer sign of a low-lived ill-conditioned servant than that. Supposing nose, manner, and appearance, however, to be favourable, I should then conduct the candidate to the stable. First of all, however, after his nose, I should note his demeanour. I would then bid him put a bridle on. If he drew the choke-band tight, I would bid him good morning. I would give him a

horse that had just come in from hunting, or off a journey, and see how he treated him: if he whipped off the saddle immediately, I would say no more to him. If he thought to curry favour by scuttling and hurrying about, shewing how quick he could be, I would have nothing to do with him. Hurry does not do with horses. I like to see a fellow strip as if he meant to work, and go soberly and systematically to work, as if he had a job in hand and knew it, and not as if he were emulating harlequin in the rapidity of his movements. It is extraordinary how much sooner one man will get through the same work than another, and that without apparent effort or fatigue. I should next like to see my candidate ride a horse: if he took all the reins in a bunch, or selected the curb in preference to the snaffle, as nine-tenths of them do, I should be shy of him. I do not say I would reject him on that account, for it is the failing of the fraternity.

(To be continued.)

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

### Reminiscences of Racing and Racers, in 1845.

(For the Sportsman's Magazine.)

— BY SOOTHSAYER.

(Continued from page 543.)

At BASINGSTOKE, Sept. 29, Teresa (150l.) won the Town Stakes. The Hackwood fell to Beggar Girl (100l.) Sylvanus won two races here; Nora Creina, one; and Beggar Girl another, after she had changed hands.

At NOTTINGHAM, Sept. 29, Mr. E. Peel's Frances beat The Nobbler and a colt by Giovanni easily for the Noblemen and Gentlemen's Plate. The Two year old Stakes were won cleverly, carrying 8st 7lb, by Inglewood beating colt by Don John, out of Game Lass, over nearly a mile. Pedometer won the Chesterfield Handicap, after a good race, beating Lord Saltoun (1st more) and Yellow Boy. The County Members Plate was won by Idolatry. Pedometer again defeated Lord Saltoun, the only two, and won the 100 sov. Cup. For the Clifton Stakes, hunters and h. b., Isabel, Capt. Bell, beat Veluti, Modesty, Pedlar and two others. Inheritress won both heats, two miles each, for the Queen's 100 guineas, beating Valerian, Aurungzebe, and Idolatry.

At KELSO, Sept. 30, the Cure was beaten for the Roxburgh Gold Cup, by Pilot, first; Lightning, second. Pilot also won the Maiden Plate and the Cure had a victory over Dog Billy for the Challenge Whip, 10 sovs each, and 50 added. A bay colt called Whinstone ran well here, beating Badinage, Dog Billy, and Fousin, for a Sweepstakes, and The Shadow and Pythia, over four miles for the Queen's Hundred. Pythia beat Mid Lothian for the Caledonian Cup. Three two years old started for the Beaumont Stakes, and were carried off by the Peri Colt, beating Brother to Sir Henry and the Leader. For the Border Racing Stakes, Mildens, 5st 9lb, was first; Annandale, second; the Cure, third; and poor old Aristotle brought out again last. For a Plate of 50 sov., one mile, Badinage, a three years old filly, beat some good ones, including Northumberland and the Netherthorn Maid. For the Hunters Stakes Waverley beat Man Friday and several others. In a subsequent match, however, Man Friday (Mr. Johnstone) beat Waverley (Mr. Dawson) easily.

At WREXHAM, Sept. 30, for the Champagne Stakes, 6 subs., Mr. Hill's Sister to Auckland beat Sharpshooter, both two years old; I have heard the latter spoken of for the coming Derby, but am inclined to think he is not the colt Mr. Mostyn depends on. Roderick beat Dean Swift for the Wynnstey Stakes. Sweetmeat walked over for two races. Dr. Husband won a good Handicap and the Gold Cup; for which latter, Falstaff ran, entered as I believe by the present Marquess of Westminster. The Persian Lady beat Alvanley and Brunel for the Selling Stakes.

The PRESTON RACES afforded very little sport, in fact the Borough Cup did not fill and among the lot there a mare called Deuce Ace and the Valencia filly are only to be named.

I will now try my hand on the NEWMARKET First October, a meeting not so interesting as those which follow, and yet possessing features which claim our attention.

For the Trial Stakes, Sept. 30, Oakley beat energy and the Beiram filly; the last quite out of the race. For the Hopeful Stakes, so fond were the backers of her Goodwood running, Cuckoo had 9 to 4 on her; but, to the great joy of the fielders, Madcap, in a half mile race, beat her and Chamolis easily. For the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, although Adrianople, the Cobweb Colt, Worthless, and Sister to Ma Mie started as well, there can be no doubt the race was between the colt by Jerry out of Turquoise and Idas from the beginning. As Col. Peel's Cobweb Colt was in the race, Idas, of course, had not Nat on his back; or, in my

opinion, he would have won the race; as it was he was beaten on the post by a head: Nat, on the Cobweb, a couple of lengths from second. Samphire won the Buckenham Stakes, two years old, by a head; beating Wit's End and Lord Exeter's Mecca Colt. Collingwood (d.) beat Prologue after a fast race by a head; I am inclined to think Prologue was out of sorts. Chandelier, mentioned before, beat Deer Chase and Nell Cook, after a dead heat between the two first; the other did nothing. For the St. Leger Stakes the Turquoise Colt beat Refraction by five lengths, and Attorney. The Town Plate fell to Longitude, beating Foremast and Hawkesbury. Green Pea beat Buttriss by a neck, the Duke of Rutland's Slane Colt, and Pretender for the Rutland Stakes; Nat rode Green Pea. Nell Cook won a 5 sov. Sweepstakes, beating Astern and Zahra. Idas, rode by Nat, beat Prologue, Faultras, and Maynooth for a 50 sov. Sweepstakes. Collingwood, in a match, won again, in spite of the 6 to 4 on Capt. Phœbus. Boarding School Miss beat Event, Longitude, and Prairie for the Queen's Plate. The weather was most delightful.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SIMON PURE.—"Lammas," of Sheffield, is Thomas Birkhill; why ask such a question? He beat Manks (the Warwickshire Antelope) at Sheffield, for a Cup, at the end of last year. Take in "Bell's Life," you will there see a "Chronology of Pedestrianism," if you can't afford it, get a look at the paper. It is accessible in every Sporting house.

C. S. Stepney.—Look at our Almanac, it contains the whole of the nominations for Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger in alphabetical order.

SOOTHSAYER.—Our best, our warmest thanks.—Punctuality, care, exactitude, and talent are rarely combined. Where they are so, the blending must command acknowledgment. A repetition, in print, would be worse than *crambe decies repetita*.

W. B.—Really we have, and that the occurrence is not more frequent is a source of regret, to thank you for your suggestion. We have, however, printed 10,000 bills: announcing the present, and as to your question, of the nature of the publication, can only answer—read it. We know no more of it at this present writing than you do.

T. W. G.—This paper is published on Thursday; the Stamped edition is also issued on that day, in time for post. The back numbers may be had at 42, Holywell Street. The question as to your fowls is one that can only be proved by trial—the fact of the cock not having been seen to tread any of his scenglio, is a poor criterion of the proof of the negative.—You can't be always sure to the matters. For the "anything" as you describe it, excuse us for observing that in nine cases out of ten it is the result of some error in diet, or management of the animal in a domesticated state. Regimen, (and by that we mean careful feeding and housing,) will do more for poultry than any medical attempts. Variation of temperature produces the Roup, and that we take it is what you mean. Give the birds scalded bean or pollard, and separate them from the rest, for it is infectious, like glanders in the horse, if the discharge becomes fetid. We could give you a score of recipes, but they are all, and we have tried them, enormous quackeries. Keep the animal warm and with skimmed milk, a little port-liquor, and in the extreme cases, a dose of sulphur, you will not go far astray.

T. S. B.—Why ask us such a question of an untried man? There is enough of him; but by consulting our Stamped Edition (the contents of which, though this will appear in it, we do not yet know) you may judge of his capabilities. Burton's game is tried; his skill, or that of his lengthy opponent, is yet an unsolved problem; but with these remarks (in our later impression) you will see the question solved.

GREENWICH.—Try the following:—

Tartar emetic.....	.....	12 grains
Opium .....	.....	6 grains
Camphor .....	.....	2 drachms

mix, and divide into six balls; give the dog one fasting each morning. And don't forget a weak solution of sulphate of copper, to sponge the part affected. Show any druggist or doctor this, and he will set you right. Try this before you resort to mercurial alteratives; they don't act with certainty on the canine race.

BOB.—Tom Thumb was matched to do his 100 miles on Sunbury Common in ten hours and a half; he did it in ten hours. Tom Thumb was never matched to do ten English miles in thirty minutes in England; but he has done the distance in the time.

W. ROBERTS, Leeds.—If a horse is sold without a warranty, the buyer runs all risk; if with a warranty the seller, subject to the proofs that the unsoundness existed before the sale.

R. and A.—Her Majesty, with Prince Albert, visited Epsom on the Derby day, 1840.

S. N. has no right to shoot his neighbour's pigeons if they alight on the roof of his house, and if he does must pay for them. If the pigeons do any damage, he has his remedy.

H. F. B.—Can snipes and wild-ducks be shot without a licence?—The former cannot, but the latter may.

NO TURFMAN.—"Trotting match weight for inches" (give and take). The mare standing 14 hands one inch, and three years, must carry 9st. 12lb. 4oz.; and the one of 13 hands 2 inches, 8st.

S. M.—A bets B 2 to 1 that a length of twenty-four feet has not been jumped in one running jump by a pedestrian. A loses, for Ireland jumped more than twenty-four feet in one running jump.

### OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

SUNDAY, JAN. 25th.—THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MONDAY, 26th.—East and Temperance's man, walk 20 miles for £30. a side.—WINE MEASURE.—Two glasses make a man lively, half a pint makes a man merry, one pint makes a man comfortable, one bottle makes a man duddled, one bottle and a half makes a man drunk. Three bottles a day make one sot.

TUESDAY, 27th.—Duke of Sussex born, 1773.

WEDNESDAY, 28th.—Everley Coursing Meeting; Glossop ditto.—Cheshunt Steeplechase.

THURSDAY, 29th.—Brixworth Steeplechase.—Clydesdale Coursing Meeting.—George III. died in the 60th year of his reign.

FRIDAY, 30th.—Maxfield and Barlow's Race, at Doncaster, for £75. a side.—King Charles beheaded, 1649.

SATURDAY, 31st.—Hilary Term ends.—Frost and others transported, 1840.

### THE MOON IN JANUARY.

First Quarter, 4th .. .. .	2 25 morn.
Full Moon, 12th .. .. .	2 1 morn.
Last Quarter, 20th .. .. .	3 51 morn.
New Moon, 28th .. .. .	9 23 after.





## FOX-HUNTING.—SCENE IV.—FULL CRY.



OW shall we show sly, fleet, hard-biting, cunning "Charley" at speed, away from his pursuers, and fair in view? Let the pencil do what the pen cannot, and appealing to the mind through the eye, trace in limned thought convey what words must fail in.

"For I love a fox the cover to find,  
Who'll fly for his life in a sou'-west wind,  
Leaving shirkers and skitters miles behind  
Since the Tally-ho! in the morning."

"That's the time o'day! Yoick! Have on him and at him, my lads, and get all hands to the fore! Never mind, sir—never mind—few fragments and no fractures. A little wetting or waiting never did a man much harm yet; and if the chesnut is in a bit of a hurry, why sure we'll drop you a line as to where you may hit on him in the course of a week or so!"

"Here we are again" at last, with a touch of the brush at the brush, if he don't yet disappoint us—this is foxhunting the best sport of all, though placed at the end of all. Here have we been running on from October with race-horses, brood-mares, pheasant-shooting, snipe-shooting, and other subjects strong in variety, flattering ourselves all along that we kept introducing each at the most appropriate period; and there has been that king of fine fellows and fine sportsmen, the fox-hunter rough and ready, fretting and fuming away at our self-complacency and his neglect; expecting and disappointed from month to month—opening on stag-hunting, deer-hunting, duck-hunting, &c., &c., until at length, his patience fairly failing him, out it comes "hot and strong;"—"Why, d—n the thick-headed knave! I suppose he never heard of such a thing as foxhunting?"

"Bless the sweet-tempered, dear, handsome gentleman," as the copper-coloured gipsy observes to the irascible, bottled-nosed old swell, who, resisting all the temptations of fine dashing ladies, with finer fortunes, has just sworn he'll let the dogs loose if she don't leave the premises that moment; "Bless his lovely, good-humoured countenance! he'd never go to hurt a poor soul as wishes him and his the best of luck at all times!" Now, we can clearly prove, friend Rough-and-Ready, that we are not copper-coloured—as, also, alas! beyond all doubt, that we are not conjurers; but then, perhaps, we do deal in fine promises and long yarns—and as most assuredly we wish you—bless that good-natured countenance!—the best of luck at all times! you'll not go to be dangerous, but suffer us to nick in this "clipping" affair, till the first fence that acts as a floorer pleases you to ride over or on us.

Well, many blessings on the man, whoever he was, [that invented fox-hunting; For, when we do get thoroughly warm, what a glory of joy

and blaze of triumph we share in! How it occupies every movement of mind and body, and banishes all but the very action of the minute! We came out this morning, we will own, crammed up to the eyes with nothing but hints, thoughts, rules and letters on riding to hounds; and yet for this last twenty minutes have been fighting our way over impassable doubles, smashing the top-rails of impracticable timber, and clearing unapproachable brooks, with no more idea, care, or thought of that we had been studying—of feeling our horse's mouth with a fine finger 'at the in and out—of giving the lift of hand and heel at the moment required and described at page one hundred and fifty-three—applying a strong determined stroke of the whip at the rising point, or anything of that sort, than we have of fulfilling scientific directions for rising higher and higher in the balloon of Mr. James Green, or for sinking lower and lower in the diving-bell of any other Green.—It came all naturally, no doubt, but only mind what we say—we are half-mad at the time, we confess, but then it's the madness of ecstasy and experience.—If you will and can start from the cover-side to ride a run as quiet, cool, and collected, with as much jealousy and business in the matter as if you were just off for the Cesarewitch, with two hundred down if you won, or risking your neck in one of the "Grand Nationals" on the usual terms of "half the horse and three parts of the stake," why of course you may make every act an exploit, and every move a bit of fine science full of study, labour, and danger. On the other hand, if you feel the real heart and enthusiasm of a sportsman (of a fox-hunter that is) within you, how every care, cross-purpose, and inconvenience bows down to the Goddess of the Chase! How gates as high and as black-looking as those before Apsley House, content themselves with reasonable proportions at your charge!—how walls, of which human eye never before saw the top, accommodate their altitude to your capability, with a politeness equalled only by Astley's paste-board particulars! And how licks on the head from the boughs of trees, double and treble knocks on the knees from hard-hearted posts, or pokes in the ribs from Pegasus in his efforts to be first up again, come like the fan of the butterfly's wing; or, to use Mr. Maxwell's favourite metaphor, "as light as the thistle-down!" Thrice happy the man who can own to all this—who never thinks, feels, or finds out his own ill till the fox has felt his last, and do all with Nature alone for his guide, without the aid or inducement of beer, brandy, or the eyes of England upon him!

TO STOP THE BLEEDING OF A LEACH OR A CUT.—A correspondent says that the following has been known to succeed when everything else has failed. It will stop a dangerous bleeding in a few moments. Take the thin inside skin of an egg and lay it on the part; it must be fresh or it will not adhere to the skin.—ESCAPAPIUS.

# THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME. PERIOD V. 1811—1827.

**I**N commencing the Fifth Period of our History, a few words of preface may be necessary. The Fourth Period included such eminent pugilists as appeared subsequent to Jem Belcher, and flourished up to the time of Cribb; the most recent men therein contained are Nosworthy (who fought his first battle in 1808) and Molineux, who first stripped in the P. R. in 1810. The present division will comprise portraits and detailed accounts of the deeds in the roped arena of the following pugilistic phenomena:—

1. Randall	.. .. .	1809	....	1821
2. Turner	.. .. .	1814	....	1824
3. Tom Oliver	.. .. .	1811	....	1834
4. Tom Spring	.. .. .	1814	....	1824
5. Bill Neat	.. .. .	1818	....	1823
6. Josh Hudson	.. .. .	1816	....	1826
7. Dav. Hudson	.. .. .	1818	....	1827
9. Jack Carter	.. .. .	1819	....	1832

These will be the principal memoirs in this section, those comprised in the sixth will be there enumerated.

## CHAPTER I.

### JACK RANDALL—THE NONPAREIL.

**P**ERHAPS the P. R. in its palmiest day never exhibited a more accomplished boxer than Randall. Though claimed, (after his signal successes), by the Hibernian portion of the Ring press, it appears that his birth place was the now desolated Holy Land, and that the month of November, 1794, first ashored Jack into the semi-darkness of that then-foggy region of smoke, dirt, drabs, and drunkenness.

In the Archery Ground, in the Long Fields, near where now stands Russell-square, was the scene of action whereon the youthful Randall exhibited his youthful prowess. According to the authority of BOXIANA, Young "Snuff," well known in boxing circles, was conquered three times by Randall in the above place; and, at the age of fourteen, he also fought a man of the name of Leonard in this ground, who was a stone heavier than himself, for three-quarters of an hour. Leonard was, at length, so terribly punished, that he was obliged to be led off the field. Size or weight, it seems, rarely operated as any drawback to the exertions of Randall; possessing courage of the first order, his pluck rose superior to the obstacles he had to encounter. Jack was unavoidably involved, in Mary-le-bone-lane, with a man of the name of Henshaw; the latter was not only taller, but had the advantage of three stone in weight. Twenty-five minutes of hard fighting had occurred, when the friends of both parties interfered and made a drawn battle of it. Notwithstanding the great disparagement between the combatants, from the superior style of fighting displayed by Randall, it was thought he must, ultimately, have proved the conqueror.

One Murphy, an Irish labourer, a powerful athletic young man, attacked Randall in Bainbridge-street, St. Giles's; but the latter undismayed by his gigantic appearance, milled Murphy severely in the course of a few rounds. Randall's height was 5 feet 6 inches, his weight 10 stone 6 lb. His appearance when stripped indicated great bodily strength; his shoulders athletic, but inclined to roundness and his frame altogether capable of great exertion, very compact.

The first battle of any note in which Randall was noticed was with Jack, the Butcher, in the Regent's-park, Mary-le-bone. It originated in a dispute respecting some improper conduct in a fight, in which these heroes had acted in the capacity of seconds, and being a point of honour, it was decided instantly. In the course of twenty minutes, the butcher was so completely served out, that Randall was declared the conqueror.

Randall now aspired to obtain higher honours among the pugilistic corps, and, in the same ring in which Scroggins and Eales had contended, at Coombe-wood, on August 26, 1815, he made his debut with Walton, denominated the Twickenham Youth, for a purse of five guineas. Randall astonished the amateurs with the gaiety of his style, and the decisive action he exhibited. Paddington Jones and Whale were his seconds upon this occasion; and, in the short space of ten minutes, the Twickenham Youth, who in other battles had shown some talents for milling, was so peppered, that he left the ring.

After Carter and Robinson had exhibited at Moulseyhurst the first time, Wednesday, April 24, 1816, Randall entered the ring with George Dodd, for a purse of five guineas. It was a well-contested battle, and twenty-five minutes elapsed before victory was decided in favour of our hero. West-Country Dick and Clark were his seconds.

On Wednesday, May 28, 1816, at Coombe-wood, Randall entered the lists with a Jew, denominated "Ugly Borrock," for a subscription purse collected on the ground, of ten guineas, towards producing a second fight. The amateurs were completely astonished at the milling capabilities displayed by Randall; more especially as his condition appeared so meagre and lank, that an opinion was generally entertained Young Paddy must

in the course of a few minutes, be finished by this determined Israelite. But opposite was the result, that Borrock, "ugly" as his index hitherto had been declared, was now, owing to the sudden painting it underwent, not only rendered more "unlikely," but so utterly metamorphosed as scarcely to be recognisable. The decisive qualities of Randall were so conspicuous, as to elicit the unqualified praise of the best judges of scientific pugilism. Randall did not give the Jew a single chance throughout the fight—he one-two'd him with surprising celerity, and flogged him in almost every round. The battle only continued about twelve minutes; Randall was seconded by Tom Oliver and Clark. The abilities of Randall were often the theme of conversation among the amateurs; but, owing to a bad finger, and want of necessary time to generally improve his frame, he was not matched till Thursday, April 3, 1817, when he entered the lists with West-Country Dick, for 25 guineas a-side.

A roped ring was prepared for the occasion, about a mile and a half from Twickenham, on the Common, and numerous vehicles of all sorts were placed round it, forming a most capacious amphitheatre. Several marquees were also erected on the ground, filled with the good things of this life, to render the sports of the day pleasant and attractive to those lads who were well breeched; but such is the uncertain chance of war, that a gentleman who rode into the ring, having all the appearance of an amateur, unfortunately turned out to be a country magistrate. He very politely requested the official characters to remove the ring, and to disperse as soon as possible—a good deal of gammon was tipped to prevail on him to let the manly sports proceed; but he was good-naturedly inflexible, and observed, that he had been upon his horse ever since seven in the morning on the look-out, and that it was morally impossible the battle could take place in the county of Middlesex. This was enough; and, in less than half an hour, not a drag was left behind. Bill Gibbons, Richmond, Harmer, Scroggins, Cribb, &c., repaired to Hayes, followed by a great party of horsemen and carriages, and formed a ring, but this ultimately proved a hoax, to the no small chagrin of thousands. The better informed proceeded to Twickenham, where the subject was argued and determined; and, on the signal being given, the carriage-wheels went round like lightning—the water was crossed in a twinkling—and, on the plains of Moulsey, in Surrey, about two o'clock, Randall entered the ring and threw up his hat, followed by Dick. Paddington Jones and Whale seconded Randall; and Oliver and Clark for Dick. Two to one on Randall. Though both combatants were known to the ring, Randall was considered by far the better fighter. The amateurs were of the first respectability, but not very numerous. A small delay occurred, owing, it is said, to Dick refusing to fight out of a roped ring.

## THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On setting to much caution was observed on both sides to obtain the first advantage; Randall, with great dexterity, put in a sharp fencer. In returning, Dick hit short; some few blows were exchanged in favour of Randall, who fought his way in to a close, and flogged his adversary till both went down. (3 to 1 on Randall, who had drawn Dick's cork.)

2. Paddy, full of fire, immediately took the lead, and nobbed Dick so successfully, that he turned round from his opponent. In closing, as before, he held Dick up, and faced him till he went down. (Loud applause.)

3. Dick set to with much gaiety, and put in a body hit, but he could make no successful impression upon Randall. The latter not only out-fought him, but again flogged him down.

4. The superiority of milling was decidedly on the side of Randall, who drove Dick from him. In closing, Dick went down rather rapidly from the numerous blows he had received in this round, and it was thought a foul blow had been given him; much vociferation took place of "foul—fair," &c.

5. Randall's distances were well measured, and Dick's nob was again in contact with Paddy's fist. At the ropes Dick made an ineffectual struggle to escape from the severe fibbing which Randall was so liberally bestowing upon him. (5 to 1; but no takers.)

6. Randall commenced work after the manner of a hammer-man at a forge, and although Dick kept plunging with his favourite right-handed hits, yet, in closing, Randall held him up with all the tightness of a vice, beating a tattoo upon his mug, till he felt disposed to send him down. (Loud shouting.)

7. The left hand of Dick seemed of no use to him, and his right hand did not perform the severe execution it had displayed on former occasions. Randall, indeed, got away from it with much adroitness. Dick was again flogged down.

8. Randall now satisfied the ring that he must win; he showed himself a complete scientific fighter; he worked well with both hands, and not only hit Dick away from him, but ultimately milled him down.

9. Dick put in a fencer; Randall, in returning, hit short and went round, but recovered himself; in closing, flogged Dick severely at the ropes, and then dropped him in style. (6 to 1 on Randall.)

10. The nob of Dick was fast losing its shape from the severe hammering of Randall, who applied his fist so rapidly on his opponent's mug. In closing both down.

11. A short round, which terminated in favour of Randall, as did also the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth rounds.

15. It seemed as if Dick was endeavouring to effect a change in his favour—he hit Randall on the face, put in a hard blow on his shoulder, and had the best of this round. (Both down.)



16 to 20. Randall seemed rather blown in these rounds, and at times got away from Dick's right hand. In fact, he had not been idle for a moment, and the face of his opponent gave a strong specimen of his capabilities; he was fished down upon every set-to. (5 to 1.)

21. A good deal of sparring occurred before a blow was exchanged, when Randall put in four facers without any return. Both down. (Any odds.)

22. The arm of Randall appeared to have all the activity of a fiddler playing a country dance; his hand was never out of his opponent's face.

23. This round obtained much attention, from its singularity. Dick put in, two severe body hits, but, in closing, Randall fished him severely with his left hand, then changed it with the most apparent ease, and punished Dick down. (Great applause.)

24 to 27. In these rounds the spectators were surprised to see the successful manner that Randall held up Dick with one arm, and punished him with the other. His head was now completely in chancery, his left eye quite puffed up, and he had been down so often, as nearly to get the appellation of "tumble-down Dick!"

28. The battle was fast drawing to a close, and the excellence of Randall was now acknowledged by all. Dick endeavoured to make some desperate hits; but Randall mobbed him at arm's length, with the utmost sang-froid, and, in closing, did as he liked with him.

29 and last. On setting-to, Randall, with much severity, put in a blow on the bread-basket, that not only puffed the wind out of him, but he went down and instantly rolled up like a bale of cloth. Such a blow is rarely witnessed, and seldom fails in having the desired effect. Time was called, and upon Dick's getting up to come to the scratch, he shook hands with Randall, and resigned the contest. Time, thirty-three minutes and a half.

Randall, in the above contest, proved himself a good two-handed hitter, but unusually successful with his left hand. Dick had not the slightest chance. Randall left the ring without a scratch upon his face.

The scientific quality displayed by Harry Holt, in a battle of an hour and a half's duration with Parish, the waterman, and in his more recent conquest of O'Donnel, at Arlington-corner, had much prepossessed the amateurs in his favour; and, notwithstanding the excellence of Randall, it was generally thought that Holt would turn out a worthy competitor. In consequence of this opinion, a match for 25 guineas a side was made between the above pugilists. Considerable interest was felt by the sporting world respecting its decision, which took place at Coombe-warren, on Tuesday, May 20, 1817, in a 24-feet roped ring.

The wet state of the weather in the early part of the morning prevented great numbers of the fancy from quitting the metropolis, and although it was extremely fine contiguous to Coombe-wood, there were not above six hundred persons present, among whom were Col. Berkeley, Capt. Barclay, Mr. Jackson, Gulley, Cribb, Carter, Oliver, Scroggins, Creekey, Ballard, Gibbons, &c. The combatants were nearly alike in weight, both under 11 stones.

It was upon the whole one of the most orderly conducted matches ever witnessed, excepting a slight frolic which occurred between Caleb Baldwin and the keepers of the gate. The latter, not immediately recognising the veteran of the ring, refused his vehicle admittance, without the usual tip; but Caleb, finding arguing the topic would not do—instead of paying them in sterling coin, dealt out another sort of currency, and, although without the Mint impress, it had such an effect upon the Johnny Raws, that the gate flew open, and Caleb rode through in triumph. At a little after one, Holt appeared in the ring, and threw up his hat; Randall immediately followed. Paddington Jones and Whale seconded the latter, and Painter and Clark for Holt.

The usual ceremony of shaking hands being performed, every eye was on the stretch, looking out for the first advantage.—7 to 4 generally on Randall, but 2 to 1 in many instances.

#### THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The combatants had scarcely placed themselves in attitude, when Randall's left hand, with much severity, caught Holt on his mouth. He repeated it as quick as lightning, and was endeavouring to plant a third, but Holt stopped him. Randall again put in another desperate facer; a few blows were exchanged, when Randall went in with his usual sort of hook to fib, but Holt caught hold of his arm, and a sharp struggle took place for the throw. Randall showed the most strength, and Holt was undermost. (3 to 1 upon Randall.)

2. On coming to the scratch, in this very early stage of the fight, Holt's mug showed the painter had been busy. Randall's left hand again successfully mobbed his adversary. Considerable science was now displayed on both sides; Holt stopped many blows in good style, and also planted a sharp blow on Randall's cheek. Several hits were exchanged, but materially to the advantage of Randall, who, in finishing this round of three minutes, caught hold of Holt's ribs in rather a singular manner, and threw him. (3 and 4 to 1 loudly fered upon Randall.)

3. Randall, with the utmost sang froid, again beat the tattoo upon Holt's nob. It was altogether a long round; but the science exhibited by Holt was that of stopping instead of giving, and the spectators were astonished at the little execution he performed. Randall put in upwards of six facers, damaging the peepers of his opponent, and claretting his face all over, and sent him down from a tremendous hit on the side of his head. (5 to 1.)

4. Holt came up to the scratch undismayed, but he had no sooner set-to, when the left hand of Randall dealt out tremendous punishment. It was never out of his opponent's face. Holt, it was now evident, had been deceived respecting the quality of his adversary; yet he contended in the most manly style, and planted so desperate a hit under the left ear of Randall, that the latter bled prodigiously. The science of Randall was pre-eminent; he put

in six facers almost successively; and when Holt, at length, stopped him on this boring suit, he used his right hand with nearly equal success till Holt went down.

To be continued.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### VORACITY OF THE SOLAN GOOSE.

To the Editor of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—The immense quantities of fish which frequent the wastes of the Hebrides exceed all conception.

The vast multitude of fowls about St. Kilda assure me that fish must be very plentiful there. I will for a moment confine my attention to the consummation made by one single species of the numberless fowls that feed on the herring.

The solan goose is almost insatiably voracious; he flies with great velocity; toils all the day with very little intermission, and digests his food in a very short time. He disdains to eat anything worse than herring or mackerel, unless it be in a very hungry place, which he takes care to avoid or abandon. I take it for granted that there are an hundred thousand of these birds round the rocks of St. Kilda, and this calculation I conceive by far too moderate, as no less than twenty thousand of them are killed yearly, including the young ones. Let us suppose, for the sake of exemplification, they sojourn in these seas for about seven months in the year, and that each of them destroys five herrings in a day, a subsistence by no means adequate to so greedy a creature, unless it were more than half supported by other fishes. Here we have one hundred thousand millions of the finest fishes in the world devoured annually by one single species of the St. Kilda birds.

The most critical time for harpooning the whales in this part is, when they are seen devouring the herrings by great mouthfuls; and each gap they make is constantly filled with fresh supplies, wishing to fly beyond danger, but cannot for the thick bank beyond them, as they stand pent up in locks, by the heavy storm: and the strongest whale dares not pierce through them, seeing he would not move his fins for the immense throng, much less rise to the surface to breathe; therefore the monster is seen behind the herrings, like a horse eating at the face of a hay-rick.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

ICHTHYOPHAGUS.

Dec. 20, 1845.

### PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE HORSE.

To the Editor of THE SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—“I am but little acquainted” says Lavater “with horses, yet it seems to be indubitable, that there is as great a difference in the physiognomy of horses as in that of men; and the horse deserves to be particularly considered by the physiognomist, because it is one of the animals whose physiognomy, at least, in profile, is so much more prominent, sharp, and characteristic, than that of most other beasts.”

The horse of all animals is that which for largeness of size, unites most proportion and elegance in the parts of his body; for comparing him to those which are immediately above or below him, we shall perceive that the ass is ill made, the head of the lion is too large, the legs of the ox too small, the camel is deformed, and the rhinoceros and elephant too unweildy. There is scarcely any beast has so various, so generally marking, so speaking a countenance as a beautiful horse.

The more accurately we observe horses the more shall we be convinced that a separate treatise of physiognomy might be written upon them.

I have somewhere heard a general remark, that horses are divided into three classes; the swan-necked, stag-necked, and hog-necked. Each of these classes has its peculiar countenance and character, and from the blending of which various others originate.

The heads of the swan-necked are commonly even, the forehead small, and almost flat; the nose extends, arching, from the eyes to the mouth; the nostrils are wide and open; the mouth small; the ears little pointed and projecting; the eyes large and round; the jaw below small, above something broader; the whole body well proportioned; and the horse beautiful.

This kind is cheerful, tractable, and high spirited. They are very sensible of pain, which (when dressing) they sometimes express by the voice. Flattery, greatly excites their joy, and they well express their pride of heart by parading and prancing.

The stag-necked has something in the make of his body much resembling the stag itself. The neck is small, long, and scarcely bowed in the middle. He carries his head high. They are racers and hunters, being particularly adapted for swiftness by the make of the body.

The hog-necked. The neck above and below, is alike broad; the head hanging downward; the middle of the horse is concave, in profile; the eye small and ugly; the nostrils small; the mouth large; the whole body round; and the coat long and rough. These horses are untractable, slow, and vicious; will run the rider against a wall, stone, or tree. When held in, they rear, and endeavour to throw the rider. Blows or coaxing are frequently alike ineffectual; they continue obstinate and restive.

Leaving some of your readers to apply these remarks to the human countenance.

I remain, Sir, your's faithfully,

Hounslow, December, 1845.

EQUES.

## PURGEM SPA; OR, A DAY NEAR A WATERING PLACE.

Having been compelled, by the illness of my wife, to take up my abode at the above celebrated watering place during November and December, months which hitherto I have generally spent amongst the blackthorn fences and grass grounds of Northamptonshire, I have endeavoured to make the best of my sojourn here by becoming a sedulous attendant on the congregations of young and old maids, who nightly assemble to drink tea and talk scandal; and by ordering my horses to be brought over from home, in order to partake of the sport shewn by the Marquess of D——'s hounds, which hunt the neighbouring country.

It is not in the province of your Magazine, Mr. Editor, to celebrate the gaieties of a watering place; my observations on that head shall be forwarded to the Court Journal; suffice it here to state, that the sore eyes, as the fly men call them, are numerous, the old maids affable, the tea tolerable, and the politeness of the master of the ceremonies unbounded.

The day after my horses arrived, the following note was delivered me by the servant of a corpulent friend of mine, who is a great man with the Marquess's hounds.

Dear Sylvan,—I have just got the meets for next week.—On Tuesday the Marquess meets at High Grumbleton.—Will you make a fourth in a fly to cover with self, and old Harry Heavytail and his son?

Yours truly, JOHN STURDY.

I declined the honour of profiting by the imaginary fourth place in the worthy Mr. Sturdy's vehicle, which I conceived would form a very sufficient load for one horse when filled by him and his two friends, especially as the wood at which the hounds met, though only five miles off, was situated on the summit of a steepish hill, and decided, as the distance was so short, on riding my hunter to cover myself, that I might see all that was to be seen from first to last.

At half-past nine the road absolutely swarmed with pedestrians, chimney-sweeps, butchers' boys, nursery-maids, lollipop-venders, establishments for young ladies; in short, all the idle inhabitants of this idle town seemed to have unanimously agreed to rendezvous at the fifth mile-stone, and assist at the anticipated sport at High Grumbleton. The hounds, a noble pack, attended by the huntsman and two whips, duly attired in the livery of the hunt, arrived at the same time as myself, and established themselves in a sheltered corner of a field adjoining the road. I wish I could do justice to all the subsequent arrivals. First of all came an open fly, freighted by six young ladies, who had set out with the intention of seeing how six different Mr. Smiths looked in their red coats. Next to them came a wheelbarrow full of ginger pop and brandy balls, drawn by a blind bull-dog and a Waterloo man with a medal and one leg. Then an old lady with a parasol, in a wheel-chair towed by a brandy-faced two-legged prad, with a red patch with a number on it on his arm. Then came ladies on donkeys, ladies on pillion, and a troop of damsels on very seedy looking hacks, chaperooned by a hairy-faced riding master, to whose care they were intrusted by their fond parents, and who looked, if I am anything of a physiognomist, as if he was disposed to teach one of his tender charges considerably more than her mamma bargained for. Lots of horses of every sort and description arrived, mounted by every species of servant, from the stunted, wide-awake Leicestershire second horseman, to the hawbuck "what looked after a horse and chaise, waited at table, and worked in the garden." Then came the crowd of red, blue, and green coats, more flies and wheel-chairs, and last of all, the noble master of the pack.

"Gracious, how them dogs bark! I'm sure they'll bite the Markiss," quoth the lady with the parasol, as the hounds recognised their noble master, and rushed to greet him. The Marquess transferred himself from his hack to his hunter, nodded coldly to a few second-rate toadies who were skirting about in hopes of a cordial greeting from his sublimity, and proceeded to put the hounds into cover, while the guard of the London True Blue light post coach, which had stopped to put down a few sportsmen it had brought to cover, played the Hunting Chorus in Der Freischutz in the most lively and encouraging manner.

If the Marquess's intention was to catch the fox, I must say it was admirably seconded by the assembled sportsmen, horse and foot. The equestrians carefully surrounded the wood, whilst the pedestrians closed in on their wily antagonist. Various sage remarks were interchanged as to the probable course he would take.

"He's most sure to cross the road for Upton-spiny," observed the brandy-faced gentleman who towed the old lady with the parasol, and who was evidently looking out for a start.

"No, that he won't," was the reply, "cos he'd be most sure to be runned over by them flies, or chays, or summut; there's such a lot on 'em."

"Good God, sir!" cried the cock druggist of the Spa, who had stationed himself with a few of his surviving customers down wind, exactly in the spot from which the fox might be expected to brake, "good God, sir! look at that damned riding master and his troop; they'll spoil all our sport. If we could but keep that point clear, we'd be sure of a run. The fox did come out there just now; but one of Miss Tripe's young ladies shied her ridicule at him, and headed him back." The riding master, I have since ascertained, was at that moment making

precisely the same observation respecting the druggist, *et sic de ceteris*. I must here tell you, Mr. E., that the Marquess has the reputation amongst these gentry of being a very ill-tempered man in the field.

"Hullaballoo, hoo, hoo, hullaballoo!"

"Oh Lord! oh Lord! help me off!"

"What's the matter? Where's the doctor? A man in a fit!"

This horrible yell proceeded from a young farmer who was sitting on his horse next to me. He was lifted from his saddle, and laid on some straw in a corner of the field, whilst some one galloped off for the doctor, it appearing that a grey filly belonging to Mr. Chouse the dealer, which on my way to cover he had strongly recommended to me for my wife, had kicked him severely on the leg. The doctor, a retired practitioner of considerable skill, soon rode up. He is a good sportsman, keeps a couple of capital nags, and rides, as doctors and parsons generally do, "uncommon straight." He dismounted, and with the assistance of a pallid surgeon's apprentice, who had been enjoying the sport from the summit of a neighbouring tree, but had slipped down in the hopes of a job, proceeded to examine the hurt. The patient was most tenderly supported by Mr. Chouse, who, on seeing me, began to express his surprise at the accident, as the mare was the most sweet-temperedest creature breathing, and consoled the poor farmer by assuring him she must have done it in play. The doctor in the mean while cut open the sufferer's boot, the pallid apprentice stripped down the stocking; both bones of the broken limb appeared protruding through the skin.

"Away, away! toot, toot, toot! he's off for the gorse!" shouted the huntsman, as he galloped by with a few couple of hounds at his horse's heels.

"It's a compound fracture, Mr. Pillbox; carry him home on a hurdle," screamed the doctor, scrambling on his horse, and putting him straight at a four-foot wall before he was well in his saddle, he being apparently of opinion that there was no time to be lost, even on a patient.

"She must have done it in play," reiterated Chouse, letting the farmer gently down on his back, and mounting the grey filly.

Off we went down a ride, terminated by a low stone wall, which soon became macadamized by the horses blundering over it.

"For God's sake, get on there!" exclaimed a cobby country gentleman in the rear, who believed himself that he made other people believe that he was a quick man over a country, by being very clamorous at gaps, and riding fast when there was no occasion for so doing, and when every body else was riding slow. Crash went some one over the fence who knew what he was about, and knew better than to stay waiting for his turn at a gap, when hounds were running like devils over the open. —Crash. "Catch my horse!" implored another unfortunate fellow in the ditch, who did not know what he was about, and had endeavoured unsuccessfully to follow the former's good example.

Away, away, went the hounds over the large fields and stiff fences, not a horseman within a mile of them. The nags soon began to shew distress; if the country was light, it was hilly; the riders evidently shied the fences more than at starting, the rag, tag, and bobtail disappeared, and in about five and twenty minutes some eight or ten of us caught the hounds, but not till they had thrown up in the middle of a large grass ground. I did not know the country, so I cannot say whether our course was straight or circular; but I know that I was third man up, and the first person I saw in the lane adjoining the field we were in, was the brandy-faced gentleman and his wheel-chair. He was in considerable distress, but still, there he was. I have since been informed that he is in great request among the sporting ladies of the Spa, from his excellent wind and bottom, and his superior eye to hounds. It is supposed that he can go ten minutes longer than any other chairman in the town, and tow eighteen stone with ease.

The huntsman made a couple of unsuccessful casts, which gave the rest of the company time to straggle in. Each man on his arrival most unblushingly observed, either "that the pace had not been what it ought to have been," or "that he regretted that the hounds should have checked just as his horse was getting settled to his work," although it was pretty evident, notwithstanding the disparaging manner in which these gentlemen were pleased to speak of the run, that a few minutes more would have settled their nags altogether, if heaving flanks and quivering tails were to be received in evidence. Last of all arrived the noble Marquess, considerably out of sorts at not having seen anything of the scurry. He was beginning a long Philippic against skirting, nicking, overriding hounds, &c., &c., when he was cut short by being informed that the fox was most indubitably in a drain. The farmer who gave this information rode off to the nearest house, and pressed into the service a most unfortunate-looking black long-backed tail-less cur, which he inserted into the muddy mouth of the ditch, much to the poor devil's delight. From the infernal row which the hounds made, he could have expected nothing short of being eaten alive. All eyes were now directed to the other end of the field, where Reynard was expected to make his appearance. "There he goes!" hollas some one.—"Hold your tongue, damn you!"—"Holloa, the hounds want blood!"—"Give him law!"—"Let him go!"

The hounds caught sight of him, and away they raced to a large wood a few fields off, which they entered close on his brush. Here the day's sport terminated. The scent grew cold, the Marquess sulky; in vain the



hunterman cheered his hounds, in vain the whips kept a bright look out, master reynard was too sharp for them. He quietly slipped down to the other end of the plantations, and trotted off by a short cut known only to himself and a few inmate friends, to his former quarters on the London-road, *For, et prætera nihil*.

The sportsmen collected into groups, and their talk was of luncheon; the Marquess rallied his toadies around him and departed. Off went one troop of youngsters as hard as they could scamper, over the gates and walls, headed by a man who had undertaken to shew them the shortest way home. The cobby little gentleman, who professed only to ride hard when there was occasion for it, (a very favourite expression, by the way, among timid would-be performers,) muttered something about "unsportsmanlike," and joined a bevy of elderlies who preferred the turnpike. Another class of youths, who were too slow for the larkers and too fast for the elderlies, remained to ride home with the hounds, and talk over the run with Jack Forward and the whips. It was really edifying to see the credulous countenances with which the last-mentioned worthies managed to swallow the enormous lies which these infatuated young men were pleased to tell concerning their own and their horses' feats in the preceding run. Jack and his men had an eye to a glass of brandy and water going home, and a handsome tip at the end of the season, and believed accordingly. From what I myself saw of the run (and I think I saw as much of it as any of them), I should say the old lady in the wheel-chair had decidedly the best of it, from the hard condition of her prad, and from superior knowledge of the country.

As we entered the town on our return, we were met by the whole beauty and fashion of the place; many were the inquiries made after the brush: had the fox been furnished with as many tails as a soldier's cat, or the "Arabian Nights," and had we caught him, they would not have sufficed for a tithe of the young ladies to whom it had been rashly promised. On reaching home I changed my dress, and walked into the town, where I recognized many of the gallant sportsmen with an admiring fair one on each arm, parading up and down the High Walk in their red coats and leathers. I had wondered in the morning what could induce a lot of men who could hardly sit firm on a rocking-horse, and were evidently too much alarmed during the day to enjoy the thing, to ride miles to cover, to get frightened out of their wits and then ride home again. The mystery was now solved; and I have no doubt that the red coats told on the hearts of the susceptible damsels of Pargum Spa, in a degree which amply compensated the wearers for all the wear and tear which their nerves had undergone in the morning.

SYLVAN.

P.S. On my way home I fell in with Mr. Sturdy, whom I had not seen during the run. He informed me that owing to having been furnished with a rascally bad fly horse, he and his friends the Measars. Heavytail had arrived late at the cover side. I'll never deal with that fellow who let us the fly again, said he to himself, it is only five miles after all, and although the road is hilly, there were only us three as you preferred riding, he ought to have done it in an hour.

### THE JUNGLES IN INDIA.

(FROM THE "SUNDAY TIMES.")

[The following graphic account of adventures in pursuit of the chase amongst the jungles of the East will be read by sporting men with considerable interest, and, we have no doubt, will excite amongst many of them a wish that they could have an opportunity of daishing at the same "game." Our correspondent is indebted to R. Gough, Esq., of Killworth Hall, Leicestershire, well known as an active member of the Pychley Hunt, for the communication.]

"Jecunderabad, July 2, 1845.

"My dear—, I was unable to answer your kind letter of March 27, by the last overland mail, having been out for the last two months on a sporting excursion in the jungles. I was out with a young Scotch ensign, and a very good sort of youngster, but as great a griffin in sporting matters as I ever met—in fact, he prevented my killing a great deal more than I did, by his over-anxiety to blaze away right and left at everything and every distance. My bag, however, was not so bad, and is as follows—3 tigers, 11 bears, two neilghy—which is a species of elk, very handsome and scarce, and standing from fourteen to sixteen hands high—eleven elk, three wild bogs, two antelopes, two spotted deer, two bison, and upwards of 200 head of small game, such as hares, partridges, jungle, and wild fowl. It is a better bag than has been made here for some years, and is considered very good for this part of the country, though I dare say if we go up to Maniptee we shall think nothing of it, as I see by the papers that a party, last year, bagged twenty-two tigers in a month there. Then they had elephants to shoot from, whereas all our game was shot on foot. I had rather a narrow escape from one tiger; the beast was creeping after me from behind, when I fortunately saw him just in time, and gave him his quietus within five yards. He was a very small tiger, scarcely larger than a panther, but was a notorious man-eater, and had killed several people a short time before. The other two tigers were shot too hard at first to show fight, and died quietly. We killed no less than 11 bears, nearly all of which showed

good sport. I had rather a narrow escape with one; I wounded him on a hill above me, and he came down like lightning at me; I had no second gun out, and was obliged to stand fire, and trust to my pistols. I waited till he was within a few paces and rose on his hind legs to hug me, when I fired, and fortunately brought him over, or I should have found him rather an awkward customer. We had splendid fun, and though the weather was hot enough to grill a beef-steak, I never enjoyed myself so much. We went in the direction of the Godavery river, some 300 miles from here, shooting right ahead every day in the deepest jungles whenever we heard there was any game to be had.

"The place we went to is said to be the most dangerous spot for fever, but although I was working hard in the sun all day long, and at night always slept under a tree, taking no precautions whatever, I had not so much as a pain in my finger the whole time. Some of our attendants, however, were not so fortunate, and several got an attack of jungle fever, and have not yet recovered. I sent home a box of birds for — on board the ship, City of Sweden, which left Madras on the 23d of May last, and will, I suppose, arrive in England early in September, or late in August. As I did not know who were —'s agent in London I directed it to you, and it is consigned to the care of Messrs. Landen and Co., 17 Jermyn-street, St. James's, London, to whom I have sent the bill of lading. . . . With kindest love to all at dear old Anstey (Warwickshire) believe me ever your most affectionate nephew,

"GEORGE CHETWUDE."

**BLUNDERING LEAPERS.**—A farmer in Essex, well known some years since in Lord Petre's hunt, had an entire horse, a remarkably clever jumper. I often tried to coax him out of the horse at a strong price. "No," he would say, "it is as much as my neck is worth to part with him." The fact was, the farmer was a determined goar in the field, but a much harder one in a public-house; and frequently, when it was so dark the horse could hardly see, and the master not all, he used to start off across the fields home; somehow he stuck on, and the horse went home as straight as a gun-shot. I once saw him take a gate with his master on the saddle and his arms most lovingly round the horse's neck. I told him he would be found some night, horse and all, in some of the Essex ditches. "Nay (says he), there is not a ditch in the country we were not in the first year I had him; he knows them too well now to get in again."

—*Sporting Magazine.*

**THE PERILS OF ELEPHANT HUNTING.**—Major Rogers had just had capital sport with a herd of these animals—his four guns had all been discharged—when an unseen elephant made a charge at him from the skirts of the jungle. There was no help for it except to run, and for one hundred yards the major kept just a-head, feeling at every step the animal's trunk trying to insinuate itself round his loins. A turn round a tree gave him a momentary advantage, which he made the most of by springing up into the branches (he was as nimble as a cat, and as strong as a lion.) One foot higher! and he would have been out of the elephant's reach; but before he had time to draw up his legs, the elephant had got him firmly clenched in the coils of his proboscis. Still Rogers pulled against him, thinking it better to have his leg wrenched from the socket than to fall back bodily in the animal's power. The struggle, however, did not last long, for, to the delight of the pursued and the chagrin of the pursuer, the Wellington boot that the former wore slipped off, extricated the leg, and saved the life of poor Rogers. (Heaven save us from such a boot-jack!) The dilemma, however, did not end here; for the elephant, finding himself balked of his prey, after destroying the boot, took up his quarters beneath the branches, and kept its expected victim in the tree for twenty-four hours, when the tappel, or country postman, happening to pass by, Rogers gave him notice of his position, and on this being intimated to the nearest village, the elephant was frightened away by tom-toms and yellings. Had this occurred in a deserted part of the jungle, poor Rogers would indubitably have been starved to death in the tree.—*Sporting Magazine.*

**CHANGE OF PHRASE.**—The extent of railway surveying has caused a certain popular query to be superseded. Instead of "Has your mother sold her mangle?" the boys in the street now ask, "Has your father sold his theodolite?"—*Punch.*

### THE SPORTSMAN'S DISTRESS.

I've lost my friend, my dog, and wife,  
Sav'd only horse and purse;  
Yet, when I think on human life,  
Thank heaven it is no worse.

My friend was sickly, poor, and old,  
Was peevish, blind, and crippled;  
My wife was ugly and a scold,  
I rather think she tripped.

My dog was faithful, fond, and true,  
In sporting gave me pleasure;  
I shouldn't care for t'other two,  
If I had sav'd this treasure.

T. F.

# ADVERTISEMENTS.

**THE MAMMOTH HORSE. — MR. Carter's** Colossal Horse continues to attract crowds of visitors, but as he will positively leave town in a few days for America, Mr. Carter begs to remind those persons who have not yet seen this remarkable animal, aptly termed the "Model Horse," that the present time is the only opportunity they will have of viewing the largest horse in the world. Count D'Orsay says, "he is a magnificent animal." The Mammoth horse is 20 hands in height, and weighs 2,500lbs. He will be exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, from 11 a.m. till 9 p.m. Admission, 1s.

**TOM THUMB SONGSTER,**  
Containing Eighty Songs.  
Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 of this low popular Song Book are still on sale.

No. 6 contains, by permission of Miss Eliza Cook, Thirteen of her best songs, together with Forty other Songs, and a neatly engraved Portrait of this talented Lady.

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"This is one of the best domestic medical advisers ever published. It is conducted by a regularly educated medical man, and whilst anatomical, chemical, pharmaceutical, medical, and surgical information are fully and perfectly developed, not one word or sentence is admitted calculated to offend the taste or injure the feelings of the most critical reader. We strongly recommend it for its combination of instruction and amusement, for we are not treated altogether to mere medical detail."

REVIEW.

This day is Published, price One Penny,

**AN ABSTRACT OF THE MILITIA ACT.**

E. DIFPLE, Holywell-street, and all Booksellers.

**WATSON'S (late BRADLEY'S) HEREFORD STEEPLECHASE SWEEPS.**

Established Sixteen Years. The oldest Club in London.  
Subs. 1st Prize. 2nd Prize. 3rd Prize.  
37 at 20s. £24. £10. £3 0s  
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Drawing Night, Wednesday, 21st January.  
Post Office Orders payable to Mr. Abraham Watson, Artichoke Tavern, Lower Marsh, Lambeth.

JAMES MANN, Secretary

THE MOST POPULAR WORK OF THE DAY.  
On the 30th of October was published, beautifully bound in cloth, gilt and lettered, price Six Shillings and Sixpence Volume 1. of

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Author of "Pickwick Abroad," "Robert Macaire," "The Modern Literature of France," &c.  
"This magnificent volume contains 494 royal octavo pages, printed in double columns, and embellished with seventy beautiful engravings on wood by the first artists of the day. As a literary production it has been pronounced by the leading newspapers to be one of the best and most extraordinary works ever issued from the press. In a serial form, its sale has amounted to the enormous circulation of forty thousand copies."

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**THE DURHAM DUCIE HUNTING AND Travelling Knife.**—J. B. Durham, Manufacturing Cutler, 261, Regent-street, near Portland-place, begs to call the attention of sportsmen, and all persons in the habit of riding or driving, to his newly invented knife, by means of which, harness of every description can be effectually repaired in less than five minutes; the knife itself containing every requisite for the purpose. Also, his harness mending apparatus, without the knife; this article is so very compact, that it can be carried conveniently in the waistcoat pocket, and is particularly adapted for the use of persons travelling post, stage, or gentlemen's coachmen and omnibus drivers.

By these inventions the great inconvenience which unavoidably takes place when an accident happens to harness, and to which the very best is liable, is effectually prevented, as the delay need now never exceed from three to five minutes.

"Windsor Castle, Oct. 4, 1845.

"Mr. Anson begs to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Durham's letter of the 30th ult., and to acquaint him that he has laid the knife, with which it was accompanied, before Prince Albert; and his Royal Highness is much pleased with the ingenuity of Mr. Durham's invention."

**BATHE'S HEREFORD STEEPLECHASE SWEEPS.** Green Dragon, Fleet Street, City.

Subs. 1st. 2nd. 3rd.  
37 at 10s. £12 0s. £4 10s. £2 0s  
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28 at 20s. £17 0s. £8 0s. £3 10s  
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2s 6d, 5s, 10s, and 20s Derby Sweeps fast filling. Two Horses each. 2000 Guinea Stakes drawn on Monday next. All Money divided, less Five per cent. Post-office orders attended to. Drawing Nights, Mondays and Thursdays.

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Horses. 1st Prize. 2nd 3rd Start.  
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Disqualified horses not drawn. —Prizes go with the stakes. Draw nights, Tuesdays and Fridays. —Post-office orders to Mr. N. F. Okey, Hero of Waterloo Inn, Waterloo-road, London. N.B. These sweeps will be drawn as soon as full, and the tickets forwarded according to the address given. —The prizes will be paid the first Tuesday after the race, less five per cent. If any horses should die or be disqualified prior to the draw, the amount will be deducted from the starting money, as above.

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Perfect Freedom from Coughs in Ten Minutes after use, and a Rapid Cure of Asthma and Consumption, and all Disorders of the Breath and Lungs is insured by

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The following particulars of Rapid Cure of Asthma, of Fourteen Years' Standing, are from Mr. J. E. Bignell, Holyhead-road, Wednesday, and addressed to Mr. Ladbury, surgeon there:—

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Sir,—When I had the first box of Dr. Locock's Wafers from you, I was labouring under one of those attacks of Asthma, to which I had been subject now for about fourteen years. I have had the best medical advice the neighbourhood could afford, including two physicians at Birmingham, and one at Wolverhampton, but with no success. My breathing was so very difficult, that I expected every inspiration to be my last. As for sleep, that was impossible, and had been so for several weeks.

The first dose (only two small Wafers) gave me great relief—the second more so. In short, the first box laid the groundwork for the cure, which only four boxes has effected and I am now quite well. I remain, Sir, your most obliged,

G. E. BIGNELL.

The particulars of hundreds of Cures may be had from every agent throughout the kingdom and on the Continent. DR. LOCOCK'S WAFERS give instant relief, and a rapid cure of asthma, consumption, coughs, colds, and all disorders of the breath and lungs.

TO SINGERS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS they are invaluable, as in a few hours they remove all hoarseness, and increase the power and flexibility of the voice. They have a most pleasant taste.

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Subs. 1st. 2nd. 3rd. Start.  
142 at 20s. £80. £30. £15. £15 0s  
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142 at 2s 6d. 10. 3 15s. 1 17s. 1 17s

The 2s 6d and 5s will be drawn on Thursday. HEREFORD FREE HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.

87 at 5s. £15. £4. £2 10s  
87 at 2s 6d. 7 10s. 2. 1 5s  
To be drawn on Monday and Wednesday. Fast filling. Newmarket Handicap, 5s and 2s 6d, will be drawn on Tuesday and Friday; the 2s 6d Derby on Saturday. The above Prizes will be paid as the judge places, Five per cent less. Post-office Orders attended to. Tickets sent to any part of the country.

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**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.**

The Earl of Aldborough cured of a Liver and Stomach Complaint.

Extract of a Letter from the Earl of Aldborough, dated Villa Messina, Leghorn, 31st Feb. 1845.

To Professor HOLLOWAY:—

Sir,—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thanking you before this time, for your politeness in sending me your pills as you did. I now take this opportunity of sending an order for the amount, and, at the same time, to add that your Pills have effected a cure of a disorder in my liver and stomach, which all the most eminent of the Faculty at home, and all over the Continent, had not been able to effect; nay, not even the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad. I wish to have another Box and a Pot of Ointment in case of any of my family should ever require either.

Your most obliged and obedient servant,

(Signed) ALDBOROUGH.

These truly invaluable Pills can be obtained at the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, near Temple Bar, London, and at most respectable Vendors of Medicines throughout THE CIVILISED WORLD, at the following prices:—1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 23s., and 33s. each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes. N.B.—Directions for the Guidance of Patients in every Disorder are affixed to each Box.

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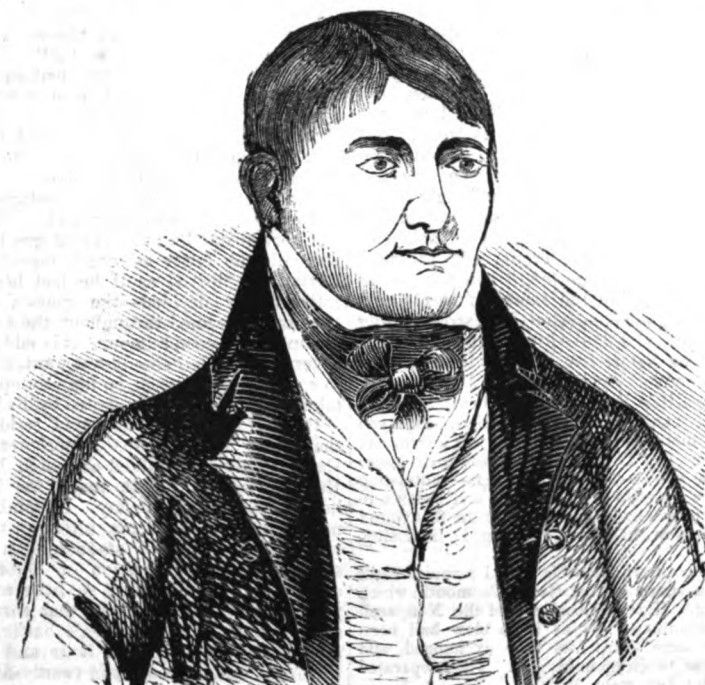
# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 38.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 7, 1846.

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JACK RANDALL, THE NONPAREIL.

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME. PERIOD V. 1811—1827.

### CHAPTER I.

#### JACK RANDALL.—(Continued.)

5. Randall was compelled to fight extremely different from the mode he had adopted with West-Country Dick. Holt was not to be fibbed; and Randall also convinced the admirers of scientific pugilism, that he is a most effective out-fighter. His hits were tremendous, and Holt's face was completely vermillioned. In this round, notwithstanding the damaged peepers of Holt, he put in so sharp a blow on the bridge of Randall's nose, that pinked his index in an instant. The quickest eye could scarcely keep pace with the execution performed by Randall's left hand in this round, and he repeatedly hit Holt from him till he went down. (All betters and no others accepted.)

6. Randall appeared to suffer much inconvenience from the violent bleeding of his ear; his mouth was so overcharged that he could scarcely get rid of it. Had not Holt possessed excellent science, he must have been smashed in the very outset of the battle. He stopped a great number of blows; but it may be truly said, that he only stood up as a mark to be hit at. It was curious to observe, that, whenever the left hand of Randall was denied, he used his right with great facility, and put in some terrible ribbers. Randall closed this round by a terrible blow in the middle piece, that sent his adversary down in a twinkling. (Ten to one was offered upon Randall.)

7. It was useless for Holt to contend; but his game and courageous nature prompted him, if possible, to rise superior to defeat. It was all up—Randall did as he pleased, and Holt was again down. (Any odds.)

8 and last. Holt was emulous for conquest; the blunt, it seems, he did not value, but the fame of victory was dear to him—nothing else could have induced him again to meet his opponent. Randall worked sharply with both his hands, and with his right planted a tremendous hit on Holt's nob, that instantly felled him. He was beat out of time; but was very anxious to renew the combat. He observed "I am ready to fight;" but, in endeavouring to rise from his second's knee, fell down, from exhaustion. Holt's friends were perfectly satisfied he could not win, and he was instantly carried out of the ring by Parish and Painter, put into a chaise, and proper attention paid to him. The battle lasted 25 minutes.

This contest firmly established Randall's character as a first-rate scientific pugilist. He possesses the mastery of the art in an eminent degree—divests his actions of sameness with the most perfect ease—and promptly changes his mode of fighting as the necessity of the attack requires. In his former battles with Borrock the Jew and West-Country Dick, his superior fibbing traits proved successful,—with Holt a different system was required, and as an out-fighter he completely astonished the ring, at the terrible effective capabilities he exhibited. With his left hand, Randall planted uncounted hits on Holt's face, and several with his right. He threw little time away in sparring—and, like a good artist, his workmanship soon spoke for itself. As a finisher there seemed a great analogy between Randall and the late Dutch Sam, and

as a two-handed hitter, the decisive mode of Tom Belcher. It was urged by the partisans of Holt, that he displayed no fight at all in contending against Randall. This complaint, upon a slight examination, will not only soon be removed, but the assertion proved unjust. Randall was the offensive fighter throughout the battle, and his punishment was so rapid and severe, that he never gave Holt any opportunity of showing himself, except merely on the defensive. The latter, notwithstanding his science, but in very few instances, stopped his opponent's left hand. The true statement of the case is—that "the fight" was hit out of him as early as the third round. In fact, if Holt had not been a truly game man, he could never have stood before Randall for twenty-five minutes, after the heavy milling he received at the onset. In consequence of this opinion being entertained by the few amateurs present, ten pounds were collected for his bravery.

Four months had scarcely elapsed when Randall again appeared in the prize-ring, in competition with Belasco, the Jew; this match produced one of the most interesting battles upon record. Since the boxing days of the scientific Tom Belcher and the renowned Dutch Sam, the amateurs and patrons of pugilism had not been more animatedly interested respecting the termination of any combat than the one which took place on Tuesday, September 30, 1817, at Shepperton-range, in a twenty-four feet ring, for 50 guineas a-side, between these heroes. The milling reputation of both the combatants was of the first order throughout the circles of the fancy. Randall was considered the best finisher of the light weights; the Jews, in Belasco, hoped to find another Dutch Sam—he was the rising star of their pugilistic hemisphere, and an awkward man to get at—a desperate in-fighter—one that would not be denied—and able to rally his opponent to the end of the chapter. Duke's Place was all alive in the praise of the capabilities of Belasco, and, notwithstanding the love of monish by the tribes, it is said, in some instances, the odds were sported on the young promising Israelite. But if Petticoat-lane resounded with the strains of the Children of Judah, on the other hand the back settlements of the Holy Land were equally full of spirits upon the occasion, and from the turf-cutter to the knight of the hood, all sported all their loose bunt from a sovereign down to a glass of whiskey, in honour of their darling Jack Randall. The Corinthians of St. James's too were highly interested upon the event; and the flash side, (as they are termed,) although they sported 5 and 6 to 4 on Randall, did not view it with anything like the safety of receiving a bank dividend. The men appeared in good condition—Belasco weighing a few pounds more than his opponent, and looked uncommonly fresh. The time having arrived, five minutes before one, the combatants commenced the attack. Randall was seconded by Paddington Jones and R. Whale; Belasco was waited upon by Little Fuss and Aby Swartcher.

1. Randall who in all his former battles generally hit first, displayed unusual caution. The same care was manifest in the Jew. It was a complete system of tactics. The spectators were lost in amazement; and their optics were completely tired in watching the feints—viewing the steps—contrasting the manoeuvres, stratagems, and snares resorted to by Randall and Belasco to get the best of each other, until nine minutes had elapsed before the first round was terminated, during which only four blows had been exchanged; in closing, Belasco went down.

2. The same system of generalship occurred, and this round occupied eight minutes and a half. Belasco put in a sharp hit on Randall's mouth, which brought forth the claret in a twinkling. Here the coolness of the Nonpareil was seen to great advantage; his steadiness was as if no blow had been struck. A rally occurred, in which some sharp hits were exchanged, and Randall received rather an unwelcome touch upon his eye. They separated and rallied again, when, in a close, the Jew went down.

3. From this mode of fighting a long battle was anticipated. In this round the knowledge of the art was portrayed on both sides. Randall was rather unfortunate in his distances, for although his left hand bodied his opponent repeatedly, it did not once touch the mark. It was not a *coup de grace*. Belasco down. Twenty-four minutes had elapsed.

4. The conduct of the Jew was much to be admired. He fought like a hero, and followed his opponent with all the confidence of true game. He was however floored, with the celerity of a shot, from a desperate left-handed hit of Randall. The latter put up his hand to his eye as if it was troublesome.

5. It was now clearly seen that Randall was the great Captain; he out-generalled his opponent with all the accomplishment of the art of war. If Randall was bored at any time to a corner of the ring, he fought his way out with such ease and safety, that description falls short in conveying its excellence. It was also curious to observe, that the Jew, at one period, had got Randall in a position to fob him, when the latter, from his tact and courage, not only extricated himself from this perilous situation, but he returned the compliment upon Belasco with unparalleled adroitness, and fished the Jew, till he went down. Two to one upon Randall.

6. A most excellent round in point of science, but Belasco was again floored. 7 and last. Belasco not only appeared a better, but a superior boxer in every respect, than in his contest with Reynolds; and if he could not rank with Randall, proved himself a difficult customer to be served! After some scientific movements, Randall put in such a tremendous hit on Belasco's eye, that the latter instantly put up his hand to feel if it was there—the pain appeared so excruciating, that he staggered, fell, and fainted. Randall might have put in another hit before he went down, but his conduct was too noble to add the slightest punishment to a fallen rival. Upon Belasco's recovering from his trance, he rubbed his body, as if suffering from severe punishment. The battle thus terminated in fifty-four and half minutes.

The most experienced judges of boxing agree, that throughout the Annals of Pugilism such a display of scientific excellence as the above

battle is not to be paralleled. It was a perfect picture of the art and Randall justly acquired the appellation of THE NONPAREIL. His agility is surprising. Dutch Sam, in the best of his days, it was said, never fought with any thing like the precision exhibited by Randall; and, in competition with the latter, the Jew phenomenon must have fallen beneath his superiority. This contest, it is true, did not altogether please, if we are to collect from the crowd who are partial to downright milling, but by the admirers of scientific efforts—by those patrons who value the intent more than the effect—those amateurs who appreciate the advantages of hitting, and getting away, of giving instead of receiving, and of seeing a fight won without ferocity, gluttony, the fight between Randall and Belasco was pronounced one of the most perfect specimens of pugilism ever witnessed. The attitudes of the men were fine in every point of view, and their movements conducted on the true principles of science. The athletic beauty of the human frame was never more prominent. Randall retired from the ring scarcely scratched. This is the grand art of fighting, to give and not to receive!

At a sporting dinner, given to the Lads of the Fancy, at Tom Oliver's, a few days after the above fight, by one of the highest amateurs in the scientific circles, no want of game, it appears, was discovered to render the table complete; and when the cloth was removed, the cigars lighted, the lively glass replenished, and the merits and capabilities of various milling heroes became the animated subject of discussion among the company present, a set-to was proposed, by way of practical illustration, between Randall and young Burke of Woolwich. The heroes immediately acquiesced in this request: the gloves were produced, and the men soon appeared in battle array. Burke, who is five feet ten inches in height, and wanting neither gluttony nor science, contended for the honour of having the best of it with much determination; but some doubts having arisen among the learned judges upon this precise point, a regular glove match was entered into, and a sum deposited on both sides accordingly. The first clean foorer was to decide the event! The contest was truly spirited, and after some tidy milling having occurred, Burke went down; but it not being exactly the thing meant, the point was reserved till another round. Thirteen minutes had now elapsed, and notwithstanding the advantages Burke possessed from standing over Randall, the latter at length measured his distance so correctly, that Burke was floored as if he had been shot! The point being now satisfactorily decided—the glasses went merrily round—mirth and harmony prevailed throughout the evening, and the company separated in the utmost good humour. It is said, that the amateur before alluded to, observed, Randall should not want, if necessary, from 500 to 1000 guineas to complete any match, so high an opinion did he entertain of his milling talents! Randall was presented by his backer with the amount of the stakes.

Randall had made such rapid strides towards perfection in pugilism, that some difficulty was experienced in finding a customer for him. However, the long-talked-of match between the *Parish Waterman* and Randall was at length made for 100 guineas a-side. These boxing heroes met on Thursday, November the 27, 1817, at Hayes-common. Parish, it seems, although not highly appreciated as a boxer, was well-known as a staunch man; he had also acquired first-rate science, under the tuition of George Head, (a teacher of deserved celebrity). Nevertheless, so little was the Waterman esteemed in comparison with his opponent, that three to one was the current betting against him. True, Parish's battle with Holt was highly spoken of, although it took him one hour and a half to win it; while Randall, on the other hand beat Holt in twenty-five minutes. Wallingham-common, in Surrey, about six miles beyond Croydon, was the spot selected for this grand trial of skill. Thither the amateurs repaired at an early hour, but the clergyman of the parish (and also a magistrate) saw the cavalcade pass by his window, and on learning the cause hastened to the ring, and declared the battle must not take place in Surrey. A little persuasion (or what some of the fancy might term gammon) was tried to divert the Rev. Gent. from his intention,—but he observed, "it was loss of time to remonstrate, as he was as inflexible as a rock."—In this dilemma, Hayes-common, in Kent, about seven miles distant, was suggested as an eligible place. The stakes were instantly removed, and the motley group followed like lightning, over a cross-country road, that had not been visited for months by anything but dung-carts or waggons. It was almost impassable, but the game of the Fancy was not to be beaten by trifling obstacles, and the scene that followed beggars description. Postchaises were floored in the high runs in the road—the springs of surrises and gigs were broken—the *Reinantes* dead beat—the Estonsers puffing and blowing from top to toe, anxious to arrive in time—shoes were dragged off the feet by the strength of the clay, and many of the light-shod coves stuck fast in the mud. The magistrate, very politely, saw the patrons of science to the extremity of the county before he took his leave. At length, Hayes-common appeared in sight, and the ring, after some little time, was again formed. At ten minutes past three o'clock, Randall appeared and threw up his hat in the ring, attended by Paddington Jones and Whale, as his seconds; Parish shortly followed, and repeated the same token of defiance, followed by George Head and Spring. Several amateurs of rank were in the ring; and Colonel Barton, the patron of Randall, sat down close to the stakes. After shaking hands the men set-to and began:

(To be continued in our next.)



## BRITISH BIRDS.—NO. XXIX.



THE HERON.

**A**LTHOUGH the heron is of a long, lank, awkward shape, yet its plumage gives it, on the whole, an agreeable appearance; but when stripped of its feathers, it looks as if it had been starved to death. It seldom weighs more than between three or four pounds, notwithstanding it measures about three feet in length and in the breadth of its wings, from tip to tip, above five. The bill is six inches long, straight, pointed, and strong, and its edges are thin and slightly serrated; the upper mandible is of a yellowish horn colour, darkest on the ridge, the under one yellow; a bare skin, of a greenish colour, is extended from the beak beyond the eyes; the irides of which are yellow, and give them a fierce and piercing aspect. The brow and crown of the head are white, bordered above the eyes by black lines, which reach the nape of the neck, where they join a long flowing pendent crest of the same colour. The upper part of the neck, in some, is white, in others pale ash, the forepart lower down is spotted with a double row of black feathers, and those which fall over the breast are long, loose, and unwebbed; the shoulders and scapular feathers are also of the same kind of texture, of a grey colour generally streaked with white, and spread over its down-clothed back. The ridge of the wing is white; coverts and secondaries lead-colour; bastard wings and quills of a bluish black, as are also the long, soft feathers, which take their rise on the sides under the wings; and, falling down, meet at their tips, and hide all the under parts: the latter, next the skin, are covered with a thick, matted, dirty-white down, except about the belly and vent, which are almost bare. The tail is short, and consists of twelve feathers of a cinereous or brownish-lead colour; the legs are dirty-green, long, bare above the knees, and the middle claw is jagged on the inner edge.

The female has not the long flowing crest or the long feathers which hang over the breast of the male, and her whole plumage is more uniformly dull and obscure. In the breeding-season they congregate in large societies; and, like the rooks, build their nests on trees, with sticks, lined with dried grass, wool, and other warm materials. The female lays from four to six eggs, of a pale, greenish-blue colour.

The heron is described by Buffon as exhibiting the picture of wretchedness, anxiety, and indigence, condemned to struggle perpetually with misery and want, and sickened by the restless cravings of a famished appetite, &c. However faithful this ingenious naturalist may have been in portraying the appearance of the heron, yet others are not inclined to adopt his sentiments in describing its habits and manners, or to agree with him in opinion that it is one of the most wretched of animated beings. It is probable that it suffers no more than other birds, many species of which employ equal attention in looking for their prey, and it is not unlikely that the heron derives pleasure from it instead of pain. This bird, however, is of a melancholy deportment, a silent and patient creature; and will, in most severe weather, stand motionless a long time in the water, fixed to a spot, in appearance like the stump or root of a tree,

waiting for its prey, which consists of frogs, waternewts, eels, and other kinds of fish; and it is also said that it will devour field-mice.

The heron traverses the country to a great distance in quest of some convenient or favourite fishing spot, and in its aerial journeys soars to a great height, to which the eye is directed by its harsh cry, uttered from time to time while on the wing. In flying it draws the head between the shoulders, and the legs stretched out, seem, like the longer tails of some birds, to serve the office of a rudder. The motion of their wings is heavy and flagging, and yet they get forward at a greater rate than would be imagined.

In England herons were formerly ranked among the royal game, and protected as such by the laws; and whoever destroyed their eggs, was liable to a penalty of twenty shillings for each offence. Heron hawking was at that time a favourite diversion among the nobility and gentry of the kingdom, at whose tables this bird was a favourite dish, and was as much esteemed as pheasants and peacocks.

Mr. Lubbock, in his book quoted in another part of this number, observes of this patient fishing bird, "Although many heronries have been broken up in the last half century, some still remain; and detached pairs of these birds breed about our marshes and broads, sometimes upon an alder in a carr—sometimes amongst the reeds in the most inaccessible part of the fen. When, a few years back, a community of these birds existed at Keswick near this city, the flounder, called provincially "Butt" was often found under the trees in the breeding season. This shows the distance to which the Heron goes for booty: these butts must have been brought from Borough flats at the back of Yarmouth.\* It has been usual in books of Natural History to call this a miserable bird. This may well be doubted: the very watching for prey gives pleasure. I have observed a tame Heron, when satiated with food, still standing by the tub in which roach and dace were swimming about striking them at intervals, and then letting them go again. In a decoy it is a great nuisance: it disturbs the wild-fowl, in the first place, when they sit upon the smooth banks at the entrance of the pipes, by stalking continually about with long strides, molesting them whilst dozing; and in the next, is equally hostile to the decoyman's attempt to take them. The senses of hearing and smell are so acute in the Heron, that he detects the presence of man when wild ducks cannot do it. Into the air he rises, with flagging pinion and a boding shriek, and all the wild-fowl dash away in an instant, being quite sure that some danger is at hand, although they cannot tell what it is.

Sir T. Browne speaks of heronries as most common in his time in Norfolk, and that the young were esteemed a festival dish. The bird seems to have stood at the head of delicacies. Six herons are especially mentioned in the L'Estrange manuscript as brought into the larder in one fortnight. The Heron is now in no esteem for the table, but appears formerly, on the continent as well as amongst us, to have been of great price. Take, for instance, the bill of daily fare provided by Henry IV. for the Cardinal Aldobrandini, who accompanied Mary de Medicis to France:—forty-five dozen loaves, six vessels (barili) of wine for his suite, twenty-six bottles of ditto for the cardinal's table, five sheep, 150 pounds of beef, two calves, sometimes one or two kids, from ten to twenty turkeys, six or eight great and from thirty to thirty-six ordinary capons, eight or ten ducks, two herons but not every day, &c. &c. See Raumer's History of the 16th and 17th Centuries, from which it seems that the kids and herons, the rejected of modern days, were then first in the list ofainties.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

Sir,—It is with much diffidence I take up my pen on a subject I am perhaps not fully capable of entering into; but your valuable publication being perused not only by sportsmen (to whom my information might be useless,) but by persons in various professions, induces me to make a few remarks, hoping they may be the means of preventing disappointment, if to a single individual, by the loss of a favourite young dog. The distemper, that curse, if I may be allowed the expression, upon good dog's flesh, is a very inflammatory and malignant disease, falling on most young dogs from the age of two to twelve months. The first symptoms generally are, loss of appetite with much languor; which, if immediate attention is not paid, will soon fix itself, either on the lungs, stomach, or some other important part. The proofs to be observed when the disorder falls principally on the lungs, is a cough, with a discharge of frothy matter from the mouth, accompanied with a quickness of breathing, and comatose symptoms, caused by a determination of blood to the brain. Secondly, when the mucous membrane of the bowels is the seat of the complaint, it is accompanied with diarrhoea, severe pains, and not often without fits. Thirdly, when the mucous membrane of the stomach is the seat of the disorder, it occasions frequent vomiting of the food, either liquid or solid, and is generally accompanied with costiveness. Lastly, when the attack

\* I am glad to be able to state that these herons being deprived of their stronghold at Keswick, did not leave the county; but betook themselves to a plantation of Scotch firs about two miles distant, where this spring, 1844, there is an abundance of nests. They (the herons) still remain in the same family as before.

falls on the mucous membrane of the nose, a great discharge takes place both from the eyes and nose.

The treatment I have adopted for several years has been, on the first appearance of the disorder, to secure the dog from water, and give some warm food, such as bread and milk, &c. frequently. I also give two or three grains of emetic tartar or Turpith's mineral, to be given three or four hours after the dog has taken any food; and the day following I gave a laxative made of salts, or jalap, and calomel, &c., which treatment, if adopted on the first appearance of the disorder, I have never found to fail. But supposing the disorder, by neglect, to have attacked the lungs my treatment is, to bleed from the jugular vein almost to faintness, and afterwards give a dose of salts, or jalap, and aloe; after that has operated, give of James's fever powder a few grains at a time, which is of great service. The treatment to be observed in respect of an attack on the stomach is nearly the same as the above—with this difference, that I would recommend, in case of costiveness, to give castor-oil in preference to the other laxatives. The attack on the bowels, producing diarrhoea ought not to be stopped by astringents, but the dog should be fed on wheat-flour or arrow-root, to which a small quantity of tincture of opium may be added if the pains are very severe. Bleeding, &c. is also essentially necessary in this attack as in the former. A seton in the neck will be found a good thing when the attack appears much in the head. I knew a gentleman who saved a young pointer, by giving eight grains of ipecacuanha night and morning; but not having had an opportunity of trying it, I will say nothing. Should the above remarks on the treatment of the distemper be worthy a place in your next publication, they are much at your service.

I remain, Mr. Editor, your constant reader and subscriber,  
X. Y. Z.

#### GAME OF CANADA AND INDIA.

The beaver, the squirrel, the sable, and other martens, the fox, and the car, supplied the principal peltries which once formed the chief, and indeed the only staple of these northern districts. The buffalo, the elk, and the roe-buck supplied the food which supported the life of the hunter under all his hardships, and but little attention was given to the smaller game, which was not considered of sufficient value to repay the trouble of pursuit.

As I speak from memory, I think that I may very likely omit some one or two varieties of the smaller game; but, in the main, I doubt not that the following list will be found sufficiently complete. In the first rank I place all such of the nobler kind as are pursued with a greater degree of difficulty or danger;—of this class are the buffalo, the elk, the moose, the bear, both brown and grizzly, the beaver, the ermine, sable, and other martens, the wolf, and the wild cat; whilst in the second class are deer, foxes, otters, squirrels, hares, and rabbits.

Among the birds which are the objects of the sportsman's attention, the following may be enumerated: the wild turkey, the prairie hen, (a bird in habits and appearance closely resembling our grouse,) the grouse (which rather approaches to our pheasant), quails, partridges, woodcocks, and wild duck.

In the fishing line the list is interminable; almost every fish which we find here is to be found there, with I know not how many more besides, more especially the bass and the black fish; but so plentifully are the waters of Canada peopled, that many writers have asserted that the fisheries of the St. Lawrence would prove even more profitable than the fur trade.

The Indians have some strange notions respecting almost everything; and among the rest is their belief that the moose deer has the power of walking about under any depth of water, without the slightest inconvenience, and of remaining there too for many hours without once coming to the surface to breathe. The Indians have also a legend among them that the mammoth still ranges through the farthest wilds of the Far West;—no one has seen, but all have heard of this strange quarry; and the Indian when interrogated on the subject, will gravely shake his head, and point towards the setting sun. A price is set in Canada upon the heads of bears and wolves, and many and frequent are the encounters to which this custom has given rise. The latest battle upon record was that of a bold Canadian in one of the upper townships, who, in returning home one evening encountered a fine fat bear. Bruin turned tail, and would have gone upon his way in peace, had not our hero, whose gun was loaded with small shot, fired upon the enemy as he retreated; this was an insult which no bear could brook, and forthwith he faced round and rushed upon the settler open-mouthed. The man was taken by surprise, but hastily clubbing his gun, he gave his opponent so severe a blow on the muzzle, that bruin again turned tail and made off;—the hunter too had no sooner dealt this valourous blow, than he faced round, and forthwith ran away as fast as fear and two good legs could carry him—and thus the two enemies ran off in opposite directions, without the possibility of its being decided who ran fastest, or who was master of the field.

For prints of the birds, your correspondent may consult Audubon, Wilson's Ornithology, or Bonaparte's History of the Birds of the United States.  
E. L.

SIR,—In answer to the inquiries of T. B. contained in your 26th ber, I beg to hand you the following list of the principal kinds of which afford amusement to the sportsman in India. The *beat* is one, and the list sufficiently various to afford full scope for the gratification of T. B.'s sporting propensities should he think of "going out."

To begin with quadrupeds: the elephant not only for his size, but the sport which he affords, challenges the first place. The tiger, as more frequently an object of chase—chase on foot—and generally giving better sport, is intitled in India to take precedence of the lion. These magnates come the leopard, the bear, hyena, and the wild hog-jackal and the fox may be bracketed, as they are both hunted with hounds. Among the herbivorous animals, are the buffalo, the bison, the nyli-black deer, sometimes called the elk, the axis deer, the jerboa, musk-deer, and the antelope. Hares are plentiful in India, and jungle-lamb frequently contributes to make up the sportsman's bag.

Among the birds, edible and non-edible, are the eagle, the vulture and the kite; the bustard, the florikan, the pea-fowl, and the heron, the pheasant tribe, the jungle-cock, the cheer, and the koklass—the latter chiefly confined to the Himalaya district; the painted and black partridge, the woodcock, the quail, and the snipe. These are that occur to my recollection at this moment.

The principal fish that engage the angler's attention, are the trout and the mahseer; and where there are no trout or mahseer, the sportsman may frequently have an opportunity of tackling an alligator, a keen biter, who has no particular objection to a man's leg. In the streams of the Himalaya mountains an otter is now and then speared.

I cannot point out any work where correct prints of the birds are to be found. Lithographed engravings of a few of them, very indifferently drawn and executed, are to be found in the Oriental and Bengal Sporting Magazines.  
Yours,  
Jan. 20, 1845.

SMIKEREE.

#### COURSING AND THE GREYHOUND.

(Continued from page 554.)

##### SECTION VIII.

##### VARIOUS SORTS OF HARES.



LEAVING for a brief space the flying "longtail," we will say a few words about sly puss.

There have been as many disputes, concerning the stoutness of hares as there can possibly have arisen upon the same quality in greyhounds, and almost every courser lays an equal claim to precedence in this respect. I have no doubt whatever but there are good hares all over the kingdom; still to say that one part of it may not be superior to another, would be an assertion very difficult to maintain, especially when you hear one man speak in favour of those of an enclosed country, another of an open, and a third of hilly or mountainous land. There are three causes, perhaps, which more or less contribute to this perfection—climate, food, and exercise. In regard to the last, it is well known that hares, which are seldom disturbed, rarely travel any distance from home, and therefore cannot be in wind equal to others of a more roving disposition, which is sufficiently attested by comparing the strength of a male hare in March and in any of the preceding months. It may perhaps be asked if it is a very material upon what a hare feeds, provided the food she procure be wholesome and nutritious? I answer, undoubtedly it is; for I look upon a hare in this respect to be somewhat similar to a sheep—and call there be two animals more totally different than the Tees-water and the South-down? They both get fat it is true, but the one sooner, and in an idle, luxurious manner, and the other by hard labour as it were, and continual striving; so that it requires very little penetration to discover which of the two is in the best condition to undergo fatigue. In fact, what is it that makes the flesh of the mountain sheep so much more firm and sweet than that of the lowland, but a variety of herbage and a constant unsettled disposition in endeavoring to procure it? The hare of the downs then must be in better running condition than any other, for also knowing that there is no shelter for her within a certain distance, she will naturally keep herself, in such case, as to be able to reach her refuge without feeling any serious want of strength, if compelled to exert it. To be certain indeed, that this is the case, and that the hare of the downs travels over a greater space of country in the night time than any other, it is only necessary to observe, when hunting with harriers, how much longer her trail is, which frequently draws you three or four miles before you come to her form, whereas it generally happens that in enclosed countries you find your game within a few fields, in the first or second fence, or at any rate the nearest thicket; and however a hare may be tempted to leave her native hills, and visit her companions of the plains, she never remains there beyond a single day, and if disturbed during that period, invariably retraces her former route. Moreover, what conduces, in a great measure, to weaken and destroy the powers of hares, is their immoderate attachment to turnips, which, in a wet sea-

son, is as fatal to them as to sheep, and it is so common an observation for a countryman to make, when a hare has shown a bad course, that she is rotten, that, under such circumstances, I am very positive, nine times out of ten, her lungs, on inspection, will be found to be either totally, or nearly, destroyed. All these causes then, warrant the conclusion that the hare of the downs is superior to every other.

The attachment which these animals shew to the spot where they were first brought forth, is never to be subdued, except by death, and very frequently after the longest courses and most severe runs, they may be found in the same form from whence started the day preceding. Almost every village can boast of a hare of this description, and if she is fortunate enough to escape for any length of time the vigilance of her enemies, her character becomes so notorious as to afford matter of the most strange speculation to the whole surrounding country. Hounds and greyhounds, hitherto invincible, now find their best endeavours fruitless and unavailing; the most extended chase is but a prelude to defeat and disappointment, until "the old witch," (a title now bestowed upon her,) at length assumes every shape to complete the discomfiture of her astonished pursuers! At one time she takes shelter amidst her sisterhood in the hen-roost; at another suddenly changes her sex and shape, and becomes the guardian of the fold, and in the end is transformed into the real picture of miserable humanity itself, some aged crone, who with all the "variety of wretchedness" is discovered sitting within her spacious mansion! This is no sketch of fancy, nor is the coloring heightened beyond the touch of reality, and however of late we may have emerged from that mist of superstition which in bygone ages clouded our better faculties, so long as a mistaken fanaticism still impedes our view, will these occasional exhalations for a moment, perhaps, obtrude in remote districts; aye, and find believers.

We must now consider how far climate promotes that quality in hares which I have already in part attributed to the effects of food and exercise. Whatever country a hare may inhabit, she will always be found to change her situation accordingly as the weather is open or severe, seasonable or cold, and upon every occasion to choose that particular spot which is most favourable to the enjoyment of the one, or affording a shelter from the other. Thus in the winter she usually prefers a southern aspect, and in the summer a northern one. The wind, however, more generally determines this choice, and enables her at the same time with a very surprising accuracy to foretell any change in the atmosphere; by this means a good hare finder is seldom at a loss to determine upon his line of range. We must not, however, suppose that this fickle disposition is stimulated solely by a regard to comfort; other causes no doubt equally prevail, amongst which that of health is certainly a principal. That good air is conducive to this, no one, I believe, will deny, and that such is more likely to be found in elevated and open situations than in those which are contracted and confined, will bear the same analogy. We are told that the mountain Arab is superior to every other horse in the substance and strength of his sinews, owing to the particular quality of the air of the desert, which is so free from vapours, that upon the brightest sun, after laying abroad the whole night, there will not appear the least shadow of rust. To be certain, however, of the effects of dry and humid air upon any substance exposed to it, suspend a string with a small weight affixed to the end, and observe its contracted and relaxed state at each different change, and, if we suppose the sinews of every animal to be composed of so many various threads or fibres, we may at once account for the effect of air and climate upon the powers of the whole.

This effect of climate may not only be observed to influence the stoutness and activity of hares, but also their growth, and in some countries their color; generally speaking, the hare of the hills is a much less animal, another reason also why her powers of action are more free and capable of sustaining greater fatigue; as for a difference in color it is only material as affording a further proof of the constitutional change which is produced by different temperatures of heat and cold. I cannot confirm the foregoing remarks more effectually than by inviting the reader to try the difference which exists between the hares in his own country and those in an opposite neighbourhood; and to prepare him against any disappointment which the fruitless endeavors of his dogs might occasion he must arm himself with all the philosophic firmness of a probationary candidate. While on this point I may observe, that a friend of mine gave away the last season what he considered a very moderate dog indeed, yet he afterwards learnt that his superiority in an enclosed country was so decisive that he killed every hare in ten successive courses, single handed! Indeed the mongrel looking animals that you see in the possession of many individuals, who are well known to keep nothing for shew alone, will at once convince the complete sportsmen of their very dubious, if not to say insignificant powers, when put in competition with a real game hare. Indeed it has never, within my experience or knowledge, happened, that one of these family greyhounds, though ever so well educated, was in any degree able to contend with the more generous attributes of perfect breeding.

*To be continued.*

"That's the first round to me!" as the boy said when he finished the buttered toast.

## CANADIAN SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

The principal amusement of the Canadians is hunting; in fact, this is a nation of Nimrods; and there are few who do not possess a rifle or fowling-piece. Game is fast decreasing, though where clearing is only partially done, deer is more plentiful from the settlers destroying the wolves, which hunt them in packs like dogs, and the foxes which destroy the fawns. A vast number of deer are annually killed, and sold on an average, in London and Western districts, where they are plentiful, for less than two dollars, each weighing about one hundred to one hundred and eighty pounds. I know one farmer who killed thirty-six last fall. The best time for hunting is in the morning, after a slight fall of snow, which shows their tracks; a white great-coat or blanket coat is best, as you are least observed by the deer in that dress. The hunter who expects to succeed, must be very wary, and lay his account for fatigue; in general, the "cost o'ergangs the profit."

Bears and wolves are yet plenty in new townships, and some stragglers come near the villages occasionally, but they are now getting scarcer, the first, from the value of his skin, and the wolf, from the premium of from four to eight dollars being given for his scalp, by the country. Mr. Bruin is a surly John Bull sort of a character, inoffensive in his disposition, but likes pork, occasionally takes a hog, and when hunted for it dies game. But the wolf is a cowardly sneaking animal, and will run unless a number of them are together. There is nothing I have ever heard so mournful and frightful (as I can say from experience), as being benighted without fire, near the swamps where they lodge, and hear them howling to one another; but there is very little danger if you have a fire, as they will not come near it. The settlers assemble sometimes, and hunts are formed to reuse them and the bears out of the swamps, and often the chase continues many days, but the wolves are mostly trapped; so are foxes, which retain a strong hankering after poultry and pigs.

Beavers, and the other very valuable fur animals, have totally disappeared where any settling has been done. Martens, muskrats, minks, and others, will soon be extinct; not so with all kinds of squirrels, racoons, chipmunks, and other vermin who infest the corn fields; you would think they are getting plentier, though vast quantities are annually killed. Some of the best shots in the world are here. I have seen vast quantities brought in, mostly shot through the head. An acquaintance of mine in Youngstown killed one afternoon twenty-four out of twenty-seven shots, and most of the squirrels were shot through the head with ball.

A good many turkeys are shot and trapped in London and Western districts; there are none I am told in the others, but all over Canada partridges of different kinds, pheasants, ducks, and but too many hawks, abound. Pigeons, in spring, come in such flocks, that sometimes a dozen have been taken down at a shot; in other seasons you may find stragglers, but none knows where the great body of them go. A few wild geese, cranes, and quails, are found, but very few crows, unless in old settled districts; there are comparatively few birds of any kind, and no songsters; but the plumage of the commonest bird is beautiful. The only birds of song are the frogs; if near a swamp, you will hear all notes from a tenor to deep bass. You may laugh at the idea of frog-singing, but it is far from being disagreeable. There are some enormous bull-frogs, and a kind that perch on trees, which are much valued for the skin, as the settlers say, but they are rarely caught. The Indians and some settlers run the deer with hounds, particularly in Newcastle district, near Rice Lake, and the other lakes back of Peterborough. The deer takes to the water, where others of a party are waiting for them in canoes or skiffs. But the greatest number are killed by "still hunting;" the hunter going out alone, and without dogs, and shooting them wherever he meets them; on the whole, it is not much followed by old country people; many who risked life and liberty to kill a hare, never think of taking up a gun, giving as a reason that they care nothing about it now that they are not prevented. A good many fish are caught in the lakes at certain seasons. Salmon are not found in any of the lakes but Ontario, and the rivers emptied into it; they are mostly speared at night by torch light, are good eating, but have not the same flavour as yours. Muscalonge, which is the same as your pike, is very plenty and large; is taken mostly in spring; so are sturgeons, whitefish, trout, and a host of others, too tedious to mention. There is a kind of herring very plenty in Lake Ontario, and plenty of mullets, which is a fish like a small salmon, and so tame or stupid, that, with my hands alone, I one day in a few minutes took out nearly as many as I could carry.

There are few athletic or manly sports practised; no cricket, ball, or quoit playing, no "shinty or curling," though both wood and ice are plenty; all is absorbed in the ruling passion—shooting, gambling, and horse-racing, and in days of training the militia, a little wrestling, which often ends in fighting. A horse race is the place to see the folly and fashion of the backwoods. All kind of tricks are put in practice to cheat the unwary, and there are generally two or three proprietors of gaming tables, who entice simpletons at night, and cheat them of their money. The very children have not the turn for the amusements of the old country, I have seen no marbles, hoop, button, or other games common to children; it is true the young creatures will play, but it is for money, and will bet like old fellows; in short, to see a boy of ten or twelve years of age, you would almost think him either an old man cut down, or

believe in transmigration, and that his little body inherited the soul of his grandfather, he is so sly, so apt, and, in short, "auld-farrand."

Turkey and geese shooting matches are very common in winter. The victim is put at the distance of from fifteen to thirty rods generally according to the price of each shot at them, varying from six to twelve cents a time; he who kills wins. Shooting parties matched against each other, sometimes on large wagers, but generally a dinner, sally forth, each endeavouring to bring in the most game; it is almost incredible the quantity killed on such occasions.

## The Sportsman's Magazine.

### Reminiscences of Racing and Racers, in 1845.

(From the Sportsman's Magazine.)

BY SOOTHSAYER.

(Continued from page 556.)

Having disposed of the first October, I will just advert to some intervening Races and conclude with the Second October. In another communication I shall have the Houghton, and hope to relieve your readers from conning over my rather dry statement of things that were. At the same time I am inclined to think it will be found useful to your sporting readers of the Turf as a reference. I feel obliged by your kind notice of me and feel gratified by your attention; my regret is, that owing to other avocations, I cannot give these papers the usual embellishment or render them so entertaining as I wish.

At the STAFFORD RACES, Mr. Parr won two races. The Tradesmen's Purse with Beggar Girl and the St. Crispin Stakes with Vitula. Nix My Dolly beat T'Auld Squire, and The Rhine for a Free Handicap. Isabella won the Bonehill, her only good competitor being Mr. Hill's Brother to Beaumont. Roderick won the Innkeeper's Plate, Eveline, the Ladies' Purse, and Florine the Stafford Stakes beating Beggar Girl and another.

The PAIN'S LANE RACES had but two good races, both of which were won by Glaucus, out of March First filly, beating Tippoo. In one of your numbers where I mentioned Tipoe, the word was printed Tippoo. The animals, however, differ very much more than the names.

At the PIGBURN RACES some good animals contended, having all the advantage of Yorkshire training, and that kind of breed which the Yorkshiremen have so carefully preserved and maintained. Your readers will hardly know what the Chatsworth Lass, Cartledge, Dice, Maria, Belle, Skylark; there was a Mundig there, aged, but I do not know whether he was the Mundig.

At the "YORKSHIRE UNION HUNT CLUB" Meeting, Flagsman (200 sov.) won the Tally-ho Stakes beating Millepede, Hamlet, Carysfort and another. The York and Ainsty Handicap was won by Cataract, beating Red Rover and Marian Ramsay; a good race. Horatia won the Gold Cup, beating Wildgoose. Flagsman won the Scurry. Alice Hawthorn was introduced here to run for the Champagne Plate and (how are the mighty fallen) a 5 sov. Sweepstakes 25 added; she won both. A filly by Sheet Anchor, out of Fawn, won a Gold Cup, Marian Ramsay beat Porto Bello for a 10 sov. Handicap, and Poussin won a race against Pedometer and a Wizard mare.

Mr. Merry won, with John Harris and Pilot, both the good things at the DUMFRIES RACES.

At KNUTSFORD, Dr. Husband had one walk over, Sweetmeat, two; Quebec beat Lord Saltoun and his Lordship beat Hooton, April Noddy, and the Nobbler. Auringzebe won a poor affair easily.

The NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER, October 13, opened with a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sov. each, being carried off by Skeleton against Example, Sir Francis, African, Sister to Ma Mie, and another; a capital race for second. In a match between Duc an Durras and Captain Phoebeus, the Newmarket "finish" was witnessed to perfection; the Irishman first. I consider Fugitive won the First Class (50 sov.) easily; for the merits of the others I cannot say much: Montreal, perhaps, is not so; as for Little Vulgar Boy and the Discord filly, 'I'll none of them.' For the Second Class (50 sov.) a capital race ensued between the Hero, Terrier, and Repeal, which ended as they are placed, but it was a dead heat between the two last mentioned. In this race Buttress and the Pet colt cut a very bad figure; both these races are among two year olds. In a 10 sov. Sweepstakes, a filly by Beiram out of Manto beat Lord Orford's Derby colt, (by Clearwell), Alamode third, and some others. Event beat Maynooth, Misdeal, Stitch, and some others, for 50 sovs. Lady Anna (Mr. Phillimore's; his Skeleton also won as above) beat Leopard and Thebes colt for the Royal Stakes of 200 sov. each. The Cesarewitch Stakes were won by the Baron, carrying a few lbs. more than Wee Pet, 2lbs. more than Vol au Vent, and near a stone more than Plantagenet: there were some good horses in the race, but not suited either for the distance or pace: I must say the Baron won easily, but we all know the Wee Pet has

been beaten over and over again by horses in this country. In the matches up to this time, Minotaur, receiving weight, beat St. Lawrence. Prologue, giving weight, beating the Impertinence filly. Nottingham, giving weight, beat Cressus. Oakley, giving weight, beat the Bishop of Romford's Cob. Sting won the Clearwell easily, beating Princess Alice, Ennui, the Mecca colt, Collingwood, and Ohio. The two first named, and the Miss Milner colt third, were only placed. For a 10 sov. Sweepstakes, won by Deer Chase; Caroline, second; the Pretender and Malvoisie shewed very badly. Poor old Trueboy was beaten by Jet, by half a neck, the result of bad riding, perhaps, and whipcord. Metal won the Town Plate, beating a good field of five, four, and three years old. Prologue, receiving 2lbs., beat Vaudeville in a match. Motilla, giving 3lbs., beat the Miss Whip filly. For a Sweepstakes of 10 sov. each, the Voluntary colt running well, beat Chandelier, the Clearwell colt, Tell, Cerberus, and another, and was claimed, and is, I think, now Lord George's. In a match, the B. of R. cob, giving weight, beat Duc an Durras. Buff won a 100 sov., after a good race with three, four, five, and six years old. A very close thing, just what might be looked for at Newmarket (where they like to win by a head!) ensued between Cuckoo, Ennui, and Polka, for the Breby Stakes, which ended in favour of Cuckoo (who may come again in the spring of the year), Polka, of course, superseding Ennui for the then coming season of Christmas.

I must not trespass any further at present. The last day's sport shall be given in my next.

(To be continued.)

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEMPER EADEM.—According to your own statement no warranty was given. You have therefore no plea for returning the horse; he may not be so good as you expected, but that alone is not sufficient to vitiate the bargain.

HENRY B.—The Stamped Edition of this paper, containing the report of Walker and Barnash's fight; as also that of Perry (the Black) and Burton were published within two days of the respective events.

L. B. C. Southall.—It is customary for losers to partake of the grog or liquor which forms the subject of the bet. The quibble is absurd as well as shabby; in the case of a single glass, a loser might as well decline, but custom (and practice makes the law) gives him a share as some consolation for paying for the whole.

A YORKSHIRE CORRESPONDENT.—You are privileged to sell any articles you manufacture yourself, without taking out a hawk's licence. To your second question. The volume will be completed in forty numbers.—Cases for binding it are in preparation; the price will be about 1s. 6d. each. A title-page and index will be given, and the chapters of Boxing which originally appeared in "THE SPORTING WORLD" be reprinted.

SECUNDUS.—You have no remedy at law: but you have a moral claim on your master's generosity and consideration.

TRIGGER.—A misfire, by the Red House Rules is a lost bird at Pigeon-Shooting.

W. P. Hoxton.—We need hardly tell you that very dry walking ground is more important than even warmth to the well doing of the brood. Alum curd is by no means to be despised, though few can adopt it so well as yourself, being a cowkeeper. They will soon take grain. To promote laying, nothing more is required than the best corn and fair water, often changed; malted, or sprouted barley has often a good effect, if your hens are kept on solid grain, but if continued too long is apt to scour them. A very small quantity of the cordial horse-ball is good to promote laying in the cold season, or a little toast soaked in beer, as every housewife knows well. Pullets, if early birds, will lay as many eggs in their first year, as at any period of their lives, but the eggs are small, and young hens are unsteady setters. A two year old cock, or stag, and pullets in their second year should be bred from. They are in their prime at three years, and decline after five.

S. S. C.—The furriers' treatment of sable and other valuable skins is the only method we know of: shut them in a drawer in a dry place, and throw an abundance of cedarwood chips or shavings among them. Or pepper them well and beat them gently. If the hair is coming off, we fear the "moth" has mined them.

F. MANLEY, Hoxton.—The best breeding rabbits are those kindled in March. Young rabbits should be taken from the doe at the end of six weeks. Do not give too much green meat, but dry and substantial food to the animal troubled with looseness—give oats, peas, and wheat. Ground malt, or peas you will find good for your young rabbits, with an occasional succulent leaf.

SILVER-KIN.—The wild goose, so far from being extinct, may be seen at this very season in flocks of from fifty to one hundred, in Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire, and Norfolk; they fly very high, and in a regular order, by which they are easily known from other birds. The flock either forms two parallel lines, or else two lines joined at the front end, like a wedge.

E. R. Tiplon.—A hare when she runs the same ground she has run before, is said to run "the foil." The term *foiling* means also the looting or treading of a deer on the grass.

G. Teddington.—In Nos. 28, and 29, we gave cuts and description of the black and the common squirrels. It would be too much of a joke to repeat them next week at the request of a single correspondent; both the numbers may be had for 3d., and independent of the mischief it would do us with regular subscribers, the matter would cost us some dozen of shillings setting up. He further asks about "a trap for the stoat or weasel."

The Lord preserve us! Only a month since (No. 32, page 493) we gave three engravings describing the box-trap, with explanations. What "a Constant Subscriber," G. must be!

M. R. J.—Doleful's dam was Frederica, by Little John. Brocardo has no engagement before the Derby.

### OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

SUNDAY, FEB. 1st.—FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.—Pheasant and Partridge Shooting ends.

MONDAY, 2nd.—Candlemas Day.

TUESDAY, 3rd.—Harry Broome and Ben Terry, for 200l., see our Stamped edition of Feb. 5th.—Powell and Cooper, of Knightsbridge, walk 7 miles, for 234. a side.

CHOP.—The best place in the world for chops is China, where persons of the highest rank have alone the privilege of serving them.

WEDNESDAY, 4th.—Bigger (Stirlingshire) Coursing Meeting.

THURSDAY, 5th.—South Lancashire (Lytham) Coursing Meeting (and 5th).—Sir Robert Peel born, 1782.

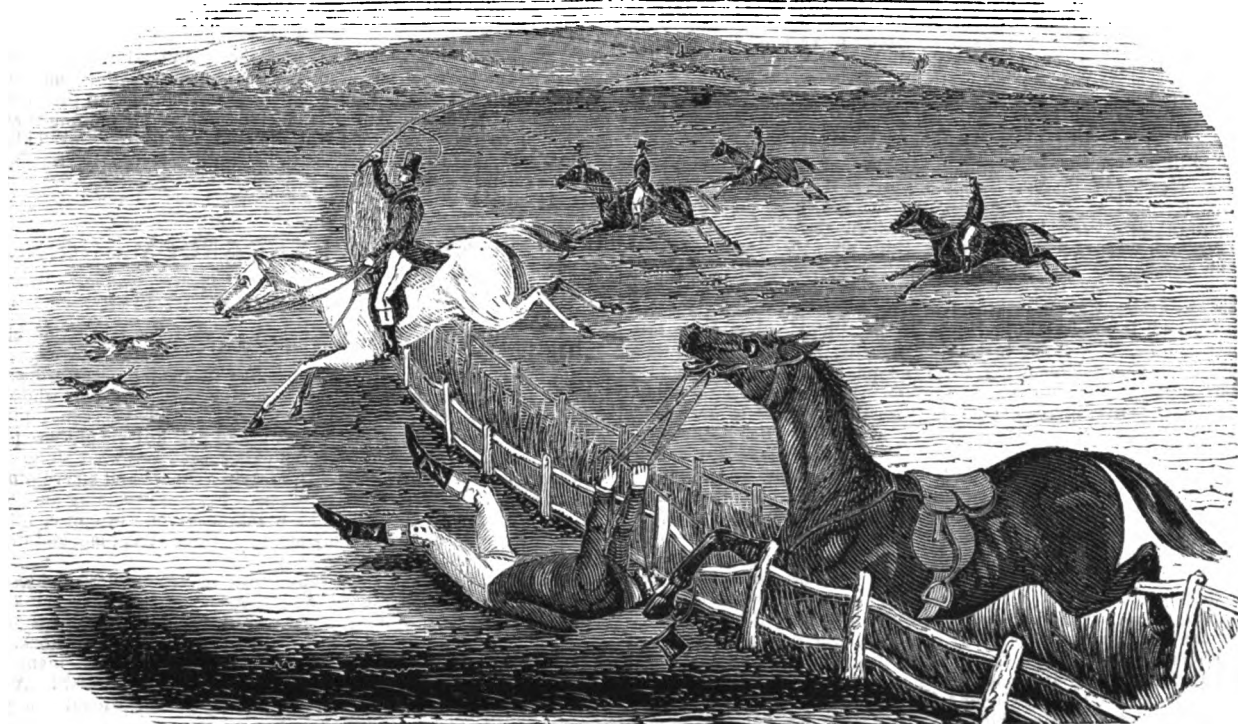
FRIDAY, 6th.—Hornby Park Coursing Meeting, and Ribblesdale ditto (and 5th).

SATURDAY, 7th.—Mary Q. of Scots, beheaded, 1587.—THE MOON'S AGE.—The moon, like certain politicians, changes every thirty days, when she looks at things in general with quite a new face. If a fact were wanting to determine the sex of the moon, it would be found in her obstinacy about her age. Like most ladies, she is never more than a day older than thirty.

### THE MOON IN FEBRUARY.

First Quarter, 2nd .. .. .	5 11 after.
Full Moon, 10th .. .. .	9 12 after.
Last Quarter, 18th .. .. .	4 43 after.
New Moon, 25th .. .. .	7 31 morn.





## FOX-HUNTING.—SCENE IV.—THE DISASTER.

**A**CCIDENTS will happen in the best regulated families," and the brotherhood of foxhunters forms no exception to the rule. Here we have a case of double post and rail, which we think has proved a little too tough a subject for the gentleman on the bay. These are some of the trifling drawbacks of sport; bruises may, however, be got in other ways, as the following amusing little scrap, from the pen of "Beeswing," will testify. "We were amused at finding, first in the local papers, and then in a London paper, some short time ago, an account of a day's run with a pack of hounds; it has clearly been written by either some wag, or one of those sporting gents; for though it reads well enough upon paper, those who are in the secret know that it was a day's sport that no gentleman would like to have his name connected with. The account of the hunt ran something like this:—

"**CUTITFAT HOUNDS.**—This celebrated pack of foxhounds met on Friday last at Drubhem-hall, where there was a brilliant field assembled. They drew Brydone Wood, and found immediately; raced him past the Hall and Farm Woods, along the bottoms to Aylford-hall, to the village of Aylford, Parson's-gate, Ironstone Wood, over Bushy-hills. He then took the river Deepe, and away to Flat Plantation, and then to Bokehouse to Henly Wood. The hounds pressed him so close that he remained in this large cover but a short time: he took for Henly village, but was headed, and made for the river Deepe again, which he recrossed at Stopford, and then ran to Hedgewood, and thence to Catchem Dean, where he was run into and killed, after one of the fastest runs on record in this part of England, not a single check intervening between the find and the finish—the pace killing—time, one hour and a quarter. There were only three gentlemen in at the death, viz., the worthy master of the hounds, Edward Stumble, Esq., M. Pill Thickset, Esq., and another gentleman." This reads plausible, but we will describe the real day's sport for the benefit of the public, and show how newspaper editors and the readers of their papers are gulled with "brilliant runs." It may be necessary to give a short history of the "celebrated" Cutitfat hounds, as they call them, so that our readers may have an idea of the respectability of these celebrated hounds in the first instance. A few years ago there resided in a comfortable-looking farm-house at Aylford, a jolly old gentleman, who lived upon and farmed his own property, which was not very extensive, but sufficient to enable him to enjoy his glass at his ease; he was what in the north of England and Scotland, we believe they call a "Laird." He was fond of hunting, and kept some six or eight couple of hounds amongst his cottagers, for an occasional run with a hare upon his own estate; or if he found a stray fox, they would run him either, for his dogs had no objection to run either hares or foxes, though they seldom killed any of the latter. The laird was a fat, com-

fortable-looking old gentleman, and his hounds were fat drowsy-looking dogs—dogs that had once had spirit in them, but ease and good living had nearly driven it out of them. The laird's hunting was like a gentleman's we once knew, who kept a pack of beagles; and he sometimes ran a hare a whole day without killing her; he would then stick up his stick where they left off, and commence upon her there next morning. Mr. Stumble—Laird Stummel, as the neighbours called him, had a son who was fond of hunting as well as his father, but he did not admire the slow work his father made of it—he was a steeplechase gentleman, the young one, and when his father "went to the dogs" and left him heir to the property and the hounds, he remodelled his pack, mounted an old thorough bred, and "sporting the pink." He went fast—in the now general acceptance of the term—exceedingly so; "the pace killing," and in a short time he found he was in the situation of a certain Irishman who boasted of having a thousand a-year, *but it was spent*. The young laird, or, as those that wished to flatter him called him—Squire Stumble, hit upon the scheme of turning his pack into a subscription one; the only difficulty was about the subscriptions. At last a few gentlemen—gentlemen in the proper sense of the word, who resided in the Squire's neighbourhood, came forward willing to support a pack of hounds if properly managed: some sporting gents also, who had no objection to make acquaintance with an openhanded good fellow like the Squire." A good huntsman was engaged, and the pack ran a season; modest but fair reports of their success occasionally appeared in the local papers, and every thing about the new subscription pack appeared to prosper; but the Squire—we do not wish to be taken for those who flatter him, but as that is now his most usual title, we have called him so through this sketch—(a man who, as long as you let him have his own way and don't disturb him over his glass, is good-tempered; but contradict him, and the devil won't drive him) would be not only master of the hounds, but huntsman, sole proprietor, and occasionally he would like to have had the field to himself. The gentlemen grumbled, and finally withdrew their subscriptions, being disgusted with Stumble's overbearing manners; the huntsman left him, and he had nobody but a few sporting gents left to keep him in countenance. Another season opened, and as the Cutitfat hounds were not expected to commence hunting, overtures were made to Mr. Stumble by the members of the Tunstall hounds to take his hounds off his hands, along with his country, although it was only the country they wanted; this annoyed the "worthy master," and he swore terrific oaths, as "was his custom in the afternoon," and said he would "hunt his hounds till he was blind." Nothing was heard of the Cutitfat hounds and their "worthy master" for some time, at least not by us, until by accident we took up a

paper published in the Squire's neighbourhood, and saw the account of the day's run mentioned above; we thought it was a hoax, and we have our doubts yet. It was afterwards seen in a London paper, and given forth to the world as a great feat of these hounds. We have had an account of the true day's sport from a person who was an eye-witness to most part of it, and we will see how it tallies with the published account. It seems "M. Pill Thickset, Esq." and the "other gentlemen" are sporting gents, and the most determined adherents of the Squire, in fact are great friends of his, for Stumble does not care much who are his friends, if they only agree with him, and are willing, after drinking and smoking all day, to drink and smoke all night. Well, Mr. Thickset and his friend and the Squire had made a night of it at Aylford, and on the next morning the hounds, were advertized to meet at Drabhem Hall. Thickset and his friend had a fancy for a day's hunting, and they were anxious about the weather; it was not propitious, however, for at daylight it was a "black frost;" no one could ride, no dogs could run. Any one who knows the nature of frosts will be aware that what is called a "black frost" is one of the severest kind. Stumble thought it best to "make another day of it" instead of hunting; but the gents had come out from the neighbouring town on purpose for a hunt, and a hunt they must have some way or other, they care nothing about frosts. By manœuvring they got the "worthy master" to order out the dogs, and away they went "pipe in mouth." The Squire remarked on the way, "It's a damned slope (slippery) ay can hardly stand, an ay wadn't like to ride." No one thought of riding—in fact, no one who had any sense would have expected hounds to throw off on such a day, it was so hard and slippery, and the "brilliant field assembled" consisted of our three worthies and their sticks. "They drew Brydene Wood and found immediately," this we believe was true enough, but our heroes, if we may so call them, lost the hounds shortly after, and did not again see them until some of them had crossed the River Deepe in pursuit of the fox; they came up with by far the greater portion of the dogs, who had not courage to swim the river on so cold a day; they could not be persuaded at all to follow further. The river could not be got across without getting wet up to the waist, and our friends had not got their blood up to sufficient heat, and therefore thought it better to leave the dogs that had crossed alone, and they would soon come back. Stumble seeing that some of those about him had cut themselves with running, thought they had better drop for the day, and as they were near "Oad Nanny Brewker's," they would go in and have a "pint" till the other dogs "cast up;" accordingly they went into "Oad Nanny's," and drank sundry quarts of beer and "half glasses" of brandy, and smoked innumerable pipes of tobacco. With an eye to business, one of the sporting gents proposed they should play at "pitch and toss," as it was "slow work" drinking and nobody saying anything, for it appears they were remarkably silent. The table was put out of the way, and at it they went upon the floor, first for halfpence, and then for "glasses round," and when they had got the steam up again, Mr. Thickset said he would jump either of the others over the table for a "sov." The bet was taken: Mr. Thickset put off his coat and looked nervous—principally about the "sov." we should think, for if we could only have looked into his pockets, we would have found no sovereign there—he took a spring up to try whether he could do it or not, and then swung his arms fiercely about, until he knocked a pot of ale out of old Nanny Brewker's hands, and then away he went at the "rasper," as he called it: next he was seen lying on the floor, with the table on the top of him, and one of his eyes looking inflamed, which, as you watched it, seemed undergoing some process of colouring generally attained by what Grantley Berkeley calls a "punch;" in the end it turned out to be one of the finest specimens of a black eye that we have seen. Before order was restored after this mishap of Mr. Thickset's, the hounds (that would not cross the river, and which were prowling about the inn) gave mouth, and on our sporting gents rushing out, they found them in full view after the fox, which the other few dogs had again brought into their neighbourhood; he was nearly "used up," and the fresh dogs getting laid on, of course sealed his doom; they killed him in five minutes, and the three worthies had the pleasure of being in at the death and "brushing him." They had got so jolly, and were so elated with getting the brush, that it was determined amongst them that, like sportsmen of old, they should have the fox's head put into a can of beer, and then drink it with the head swimming about in it; this was done by way of a "finish," and it says much for their stomachs that none of them were sick after following this old fashion. Mr. Thickset, next day, on his appearing in his usual places of resort, was questioned by his friends as to the reason for his having his eye in mourning; and, putting as good a face upon the matter as he could with his damaged one, he told them that he had had "a devil of a hunt with the Cuttlat hounds, and how he was going to clear on his horse two hedges at once, one on each side of a narrow lane, but which it seems was too much, and so his horse came down and pitched him on a hedge-stake in the second fence, which nearly put his eye out; but nevertheless he was in at the death, although nearly killed himself." This story passed current with his friends, but whether there

was one amongst them who thought it a hoax too good to be kept secret, or whether it was M. Pill Thickset, Esq., himself who wished to see his name in the newspapers, for

"'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print,"

we do not know; but whoever it was who composed the very excellent account of the sport, at which no one was present all the time, the local papers are, in the first instance, indebted to him, and in the next place, the Editor of a sporting paper is indebted to him for making that paper the vehicle to distribute this "Pill" (whether Morrison's or Thickset's) to the world; but if it is expected to be swallowed quietly, we are afraid they are in the wrong "box."

## WRINKLES FOR THE GROOM.—NO. XI.

### A GROOM'S GENERAL DUTIES.

The principal duties of a groom may be said to consist of cleaning—strapping as it is called—feeding, and travelling horses. A man should have a certain degree of substance to strap a horse properly; but I do not agree with those who think an Herculean monster, whose blows would almost fell an ox, a necessary article. I have seen light lathy fellows full of muscle and sinew that would half kill one of these plummy lumpy gentry. There is a wide difference between what John Warde used to describe as a man only fit "to strip a horse and starve him," and a clean made light-limbed active fellow. Beyond grooming and feeding, I do not wish for much science in a servant—your pedantic, infallible recipe-fellows are no men for my money. Good strapping, and food proportionate to work, is the grand secret.

Feeding is a matter of observation, and requires study and attention. Most servants are so fond of stuffing themselves that they think horses must be equally so. Stuffing may do with a cart-horse, but will not answer with a hunter or a horse required for quick strong work. Still, how many clowns do we see shovelling the oats into the manger, and stamping as much hay into the racks as ever they will hold! A fellow of this sort is only fit for a drayman. A groom should study each horse's appetite and constitution. Some horses require far more meat than others, but this truism never enters the head of half the fellows calling themselves grooms. Having ascertained the "maximum" quantity of corn master allows, they forthwith prepare for getting it down the horses' throats in equal proportion. A half-finished feed conveys no hint to them: they add a whole feed to it next feeding hour: then horses get cracked heels and swelled legs, and the clown wonders how it happens. They perhaps have recourse to their ante-diluvian book, or some horse-leech in the neighbourhood, who cannot even write out a bill for the medicine he professes to give. I once had a document from one of these fellows, a drunken sinner as ever was seen, composed of nothing but bottle after bottle, and, strange to say, he did not even know how to spell the word bottle, and "to a bottle, a bottle," went all the way down. Unhappy horse that had to take the contents of the "bottle!" Bleeding and physicking should be included in a groom's catalogue of qualifications; but I would never allow either to be done without an order.

Some fellows will say they cannot keep horses in high condition without high feeding; but I am quite sure many masters would ride much more pleasantly if their horses were not in such high condition. What is the use of having a horse capable of double the exertion the rider is equal to? We are not all Obaldaston's, to ride two hundred miles in nine hours; and whether on the road or in the field, I maintain that a horse above himself is a great nuisance.

Half the young fellows that are choked off hunting every season are choked off by the unruliness of their horses. They come out to ride according to some book on equitation, and finding their nags are quite different in the field to what they are on the road, after two or three tears-away and two or three tumbles, they are glad to give in. Had they come out on steady old hunters in good two days' a-week work, and forgot all they had learned in the riding-school, they might have been coaxed along several seasons, to the manifest benefit of their own healths and the advantage of the hunt exchequer.

Feeding is a great point.

Lord Pembroke truly observes, that "it is a matter of the greatest consequence, though few attend to it, to feed horses according to their work. When the work is hard," says he, "food should be plenty; when it is otherwise, the food should be diminished immediately, the hay particularly."

That sentence should be placed in every stable and saddle-room in the kingdom.

Colonel Cook attributes most hunting accidents to improper feeding. "We all know," says he, "it is not an uncommon thing for a horse to get too full of flesh and out of wind after long rest during frost, or from any other cause, and grooms will give their horses the usual allowance of corn, hay, and water, without due regard to their necessary exercise."

The risk they incur applies more to hard riders than timid, or nervous

ones as it is the fashion to call them; and it may generally be observed, that, when Masters of Hounds write upon the condition of horses, they refer to the condition and feeding requisite for servants' horses, which invariably do double the work there is any occasion for a gentleman's horse to do. Servants, too, are not "nervous," and are generally expected to be able to ride anything.

Most stables have a separate system, differing, however, principally in trifles; and an ignoramus going into half a dozen stables, carrying away a wrinkle from each, would find himself in a very confused state at the end of his peregrinations. Some swear by hot weather, others by cold; some by hard rubbing, others by bandaging; some by firing, and others by blistering; some by one thing, some by another; but the best plan is for a master to frame a code for himself, and let others follow him if they like instead of his following others. Jumbling ideas, however, is not the only inconvenience arising from the variety of opinions on stable management, each successive servant attempting to introduce into his new place the arrangements of the last, particularly if they conceive the alteration will be any saving of trouble to themselves. For instance, hay-lofts are abolished in many stables, and cribs are placed in the stable for the reception of a certain quantity of hay fresh from the stack. Perhaps a master, going into his stable a few mornings after a new comers arrival, will find all the left trap-doors pulled open again, and the hero stamping the hay down with his foot. I remember a worse case than this though. A young friend of mine got what he called a swell Melton groom, or, more correctly speaking, a helper out of a Melton stable, and the morning after the new mans arrival, on going into his stable, he found all his horses' switch tails squarred.

In some establishments grooms only open the stables twice a-day instead of three times if the horses are not at work. Instead of sending the horses starving out the first dawn of the morning, they generally remain in the stables till the men have had their breakfasts, and are consequently not shut up till a little before mid-day. They then remain quiet for six hours. The late Lord Kintore's stable was conducted on this principle, and Nimrod, in describing it, said, "I must own that, although I never tried it, I see sound argument in favour of this stable management during the three dark and dreary months of winter, with horses that work hard, from a knowledge of the restorative powers of undisturbed rest both with horse and man; as also of its sedative effects in allaying excitement by whatever cause produced."


The hours of exercising I think might be advantageously left to the weather. Cold, damp, foggy mornings, the horses would doubtless be better in their stables; fine bright mornings should be taken advantage of, lest the day should change for the worse as it advances. I certainly never could see the wit of getting horses out, as I have frequently seen them got out, in winter before day-break, unless indeed the men (which is not at all improbable) had fixed a particular hour for their own breakfasts. That breakfast is one strong argument for exercising at a later period, the men having then no interest in hurrying and shortening their work in order to get home to them.

Some people exercise for equal periods under all circumstances, whether the horse is lying idle or been hunted the day before. I am inclined to think a horse is very much like ourselves, very easy about exercise the day after hunting. To my mind, there is far too much quackery introduced into the hunting stable—too much Tom Penn. If we would treat horses as we treat ourselves, I believe it would be a great deal better for them. Horses have a great deal of discretion. I will give an instance of it. Towards the close of last season—I am almost ashamed to say in the month of April—I was riding one hot morning to meet hounds, and offered my horse a mouthful of water in crossing a brook. Strange to say, he refused it, would not have a drop; but on returning he took a rare swill. Of course the red coat had told him what he was going to do, and he thought he would work better without water.

#### A FEW WORDS ABOUT FALCONRY.

[A week ago, we acknowledged the receipt, from a contributor, of a delightful little book, entitled "the Fama of Norfolk," by the rev. rector of Eccles. We feel assured he will feel gratified by our placing before our numerous readers, an extract or two, inasmuch as many of them must of necessity be precluded from obtaining a sight of the original work.—ED. SPORT. MAG.]

#### ON THE REMAINS OF FALCONRY IN NORFOLK.

 IN former days, Norfolk must have been a paradise to the falconer. Its extensive heaths, for the pursuit of the partridge or the nobler flight at the kite; the interminable ranges of marsh, where the peregrine or the lanner might encounter the heron and the mallard; or the active merlin try his pinions against the speed of the snipe, caused the county probably in those days, as at present, to have high reputation with the sportsman. In the L'Estrange Household-book perpetual entries call to mind this nearly-forgotten science. There are notes of money paid for the keep of the goshawks, which seem to have been periodically sent out to walk, as hounds are at present; there is a charge made to the

knight for a tame mallard to lure the hawks with in Hunstantone marshes. In Blomesfield's *Norfolk* are several notices of hawk service. In the reign of Edward III., Reginald de Dunham, for instance, held the manors of Fishley and Witton, by the service of keeping a goshawk for the king. Landed property is mentioned by the same authority as conveyed by William de St. Clare, to William son of William de Heveningham upon service of a sparrow-hawk. And as for many years, and until very recently, the nearly forgotten pastime of heron hawking was annually practised at Didlington, the seat of Lord Berners, it may not be improper to say somewhat on this subject. Sir J. Sebright in his *Treatise on Hawking*, observes, that the village of Falconswaerd, near the Bois le Duc, in Holland, has from time immemorial, furnished falconers to different parts of Europe. The falconers who brought every season hawks to Norfolk, were natives of this place, and most respectable and intelligent men, fond to a degree of their art, and pleased to give information to any one interested therein.

The hawks requisite (the female Peregrine) were taken in autumn, near Falconswaerd, by a pigeon and a net, with the assistance of the ash-coloured shrike as a scout to announce the approach of a falcon. Their difficulty they said was not so much in the capture of hawks as in a dearth of herons to train them with when taken. The heron on these occasions is caught alive by nooses set on the margin of a water ditch, or spring head, wherever numerous footmarks show that the birds often visit a particular spot.

All the hawks received a certain portion of training, and many were perfect at the time they arrived in Norfolk,—the end of April; the time for sport being whilst the heron has young ones.

The afternoon was the best part of the day, and as herons go forth in one direction or another, according to the wind, one part of the estate or another was resorted to in turn, in what was deemed the most likely direction for intercepting fall herons returning with food to their young, after journeying into the fens for fish.

If it was feasible, the hawking party, which was often numerous, was screened from observation under one of the belts of firs, common in that part of the country; and two falconers on horseback, each with hawk on fist, looked out afar for the coming of a heron. The gathering point for these birds was the heronry, a lofty plantation in the valley; and the distance at which a practised falconer espied a heron returning, was most remarkable. According to the course of the bird, the falconers remained motionless or rode in advance, so as to get nearer the line in which the heron was moving. If they could get within three or four hundred yards, the falcons were unhooded, and swung themselves buoyantly into the air. Here sometimes happened what to a novice seemed a riddle: a falcon to set with advantage, must rise above its quarry, and to do so must make its circles in rising against the wind. Therefore in "climbing to the mountee," as our ancestors termed this evolution, the hawks sometimes appeared going in one direction and the heron in another. But no sooner do they attain the requisite elevation, than they dash forward in pursuit, straining one against the other: the first up with the heron makes its pounce, which, if unsuccessful, sinks it far below. It must climb once more to attain elevation; in the meantime the other falcon makes a sweep, and by the time its effort is over, probably the first is ready for a repetition. As may be supposed from the ordinary flight of birds, space rolls rapidly away during this conflict. High in the air are the three birds,—sometimes almost specks in the distance; and, far behind, tell the horsemen, every head turned aloft, regardless of the rabbit-burrows on all sides, each anxiously straining his optics to see somewhat of the chase, oftentimes in a whirlwind of dust. Three or four miles were sometimes thus traversed. When the fatal stroke is given, generally at the insertion of the neck with the body, the blow is audible at some distance. No words can describe the aspect of a successful falcon, as, trampling upon its prostrate foe, it eats the food presented; for if the bird's behaviour has been good, it is "fed up" by way of encouragement. The form appears dilated by pride and successful daring,—now it fastens voraciously on the meat, and now pulls feathers in its wantonness from the trembling heron, which, with its long neck carefully imprisoned under the falconer's leg, is held down lest its beak should injure the triumphant hawk.

No wonder that a heron which has once undergone this ordeal is worthless for future sport. It shirks in dismay at the first sight of the enemy, disgorges its stock of fish, and very often wheels round and round towards the ground, crying out in impotent anguish, without being touched by the hawk. Some herons were retained to practice the young and imperfect falcons with; the rest were released with a thin brass plate bent around one leg, and the date of capture marked thereon.

Occasionally the Norfolk plover (*Actinopus crepitans*) was pursued, and gave very good flights. The carrion crow also, and the magpie, were in turn objects of sport.

The mews in which the falcons were kept were upon the top of an eminence, at the side of a plantation, in which was a lofty ash; and a flag flying at "The High Ash" was a signal to all the country round that hawking would take place that afternoon.

Great vexation often occurred from the loss of the best hawks by their raking off in pursuit of ignoble game; a wood pigeon, for instance, is a temptation no hawk can resist. Probably natural love for this prey is

made stronger by a tame pigeon being the usual lure for recalling a falcon. I was present one afternoon when the Bull-dog, a perfect phoenix, was thus lost; she had been flown only ten times and had struck down nine herons. The first resource of a reclaimed hawk preying for itself is very often a rook; the Bull-dog was seen to strike down a rook the next morning, by the falconer who was seeking his lost one.

The names given to hawks are sometimes very incongruous. In Colonel Thornton's *Tour in Scotland*, his falcons, if memory serves, were Miss L. McIntosh and Miss McGregor; whilst, as a contrast, his terrels, probably blood relations to these fair ones, were Death and the Devil.

Many years ago, the first time indeed I ever witnessed the hawking at Didlington, just as I joined the assemblage, a cry was raised by several voices of, "bring Mrs. Waddington." Two ladies in an open carriage leaned out anxiously as I was passing, and again I heard, "Here comes Mrs. Waddington,—now we shall see some sport." What could interest all so much in this particular personage I knew not, till I saw the crowd opening, and the falconer appeared, talking to, and caressing the flower of his flock, his favourite bird.

It would be at the present day almost impossible to revive this sport generally: even in the very open country around Didlington complaints and heartburnings arose on account of damage.

#### ANCIENT FEES AND PERQUISITES.

[The following curious regulations are copied from a work entitled "The Ancient Welsh Laws of Prince Hoel Dhu," who lived in the tenth century. They bear date in the year 940.—Ed. Sr. Mac.]

**THE GROOM.**—The chief groom shall have the skin of an ox in the winter, and the skin of a cow in summer, from the steward of the household, to make halters for the king's horses; and that before a division is made of the skins between the steward of the household and the officers. The chief groom claims the legs of every beast that shall be slaughtered in the kitchen, and he shall have salt out of the kitchen. He shall have the king's old saddles and old bridles. The share of two persons shall he have of the money of the grooms. The head groom and the grooms shall have the wild colts which the king shall receive from the third of a spoil. The chief groom is obliged to bring out all the horses which the king shall give. He thereupon shall take fourpence for every horse, except for these three horses; the horse of the domestic chaplain, the horse of the judge of the court, and the horse of the jester.\* The chief groom shall receive from the steward of the household, as much as will fill the vessels used in serving in the court, and as much as will fill the vessels out of which the king drinks, of mead; and the second filling from the patron of the family; and the third from the queen. His land he shall have freely. A horse in attendance from the king. The horse shall have two ratios of the provender. The place of the chief groom, and the grooms with him, is below the pillar next to the king. To him belongs the arrangement of the stabling of the horses, and their provender. The third of the fine and commutation of the grooms shall go to the chief groom. A halter shall be furnished by him with every horse which the king shall give. The chief groom owns the king's cap, if there be furs appertaining to it; and the spurs, if they should be of gold gilding, or of silver, or of copper. He shall have a dish of meat, and a hornful of ale as an allowance.

**THE FALCONER.**—The falconer has a privilege, the day that the hawk shall kill a bittern, or a heron, or a curlew. Three services shall the king perform for the falconer on such a day: hold his stirrup whilst he dismounts; hold the horse while he goes after the birds; and hold his stirrup whilst he mounts again. Three times shall the king compliment him that night at table. On one side of the chancellor he shall sit at the banquet. The falconer shall have the skin of a stag in autumn from the chief huntsman, to make gloves for himself and the leashes of the hawks. Two shares shall his horse have of the provender. He shall drink only three cup-fulls in the hall, lest his hawks should be neglected through his drunkenness; vessels therefore shall hold his liquor in the palace. If the falconer should kill his horse in hunting, or should his horse die by chance, he shall have another from the king. He claims every unfledged young bird; and a sparrow-hawk's nest found on the land of the palace belongs to him. He shall receive a dish of meat as an allowance and three hornfuls of liquor in his lodging. From the time when the falconer shall put the hawks in their mews to the time he shall take them out, he shall not give an answer to any one that shall prefer a claim against him. He shall receive quarters once a year on the villans. From every villain town he shall receive fourpence, or a dry sheep, as for food for his hawks. Freely he shall have his land. Three presents shall the king send to the falconer by the hand of his messenger, except on the day he kills any noble bird, or on the three principal festivals; the falconer shall

receive the presents himself from the king's hands at those times. The day on which the falconer kills a noble bird, if the king shall not be with him, when the falconer returns to the palace with the bird, the king is obliged to rise up to receive him; and if he does not rise, then he shall give the garment which shall be on him to the falconer. He owns the heart of every animal which shall be slaughtered in the palace. Though the falconer be liable to distraint by the law, neither a bailiff, nor a chancellor shall distraint upon him; but the serjeant of the king and the household. A pound is the value of the nest of a hawk. Six score pence is the value of a hawk before mewing. Should she be white after mewing, she is worth a pound. Twenty-four pence is the value of an unfledged young one. One hundred and twenty pence is the value of a falcon's nest. Three score pence is her value before mewing, and whilst in the mew. The nest of a sparrow hawk is of the value of twenty-four pence. The value of a sparrow hawk before mewing, and whilst in the mew, is twelve pence; after mewing, should she be white, she is worth twenty-four pence.\*

**THE HUNTSMAN.**—The chief huntsman shall have the skin of an ox in the winter, from the steward of the household, to make leashes for the king's dogs. For the benefit of the king shall the huntsmen follow the chase, until the first of December; then, whatever they may obtain, until the ninth day of December, they shall not divide with the king. There shall be no legal pieces in the stag of the king, after the first of December. On the ninth day of December, the huntsman shall show to the king his dogs, his horns, his leashes, and his share of the skins. The chief huntsman claims the third of the king's share of the skins; for he is the only man with whom the king shall divide a third. Until the ninth day of December, no one that prefers a claim, shall have any answer from the chief huntsman, except he should be an officer of the court; for none of the officers can delay the cause of action of another, if there be a judge to determine it. The chief huntsman shall have two men's share from those that hunt with the great hounds; and one man's share from hunters with the greyhounds. After the skins shall be divided between the king and the huntsman, let the chief huntsman and his huntsmen with him, go into quarters upon the king's villans; then they shall return to the king at Christmas. The place of the chief huntsman, and his huntsmen with him, is below the pillar, opposite to the king. A horn-full of liquor shall be sent to the chief huntsman, from the king, or from the patron of the family; another from the queen; and the third from the steward of the household. The chief huntsman shall have a tame sparrow-hawk every Michaelmas, from the falconer. He shall have an allowance in his lodging, that is to say, a dish, and a horn-full of mead, or other liquor. To him belongs the third of the fine, and commutation, and heriot, and maiden fee of the daughters of all the other huntsmen, and the two shares go to the king. With the king shall the huntsmen be, from Christmas, until they shall turn out the fallow deer in the spring. From the time they begin to hunt, in the first season, until the ninth day of May, they shall not reply to any body who may sue them, except he should be an officer of the court. His land he shall have freely. He shall receive a horse in attendance, from the king. Two shares shall he have of the provender. Four-pence in law he shall receive from every one who hunts with a greyhound; and eight-pence in law he shall receive from him who hunts with the great hound. The chief huntsman is to blow his horn, when there is a due to him, in the day of spoil; and let him choose a beast out of the booty. He shall have the skin of a cow in the summer, from the steward of the household. Whoever shall sue the chief huntsman, must endeavour to take him on his bed on the morning of May-day, before he puts on his boots, for he is under no obligation to answer, unless he shall be found in that manner.

#### COMPENSATION FOR DAMAGES DONE BY FOXES.

**JAN. 15.**—The rain is descending fast, and so is the barometer: a happy sign for the sporting community. Scent, that *sine qua non* of success, up to the present date, has been glorious, every stable and cover holding. The pointer has found himself on the covey before their instinct apprized him of his propinquity; and the young foxhound has had every opportunity of displaying the "dash" that is to distinguish him in his future career.

A well-known sporting nobleman used to say, at Melton, that after dinner the music he loved best to hear was the clattering of pattens upon the pavement. They told him of open weather; and his mind was made comfortable by the assurance that spurs, and not skates, would be required on the following morning. The rain, too, has arrived very opportunely. There are good accounts of foxes in many of the fast countries; indeed, we have heard that the "damage fund" has already been

\* The falconer is entitled to a palm's length of wax candle from the steward of the household, to feed his birds by, and to make his bed.

† In the middle of February he shall take his dogs, horns, and leashes, and go to hunt fallow deer until Midsummer. Immediately afterwards he is to go to hunt stags, until the ninth of November. After that day he begins to hunt the woodwings (badgers).

‡ His horn is of the buffalo, and its value is one pound. Some say he ought only to swear by his horn and his leashes.

\* The reason why he has it not from a bishop is, because he is the king's confessor, rises before him, and sits behind him, and holds his sleeves while he washes himself. He cannot claim for the falconer, for the king is obliged to serve him on three occasions. He shall make no claim upon the jester; for the halter of his horse is to be tried *circum testes*, instead of his head, in going out of the court.



taxed to a heavy amount in several, which speaks well for the prospect of this season. *Vulpicides*, like thistles, can be kept down, if labour and attention be bestowed on the good plants that occupy the soil. A friend of mine, who was a "sportsman every inch," and who was liberal to an excess in answering the demands upon his "damage fund," for he kept a pack of foxhounds, told me the following anecdote, the facts of which may be relied upon, as he was a man of the strictest veracity:

"Among the many farmers," said he, "who have applied to me for money on account of injury done by foxes to their poultry, Farmer Coaker was the most outrageous. He rented a large but wild estate in the very heart of my country: it was therefore, necessary to be as liberal as possible towards him, as long as he continued reasonable in his demands; but year after year he increased them most alarmingly. At first, a few head of poultry had suffered; then, whole flocks of geese or turkeys had disappeared, and 'the foxes was to be seen running about by day's-light in his barton-yard; and he hoped the squire would bear in mind that he was a friend to foxes, but he could not afford to suffer loss by them.' From geese and turkeys it came to lambs; and yearly did I pay him a considerable sum for the damage which he professed to have sustained. At last, he appeared one day at my mansion, took off his hat, scratched his head, and coolly handed in a bill for a calf, which, he said the foxes had destroyed for him. My blood was up at the imposition, and boiled to think that he took me for a fool; so, kicking him out of my hall, I bade him make the best of his way home, or the foxes would have his cow also." My friend added, that Farmer Coaker never troubled him afterwards; and that a favourite saying of his, when talking of foxes, was, "'tis a nasty varmint, and ought to be shot on a Sunday morning, so soon as of a Saturday night."

As regards the killing of lambs by foxes, for my own part I utterly disbelieve it. Often and often have I heard charges brought against the wily animal, but in no one instance have I heard them established. From the nature of the fox's habits in killing his prey, he deals destruction around him long after his appetite has been satisfied; and were a fox once blooded upon lamb, the mischief that would accrue would undoubtedly be incalculable. No farmer's flocks would be safe except they were watched or penned, for his depredations would be unlimited; and an old fox (for the old ones have this credit) would most assuredly communicate the habit to his younger brethren: whereas, what is the case now?—why, that an occasional lamb is lost, or found mutilated; but rarely, very rarely, are numbers so lost: and when they are, the mischief is attributable to dogs, and not to foxes, though, from the latter's habits, as I said before, when he does get amongst his game, he makes havoc as much to indulge his love of destruction, as to gratify the cravings of nature. Not—dogs are the warriors in almost every instance: and where they are not, then the biped man must be suspected, even before the fox.

The mole is a common prey for the fox—the *Talpa Europea*, that works its arches in the secret passages of the earth. At night, however, when the lobworms are bedewing themselves, then does the mole ascend also; and then does the wily animal capture in his turn the slayer of worms. Though Evelyn and Buffon both hold moles to be injurious animals, yet the injury they do by "disturbing the ear that the roots of the grain" is certainly compensated by the good they do in eating up the destroyers of the grain; and if, as I am well aware, they contribute to the support of foxes, who that is a lover of the wild animal would entrap and pot them, merely on account of the little hillocks which they throw up in the pastures, and which, if properly scattered, would but tend to their fertilisation? A dead mole, placed over the bridge of a trap, is of all others the most destructive bait for a fox: not that he will take any dead bait, but he will be sure to roll upon a mole if placed within reach of his haunts. Poor Charley! multifarious are the means used by that monster man for thy destruction; and briny tears would I shed did I conceive it probable that the above suggestion would fall into the hands of a *Vulpicide* before ignorant of it. But of the wag's friends I stand in no fear: "they are good men and true," and all, all honourable men.

#### MANNER OF SHOOTING THE GREAT GROUSE AND THE BLACK COCK IN RUSSIA.

The manner of shooting the large grouse is founded on the curious trait of its character, which is, shutting its eyes in rapture at its own music, though certainly none of the sweetest; during which ecstasy the sportsman walks boldly on, without fear of alarming it with the rustling of the bushes or any common noise; but should the bird cease to sing, as they call it, he must instantly stop, and stand motionless like a statue, without even venturing to turn his head towards the tree where his game sits, or he is sure to lose it; such is the quickness of its eye and ear when not fascinated with its own note. On the grouse beginning another air the sportsman pushes on without further circumspection, often up to the very tree, and brings down the silly bird.

The shooting of black game or the black cock is of that social kind which collects sportsmen together in parties and was formerly among the favourite amusements of the court.

There are little shooting huts built on purpose in the woods frequented

by the black game, full of loop holes like little forts, when the company watch the assembling of the game on the surrounding trees, dressed out with artificial decoy birds, commonly made of black cloth, with the marks of the natural fowl, and shoot them through the above mentioned openings, without taking the trouble of moving from their seats.

In this manner the company are all lodged in separate parties and huts in various parts of the woods, where there is usually good cheer; consequently they enjoy the pleasure, without the fatigues of the chase; with the additional advantage of society and refreshment, whilst they are waiting for the game.

The black game are not scared away by the report of a gun, if they do not see the sportsman, several of them may therefore be killed on the same tree. If by chance three or four are placed on branches one above the other, the sportsman then has only to shoot the undermost bird first and then the others gradually upwards in succession; as the uppermost fowl is earnestly employed in looking down after his fallen companion, and keeps chattering to it till he becomes an equal sufferer.

THE ROYAL (OR BENGAL) TIGER.—Among the many authenticated instances of this animal's extreme ferocity, we have met with few more frightfully characteristic of his pertinacity than the following. During the rains of June, 1842, a native boatman was paddling in his *dinghee*, off the shore near the estate of Mr. Broadhead, on the "Sunderbuns," he suddenly espied a royal tiger fast making up to him. The poor fellow immediately redoubled his speed, but, finding his adversary gaining rapidly upon him, he became alarmed for his safety, and, abandoning his canoe, plunged into the water. The hungry tiger, however, still continued to pursue him through the water, the man still continued to escape by diving the instant he found his sanguinary enemy nearing him. As the poor fellow rose to the surface for the purpose of respiration, he was capable of perceiving the relative positions of himself and the tiger, and thus continued to keep at a safe distance from his pursuer, until the latter completely worn out and exhausted, and finally foiled in his object, turned back towards the jungle from whence he had emerged. Had the boatman remained in his *dinghee* he would assuredly have been carried off. It is a very common occurrence for *dandees*† to be *puckered*, as it is called, whilst in the act of paddling their canoes in the various rivers, streams, and *nullahs* of the Sunderbuns.

#### The Poetry of the Rail.

Now that the Railways have absorbed every other interest, it is quite impossible that the poetry of the country can any longer hold itself aloof from its all-pervading influence. "The Soldier's Tear," or the "Sailor's Snivel," will become obsolete and *rococo*. Instead of holding aloft snow-white scarfs to flutter in the breeze, we shall have railway signals hoisted by impassioned stokers or ardent engine-drivers, as they pass the cottagedoors of their mistresses at eighty miles an hour, by a special train.

We beg leave to call the attention of our poets, and particularly that of the Poet Bunn, to the new field for imagination which the Railways open to them. Fair girls "met in a crowd," or standing amid glittering throngs, are completely used up, and nothing now remains but the sentiment of the rail; the great trunk-lines being exactly the sort of line that such minds as the Poet Bunn are calculated to adorn and illustrate.

We give a specimen of what we think might be done with such a subject as—

#### THE STOKER'S SIGH.

There was a fair and beauteous girl,  
She lov'd a stoker brave,  
And of a hair a glossy curl,  
That girl that stoker gave.  
He press'd one hand upon his heart.  
The other to his eye;  
And knowing they were doomed to part,  
That stoker heav'd a sigh.

Before the lattice open wide,  
Behold that stoker stand,  
He cries "Wilt be a stoker's bride,  
Wilt take a stoker's hand?"  
The words had scarcely left his tongue,  
Ere pealing loudly by,  
The Railway starting-bell is rung.  
The stoker heaves a sigh.

"Ah, dearest once I us'd to dream—"  
His voice was heard no more,  
The whistle gives its frantic scream,  
The engine gives a roar.  
The stoker hurries to the train,  
They're off! away they fly;  
He heaves the coals, for 'twould be vain  
Just now to heave a sigh.

\* The vast delta of many islands in the estuary of the Ganges.]

† Native boatmen.

**THE MAMMOTH HORSE. — MR. Carter's Colossal Horse** continues to attract crowds of visitors, but as he will positively leave town in a few days for America, Mr. Carter begs to remind those persons who have not yet seen this remarkable animal, aptly termed the "Model Horse," that the present time is the only opportunity they will have of viewing the largest horse in the world. Count D'Oraay says, "he is a magnificent animal." The Mammoth horse is 20 hands in height, and weighs 2,500 lbs. He will be exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, from 11 a.m. till 9 p.m. Admission, 1s.

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Starters .... 10	Starters .... 6	

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"Mr. Anson begs to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Durham's letter of the 30th ult., and to acquaint him that he has laid the knife, with which it was accompanied, before Prince Albert; and his Royal Highness is much pleased with the ingenuity of Mr. Durham's invention."

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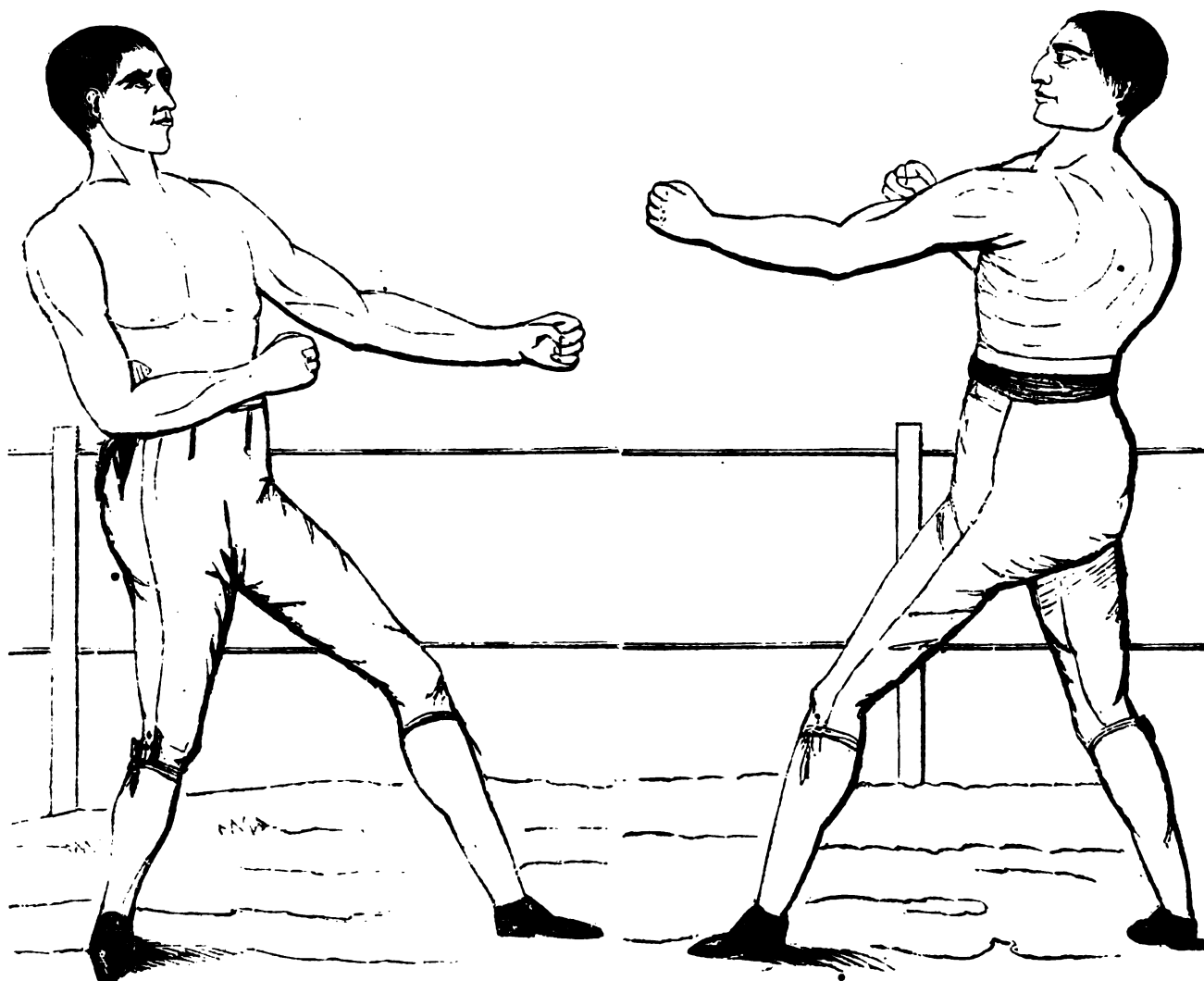
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# THE Sportsman's Magazine & LIFE IN LONDON

No. 39. FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 14, 1846. THREE HALF-PENCE.  
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**THE GREAT MILL BETWEEN HARRY BROOME AND  
BEN TERRY (OF BIRMINGHAM),  
FOR TWO HUNDRED POUNDS,  
*On Tuesday, February 3rd, 1846.***

[For Particulars see STAMPED EDITION.]

## WRINKLES FOR THE GROOM.—NO. XI

## ON THE BREEDING AND TREATMENT OF HORSES.

The difference between a good and an indifferent—much less a bad—groom, if not acknowledged by every sportsman, is apparent from the trim of his horses. It is necessary that he should be a man of observation, or he will never be enabled to make the most of his master's stud. The act of letting a horse go to hounds when not fit to go may cost his life, or at least disable him, and may be his master, for the season. His surest guide in this case—taking for granted that he has been doing strong work beforehand—is the state of a horse's excrements. Both his dung and urine are indications of the state of his body, and ought to be narrowly watched. If the former comes from him in hard and dark coloured knobs or pellets (which he knows is not occasioned by his provender) and also deficient in quantity and slimy, he is not in a fit state to endure a run, without great risk of fever. In fact, fever, more or less, is at that time present, but which a mild laxative ball would remove, and he will be ready on the fourth day. All inflammatory symptoms in the horse should be checked as soon as possible, for they always leave behind them debility which it takes some time to remove. His urine should likewise be noticed. If he pass small quantities at short intervals and highly coloured, he may depend upon something being wrong—some inflammatory symptoms at hand. These should direct the groom to examine the mouth and the eye, and the pulse if he is acquainted with the nature of it, which will inform him of the extent of the mischief; and he may rely on it something is going on wrong in the stomach, intestines, kidneys, or liver, which a "stitch in time" will make right.

Clipping the hunter is still in great repute, and has gained converts among some of its most strenuous opposers. At first sight it certainly does appear an outrage upon nature, but experience proves that a horse is not only easier and sooner dressed, but will also do more work when clipped than when with an indifferent coat upon him. Of course it is only a remedy for woolly coated horses and such as are liable to break out after cleaning. Some grooms still hold out against it, alleging that they should be ashamed to clip a horse of which they have the management all the year round; but the generality of them are too well aware of the saving of labour to themselves to object to the system. Some resort to singeing, which, though more expeditious and capable of modulation, is neither so effective nor does the horse look so well after it. The expense of clipping varies from one guinea to two. The clipper living at the expense of the clippee. Powerful and good helpers are very necessary in a hunting stable. We remember seeing a famous sportsman reject the proffered services of one because "there was not enough of him." A lazy helper is a great evil, and there is nothing tries the muscles more than an hour's work at a horse. We remember once asking a groom how he liked his new helper. "Oh," said he, "he is only fit to strip a horse and starve him." The circulation of the horse's blood is likewise much increased by a good dressing, but there is a period when the brush should be very sparingly used. Of course we mean the moulting season. Indeed we know a hard rider who insisted upon his groom confining himself to the wisp and the rubber, during that ticklish period. With horses that have been summered on grass it is one of great debility—even low fever—which is best counteracted by high keep and an occasional tonic ball. A chill taken at this time too often proves fatal, or at all events lasting, and hence the precaution of a moderate use of the brush.

**BEFORE HUNTING.**—Much discrimination and judgment, founded on a personal knowledge of the various constitutions of horses, are requisite to be put into execution on the day previous to hunting, and more especially in the fast countries. We have always been of opinion that, compared with the race-horse, the hunter has been most shamefully neglected in the due preparation for his work. It is well known that, with the former, one sweat or one gallop omitted loses him his chance for a race, and if known to the betting world sinks him many points in the odds. But the hunter too often goes to cover whether prepared or not. "I shall ride Darlington to-morrow, John," says a young one to his groom, without ever asking the question whether Darlington be fit to go; and John is too much afraid of losing his place to hint that he is not fit. Thus thousands of hunters either fail in a run, or give up the ghost after it,—or, perhaps, what is worse, are attacked by fever in their feet. We insist upon it, that no horse should be taken to meet fox-hounds, with the view of riding him fairly, that has not been doing very strong work, up to the very eve of the hunting day, and a strict regimen in his stable observed. This, however, must be regulated by circumstances. In the first place, the distance in the morning should be taken into account. If considerable, he may leave his stable with a comparatively full belly to what he should be indulged with if the fixture be near to home. Veterinary surgeons assure us, that in the former case we need not be afraid of allowing a liberal supply of water to a horse on a hunting morning—indeed double the quantity recommended by Nimrod, viz. six or eight swallows, or go-downs, as grooms call them. But on this point we must yield to circumstances. Some horses are much given to throw off their meat either on their road to cover, or at the sight of the first red coat, and to such half a pail of water would be injurious.

Thick winded horses also cannot go with loaded intestines, and must be kept short of both hay and water, previously to meeting hounds\*. We are far from approving of the general use of the setting mangle with hunters, but without its use, hard feeding horses that will eat their litter, when they have consumed their proper allowance of food, are always dangerous to ride. There being no limit to their appetite, they eat until they can eat no longer, and it is impossible they can go upon wind until most of that food be thrown off, which cannot be done before a first fox is found.

We are great advocates for a good rattling gallop, on the day before hunting, and if for half a mile against a hill, as the term is, the better. We are convinced of the necessity of the pores of a horse being well opened by sweating on the eve of a good run, although he may be in what is called strong work. Suppose, for example, he has had a fair day's work on the Monday, and comes out again, if not on the following Saturday, on the following Monday. He certainly ought to have his vessels relieved of the redundancy produced by so many days' highly exciting food, and much rest—to say nothing of perhaps a little over-excitement of his whole system from the effect of the last day's work. Although it is desirable that the person who takes him to cover should be light, yet it is still more so that he should be steady, and he should not travel at a slower rate than six miles in the hour. Long continued walking is a waste of time, and injurious to the backs of horses; and if a hard road will lead to the place of meeting, it is desirable to pursue it, even should two miles in ten be saved by crossing a dirty country, through bad cross lanes, and more especially bridle roads. Independently of the saving of labour by travelling above ground, instead of fetlock deep in dirt, a hunter is less excited by taking a high road. In the spring of the year, we have usually sent our hunters an hour before the time necessary to take them to cover, and give them a feed of corn at a neighbouring public house. At all events they are certain to stale when this plan is pursued, which some refuse to do in the field; but shutting them up for an hour must greatly refresh them, if they should have come ten or twelve miles to meet hounds, and we often send them further in spring. On hunting mornings, the men should be in their stable at cock-crow.

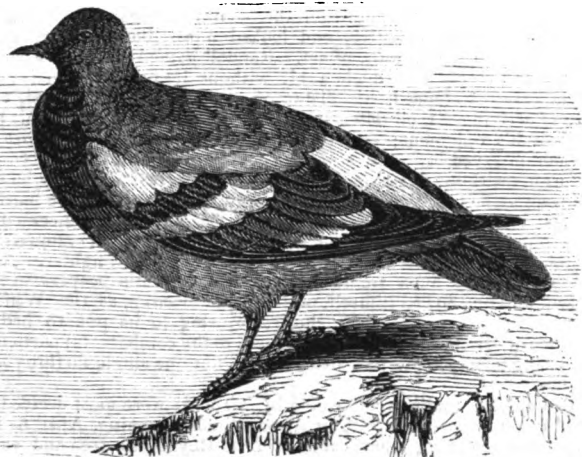
It is not every groom that knows how to put a saddle upon a hunter, and this is a matter of much importance, especially with one which carries a heavy man. It should be placed as near to the shoulder blade as possible, without interfering with its action. Sportsmen are now for the most part aware of this, which accounts for the very common use of the breastplate, which in our early days was only put upon light-carcased hunters, and considered one of the symptoms of a delicate and washy constitution. The fact is, no horse that has to leap fences should be girthed tightly, and most hunters have deep fore-quarters, which gives a tendency to throw the saddle backward, in the act of following hounds over every description of country, although they might never (as the term is) slip through their girths. For this reason, a breastplate should be rather tight than otherwise, more particularly with welter weights, for nothing can be more distressing to a horse than to have any part of his burthen over his loins, which is the weakest point of his body, whereas the union of the shoulder with the chine is the strongest. A slack breastplate is also dangerous, as when the part that extends to the girths hangs loosely, it is possible for a horse to be turned upon his back at a fence by a strong stake, or the top of a rail-post, getting into it, and such accidents have happened. As to the objection to a tight breastplate—that it prevents a horse extending himself in a leap, that vanishes when we recollect, that the fore legs of a horse are not more extended then than when he gallops, and also that the "D" loops of the saddle would yield to any strong resisting force, such as would in this instance be required to produce the dreaded effect. As to bridles, there is no positive rule to

\* We make the following extract from the Veterinarian, partly to show the liberal credit the conductors of that periodical have given to the practical observations of—compared with themselves—an unlettered sportsman, but more particularly so to present to our readers their opinion on giving water to the hunter before work. After quoting from Nimrod on that subject, they proceed thus:—"We hope our readers will not find fault with us for the length of these extracts. They contain facts and truths, deduced from observation and experience, with which every veterinarian ought to be well acquainted. In risking the want of this practical sporting knowledge, he risks with one of his best customers—the fox-hunter—no less than his medical reputation: while, on the other hand, possessed of it, his employer will give him credit for being a good veterinary practitioner. We have hardly a remark to make further on these valuable extracts; unless it be, that we do not find our own mind so full of apprehensions of giving water on the morning of the hunting day, as sportsmen in general are known to be. If given—to double, or even treble the quantity prescribed by our author (Nimrod says six or eight swallows)—at the hour and under the circumstances he particularizes, we should not ourselves look for any ill effects from it, knowing as we do how speedily the greater part of it will pass off through the kidneys. Five or six hours is a long interval for an animal of the nature of a horse to go without any thing; we are inclined to think that he must feel somewhat languid from the fast by the time he is called upon to commence his day's work." We leave our readers to take the benefit of these observations upon watering the hunter; but we should not do justice to our experience were we to conceal our apprehensions of the effects of twenty-four go-downs, or swallows, on a good-constituted horse as well as upon one of an anxious temper, given to throw off his meat, going to cover.



be obeyed, experience being our only sure guide. We may, however, observe, that many horses are irritated by the bits not being wide enough between the cheeks. The single snaffle is now become rare in the hunting field, in consequence of the increased pace, add to which, not more than one horse in a hundred is fit to be ridden in a snaffle after he has gone twenty minutes, best pace, after hounds. With hunters given to rush at their fences, the nose-band may be used with effect, taking care however, that the pressure on the jaw be not too severe.

### THE PIGEON, ITS HISTORY, MODE OF BREEDING, REARING, AND KEEPING, WITH NOTICES OF THE SEVERAL FANCY VARIETIES.



THE STOCK-DOVE.

## SECTION I.—INTRODUCTORY.



HIS pretty and well known bird is recorded in earliest history, as an inhabitant of every climate, save those immediately near the poles. It prospers abundantly in all temperate regions, but in a still greater degree near the tropics, no heat being too high for its naturally ardent constitution.

The wild pigeons of cold countries are said to emigrate towards the south on the approach of winter. Pigeons exhibit a satisfactory proof of the superiority of the civilized over the savage or mere natural state, in their multitudinous increase and endless varieties, in a state of domestication, under the fostering care and all-subduing art of man. From their peculiar beauty and innocence, they have always ranked among the chief feathered favourites of mankind; and in the eastern countries, the original sources of religious superstition, the dove has ever been a great object of veneration, as an emblem of something divine.

But to proceed to a far more material point—the national profit of encouraging the breed of pigeons to any great extent, has long been the subject of much dispute, M. Duhamel, the apologist of these beautiful favourites, I apprehend, has not been a successful advocate. He avers that pigeons do not feed upon green corn—that their bills have not sufficient power to dig for seeds in the earth, and that they only pick up scattered grains which would else be wasted, or become the prey of other birds. From the season of the corn appearing, he says, pigeons subsist upon the seeds of weeds, the multiplication of which they must, in consequence, greatly prevent. Another writer has of late introduced a story of the farmers in a certain district in England, who, finding their corn and pulse crops greatly reduced, attributed it to the vast quantity of pigeons kept among them, which, on such account, by a general resolution, they agreed to destroy. A few seasons afterwards, it seems, they found their land so exhausted, and their crops so eaten up by weeds, that they came to a general wish for their pigeons back again. Now this is either a lame story, or the farmers implicated were very lame farmers, as being ignorant how to weed their land, without the assistance of instruments, the use of which must cost them so considerable a part of their crops.

No man, in the least acquainted with country affairs, but is fully aware of the immense damage done to the crops of corn, beans, peas, and tares, that is to say, the grand articles of human subsistence, by pigeons. Our best practical agricultural writers may be consulted on this head, but a sufficient proof of the fact is the reduction of dove cots throughout all countries where agriculture is best known, valued, and practised. Indeed, the feudal laws in favour of these birds, were a most cruel and fertile source of oppression. Every one will judge for himself of the degree of credit to be given to the following statement, extracted from Mr. Vancouver's survey of the county of Devon.

Pigeons often fly to a great distance for their food, and when they can find corn to eat seldom prey upon any thing else. They begin to eat corn

about the middle of July, and rarely want the same food at the stacks, or in the fields, until the end of barley sowing, which is about old May-day, and which includes a period of two hundred and eighty days, or better than three quarters of the year; the rest of the time they live upon the seeds of weeds and bentings. It is somewhere stated that, in England and Wales, there are twenty thousand dove houses, averaging each at about one hundred pair of old pigeons. We will take this estimate at three-fourths, which will equal one million, one hundred and twenty-five thousand pair of dove-house pigeons in England and Wales. These, to speak moderately, will consume, with what they carry home to their young, one pint of corn per pair daily, and which, for one hundred and forty days, being half the period they are supposed to subsist upon corn, amounts to one hundred and fifty-seven millions, five hundred thousand pints of corn consumed annually, throughout England and Wales, by these voracious and insatiate vermin, for in no other light can they be considered by the agriculturist. The amount and value of this consumption, when brought into the present price of wheat, rye, barley, oats, beans, and peas, and assuming that an equal quantity of each corn is thus consumed, but which is far from being the case, as wheat is not only the most inviting, but by far the most exposed to the ravages of these birds, both at seed time and preceding harvest, will stand thus—157,500,000 pints, equal to 4,921,875 Winchester bushels, which, at 6s. the bushel, the present average of the grain before enumerated, amounts to 1,476,562l. 10s. value of the agricultural produce of the country consumed in this manner. To which is to be added, the irreparable injury committed by pigeons in seed time, by picking up every grain of seed, wherever they alight, and the corn trod under and beaten out by their wings before harvest, not to forget the real damage they do to buildings by pecking the mortar from between the bricks, a mischief which may, however, always be obviated by the constant allowance of a salt-cat, which will also take their attention from the garden to which they may be otherwise destructive.

Thus much of the general habit, now of the varieties.

Buffon enumerates upwards of thirty varieties of the pigeon, which, according to the usual systematic plan, the convenience of which, perhaps, is rather more obvious than its accuracy, he derives from one root, namely, the stock-dove, or common wild pigeon. All the varieties of colour and form which we witness, he attributes to human contrivance and fancy. There exist, nevertheless, essential specific differences in these birds, which seem rather attributable to the nature of the region, soil, or climate, to which they are indigenous, than to the art of man.

The stock-dove, or original of the pigeon genus, in its natural or wild state, is thus described; of a deep blue and ash colour, the breast darkened with a fine changeable green and purple; the sides of the neck of a reddish gold colour; its wings marked with two black bars, one on the quill feathers, and the other on the covert; the back white, and the tail barred near the end with black. The ring-dove is yet held by naturalists to be distinct from the stock-dove, and it would seem that the turtle-dove is equally so from both.

In this country the blue dove-house pigeon is the most common, and the only wild species are the ring-doves, or wood pigeons, and the turtle-doves, which are to be found in all parts of South Britain, breeding during the spring and summer, and retiring to the deepest recesses of the woods, in the winter season, whence, probably, the turtle has been supposed to emigrate.

But both in the ancient and modern world, this beautiful and variegated genus of birds has been cherished by man, as a source of amusement, and of gratification to the eye, as well as of profit, in the article of provision for the table. Among certain of the nations of antiquity, moreover, pigeons were held sacred, and their lives no one dared assail. The useful qualification of messenger, appertaining to the Asiatic and African species of the pigeon, is of high antiquity; and we read, in the time of the Crusaders, of an Arabian prince, who had a sort of telegraphic communication kept up in his dominions, through the instrumentality of pigeons, which carried letters, and were regularly relieved at the appointed posts. From those, doubtless, the breed celebrated in Europe, under the name of the carrier, has proceeded.

The pigeon is monogamous, that is, the male attaches and confines himself to one female, and the attachment is reciprocal; the fidelity of the dove to its mate being proverbial. Young pigeons are termed squeakers, and begin to breed at about the age of six months, when properly managed: their courtship, and the well known tone of the voice in the cock, just then acquired and commencing, are indications of their approaching union. Nestlings, whilst fed by the cock and hen, are termed squabs, and are at that age sold and used for the table. The dove-house pigeon is said to breed monthly, being well supplied with food, more particularly when the ground is bound by frost, or covered with snow. At any rate it may be depended on, that pigeons of almost any healthy and well established variety, will breed eight or ten times in the year; whence it may be conceived, how immense are the quantities which may be raised. Stillinger asserts, that fourteen thousand seven hundred and sixty pigeons were produced from one single pair in the course of four years. To class things of similar bearing together, it has been calculated, but I know not by whom, or on what practical ground, that a single pair of rabbits may, in the same portion of time, namely, four years, produce one million, two hundred and seventy-four thousand, eight hundred and forty of their kind.

(To be continued.)

## THE HISTORY OF BRITISH BOXING, FROM FIG AND BROUGHTON TO THE PRESENT TIME.

PERIOD V. 1811—1837.

## CHAPTER I.

JACK RANDALL.—(Continued.)

## THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The positions of the combatants were extremely elegant, both appeared in good condition, but, if anything, Parish seemed the heavier man. Neither seemed eager to strike; and, notwithstanding the acknowledged excellence of Randall, considerable time elapsed before the attack commenced. At length the Nonpareil got his distance, planted a body hit with much dexterity, and got away. He was not long in giving his adversary another, when Parish returned, but not effectively. Considerable time again occurred in sparring, till a favourable opportunity offered for Randall, when he let fly at the Waterman's nob, producing the claret in a twinkling, and got away with the agility of a dancing master. The Nonpareil stopped in a masterly style, and showed his superiority by finishing the round in a winning manner. Using both hands equally, the left being applied to the body of his opponent, while the right hand put in so tremendous a hit on the head of Parish, that he fell forwards on his face. [Great applause. Eight minutes and three quarters had elapsed, and 4 to 1 was offered with as much *sans froid* as if the blunt was of no value.]

2. Randall, notwithstanding the decided advantages he had obtained, like a skilful general, seemed to think discretion the better part of valour. He was as cautious as if no blows had passed, and again waited for a good opening. The attempts of Parish were frustrated, and Randall, with the most smiling confidence, again bodied his opponent. The already damaged mug of the Waterman was again peppered, and the crimson flowed copiously. In closing, the Nonpareil showed himself completely entitled to his appellation; he got Parish's head under his arm, and fished him severely till both went down.

3. The admirers of science were completely tired before any work was attempted, so much time elapsed; and the downright partisans of the old school of fighting, when milling was the order of the day, began to treat this sort of boxing rather contemptuously. In fact Parish was so fatigued that he put down his hands. At length the combatants became more in earnest, and Randall finished the round most successfully. He planted a severe throtter, when Parish returned, but not heavily. Some blows were exchanged, and the Waterman so cleanly hit one of Randall's peepers that he made him wink again; the Nonpareil soon returned this favour with compound interest, and made the Waterman bite the dust! [Uproarious applause. In this round Randall cut the knuckles of his left hand against the Waterman's teeth.]

4. The head of Parish, from the profuse colouring it exhibited, showed the handy works of the limner, but his confidence was not in the least abated. On setting to he was nobbed without ceremony; he also received, in the course of the round, a body hit, that sent him staggering away from his opponent. The returns of Parish were ineffective; and, in closing, Randall showed the amateurs the practical advantages of fibbing; for he here portrayed a feature peculiar to himself in this respect; when tired with one hand he changed it, then worked with the other, till Parish was thrown undermost. The gluttony of the Waterman was acknowledged by all present, and science was allowed him; betting, nevertheless, was at a stand still, so certain did the event appear to be.

5. This was a sharp round; Parish appeared to more advantage than heretofore. The left hand of Randall was much lacerated, nevertheless, in this painful state, did not prevent him from doing its execution. In closing, Parish met with a heavy fall, and was undermost.

6. The Waterman scarcely ever attempted to strike first, had he done so, in all probability a greater chance might have presented itself. In one or two instances he lost nothing by commencing the attack. In closing a desperate struggle took place to obtain the throw, after fibbing had been administered; Randall got him down and rolled over him.

7. It was evident Randall was the strongest man—the best fighter—superior on his legs—knew how to shape himself for every situation he had to encounter; in short, he appeared a complete master of the art of war. Some hard milling occurred in this round, and Parish made some good hits; but he could not turn the scale. Randall put in a bellier, and got away; the Waterman followed him in the gamest manner, and never showed anything like flinching throughout the fight. Randall put in a desperate hit in the Waterman's neck, then laughed, and nodded at him. In closing, both down. The friends of Randall were under some alarm, from the quantity of blood he had lost from his left hand; and a medical man of some eminence, who was among the spectators, was rather apprehensive it might produce fainting.

8. Randall was not to be got at, and he distinctly took the lead in this round; Parish gave him a sort of half-arm hit in the mouth. Both down.

9. On setting to Randall drew on one side to void the claret from his mouth; but this was the most effective round in the fight. It was singular to view Randall, hit, hit, and hit again, till the Waterman went down on his back. [A guinea to a shilling was laughed at.]

10. In this round the Waterman appeared conspicuous.—He got Randall into the corner of the ring, and put in a body blow, that made the Nonpareil wince again; in fact, he reeled a little, and had it been heavier, it is likely he must have gone down. But the recovery of Randall was excellent, he got out of his perilous situation in the masterly style of a consummate tactician, and the marks of his left were seen imprinted on the belly of his opponent. After some little traversing the ring, Randall was again in the corner, when it was curious to observe the mode he took to obtain distance;—he leaned his body back quite through the ropes, and planted, by this means, a heavy hit on the Waterman's mouth, that soon gave him an opening, when he came laughing out. Some hits were exchanged, and Parish, with much dexterity, hit Randall under the ear, marking him. The Nonpareil now gave his man no quarter, and, in closing, he threw the Waterman so desperately, that his shoulder was nearly dislocated. This was the most effective round in the fight, and Parish received considerable applause.

11th and last. The Waterman was entitled to every consideration, from the manly manner in which he contested every round. Although he did not gain much by in-fighting, he should have tried it at an earlier part of the fight; he could not have been worse off. In out-fighting in this round, he was fairly beat to a stand-still; and although he endeavoured to stop scientifically, his altered face was again punished. In closing he received the usual severity; and, on going down with his brave competitor, was not able to meet him any more at the scratch. The shouts of victory were loud and lasting, and the Nonpareil was carried out of the ring in triumph. The battle lasted 38 minutes.

The capabilities of Randall, in the ring, were so evident that comment is scarcely necessary. What the most skilful master of the sword exhibits with his weapon, Randall displayed with the fist. His mode of fighting did not appear to originate from the common advantages of tuition; it seemed completely intuitive, and looked more like a natural gift, than resulting from the minutiae of art. Randall gained nothing from chance blows; and rarely ever made a hit without its proving effective. If his blows were not stopped, his distances were so well measured, they are sure of arriving at their destination. It was asserted he never hit past the head of his opponent; and though considerable time was lost in the caution observed before he struck, it was amply repaid in his coming off victorious without punishment. However unpleasant it may be to state, the positive fact is, Parish had no opportunity of turning the battle in his favour; it was all on the side of Randall from the commencement to the end; but, notwithstanding this remark, Parish must be allowed to have sustained the character of a bottom man, and a good fighter. Although his face received such tremendous punishment, his peepers were never closed, and he showed himself, on the same evening, at the White Hart, on the Bromley-road, quite chuffy, refusing to be put to bed. The absence of Mr. Jackson was a severe loss to the combatants; particularly to the losing man, who, in this instance, had not one single farthing collected for him.

The milling qualities possessed by Randall were most decidedly exhibited in a turn-up with M'Carthy, on Monday evening, April 6, 1818, as they were relaxing their cares at Tom Reynolds's free and easy club, in Drury-lane, where the conduct of M'Carthy tending to interrupt harmony, he was called to "order" by Randall. M'Carthy, who is a stone heavier than Randall, defied his power, accompanying his defiance with some marks of contempt. Argument not being the forte of either of the men, an appeal to the fist was decided upon, as the fairest and quickest mode of putting an end to the dispute. The formalities of the ring were adhered to, notwithstanding the confined space of the room; seconds and bottle-holder were also not wanting. In the course of fifteen rounds, occupying twenty-five minutes, the nob of M'Carthy was so charnoered, that "the fight" was completely hit out of him. One of Randall's peepers was rather blackened, but in other respects he retired from the contest scarcely anything the worse for the row. The head of M'Carthy was terrific—he had not the slightest chance of victory. Harmony restored—the clouds were again in operation—the chaunts too, thrown off in all the gaiety of "a bit of life," and a drop of blue-ruin obliterated all thoughts of the interruption which had occurred, and the lads of the fancy concluded the evening in all happiness.

To conquer Randall seemed the enviable object of all the light weights; a new customer accordingly offered himself, of the name of Burke, from Woolwich, for 100 guineas a-side. He was a fine, strong young man, taller than Randall, and possessing great confidence in his own abilities. Burke was also thought highly of by the officers at Woolwich, from the capabilities he had displayed in two or three bouts, and he was backed without any hesitation; indeed, his friends had quite made up their minds as to his success. Equally confident were the partisans of Randall; as to himself, he viewed this contest with perfect indifference; in fact, victory appeared so easy to him, that he scarcely underwent the usual preparation of training. The day arrived, Tuesday, June 16, 1818, when the battle was to have been fought at Moulsey Hunt, but the magistrates interfered. Combe Wood was the next bit of turf selected for the contest, when a second interruption occurred from the presence of the beaks. However, this dilemma was soon got rid of, and the parties made the best of their way towards Wimbledon Common, followed by the anxious cavalcade. The ring was made in a twinkling, and Burke, followed by Oliver and Clarke, as his seconds, entered the ropes, and threw up his hat. Randall immediately after repeated the token of defiance, waited on by Paddington Jones and Dick Whale. Seven to four on Randall.

## THE FIGHT.

1. Burke appeared an active, fine young man, and in good condition. He was anxious to go to work, and soon let fly: Randall also to, and closing, the Nonpareil got his opponent's camister under his arm, and served it out, as a clown in a fair operates on a salt box; when tired, he threw Burke. [Rare chaffing from the Murphies, and 2 to 1.]

2. Burke was not quite so eager; he found more caution and a little sparing necessary. Randall again felt for his nob, when the claret peeped, and first blood was declared for the Nonpareil. In closing both down.

3. This was a short round, Burke falling from a slight hit.

4. Burke could not protect his nob; in fact, it was in complete chaos, and he had no idea of getting it out. His head was quite altered; and in a close, both down, but Burke undermost.

5. More chancery practice on the part of Randall, and played off upon his opponent's nob, without any return. Randall again got Burke down.

6. This was a severe milling round; and Burke showed Randall that he must not be treated with careless contempt lest he might prove a dangerous customer. Burke again went down in a close, undermost.

7. Randall stopped well, but did not display himself to so much advantage as in his previous contests; he appeared more bent upon running in, and pulling his opponent down, than decisive hitting. Both down, but Burke undermost.

8. All fighting: and Burke, it was thought, had rather the best of it.

9. Burke, very cautious, tried to make the most of his science, but went down.

10. This was a sort of scrambling round, catching hold of each other, and Randall had not only worst of it, but in closing, was down and undermost. The Woolwich boys were all alive, and gave Burke a lift, by singing out, "Burke for ever, and you'll win it now, if you mind what you're arer."

11. This round consisted principally in sparring and hugging, till Burke was thrown.

12. Confidence, in a boxer, is a most essential requisite; but he ought always to be prepared for his enemy. No strange pugilist ought to be looked upon indifferently, as he may, in the trial, turn out a good one. Burke was rather a difficult man to be got at, from his length and height; which it seems, accounts for so much hugging. Burke was thrown.

13. Similar to the last; disapprobation expressed by the spectators.

14. Randall, in closing, got his opponent's nob upon the fibbing system, but Burke gained the throw, and Randall was undermost.

15. Randall did not make a hit, but rushed in, and got Burke down undermost.

16. Of a similar description.

17. After a few exchanges of no importance, Randall put in a tremendous hit on the neck of Burke, and he went down. [Applause.]

18. In this round, if Burke did not absolutely frighten the friends of Randall, he convinced them he was a better man than they took him to be. The Nonpareil put in a heavy hit on his opponent's nob, which Burke tremendously returned with interest upon Randall. The former also put in four heavy hits on Randall's head without receiving any return. In closing, a sharp struggle occurred, till both went down. [This altered the face of things a little, and the betting dropped. The Woolwich boys were all shouting at the success of their hero.]

19. Quite unexpected, Burke had also the best of this round. In a sort of hugging close, both went down. [Great shouting for Burke.]

20. Randall now went to work sharply, and gave his opponent a tremendous flier; but Burke returned the compliment with interest. Some sharp hits also occurred, till both went down. [7 to 4, and 2 to 1 on Randall.]

21. Burke resorted to science, but his nob was again in chancery; and the punishment it exhibited was terrific. In closing, both down.

22. It was evident now that Burke was going—he appeared extremely weak, and went down from a slight hit. ["It's all your own, Jack," and 4 to 1, but no takers.]

23 and last.—Randall seemed as if he was determined to wind up the contest with a grand climax. The already punished head of Burke again received three additional tremendous hits upon it, that gave it the poly-poly; and, in closing, Randall threw his opponent with the utmost indifference. When time was called, Burke could not come, on account, it was said, of his having dislocated his shoulder. It was over in three quarters of an hour.

This contest did not exactly please the friends of Randall. It was thought he had been too careless, or that he entertained too light an opinion of his opponent. He, however, made some skilful stops, which were much admired; but it was said, he won the fight more from throwing, in the first instance, than from his usual method of hitting. It should be taken into consideration, that Randall had something to do in getting at his opponent, who possessed the superiority of length of arm and height of stature; and, in all probability, he would have fought for several rounds more, if his collar-bone had not been dislocated. Randall, as usual, retired from the ring with scarcely a scratch about his face.

The Nonpareil had disposed of all his opponents with so much ease and certainty, that the sporting world appeared extremely anxious that Turner should enter the lists with him; an opinion being entertained that the latter was the only boxer of the light weights that would have any chance of defeating Randall. The superior tactics, and other pugilistic requisites displayed by Turner in his victories over Scroggins, had rendered him an object of great attraction among the fancy in general. Randall was also anxious to fight Turner, by way of a finish to his efforts; in fact, the Nonpareil delayed commencing Publican on that account alone; and two or three good houses had in consequence slipped through his hands. Randall was confident, in his own mind, as to the result. Victory, and nothing else, appeared certain to him. This, however, was by no means the general opinion; but when the following meeting was announced between the above parties, the fancy were all alive on the subject:—

Articles of Agreement, October 13, 1848, entered into at Mr. Franklin's the Lion and Goat, Lower Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square, between John Randall and Edward Turner, to fight for the sum of 100*l.* a-side, on Tuesday, the 1st of December. The above battle to be a fair stand up fight—half-minute time, in a twenty-four foot ring. The place to be named by Mr. Jackson; but the distance from London not to be less than twenty-five,

nor to exceed thirty miles. Randall, on the one side, to choose his own umpire, as to a time-keeper, and Turner also to appoint a time-keeper, on his part; but, to prevent any disputes, Mr. Jackson to appoint a third umpire, as a referee, whose decision shall be final. The whole of the stakes to be made good on Tuesday, the 10th of November, at Mr. Franklin's, between the hours of seven and nine in the evening; but if either Randall or Turner wish to increase the sum to 200*l.* a-side, this latter sum to be made good on Tuesday, the 24th of November. Mr. Jackson to hold the stakes, or any person whom he may appoint. A deposit of 20*l.* a-side was placed in the hands of Mr. Franklin; but if the whole of the stakes of 100*l.* a-side are not made good on the 10th of November, the above deposit to be forfeited accordingly. (Signed) BAXTER. FRANKLIN.

Randall was the favourite generally; but among the "tight Irish Boys" he was warmly supported. Yet Turner was by no means in the back ground; for the Taffes swore, "Oot splutter her nable, but's sure to win it." The cool knowing ones, who put national feelings out of the case, and who only looked to winning the blunt, declared it was a puzzling problem.

This great match being made, Randall went into training on his favourite spot, Hampstead Heath; where he was rather under the eye and superintendence of a gallant Colonel, his patron, it being contiguous to the above officer's residence. Randall took up his abode at Bob Pich's, the Horse and Groom, Hampstead, which was a centre of attraction for the fancy; it being only a toddling distance from the town.

On the side of Turner, his friends were equally attentive and alert, and a Game Dianer was given to the amateurs on Tuesday, November 24, 1848, at the Chequers Inn, at Brentwood, Essex, preparatory to the grand combat. It was a numerous and most respectable meeting. A gamer dinner was never witnessed; and the cloth was covered from one end to the other with hares, pheasants, partridges, and venison, served up in the highest style of culinary perfection: the table was also surrounded by live game, of the true British cast, not to be equalled, in any other part of the world. Oliver and Parcell on one side; and Turner and Richmond upon the other. The harmony was of the richest quality, and "the heroes of the ring" were toasted by the company. Turner returned thanks for the mention that had been made of his former exertions, and obsequed, with much modesty and candour, "that he would win if he could; but, if he lost the match, he trusted that the amateurs would not have to complain that he had not done every thing to give them satisfaction."

In consequence of the death of the Queen Charlotte, this great match was put off, by the consent of all parties, till Saturday, Dec. 5. This circumstance tended, if possible, to increase the sporting anxiety upon the event. The day being altered, it was thought expedient, by the backers to prevent any misunderstanding, to give publicity to the following:—"It may be necessary to inform those who are not thoroughly acquainted with the rules of betting, that, on account of the above day being altered, all bets that have been laid since the match was made are off, unless agreed by the parties to be on; but all those bets which were laid before the match was made, stand good." It was even betting at Tattersall's on the Monday previous to the fight. This circumstance was attributed to the Welsh seeking upon the subject: 5 to 4 was difficult to be got. The above contest being a war theme, the Stock Exchange dabbled considerably upon the event. When the challenge was first given by Randall, and received by Turner, the odds were 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Randall; but this seemed rather to arise from the impetuosity and confidence of his friends, than from a due estimate of his real merits. Consideration soon reduced the odds to 5 to 4, then 21 to 20, and at length only Randall for choice.

Even betting followed; and at last Turner's friends, who had been upon the reserve, began to show out, and actually offered 5 to 4 the other way. This change was attributed to a report that Randall had got a cold in his neck, and was under the necessity of having leeches applied to reduce the tumour which arose in consequence. Turner's father, it appears, had offered to take the odds against his son to any amount, and actually produced the blunt for a few hundreds, in order to prove his sincerity. The spirit of the Ancient Briton was up, and, we understand, that he was instructed by his friends in Wales to support the national glory. Tom Belcher had 200*l.* sent up to him from Wales, to bet as he thought proper upon Turner.

The little hero, on his leaving Brentwood, dined at Belcher's, in Helborn, on Thursday, and in the course of the evening set off for Croydon, where he slept that night. He seemed in high condition and good spirits, and expressed a perfect confidence of success. Randall also shifted his quarters from Hampstead, and approached the scene of action. He was equally sanguine.

On Friday morning the bustle among the fancy was great. Post-chaises, gigs, carts, buggies, waggon, and every description of vehicle, were called into requisition; and, in the course of the day, the road towards Croydon presented a motley assemblage of persons of all ranks. Many, too, who could not master the means of other conveyance, depended upon their pedestrian qualities, and set out on foot. Every horse on the road was engaged, and hundreds were forced to take up their lodgings under circumstances of no ordinary privation;—indeed, it was considered but a trifling sacrifice, when compared with the pleasure to be derived from being present at the fight.

# The Sportsman's Magazine.

## Reminiscences of Racing and Racers, in 1845.

(From the Sportsman's Magazine.)

BY SOOTHSAYER.

(Continued from page 568.)

The last day of the **NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER** opened with a match between the Cobweb colt and Comrade, even weight, which ended in favour of the former, easily. There was a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sov., over the T. Y. C., won by African, in which Evenus and Adrianople broke down; and another of 15 sov. each, over the same course, won by Astern, two years old, in which Paultons was second, Attorney third, and Nereus fourth. Prologue, giving weight, beat Deodara easily. For the race for the Prendergast Stakes, George the Fourth, Paragon, by Touchstone, and Wit's End were thoroughly beaten: Ennui was first to the cords, and then resigned to Princess Alice. Oakley, giving weight, beat Hartshorn. In a 10 sov. Sweepstakes, Malvoisie shewed off at first, but was beaten by Caen, Deer Chase, and Dr. Hill. Thus terminated the meeting, the weather throughout being milder and more agreeable than had ever been recollected. The Baron was betted very freely against for the Cambridgeshire, and certainly those parties who backed him, upon opinion, to win the race, acted most injudiciously; the result proved him to be anything but first-rate.

The **CURRAGH OCTOBER MEETING**, Oct. 14th, is out of my latitude, altogether. It was recorded, however, that Alice Hawthorn won a race there, but was thoroughly beaten in another by Wolf Dog and Mermiad. In a two years old race Pay-the-Way beat Harkover (D.) and General Tom Thumb.

At **NORTHALLERTON**, Oct. 15th, the Hydra colt beat Benevolence, Inglewood, and Fitzwilliam, for a 10 sov. Sweepstakes: your readers will bear in mind the Hydra has been in a 80 sov. selling stakes, and ought not, therefore, either to esteem him or those he has beaten. The Gold Cup, after a fine race, fell to Jinglepot, beating Little Hampton by a head, Godfrey, Winesour, and that once-landed horse, the Era.

There are some races before the Houghton, Oct. 27th, which I may probably let you have a communication upon. The only one I recollect of consequence is the Chester Autumn Meeting, but should I find enough to fill a page I will send it by way of postscript.

On Oct. 27th, then, may be said to have commenced "the beginning of the end" of the racing season for 1845. In a Sweepstakes of 100 sov. each, Captain Phœbus ran well, beating Khorassan, Lord Saltoun, Devil-to-Pay, Beaumont, Millden, and two others. Fair Charlotte won a 25 sov. Sweepstakes over a similar field; a filly by Touchstone, out of Languish, shewed very badly. A large field of horses, not one of which can be esteemed a good one, but Alarm, started for the Cambridgeshire Stakes; Jet had a slight lead at first, but the character of the race soon changed itself by Event taking a strong lead, with Yardley and Best Bower joining suit. Alarm came at about half a distance from home, and went in an easy winner; Event, second; Yardley, third; Best Bower, fourth; and a lot, including Elemi, Chertsey, Flattery, and Espoir, claiming to be fifth; the three first only were placed. The Baron in this race carried 7st 9lb, and yet was beaten by Espoir, Elemi, and Flattery, the second of these named being, as I believe, as sad a specimen of a race horse as can be found. In a match Refraction, giving 3lb, beat Prologue. Alamode, giving weight, beat Hawkesbury. Lord Glasgow's Retriever filly beat Mr. Herbert's by Elis, out of Tesane. In a 50 sov. Sweepstakes, over three miles, for two, three, four, &c., years old, Clumsy beat the Little Vulgar Boy, the Pet colt, the Pretender, the Hydra colt, Flash of Lightning, and Alena, all two years old; Metal, Misdeal, and Tipoe. Lord Powlett's Montreal colt beat Tit-Bit, Sharpshooter, and Pawnbroker, for a 10 sov. Sweepstakes. Terrier beat the Miss Whip filly in a match, giving a stone, easily. A Handicap Plate of 200 sov., was won by Boarding School Miss, over a large nomination, of which seven, at least, including Alice Hawthorn, were drawn. The Criterion Stakes were run for at a strong pace and Sting may fairly be said to come in with flying colours; he beat Toy (his former competitor, successful then as it now appears by a ruse) easily; Ennui, and Science, the Crown Prince, Buttress, Dulcimer, the Stockport filly and Malt (who has fetched it is said a high price since; he was third); there were others in the race, not bearing very much on the events to take place in May, at Epsom, and it is difficult to conceive how Sting can be in worse position, than from that day he has been in, for the Derby. Motilla beat Black Cat in a match and Anna Bullen beat Blanchie; a race which brings Science, or rather her powers within our knowledge; for your readers will recollect that Science beat Blanchie, but Anna Bullen has been beaten by some not very good ones. A Handicap Plate was won by Alamode over a good field, Alice Hawthorn and Master Stepany as well as Ruf among some others being drawn. Collingwood, in a match, beat Astern; these matches are ominous to me; he may run, but I doubt it, for the Derby.

Blackbird (Chester to come) beat Terrier and a lot of middling ones, Nell Cook, third, for a Subscription Plate of 50 sov., T.Y.C. In a Sweepstakes of 50 sov., Skeleton shewed he was alive, beating Colleen Bawn, Khorassan, and some others, including Alamode; Devil-to-Pay, as was to be expected, being dead lame at Egham, broke down. For a Match, giving 6lb, Idas beat Ould Ireland, though not very easily. The Nursery Stakes induced a good deal of betting. In a 10 sov. Sweepstakes, two years old, Astern beat Subscription, Science, Anna Bullen, and Needle. In a Handicap Sweepstakes 10 sov. each, Dexterous beat Chandelier, who beat Terrier, the Pet colt, Miranda, Flash of Lightning, Tit Bit, and Alexa. Alamode won another Sweepstakes, beating P'sumont, Espoir, Metal, and some others. Secundus, receiving weight, beat Garry Owen. Wolf Dog, receiving 2st., beat Oakley. In another 10 sov. Sweepstakes, rather a sharp race, Chandelier beat Ohio, Killcrankie, Lady Anna, Deer Chase, the Montreal colt, and Sharpshooter. I cannot say much for the last named in any race I recollect. The Glasgow Stakes occasioned a good race, and eventually, for there was a dead heat between three, Binnacle was placed first; Radulphus, second, and the Mecca colt, bolting in the second heat, third; Arkwright was in this race as well as Prospect, without, however, any advantage. In a match between Bishop of Rochester colt and the Stockport filly, out of Mountain Sylph's dam, the latter broke down, much to the disappointment of the Squire. In a Subscription Handicap of 50 sov., the Baron was drawn and two others, and it was carried off by Little Hampton, beating Naworth and the old mare, Alice Hawthorn, who carried but 8st 12lb. In another 10 sov. Sweepstakes, here was sport, Killie Krankie beat Deer Chase, Sharpshooter, Benevolence, Subscription, and a Montreal filly. The Queen of the Gipsies had the best of it with Captain Phœbus, Caen, Example, Dean Swift, Stitch and Titmouse. I find I must finish here; I will give the rest of the Houghton, &c. and some general observations in my next, the concluding, paper.

(To be continued.)

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**J. SHEERWIN.**—Does the act now in force relating to billiards and bagatelle apply as well to the licensed victualler as to coffee and cigar shops, and if so, what is the amount of a licence, and where is it to be paid for?—Our correspondent may obtain full information at the Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society's office. Licensed victuallers are exempted from the operation of the act, consequently do not require a licence.

**IGORAMUS.**—Mr. John Gully, was born August 21, 1788, you can therefore reckon his age. He was beaten by Pearce, the Game Chicken, and beat Bob Gregson twice. See his memoir in this Magazine, for all particulars of his career.

**S. L. T., Desborough.**—You say you are "an admirer," "a subscriber," and all that sort of thing, pray add to these "a reader," and then you would not ask us to repeat what we have already printed. See Nos. 20, 21, 22, 23, for answers to your questions.

**A. E. D., Liverpool.**—The following is a remedy for worms in the dog:—Make up a ball with a portion of glass, finely pounded. It is a groundless fear to suppose that this will in the slightest degree abrade or injure the internal surface of the stomach. But if you shrink from the experiment, try the following:—Cowhage, half a drachm; tin filings, four drachms. Form into four, six, or eight balls, according to size of dog, and at the end of three days, (having given one a morning,) administer a mild mercurial purgative, or small doses of Epsom salts, daily for three days. Oil of turpentine is a common medicine, but often produces great constitutional disturbance.

**W. MAY, Drury Lane.**—The Penny Postage came into operation on the 10th of January, 1845.

**F. G.**—The lowest point of the thermometer last year, 1845, was according to the Farmer's Almanac, in January, and that was eighteen degrees and some fractions. As to Zero, we have seen nothing like it in London, or its vicinity, for some years past. The lowest temperatures in the table of Mr. Whistler's, (see Farmer's Calendar for 1845, page 61,) since 1783, is opposite 1802, when the thermometer stood at one degree, and in 1821, when it was down at zero, in the same month. The latter is the only case of its being so low for sixty years.

**M. N. S.**—Dick Cain of Leicester, was born in August 1819. His fighting weight was 9st 10lbs. He was beaten by Charley Jones of Manchester. He beat Ned Adams (last) in Feb. 1841. He pleaded guilty on an indictment for riot and assault; but no sentence was passed.

**EDWARD SIMMONS.**—No such match was ever in serious contemplation; nor was money down for Caunt to fight the late Charles Freeman. Anybody who knows anything of pugilism, must know the money would have been a gift to Caunt.

**DON.**—A higher price would, of course, enable us to improve in quality of paper and size of sheet, but all are not so liberal as our correspondent, and if the **SPORTSMAN'S MAGAZINE** were raised to 3d., (however proportionate the increase in excellence) those acquainted with the trade know full well, that we should have a PENNY, and perhaps also a THREE-HALFPENNY opposition started to divide a sale already insufficient to be remunerative. There is a vast number who will look out for cheapness, and it behoves us to steer the course which will secure the most extensive circle of subscribers. We append our correspondent's other query, as it may meet the eye of some experienced canine pathologist:—"A favourite and valuable pointer bitch whelped in May, 1845; soon after (in a week) sores appeared upon her, rose to a head, discharged matter, and left a scab, and healed. They have again broken out; and from their continually scratching have produced a sore, similar to the red mange, with the exception of it being first in pimples. They are in excellent health and condition, and apparently likely to make valuable dogs. Any information will oblige.—Yours obediently, DON."

### OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

**SUNDAY, Feb. 8th.**—SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

**MONDAY, 9th.**—Newmarket Coursing Meeting.—Whitehaven ditto.—New Corn Law introduced, 1842, (its repeal proposed by its author, 1845.)

**TUESDAY, 10th.**—Mills of Wandsworth, and Frost of Holloway, run four miles, for 10L a side, Ham Common.—Pickering Coursing Meeting.—Bewick ditto.—Queen Victoria married, 1840.—Hayes Steeplechases, (two).

**WEDNESDAY, 11th.**—Hereford Steeplechases, (five), and on the 12th.—Newcastle-on-Tyne Coursing Meeting (and 10th).

**THURSDAY, 12th.**—Lanark and Renfrewshire Coursing Meeting.—Predictions: This month umbrellas will be brisk, and machintoshes lively. A rise will take place in water-butts, and cistern balls will be looking up. Puddles are likely to be decanted into boots; we should therefore advise pedestrians to keep their soles well corked; and commissions are given to hunters to survey fies, in order to ascertain if they are waterproof. If you are anxious to provide yourself with a light coat get a bill discounted, and take twenty per cent. in sherry.

**FRIDAY, 13th.**—Morpeth (Ogle Champion) Coursing Meeting (and 14th).

**SATURDAY, 14th.**—Valentine's Day. General penny-post delivery, and anniversary of the "BELLES LETTRES." Nine out of ten prove, however, to be mere billy do's. Keep your kettle boiling, and unwafer suspicious two pen'orths; you have the privilege of returning them.





THE POACHER.—FROM A PICTURE BY ALKEN.

**R**EALLY here have we been keeping this snow-scene on hand, till there seems no hope of a seasonable fall of the earth's "winter mantle;" so, lest spring should come and catch us ere we have presented this variety of out-door recreation—here it is!

Poaching, no doubt, both in itself and its consequences, is a very sad offence, for it tends more or less to spoil—

"To spoil, sir, that manly, invigorating, and exciting amusement, battue shooting—to spoil a sport so entirely free from selfish or interested motives; a sport that, in its practice, binds still closer the lords of men and manors with those intelligent and independent set of gentlemen, who 'speak when they are spoken to, do as they are bid,' vote the right way, and hurrah at the right place."

For it tends, as we were saying, more or less to spoil—

"That good understanding which should ever exist between landlord and tenant, tenant and peasant, peasant and pheasant; that feeling of mutual confidence between those born to till the land, and those bred to feed on the fat of it; and to weaken that fine old English maxim, which declares that the heirs and the hares, as the indefatigable Hibernian ventured to intimate in his second epistle to Miss Coutts, "were made for each other."

Once more, we repeat, poaching tends to spoil—

"The reliance on regular wages, the sweet rewards of honest industry, and the *mens conscia recti* of earning five shillings a week and living on it; while, on the other hand, it encourages the breed of beershops, shifty scamps, and shepherds' dogs."

There, now, in the face of all orders, rules and precedents, have we suffered those three gentlemen—the enthusiastic sportsman, the philanthropist, and the political economist, to take the very word out of our mouth; and yet, were there ever such far-fetched erroneous impressions, such party pleadings, or such wilful perversions! Why, here is a man at our elbow a real practical man, one Mr. Worley, a crack correspondent of the *Times* newspaper, who strikes right at the heart of the offence, and adds an equally able remedy. Hark to Worley!

"There, my dear sir; you must know as well as I do, that's all stuff and nonsense those fellows have been talking about, or at any rate of but secondary importance: Attend to me now. The grand objection to poaching is, that it spoils—hang that hollow jargon about sport, good feeling, and honest industry—it spoils the *sale of game*: nothing more or less; and here's the plan to put a stop to it: let no magistrate or magistrates give a tradesman a licence to sell game, without his then and there agreeing to buy all he requires of that magistrate himself, or some other brother on the bench."

That, and that only, in the opinion of—Worley, Esq., of some place in Buckinghamshire or Hertfordshire, should be the law of the land; and

yet, if we recollect right, some confounded foreigner had the impudence to call us a nation of shopkeepers!"

"Want a licence do you, Stephens?"

"If you please, your worship."

"Hem—well—what do you say to me and my friend Fitzgiggins here? we'll supply you as well and as cheap as any house in the county—an immense stock always on hand, orders executed with punctuality and despatch, and a liberal allowance made to those who take a quantity."

While, of course, every "stately home in England" would sport a board over the grand entry to this effect:—

#### "THE TRADE SUPPLIED."

But Mr. Worley, after all, is merely mortal man, and only one among the many ready with advice gratis, a few of whose opinions we shall take the liberty of collating for the benefit and edification of the newly-appointed committee.

In the first place, then, we have Mr. Bright, who, according to his own account, "being no sportsman, and knowing nothing of rural life," must, in a *parliamentary* sense, be peculiarly qualified for taking the lead in any inquiry of this sort. Friend Bright so remarkable for his mild manners and measures in and out of the house, who sums up to the effect, that this dreadful crime of poaching, with its concomitant disadvantages, can only be suppressed by the total abolishment of corn laws, game laws, and country gentlemen.

Next on the list we have Mr. Grantley Berkeley, all for striking remedies that must come home to the feelings of every one; an honourable gentleman who seasons a great deal of sound sense with some little personal prowess, and no little personal vanity, and who winds up his orations with just the least touch of the brogue: "By the powers, then, Mr. Spaker, sure the way to keep such chaps peaceful and quiet is to have a rig'lar row with every mother's son of 'em you clap eyes on!"

As number three, we call up Mr. Coroner Wakley; and here we would especially direct the readers attention to the grand and selfsame object he and Mr. Berkeley are for obtaining, while the ways by which they would strive to arrive at it could scarcely be more adverse to each other.

"Whenever I fell in with a poacher," says the latter, "I always made it an invariable rule to fall out with him by giving him—a punch on the head."

"Now," says the learned member for Finsbury, "whenever I fell in with a poacher, I always kept in with him by giving him—a leg of mutton."

And here we repeat from these apparently "strange contradictions" we hold under our thumb and finger the grand secret for the senators to work upon—no matter whether we have it in hard blows or hard meat,

the only effectual plan for bringing a poacher caught in the fact to his senses is to give him—

"In charge," says the rural police.

"Six months imprisonment," says the senior magistrate.

"With hard labour," adds the parish overseer.

"The rights of man, by doing away with rights of trespass," says Fergus O'Connor.

"Leave to go away this time, and he'll never do so no more," says the unhappy wretch himself.

By giving him—

"A BELLYFUL," shout Messrs Berkeley and Wakley—a bellyful, Mr. Editor, in your very largest type; while the honourable members throw up a half-crown as to how he's to have it—whether the head keeper is to go directly and fetch the poor fellow a plate of beef, or a—punch on the head.

Notwithstanding, however, the apparent novelty of Mr. Wakley's system, it is not altogether original, as the following story, the heads of which we heard or read of some time since, goes far to prove: A gentleman who, in Mr. Berkeley's classification of poachers, would stand by or for the swindling blackleg, having taken out a certificate without any good grounds for so doing, possessing, in fact, no grounds at all of his own, started like another Columbus to look for a country, and found himself, after his second shot, face to face with one of the natives, who, not knowing how his antagonist might stand bullying and blackguarding, drew it out "mild."

"Are you aware, you sir, that you are infringing on the law of the land?"

"In what manner, sir?"

"What manner, sir? Why my man, sir: they are all my manors in this neighbourhood."

"Indeed, sir. Well, I am sure all I can say from what I have seen of them, they are very good manners, and I trust will set up to the old rule which proclaims in reference to their effect on us—*non sinit esse ferus*."

"Yes, yes; O yes, that's all very fine I dare say; but I—n it! I'd only ask you what you would do if you saw a fellow blazing away right in the middle of your best shooting?"

"What would I do?"

"Aye, what would you do if you were in my place?"

As you ask me, I'll tell you exactly what I think would be proper and gentlemanlike conduct on my part on such an occasion: I should, for the first move, ride up to him in much the same civil style you have accosted me, and after learning that he didn't know where he was, or on whose property he had strayed, proceed in something like this strain:—

"My dear sir, the heat of the sun at this time is very oppressive; the rain we had last night has rendered it very bad walking, particularly in these turnips; and really you look very much fatigued. My house, sir, is in that clump of elms you see yonder, and I trust you will favour me so far as to walk up and refresh yourself with some cold chicken and a glass of Madeira, which, as I said before, after the exercise you have taken, I'm sure you must be in need of."

In something the same manner, with some such seemingly ironical and equivocal greeting, does Mr. Wakley salute his poacher:—

"Eh! what, I've caught you at last, have I, my fine fellow?—what'll you take to drink?"

But, joking apart, this gentleman must have had what the legs would call very capital hedging; whenever he was in want of anything to eat or drink—entertainment perhaps would be a better term, out he started to trespass on Mr. Wakley's preserves or generosity—M. or N., whichever the case might be. If he met with the game, he filled his bags; if he met with the squire, he filled his belly, with this understanding, that in the latter case a blow-up preceded the blow-out. We should like to see Mr. Harry Hill square a book on better terms.

Still the grand question remains unanswered; for our own part, as to actually putting a stop to poaching, we certainly think Mr. Berkeley's, though a two-handed game, by far the more efficacious. "Poaching," we are told over and over again, "generally arises from a want of honest hard work," which, from what we ourselves have seen of the practice, we are readily inclined to believe. Poaching does arise from a want of honest hard work; and we will tell you where, to the greatest extent, this said want will be found—in the poacher's own proper person. The want of beer, bacca, or character, of self respect or respect to his superiors, are all inferior to this grand ingredient in the making of a poacher.

Let us, however, suppose that a man, without the very necessities of life, is, in his extremity, forced to the field for food; the tools he requires for such work are not to be had by whistling for, excepting perhaps the dog; but then, though the dog may answer his call, he can't altogether answer his purpose. The flint again he may certainly find, while the very name of the steel suggests a no very expensive mode of obtaining it. On the other hand, there's the charge for the charge to be considered: if he has no shot in the locker, he is not very likely to get any into the belt; and though powder has been said to go off spontaneously, we can't say we ever heard of its coming in that fashion. Last of all, there's the gun, or, as he so aptly designates the one in his hands, "the fouling

piece"—the wretched pauper horrified to see his family without firing, goes and buys fire-arms for himself, and deserts his own Mary to spend his nights in the company of some Brown Bess, whose terrible attractions must hurry him on to sure and speedy ruin.

Another word as to another of his companions in arms—a poor man, a very poor man keeps a dog—why?

Because (a bit of the brogue here again) he can't keep himself.

Yet what advantage can the dog be to him, since the legislature has forbid his being worked like a horse? The poor man, well aware of all this, takes him from the truck and puts him on the track, turns from drawing carts to drawing covers, and walks complacently enough from Scylla slap into Charybdis!

## THE TIME FOR BEGINNING FOX-HUNTING.



THE period for the commencement of cub-hunting varies exceedingly: in some countries, where the limits of the hunt are not extensive, and the foxes rather scarce, the covers cannot be broken until the middle of September; but in many others it is the usual custom to begin the first week in August, or at any rate as soon as the corn is sufficiently cut to allow of it. By a book published some years since, entitled "The Operations of the Belvoir Hounds," it appears that, in the year 1808, his grace the Duke of Rutland commenced as early as the fourth of July; and Mr. Maynard began during some seasons on or about the fourth of June.

In the north the harvest is always, of course, much later than in the midland and more southern districts, even when the season may be genial; but the close of the year 1833 and the commencement of 1840 presented scenes which few of the oldest of our contemporaries can, I suppose, remember. In December, and also in the January ensuing, it constantly occurred in the Holderness country, while hunting, to pass through fields of beans and oats, in which the farmers were employed in leading or carrying them.

Even supposing the corn to be cut, few packs could begin so early as that, as the necessary destruction of young foxes would be far greater than most countries could afford. But when the number of the litters in the Belvoir country which were returned averaged about sixty-five or seventy, and during some seasons the number of foxes which were killed amounted to nearly seventy brace, two or three brace having been murdered in a morning in the early part of the season, we cannot wonder at there being some impatience to commence operations. In the East of Yorkshire, which is far too extensive for any one pack of hounds to hunt regularly and impartially—the foxes are so numerous that the whippers-in and earth-stoppers are frequently employed, during the frost and snow, in digging and destroying them in places which are ill calculated for sport. How different is the system in other parts, which it is needless to mention, where there is scarcely a litter of cubs which is not put down in the summer, and which have not found their way either from Mr. Herring's menagerie in the New-road, or from Mr. Baker's celebrated shop in Leadenhall-market, to the cost and detriment of other hunting countries. Fox-dealers may lie and humbug as much as they like about only selling foreign and Welsh foxes, but it is a well-known fact that all are fish which come to their nets.

The sooner you can begin after the corn is cut the better, as it gives hounds so much an advantage when the foxes are not come to their full strength; a good beginning is half the battle, and that is one reason why it is generally recommended to wait for a shower of rain to cool the covers and improve the scent. Work of the right sort, added to blood, is what is required; one without the other is of little avail, and where good luck forsakes you, cubs scarce, and the great desideratum cannot be obtained by fair means, others must be resorted to, let them be what they will, to gain the point; however, anything in the world is better than turning out a bagman, the scent of which is as different from the natural smell of a wild fox as a red herring is from a fresh mackerel. The ill effects which the custom of indulging hounds with this apocryphal kind of blood produces will soon discover itself, if frequently put in practice; hares, cur-dogs, &c., will be all alike to them, and their hurry and wildness in drawing will be no less manifest than their unsteadiness in chase. Even foxhounds which have before been steady, after too much rest frequently become wild and ungovernable. Some years ago, when Lord Middleton hunted Warwickshire, and whose celebrated pack stood as high in the estimation of fox-hunters as any in the world, a most unfortunate occurrence took place, and which is a convincing proof that during any part of the year when the pack are not at work, they cannot have too much strong exercise. After a long and severe frost, the hounds met at Walton Wood, and having forced a fox into the open, were running him with a good fair scent, when suddenly they changed his line for that of a dark-coloured red dog (which had no doubt been coursing him), and fairly ran into him and pulled him to pieces before any one could get to them to stop them.

A misfortune of a similar nature befel Mr. Corbet's pack in the same county, namely, Warwickshire, and Will Burrow, the huntsman, found out the mistake, in time to stop them, before they killed him. The cur ran a footpath, through 8 or 9 stiles in succession—a thing which a fox

never does, if he can find a mense in the hedge by which he can make his way. Stile, gate, and flights of rails are his aversion. As Will jumped the eighth stile, he exclaimed: "They're running a dog, by God! no fox would go through a line of stiles like this!" He was right, and stopped the pack in time to save them from such a disgraceful finish.

## ON THE EFFECT OF WEIGHT AS APPLIED TO HORSES, AND A FEW RACING WRINKLES.

(From the *Sporting Magazine*.)

However impolitic (not to say impossible) it may be to try horses repeatedly enough to come at their best attributes in point of weight, distance, and pace collectively, it should not deter us from getting as near this great desideratum as circumstances and the well-doing of the animal will allow.

Suppose having tried a horse four miles under seven, eight, and nine stone, suppose that, so far as time goes, we have found out at least one thing, that he can carry a moderately high weight at a telling pace and a long length. This, as I before said, has at all events proved that we have a horse that we can depend upon for a particular kind of race, and that he is consequently a very useful one. The term *useful* may appear an inappropriate one (to persons unacquainted with racing matters) as applied to a race-horse: it is, however, quite in character. Men of very large fortune (and I, if thus circumstanced, should be one of the first to do so) may keep race-horses solely for the pleasure they derive from the very harmless, I may say laudable, emulation of possessing and producing the best of the most beautiful animals in nature, and feel a truly English and perfectly gentlemanlike pride in seeing their horses win, quite independent of the advantage of pecuniary gain: but as not one man in a hundred keeping race-horses continues long on the turf with merely such inducement, the term *useful* as applied to a race-horse is as applicable as it would be to any other horse where his services were devoted to making money, or at all events to the endeavour to do so. Useful is therefore properly applied to that description of horse, racer or cart-horse, that in the long run appears most likely to put money in his owner's pocket; and as a race-horse, I consider the horse that can make the running is the one most likely for a continuance to do it. In the first place, these from-end-to-end horses are generally such as can come out very often: their getting older is not so much against them as it is against the flyers, as the increasing weight will not stop them, as it unquestionably will sligher and more speedy horses; and further, we have it in our power to make the race such as to suit the stout horse. We may, till a horse's qualities are known, sometimes coax or humbug others into making slow running; but so soon as it is found a race so run is the forte of any particular horse, it can be done no longer. But we can always go away with a horse, unless in a very particular case, where a boy might get shut in by three or four old Jocks; though even then it would be difficult to prevent his shortly getting out: and again, boys are seldom put up on such horses as I instance. We cannot make other horses follow, it is true; so much the better; they would be welcome to go what paces they liked; but if they cannot stop our horse, it is all that is wanted, and we are making the running that suits him, while we are making the pace throughout such as does not suit the others. There can be no doubt but flyers stand a chance for the Derby; my useful nag does not. I must here quote a school-boy reminiscence; "Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi sed sæpe cadendo." My nag cannot win a great Stake perhaps; sed, sæpe currendo, he picks up the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. These put together make at all events a penny-roll. The flyer has a chance for the big-leaf; it is true, but a hungry man would feel rather faint in waiting ten years to get it. The Derby and Leger are fine takes-up I allow; but if we look at the number of flyers that are bred, entered, and trained for them, I should say that with ordinary luck they would fall to each nominator's share about once in a century. Some have won them several times; so some have made money by gambling: a good many more have been ruined, and perhaps as many have committed suicide from, as ever made their fortune by, it. Of course when I speak of a useful horse, I do not mean a slow one; but, as speaking comparatively, I mean he would be slow if put by the side of (we will say) *Semiseria*, or any other goer, in a half-mile race. Fast for two or three miles as to the time it takes to do the distance in, and fast in finishing, are two quite opposite qualifications. My useful horse must be fast, or he cannot cut down his horses so as to bring them comparatively slow at the finish; but if he is this, I should consider him a safe horse to back when properly placed, and a most useful one to own.

It may be asked why such horses as (we will say) Bay Middleton might not go on running as long as the more useful sort? They might, it is true; and much better would it be for their owners if they did: but they *don't* (speaking of course in a general way.) They might perhaps go on if their age did not; but we cannot stop that, and its consequences stop them. They are not generally formed to go long lengths or to carry weight, both of which they must do when they become older, or not run at all, or only, as I have before said, for Handicaps.

I have stated the numberless trials it would require to exactly ascertain what (taking all things into consideration) is a horse's true forte,

and I quite feel convinced this is scarcely ever ascertained. We get perhaps with the generality of horses a sufficient insight into their qualifications to partially answer the purpose: with many I am sure we do not, and with some their very best pace is never known. To elucidate this I will suppose a case—begging it to be borne in mind that I am not supposing, and still further am I from proposing, the kind of trial I shall mention as one practicable, or at least judicious to attempt with a race-horse, for the idea would be preposterous. I merely state the case to show the difficulty of getting at what we want to know—a horse's best.

We will suppose we have an untried three-year-old: let us see how many trials we should want to learn his true forte. We try him as to time with 7st. at one, two, three, and four miles, to ascertain his best length, bearing in mind what is fast time for each—four trials.

We now try him three lengths with 8st. to see what weight does—four trials.

Ditto, ditto, ditto, with 9st.—four trials.

By these twelve trials we have got some insight into his speed at different distances under different weights; but our work is only half done yet, for these trials have been all run in one way—namely at best pace from end to end, and this may by no means suit the horse, or rather suit: so, though we may have found out what he does best running in this way, we know but little of him as yet; for if he has done any or all of these trials badly, we may have upset him by continued pace, and he may be a race-horse still, and a good one, in races run in a different manner: and if he has, on the other hand, done any or all well, he may still in another way do better.

To ascertain this we must now select a trial-horse whose qualities we precisely know, and who we also know will run kind; and we must go all over our ground again, beginning at a mile with 7st., and making the pace such as to try the colt's speed, courage, and temper in finishing—four trials.

Ditto, ditto, ditto, with 8st.—four trials.

Ditto, ditto, ditto, with 9st.—four trials.

We have therefore had twenty-four trials before we can ascertain how to best place and run a horse—a very pretty dose this, and a very pretty animal our nag would come out after such an ordeal—a good two years' work, and enough too! And yet we could not get at what is a horse's best with less trial than I have supposed as a case. I trust, therefore, it shews I am not far astray in venturing an opinion, that many horses are constantly beaten, not being altogether bad, but from being merely bad in the races they are entered to run for, from our not knowing in what way, at what length, and at what weight they will run better; and this must always to a very great degree be the case more or less. By the time a horse is regularly stumped up, perhaps, and only perhaps, we may learn the secret, and then have the pleasing satisfaction of reflecting, that had we precisely known our horse's forte, we have had an animal in our possession that would have made our fortune.

If, therefore, it is so difficult for any one, however interested he may be in a horse, to ascertain his best qualities, can we be surprised if many a horse in a public training stable, unless he is a favorite, is continually running, and of course continually losing, in races where he never should have been placed; for if a trainer does in an ordinary way his duty to a horse, he conceives he has done all that his duty requires. It is not to be expected that a man with a dozen horses under his care will rack his brains or exercise his ingenuity in considering how to make the most of each individual horse for the benefit of the owner, whether as it regards his treatment or running. It may be said he ought to do this: we know he ought, we all ought to do a great deal we do not do: so ought trainers, though I do not mean to say they fail in this particular more than the generality of men; but whether they ought or not they won't. The regular routine is gone through like the business of a parade. Commanding-officer, officers, non-commissioned officers, privates, and band, all go through the duties of their class, and do it mechanically and according to rule: the trainer does the same; so do the boys: they as mechanically take down the bales, set beds fair, feed their horses, strip and dress them, saddle them, put on the rack-chains, put up the bales, and then look out for their own feed: they as regularly return, take down bales, bridle their horses, mount, and ride them out: they walk them all round the yard for a time: though some may be as wild as hawks, others require kicking along, still as a rule they all do the same thing. They are then exercised, take their gallops according to their age, are walked, get their water, are dressed, shut up, and so forth. This is all right and proper; the trainer has done his duty; so have the boys; that is, they have done their bare duty, and there has been no wilful neglect: in short, all has been done that with horses of ordinary constitutions, appetites, rate of going, and temper, could be required: but all horses are not possessed of all these ordinary qualities; consequently ordinary treatment won't do at all. The trainer does what perhaps brings a horse into condition, but few trouble their heads as to what will bring him into the very best. So, supposing first the horse in point of condition to be six or seven pounds worse than he might be brought to by studying his constitution, temper, and a variety of other things—and then in point of weight, distance, or the mode of using him in a race, we also make him six or seven pounds below what he would be under different circumstances—we get our horse nearly a

stone under his real mark, or something bordering on a distance; yet under such disadvantages I am satisfied many run. In some proof of this:

Four years since, a little mare was offered me for sale at a very moderate price: she was then four years old, and had been running with little success. The fact was, she had always been put in too good company; and though in shape and make perfect, and a little epitome of beauty, her owner feared four-year-old weight would stop her; she was under fifteen hands. I sent for an acquaintance of mine who loves a little leather-plating, telling him the circumstances that induced the owner to sell her, and venturing an opinion, that, though a dwarf, she could go on. He came and bought her, and last year at Southampton

#### TIGER HUNTING.

The following details of the mode of catching the "most beautiful and cruel of beasts of prey" the Tiger-Leopard, or Jaguar of South America, is from the pen of a gallant officer, long resident at Monte Video and the adjacent districts:—

"You ask me to give you some account of our sports in this distant part of the world, knowing my ardent attachment for European field sports whilst a neighbour of yours. Our species of game here is not very numerous, but rather formidable, as you will admit after perusing these lines. When I say the game is not numerous here, I confine myself to what is considered such by the inhabitants. A good sportsman, you know, will make all game that comes to his net, or rather his gun, where personal courage is required, or risk incurred. I shall confine my remarks in the present instance to our most potent enemy, and who becomes an important object of the chase, from the danger which ever attends his presence, and the value of his hide when killed. The latter is the principal inducement with the natives for hunting the jaguar, but it is also from a dread of his talons and the "irresistible armature of his deadly jaws." The natives have a great dread of the jaguar (*Felis onca* of Linnaeus), being impressed with the belief that it prefers their flesh to that of the white men; they are probably what may be termed by a Highland schoolmaster, "more accessible," being less encumbered with clothing. The American tiger is larger, but lower on the legs than the European, and is by far the most formidable animal of the New World. Like all the feline species in a state of nature, they are almost continually in action, both by night and day. They either walk, creep, or advance rapidly by prodigious bounds, but they seldom run, owing, it is to be believed, to the extreme flexibility of their limbs and vertebral column, which do not preserve the rigidity suitable to that species of progression. Their bright commanding eyes seem to glow with unearthly lustre upon the least excitement.

"Having described thus far our 'game,' let me say something of the sportsman, and he generally consists of the *guacho*, as he is termed in Buenos Ayres, or *guasso*, as he is called in Chili. The *guacho* is a veritable centaur; he passes the greater part of his lifetime on horseback, and horse-flesh forms the greater portion of his food. His horsemanship and power of throwing the lasso are truly astonishing. His facility, however, is the result of constant practice from their earliest years, the boys amusing themselves with the lasso as soon as they begin to run about. Cats and dogs are the first game of these infant Nimrods, which in due season is followed by a diligent exercise of their skill amongst the domestic poultry. The lasso, I believe, is of Oriental origin, and dates from a remote period. It was used in the army of Xerxes, by a certain shepherd tribe belonging to the immense Persian Empire. The word lasso is derived from the Spanish *lazo*, signifying a noose or slip knot. The howling of the jaguar is a joyful sound to the *guacho*; he mounts his horse, and is beyond the horizon in no time. He wears generally, I may say universally, a felt hat with an enormous broad brim, tied under his chin by a ribbon. A hole is made in the middle of a large piece of cloth, cut circular, through which he pokes his head; it is under this mantle, called a *puncho* in the country, that he shelters his shoulders. The skin, turned inside out, of a horse's hocks, serves him for boots, and covers his feet all but a triangular hole for the admission of a spur. His smalls are of leather, and he carries in his right hand a long coil of strong cord, the two ends of which are strongly fastened to the girth of his companion in danger. With this equipment the *guacho* penetrates the deepest solitudes; he braves the Pamperos, the formidable plains of South America, and returns to Monte Video, with his nobly acquired booty.

"Jep, of whom I am about to speak, was a little man, all nerve, all muscle, five feet at the most in height. The continual habit of riding had bent his legs, as that of continually smoking the *cigarette* had blackened his fingers and teeth; he was always smoking, everlastingly so, and never went to sleep without a quid of tobacco in his mouth. In all his life Jep had never drunk a glass of wine or a drop of rum. Water, ale, onions, bread, and occasionally a piece of beef, or broiled horse-flesh was all his food.

"How many jaguars have you killed?" I inquired of him one day when I met him in a coffee-house at Monte Video.

"I never kept an account," he replied, "but I have taken twenty-five with the lasso."

"But they tell me, however, that you and your son have nearly depopulated the country."

"They belie me," said Jep, dashing his glass in his fury against the wall. To account for Jep's passion it will be presently shown that among the

Races he told me she had been one of the luckiest little animals he ever had: adding, "at high weight I was hardly ever beat on her." Her forte had never been found out as a three-year-old; and had she run till doomsday at light weights she would always have been at best a respectable third or fourth. I must add, the gentleman to whom I sold her trains and rides for himself; at least he rides at anything over 9st. The mare before had always been in public training stables: whether there had been less attention shewn in one place than another, I do not feel justified in giving an opinion upon. I merely state facts—the mare hardly ever won a race under one treatment, and hardly ever lost one under another.

*guachos* it is thought *infra dig.* to be obliged to kill the beast without previously having caught him with the lasso, all the honour and skill being considered to lie in this operation.

"My stiletto has killed a great number of them, it is true," continued Jep, "but my son will take revenge for his father's defects, and up to the present moment he has never missed a single jaguar with his lasso. He is my pupil—my faults no longer exist. But," added he, "if you will accompany me, I leave to-morrow for the Pampas, and promise you that you shall be present at a game which you will not forget as long as you live."

"I accepted readily so pleasing an invitation. We took our departure, and it was not many hours ere we were in the presence of a formidable foe.

"The *guacho's* horse, with an apparent wonderful sagacity, seemed to be well aware that if he turned on either side he had no defender left; he, therefore, faced the enemy, headed him, as a sailor would say, to prevent his getting on his (the horse's) broadside. His master spoke to him encouragingly in monosyllables, but which the intelligent creature seemed perfectly to understand. His legs appeared to tremble, he foamed from his extended nostrils, and snorted aloud; his ears, like his mane, stood erected, and his eyes appeared rivetted on those of the tiger, watching his prey. This was the moment, the most anxious of all my life. The *guacho* uttered a few sentences to himself, of which I could catch, 'Here is my enemy, who would dispute these immense plains with me, let me not be beaten, or my comrades will treat me with contempt. Be quick, Jep, and you shall carry his fine hide to Monte Video, or Buenos Ayres, and be able to sell it for five or six piasters; let it be known that I take him at the first throw of the lasso. Now's the time.'

"About 25 feet at the most separated the two combatants; they approached each other still nearer, Jep no longer talked, but twirling the redoubtable lasso, pricked the flanks of his horse with his immense trident spurs, the jaguar crouched to make a spring at Jep's breast, the lasso more rapid is let fly, in an instant the tiger is encircled as if by a boa, and Jep drags the ferocious beast captive.

"To give you a thorough idea of this skilful and extraordinary manoeuvre, I must add a few words on the mode of using the lasso. It consists of a rope made of twisted strips of untanned hide, varying in length from 15 to 20 yards, and is about as thick as the little finger. I have already noticed that it has a noose, or slip knot at one end, the other extremity being fastened by an eye or button to a ring in a strong hide belt, or surcingle, bound tightly round the horse; the coil is grasped by the horseman's left hand, while the noose, which is held in the right, trails along ground except when in velocity, during which, by a peculiar turn of the wrist, it is made to assume a circular form, so that when delivered from the hand, the noose preserves itself open until it falls over the object at which it is aimed. To use such an implement when standing quibe still would seem to be a matter of sufficient difficulty, yet the *guacho* will throw the lasso from horseback, and at full gallop, with immense precision, this facility, however, as before observed, is the result of great practice from almost infancy.

"In conclusion, Jep trailed the animal some distance, until from his efforts to escape from his awkward position, the beast became somewhat exhausted and dizzy from hopeless exertion; then the rider dismounted, and, taking one of the longer daggers which he invariably carried in his boot-tops, approached the animal, and at one thrust plunged it into the heart of the tiger leopard. The hide is free from any other puncture, and Jep's reputation is uninjured. If, however, the lasso had been ill directed, the jaguar would have seized on the rider, or fixed himself on his horse's flanks; in that case the *guacho's* only resource is to resort to his daggers or stilettos, and, without dismounting, he fights the furious animal, until, from repeated wounds, he is obliged to leave his prey. An interval of two minutes is sufficient for re-adjusting the lasso: it is again thrown, and there are few instances indeed in which the *guacho* is known to fail capturing his prey a second time. But then, ashamed of his want of skill, he leaves his prey to the myriads of crows which hover over his head, returns to the city without any prize, and tells his friends he has not met a jaguar in his rides. The rides or excursions of the *guacho* are often of some months' duration. Finally, after two days' hunting with Jep, I begged and prayed of him to return with me to Monte Video. Keen sportsman as you consider me to be, I had seen enough of it. Pheasant and partridge shooting, and occasionally the wild boar, is all very fine; but those who start in the morning in chase of the jaguar or tiger (in America as in Asia), do not always return home, and the sport is often purchased with much regret and many tears.—Adieu. "J. A."



## STATISTICS OF THE DERBY, 1846.

The following analysis of the Derby for 1846 will show the number and names of the produce of the different stallions arranged as "lots," with the numbers as they stand on Dorling's list:—

<b>HETMAN PLATOFF—12</b>	<b>PHOENIX—5.</b>	<b>GLAUCUS—3.</b>
10 Turpin	78 Eneas	116 Diomed
27 Hoorah	100 Fireman	194 Benedict
38 Tom Tulloch	79 C, dam by Tomboy	<b>PANTALON—2.</b>
96 Headman	94 C—L'Hirondelle	102 F—Fair Helen
115 The Don	121 C out of Miss Iris	187 Punch
122 Sharpshooter	<b>MULEY MOLOCH—4.</b>	<b>PLENIPOTENTIARY—2.</b>
180 Highfield	166 Black Jack	17 C out of Revelry
184 Solomon King	167 Canaletti	186 Hereef
41 F, d by Velocipede	13 C out of Armelle	<b>CORONATION—2.</b>
83 C out of Nanette	29 C out of Runaway	90 Crown Prince
88 C—Miss Letty	<b>SADLER—4.</b>	175 C out of Maid of Hampton
123 C out of Miss Thomasina	4 Rodolphus	<b>DEFENCE—2.</b>
<b>TOUCHSTONE—8.</b>	95 Spur	153 Cerberus
6 Martext	126 Prospect	190 Wooden Wall
12 Ardennes (f) dead	131 Bro to Sorella	<b>Y. VOLTAIRE—2.</b>
57 Silvius	<b>CAMEL—4.</b>	92 Strathmore
118 Ironstone	11 Borghese	179 Bin
142 Kismet	49 Canbaules	<b>CAIN—2.</b>
160 Brocardo	110 George the Fourth	168 Mons Perrot
163 William Tell	148 Pawnbroker	170 Marine
181 Paynton	<b>SAINT ANCHOR—4.</b>	<b>COMMODORE—2.</b>
<b>STOCKPORT—8.</b>	21 Binnacle	1 Smuggler Bill
3 Little Vulgar Boy	129 Mount Pleasant	58 Brompton
93 Sergeant Reed	135 Collingwood	<b>ST. MARTIN—2.</b>
105 Bourton	137 Spithead	98 St George
114 Andrew Brandy	<b>LIVERPOOL—4.</b>	103 C—Marchioness
145 Jonathan Wilde	33 Birkenhead	<b>WINTONIAN—2.</b>
154 Pretender	70 Yenton	85 C out of Walfrun
102 C out of Manilla	136 Twig	86 C out of Zebra
171 Viaduct	135 F, sis to Calypso	<b>JERRED—1.</b>
<b>ELIS—9.</b>	<b>TOMBOY—4.</b>	32 The Free Lance
23 Dunce	44 Fancy Boy	<b>REVOLUTION—2.</b>
74 Motilla	46 The Old Boy	15 Charcoal
89 Corcelius	47 Jockey Boy	130 Louis Phillippe
185 Phenericus	134 Theraxites	<b>AMATO—1.</b>
191 West Countryman	<b>VELOCIFEDE—4.</b>	82 C out of Fille mal Gardee
72 C—Margravina	56 Draco	<b>ARGERIO—1.</b>
129 Miss Julia	81 C out of Jane, bro to Valentissimo	119 Hokkano Baro
146 C out of Baliene	84 C, dam by Emilius	<b>ALTERNUTER—1.</b>
147 C out of Priam	189 Bro to Millepede	151 Mendan
<b>COLWICK—8.</b>	<b>EPICUR—3.</b>	<b>BOREAS—1.</b>
7 Shelford	42 Leipsig	40 Orestes
59 C out of Mecca	43 Redbreast	<b>BUBASTES—1.</b>
60 C out of Toga	76 Pyrrhus	48 C out of Zelinda
61 C (dead) out of Macremma	<b>SLANE—3.</b>	<b>BRUTANDORF—1.</b>
62 C out of Lucetta	67 Ignis Fatuus	158 Waxholme
63 C out of Galata	69 Sting	<b>CONFEDERATE—1.</b>
64 C out of Czar's d	152 C—Voluptuary	161 Chevaux de Frise
39 C out of Peeress	<b>INHERITOR—4.</b>	<b>CARDINAL PUFF—1.</b>
<b>DON JOHN—7.</b>	87 Pedigree	108 C, dam by Figaro
8 Austrian	143 Inglewood	<b>CLEARWELL—1.</b>
9 Iago	164 Sheraton	130 C out of Fidelity
31 Arkwright	165 Seaham	<b>CESAR—1.</b>
34 Spanish Jack	<b>BAY MIDDLETON—3.</b>	66 C out of Dublin
37 C out of Gamelase	22 Joughes Khan	<b>DULCIMER—1.</b>
13 C out of Hinda	24 Sombrero	112 C out of Milliner
76 C out of Peri	25 Terrier	<b>DASH—1.</b>
<b>EMILIUS—6.</b>	<b>THE BARD—4.</b>	157 Wm de Mandeville
18 Tragical	20 Lutestring	<b>ALBEMARLE—1.</b>
36 Ginger	91 Grand Seigneur	69 Ipeacacuan
53 Messenger	117 Abbotsford	<b>DOCTOR—1.</b>
78 Le Chourineur	156 Minstrel Boy	144 Malcolm
140 Holloway	<b>HARKAWAY—3.</b>	<b>ERYMUS—1.</b>
77 C out of Messene	141 Harkover	182 Esau
<b>VOLTAIRE—7.</b>	177 Erin-go-bragh	<b>GILBERT GURNEY—1.</b>
50 Nutleaf	183 Hark to Cover	127 The Traveller
51 Tichfield	<b>RECOVERY—3.</b>	<b>GLYCON—1.</b>
149 Count Orloff	169 Malt	55 Bold Archer
174 Guzman	162 Lord Harry	<b>HORNSEA—1.</b>
52 C out of Delphine	172 C out of Medea	35 Subscription
106 C out of Cecilia	<b>MELBOURNE—2.</b>	<b>ION—1.</b>
150 C out of Sketch	30 The Herald	193 Cynnyon
<b>SIX HERCULES—5.</b>	159 Tibthorpe	<b>KREMELIN—1.</b>
2 Sir Rupert	<b>VENISON—2.</b>	5 Muscovite
14 Sir Edmund	75 Stockbridge	<b>KING COLE—1.</b>
30 Young Hercules	87 C out of Pet	45 The Dandy
109 C out of Helen	<b>GLADIATOR—2.</b>	<b>LORD STAFFORD—1.</b>
173 C out of Corumba	39 Constantia (Ada f)	16 Hovingham
	133 Sotades	

<b>MEMBRINO—1.</b>	<b>ROYAL OAK—1.</b>	<b>TAURUS—1.</b>
54 Milton	65 King Charles	138 Oxberry
<b>MONTREAL—1.</b>	<b>RETRIEVER—1.</b>	<b>VERULAM—1.</b>
125 C out of Jennet	71 C; d by St. Patrick	99 Grimston
<b>NONSENSE—1.</b>	<b>ST. HUBERT—1.</b>	<b>WILBERT—1.</b>
188 Land Surveyor	111 Baldrick	107 Wildrad
<b>PICAROO—1.</b>	<b>SULTAN JUNIOR—1.</b>	<b>WIZARD OF NORTH—1.</b>
28 C—Resolution's d	192 Wilderness	132 C—Ebbeson's d
<b>ROCOCO—1.</b>	<b>TORYBOY—1.</b>	
26 Fugitive	124 Premier	

194 entries, of which 3 are dead, 5 are mares, 53 are without names, 2 wrong nomination, and 7 of doubtful get.

## A "ROUGH RIDER'S" HINTS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN.

**HORSEMANSHIP.**—To mount your hos properly isn't learnt in a day; and I don't think there's one in ten that knows how properly to set about this first step of hosmanship. In my younger days, when there was upping stooks at all the inns, and at the bottoms of long hills, it didn't much signify how you got on the back of your hos; but, in the present day, when you can't get a lift except from a stable bucket, you had need set about the work scientifically, or else, instead of vaulting into the saddle, you'll tumble into the kennel. There, now, look at that little fat man, with one toe in the off-stirrup, and the toe of his other foot bearing up his body parallel with the hind leg of the hos. What a picture; up he goes with a muscular jerk, and lands between the cantril of his saddle and the stern part of his hos's tail. He 'didn't know the way to mount, or else he wouldn't have been there. Here comes another; he puts one hand on the pommel, and the other on the cantril of his saddle; takes the stirrup as it hangs, gets two feet off the ground, and doesn't know what to do with his right leg; the hos feels a great weight on his near side, runs back to free himself from it, when down comes the hosman on his back, with a shock like an Irish pavier. Here's another Mr. Nimble-go-Nine-Pin; he snatches the mane with his left hand, lays hold of the stirrup with his right, tugs up his body with the aid of these pulleys, the hos flinches under his grip, and over goes the hosman on the outside, in great danger of breaking his neck. Now, the proper way to mount your hos is this—go up quietly to the animal, take the rein of the bridle loosely in your left hand, stand about two inches from the hos's shoulder, turn your toe into the stirrup like a dancing master teaching the first position, on the left-hand side, let your body follow, give an easy spring, throw your right leg over the saddle, your foot into the stirrup, and "off to go."

**Dresses.**—Amongst all the changes and fashions that I can put my eyes upon on sportsmen, the last is in boots. First of all the round huntin cap went out, and a small brimmed hat was put on like a dandy tailor on a Sunday; then the come-all-round jolly, comfortable-looking coat was put by, and a modern jim-crack thing put on like cabbaged shreds out of a made-up piece, and now, instead of the neat boot with mahogany or well-varnished tops, men either put their legs in mournin by wearin black tops, or else they disfigure their legs with a boot like a gouty stockin. Now, rally there's nothin, accordin to my taste, that looks so well as the old top boot; then you can get off and on hos when you please; but how is this possible with a couple of hos hides pulled up over your thighs?

**LAW.**—Never go to law about a hos, for, if you "do," ten chances to one but you'll be "done." Why nobody can argue the case of a hos but him as has tried him; and though the councillors may be clever fellers at understanding pints of law, and the jurymen pints of beer, yet what do they know about the pints of a hos that they never see, and has never put into the witness box; 'tis a different sort of knowledge to any other, so my advice is, if you happen to buy a good hos, keep him; if a bad one, chop him; but don't go to law about him. As for witnesses being brought forward to give a hos character, 'tis all stuff; why every hos has got a new character with a new master; and unless he could speak and tell his own faults none of his old masters will be likely to tell of them. Whenever I ask a man the character of his hos, he'll swear directly 'tis the very best he ever crossed. Very well, then, suppose you buy a bad hos that's unsound, you've got to prove it against all the masters that the hos ever had before, for they swear he was a good'n when they sold him.

**SINGULAR FORTITUDE OF A HORSE.**—A short time ago one of the horses running in the Highflyer coach betwixt Coldstream and Kelso, unfortunately had one of its thigh bones broken, caused by the foot getting into a rut on the road. The coach was immediately stopped, and the poor animal detached from the coach and placed at the side of the road. Upon the coach starting with the other three horses, to the surprise of driver and guard, as well as the passengers, the lamed horse, on hearing the crack of the whip, started off and galloped alongside the coach for nearly a mile, running upon three legs, the broken one dangling quite powerless; and had it not been then stopped, it might have run on a good way farther.—*Kelso Mail.*

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# THE Sportsman's Magazine

LIFE IN LONDON

No. 40. FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 21, 1846. THREEPENCE.

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FOX-HUNTING SCENES, NO. V.—DEAD BEAT.

OW long or how far we had been running were matters on which I could give but a very vague opinion. My total ignorance of the country preventing any decent estimate of the one, and the excitement I was labouring under, of the other. Whether, again, Master Reynard would ever evince any signs of sinking appeared equally dubious. But from these considerations my attention was quickly taken in another quarter. To my great astonishment, I really began to fancy I was getting a peep at, what Mr. Green would call, "the left-hand" side of my horse: he hit an oak-stile I put him at, with every leg he had to his body, only just saving himself from further effects in a listless, Devil-me-care way, that spoke infinite danger; then he followed this up by refusing, three times in succession, so unequivocally and determinedly, that I felt fain to give in to him. And when thanks to a burning scent, the pack made one of those beautifully sudden and simultaneous turns right across the point I was steering for, and compelled me to pull him in to a trot, he hung so heavy on my hand, and went in such a mechanical, dead-lively manner, that I was all but convinced I had been judging too hastily:—uncertain at timber, a resolute refuser, a want of bottom, and a bad mouth.

"Come, come, Peter my boy!" said I, clapping to him again, on entering one of those doomed domains of the public, an open common. "Come come, it will never do to go and rub out all the fine things we have been performing today, in this fashion!" For a few strides he answered me gallantly enough; but the roads, cross roads, diggings for turf, and

deep cart-ruts, soon brought us to the trot again; in which he at length made a mistake, and, after tottering forward for a few yards, fell, without caring to recover himself, heavily on his side. I was on my legs in an instant, and catching short hold of his bridle, endeavored but in vain, to rouse him to a like position. Directly I loosened the rein, his head dropped perfectly inanimate, and, with a deep groan, or rather sigh, he stretched himself out in a way that at once stopped me from any further attempt.

"He's dead beat, sure enough," thought I, aloud, after looking at him for a minute or so in silence.

"Hur's dead enough any-hows," responded a countryman at my shoulder; who seemed, like one of the armed men of old, to have risen from the earth at a moment's notice. "Hur's dead enough anyhow, I reckon."

"Good heavens! d'y'e think so?"

"No, I don't; I be sure on't."

He was; and then all the events of the day at once came across me; the two or three hours' work in the sticky sides of the cover, the subsequently terrific pace and distance we had travelled, the indisputable style in which I had beaten everything else out of sight, and the courage and readiness with which my poor horse did go as long as he could go, all rose to reproach me. Under any circumstances, my case was unpleasant in the extreme; but what rendered it still more so was the unpalatable truth that would force itself upon me—the horse was'n't mine!

**The Sportsman's Magazine.**

## Reminiscences of Racing and Racers, in 1845.

(For the Sportsman's Magazine.)

BY SOOTHISAYER.

(Continued from page 580.)

To resume the Houghton, Everton, in a match, carrying 1st 10lb more, beat Milden. For a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sov. each. Secundus, Duc au Durras and Fair Charlotte were placed, beating Raff and Clumsey, but it must be borne in mind that Secundus was "well in" being at 7st 10lb (four years old), while the three years old carried 7st 1lb and 7st 6lb.

The Nursery Stakes, for two years old, were won by Dexterus after a dead heat with Green Pea, beating the Free Lance, Fugitive, Tugnot, Collingwood, Morocco and Guzman (b) Polka (c). It will be borne in mind that this is a Handicap Race and that Polka carried 8st 6lb, the heaviest in the race and was beaten a long way; Tugnot at 8st ran very well. Cocoa Nut, receiving weight, beat Event. Wee Pet, receiving weight, beat Physalis. The Audley End Stakes were won by Wolf Dog; Fair Rosamond, four years old, carrying 8st 12lb, took the lead, but was beaten by the "imported," 6st 10lb, as well as by Trueboy and Yardley about a stone more; Alice Hawthorn had but 8st 3lb and yet paid forfeit. Paultons, giving 6lb, beat Duc an Durras. A very good race ensued for the Houghton Handicap which was won by Boarding-school Miss beating Fair Charlotte, Secundus, Celia, Vaudeville, and others. Another 10 st Sweepstakes among two and three years old, terminated in favour of Terrier beating Ohio, Titbit, Dean Swift, Buttress, and Benevolence; I have heard Terrier was claimed, but I cannot think Lord George had much reliance in him seeing the work he put him to. The 10 stovs. being exhausted, a Sweepstake was made up of 5 stovs. each, for half mile, which was won by Malvoisie, and she too was claimed; the Pawnbroker second, and Subscription third; won easily. In a match Hawthorn, receiving weight, was beaten by Alamode. Leopard beat the Amaryllis filly, and Pellar beat Hawthorn. Some forfeits then took place, and a meeting never equalled in the memory of any person for the clemency of the weather terminated with universal satisfaction. In my last, in speaking of the Subscription Handicap of 50 sovs., I did not allude to a dead heat between the three named; it has been mentioned to me as coupled with another dead heat at this meeting as something worthy of record, but I cannot say I am much surprised at "dead heats" at Newmarket, where they have a decided penchant for doing so very fine. As an occurrence, however, it deserves remark.

I cannot find anything worthy of notice in the WORCESTER Autumn, 1805, each with 20, and 15 added being all that was to be got there. Princess Royal beat Mildon and Lord Saltoun in one race, and Lord Saltoun beat Mildon in another.

At the CHESTER Autumn the only race of interest and bearing upon the coming Events was the Two year's old Stakes in which after a good race and a sharp set-to Vanish beat Barlesque and several others. It was a near thing, but Barlesque being by Pantaloon, out of a Maid of Honor speaks favourably for Vanish.

As is generally the case (it may be collected from these Reminiscences) that there are but few first-rate three years old, and I am not aware of one "flier;" I understand there are one or two good ones "dark;" and, that a certain nag will work "a Revolution," ere long, in the setting. For myself I think Sting a good horse, but not so good but here may be a better; the *Sunday Times* has declared "he will never win a Derby." So much for the opinion. I have no doubt that both *Salmon* and *Arkwright* will see a better figure, and therefore those who enter into the ring, and have an opportunity of hedging may safely lay out money on them now. Of *Brocardo* I know nothing, except what I all know; but *J. S. Kens* so well the "turn" of a *Touchstone*, that it is most likely he will be in high perfection on the day. The *Voluntary* colt is in good hands, and *Slane's* get have been so successful lately that he could must not be despised. One word more; your readers recollect an old line: "the way the two is bent the tree's incl. ned."

As to the fillies, so beautiful, so capricious and, I was going to say, leeching, I dare not even venture an opinion; but, Queen Anne, Duckoo, Vanish and Sapphire have done much to bring them into favour; Princess Alice has shown herself good but uncertain. *Vu'e et surete.*

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NIMMON, Aberdeen.—We will give a "History of Tattersall's" in an early number of our second volume, with an engraving or two.

S. WATKINS.—Much depends on the situation of the person asking the question, as regards locality, water, space, and other conveniences. Rabbits are most prolific, and therefore most profitable. They also command a readier sale for the carcase, to say nothing of the skin. Pigeons are precarious as well as require incessant watching. If kept for amusement and good, if for profit, you must not expect much.

**A YOUNG PEDERSTRIAN, Enfield.**—General training and regular exercise are the most probable preventives of muscular pains after jumping. As a *palliative*, try some castor oil and a little ammonia mixed together, and rubbed industriously on the part affected as a rubefacient.

**A SOUTHWARK SUBSCRIBER.**—Apply at Peter Crawley's, Howden will tell you how to get about it. The French Horn, Duke Street, Smithfield.

W. CALLEN.—It is rather too early yet, we opine, to take trout with worm or minnow yet we have seen, within the last week, some bright well looking fish in the shop of fishmonger in Broad street, and of another in Piccadilly. You will find a letter in p. 414, which may give you a hint; the Mole and Ravenshoe are also noticed under "Wottonian Topography;" the neighbourhoods of Esher, Leatherhead, Cobham, Dorken, and Reigate all yield good sport. Uxbridge river has fine trout, but is reputed; you must obtain leave. Merton, Mitcham, and Carshalton rivers contain trout.

These fish contain roach, perch, minnow, and charmin rivers contain trout. To the west of the chaffinch is one of the most beautiful known; it is like half a lark flattered on the upper part and so perfectly rounded that it seems as if it were a ball. It is fashen to the branch by colors and wool, and is covered outside with the different locks or mosses that grow on the tree where it is placed so that it is not very easy to distinguished he nest from the branch on which it is placed. It builds in copes and orchards. Thrushes and blackbirds, we have already fully described and figured in early numbers. Birdlime is made as follows:—Boil the middle bark of holly seven or eight hours in water till it is soft and tender, then lad in heaps in pits in the ground covered with stones, the water being previously drawn from it, and in this state left for two or three weeks to ferment, till it is reduced to a kind of muckilage. This being taken from the pit, is pounded in a mortar, to a paste, washed with water, filtered, till it is free from extraneous matters. In this state it is left, four or five days in each.

J. C. LAMBERT.—Yes; they can cut off the supply, summon you for the arrears, as for any other simple contract debt, and on non-payment you can be taken in execution, but this is rarely, if ever done. These companies always limit their proceedings to the goods, and if there is no property, do not pursue the person.

A READER.—The doe we suspect is wrongfully charged, natural causes (cold perhaps) may have taken off the weakest; there is no certainty in young rabbit's lives any more than infants of the human race. As the remaining two of the five are doing well, it is almost proof, that the mother has had no part in the other's deaths.

H. CLEVELAND.—"Nimrod" was the signature chosen by the late Charles James Apperley, Esq., the most elegant, forcible, fluent, varied and pleasing writer on Sporting subjects, England has produced. To enumerate his writings would be tedious. There have been various articles in the *Quarterly Magazine*, for three last three months, on his various writings, by the author of "Hunting" &c. &c. An answer to your question respecting the mare would be out of all reasonable scope in this correspondence column. It would ask a page to itself. The horse will soon be begun; early in the next issue. The books you write about can only be procured by chance; with the exception of a "Denonian Companion," which you will see advertised in "Bell's Life;" many bookellers will get it for you. The others are, we suppose, all out of print, and as we do not know who originally published them, can give you no information. Mr. Wright of the Agricultural Library, Haymarket, might probably assist you, if you addressed him.

T. C., Blackfriars Road.—Of course, where they fall into the memoirs of the men. Perry, the Black, and Burton fought for £30; it was a mere scratch match, got up to try the "gentlemen of colour." We shall shortly advertise the case for binding the volume.

**J. P. 11.** (Gowell Road).—Give gruel mixed with strong animal jelly as food, and the following antispasmodic drops:—Either 1 drachm, Laudanum half a drachm, *Campden* ten grains, mix, and give forty drops every four or six hours in a spoonful of water; then intermit a day or two, and give a gentle alternative, and a warm bath; wrapping the limbs in cloth.

E. D., Ensham.—Coventry Race-course is one mile and 170 yards round. Knut-ford is a round course of a mile only, and nearly flat.

## OUR WEEKLY CALENDAR.

**SUNDAY, FEB. 15th.—SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.**

## FEBRUARY.

**GARDENING.**—Now trench vacant ground and re-trench expenses. Transplant young twigs to old boarding school, and lay out pocket money for wife's dressing. Take up country cousin whilst they are green, and plant them in boxes at minor theatres, taking care to get orders first. Turn up sofa be-seated every morning and use for sitting-room—the greatest art of gardening being to get as much out of every bed as possible, of course getting yourself out first.

NOTES OF A NATURALIST. — Among the early birds of the season is the Brown Pancake, which appears about the 24th. It is easily raised and may be cultivated in any house with sugar and lemon. The Wren, the Thrush, and the Hedge-Sparrow, have a concert together this month for the benefit of each other, and generally plume themselves on a Titi. Flocks of peewees, pocket-books, and this year's almanacs are now seen in the air by outsiders. The only boardman of the Elephant and Castle, or C's, is now where. They are now brought down by preventing-inance at them, but others are not so easily caught.

MONDAY, 10th.—Landley Murray died, 1926; a fact which the Court of Aldermen don't fail to keep in public remembrance.

**TUESDAY, 17th.**—Border Coursing Meeting, (and 18th).—Ashdown Park (open) ditto, (zu 19th and 19th).—Maxfield (the North Star) and Byron's race.

THURSDAY, 19th. — Alton Coursing Meeting. (and 20th).

FRIDAY, 20th.—C'OUGHs AND COLDS.—The popular adage tells us to snuff a cold and starve a cough. How rare ought coughs to be in the workhouse; how scarce cold

**SATURDAY, 21st.—RAIN AND TIDE TABLE.**—It will be low water mark at Capel Court and the beginning of May, when the tide will turn, and after several fluctuations will rise to its level.

## THE MOON IN FEBRUARY

First Quarter, 3rd	..	..	..	..	5	11	morn.
Full Moon, 11th	..	..	..	..	9	13	morn.
Last Quarter, 19th	..	..	..	..	4	44	morn.
New Moon, 25th	..	..	..	..	7	32	evening.

### TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

### High Water at London Bridge.

morn.		aft.		morn.		aft.	
Sunday, Feb. 15th	3 46	4 2	Thursday, 19th	5 54	6 15		
Monday, 16th	4 18	4 34	Friday, 20th	6 34	6 54		
Tuesday, 17th	5 0	5 5	Saturday, 21st	7 19	7 41		
Wednesday, 18th	5 24	5 38					







